

DANIEL DAY-LEWIS

THE LAST
OF THE
MOHICANS



DVD
VIDEO

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

When this historical adventure kicks in, it's thrilling in the way old-fashioned epics used to be, but its romanticism has a fierce, violent physicality that gives it a distinctively modern stamp.

- Newsweek, September 28, 1992

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Uncas - page 14, Nathaniel - page 15, Nathaniel & Cora - page 31 and Magua - page 32 courtesy of Marcia Meara at home.cfl.com/mmeara/page3a.html.

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Elk Hunt

The screen is a microcosm of leaf, crystal drops of precipitation, a stone, emerald green moss. It's a landscape in miniature. We hear the forest. Some distant birds. Their sound seems to reverberate as if in a cavern. A piece of sunlight refracts within the drops of water, paints a patch of moss yellow. The whisper of wind is joined by another sound that mixes with it. A distant rustling. It gets closer and louder. It's shallow breathing. It gets ominous. We're interlopers on the floor of the forest and something is coming. Suddenly: a moccasined foot rockets through the frame scaring us and ...extremely close: part of an Indian face running hard. Tattoos. He's twenty-five, tall and muscled. Heavy, even breathing. He is Uncas, the last of the Mohicans. His arms flash as he runs. One carries a flintlock musket. A calico shirt is gathered at the waist with



a wampum belt of small white beads over a breechcloth. He wears leggings to protect his legs. A long-handled tomahawk is stuffed in his belt. A massive war club is in the hand of another running man, Chingachgook. He's heavier and older, forty to forty-five. His chest is tattooed with a green bear claw. He wears a silver armband and silver rings in his ear. A snake is tattooed over his left eyebrow. Chingachgook runs, disturbing no leaves, no branches; making no sound. He's running parallel to Uncas through the cathedral of mature forest. It's heavily canopied. There's very

little brush. The girth of the trees is huge. Shafts of light illuminate motes of dust and turn leaves emerald where the sun breaks through. Sometimes there's ferns; rhododendron, sometimes pale grass and outcroppings of rock. These men run the forest streams, over boulders, fallen trees and down into ravines as if they own them. They do. A third man with long black hair is rocketing through trees. His torn buckskin shirt is tied around his waist with a wampum belt holding a tomahawk and a large knife. A long rifle in which is carved the name "Killdeer" is in his right fist. He has Indian tattooing on his chest. His name is Nathaniel Poe. He's a few years older than Uncas. The French and the French-speaking tribes know him as La Longue Carabine (Long Rifle). Other frontiersmen in New York colony and the Iroquois and Delaware-speaking tribes know him as Hawkeye. He flashes through the tree branches, disturbing nothing, making no sound. A flash of tan two hundred and fifty yards away, a few square inches buried in the foliage. Suddenly he stops; Killdeer's at his shoulder ... his thumb cocks the lock holding the piece of flint. Uncas stops dead, holding out his hand ... no sound. Chingachgook slips through young trees and stops, shouldering his smoothbore musket. Nathaniel aims five feet and fourteen pounds of rifle, elevated a half inch and shifted left, off target. It's a precise, smooth movement. No human quiver. He fires - the cock holding the flint hits the iron file of the frizzen, shooting sparks into the pan of priming powder which flashes and a huge elk that leaps at the sound. Killdeer's muzzle cracks like lightning. The elk leaps where the .59 caliber round was programmed to intercept him. The men approach the fallen elk. Nathaniel steps aside for Chingachgook. His massive war club is flat and angles to one side with a stabbing blade. Nathaniel is stepson and stepbrother. The two younger men treat Chingachgook with an easy deference and affection. Nathaniel is a dialectic of two cultures. In his coloration and worldliness he's more the Anglo-Saxon frontiersman. In his independent views, candid manner and his combat skills and woodsmanship, he's more Native American (Mohican). Chingachgook takes out his long knife and they approach the fallen elk. Chingachgook: (low Mohican; subtitled) We're sorry to kill you, Brother. Forgive us. We honor your courage and speed, your strength.



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Cameron's Cabin

The three men approach a cabin. It is dark.

Chingachgook: Halloo! John Cameron!

The owner of the cabin walks out to greet his visitors.

John: How is Chingachgook?

Chingachgook: The Master of Life is good. Another year pass ...

How is it with you, John?

Behind him, emerging from the dark trees are Nathaniel and Uncas, cradling flint locks, blankets and packs over their shoulders, leading a mule laden with skins and the elk carcass.

John: Gettin' along.

His nods his head towards Nathaniel and the two shake hands. It is obvious these men are good friends.

Nathaniel: Hello John. Cleared another quarter, I see.

A young James Cameron tears past his father and runs full bore. Just before he's going to collide into Uncas, he leaps into the air and Uncas snatches him with one hand and swings him up onto his shoulders. The kid screams with delight and rides back towards the cabin that way. Alexandria comes to the door to greet the men. They enter the cabin and settle around the table. Another friend and colonial, Jack Winthrop stands by the fire. Chingachgook lights and smokes a clay pipe. Alexandria sets food on the table.

Alexandria: Why is Uncas with you? He should have settled with a woman and started a family.

Chingachgook: Your eyes are too sharp, Alexandria Cameron. They see into my heart.

Uncas changes the subject. "Your farm good to you this year, John?"

John: It was a good year for corn.

Uncas: Mohawk field we saw was five mile long on the river. Chief Joseph Brandt's field.

Alexandria: You take much fur?

Nathaniel: That we did.

Jack: Tradin' your skins in Castleton?

Uncas: No, Schylerville. With the Dutch for silver. French and English want to buy with wampum and brandy. (Pause, then...)

Nathaniel: So what is it, Jack? What brings you up here?

Jack: A French and Indian army out of Fort Carillon's heading south to war against the English. I'm here to raise this county's militia to aid the British defense.

Nathaniel: Folks here goin' to join in that fight?

Jack: We'll see in the morning ...So where you boys headin'?

Nathaniel: Trap over the fall and winter among the Delawares in Can-tuck-ee. Uncas will find a Delaware-speaking woman and she will say "you are the one!" and bear him many children."

He throws James Cameron to Uncas as Alexandria laughs. So do Nathaniel and Chingachgook).

James: A son like me?

Uncas grabs James and suspends him upside down.

Uncas: Never. You are too strong. Turn me old too fast!

The kid's laughing and can't stay still. Chingachgook watches, content, smoking his clay pipe.

Alexandria: That's what he's doin' to his mama ...

She ruffles his hair and lifts the heavy iron pot off the tibbet and carries it to the table. The men gather around. There's pan-baked bread, a dish of salt, and the pot has venison and yellow cornmeal in a kind of stew. Cameron offers a prayer.

"Watching Daniel work with his trainer that morning only confirmed what I has suspected. Daniel takes his training very seriously. Besides his build (6'2" or so and sinewy) which promotes athletic agility, he was, at the time of the movie, a very compulsive runner--averaging 9 to 15 miles at a time. And he took his training for the woodsman role with the same determination which he approached his running."

- Mark A. Baker, DDL's trainer in the arts of 18th century life. To read Mark's full account of working with the then-recently Oscar-ordained actor, visit www.mohicanpress.com/mo06025.html



Recruitment

Day - exterior Cameron cabin: Mohawk boy and James Cameron slam into other kids as they battle through a lacrosse

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game. In the background are sixty men, women and children. It's a community gathering held out of doors. Some women and kids mill around some tables and boards laid over barrels. Cooking fires. Smoke. Most but not all around Jack are men, nine settlers, three hunter/trappers, eight Mohawk farmers in mixed European and native clothing. Off to the side are an English Lieutenant on horseback and a ten-man escort from Albany. A man named Henri speaks in French. His son, Martin, translates.

Martin: My father says he was driven out of France by the black robe priests and he would fight them now but he lost his arm and so I will go in his place.

(Meanwhile ... Ongewasgone, an unusually large Mohawk in a blue match coat with a little girl holding his hand. He says something to Chingachgook who nods. Nathaniel and Uncas are a little apart in an outer grouping of the men.

Ongewasgone is a war chief and wears a white plume and is tattooed. As Martin finishes, he steps forward.)

Ongewasgone: John Cameron, thank you for your hospitality ... Twin River Mohawk got no quarrel with Les Francais. Trade furs with Les Francais. Now Les Francais bring Huron onto Mohawk hunting grounds ..."

(These people are English, Scots-Irish and Dutch farmers; some French Huguenot "mechanics" (craftsmen). They're in shirt-sleeves and Indian moccasins and leggings. The Mohawks' vast lands and corn agriculture border the settlement. They've been acculturated for over a hundred years. Some wear European calico hunting shirts. Their heads are shaved to scalping locks and many are tattooed. They've politically and commercially played France and England against each other very adroitly for over a hundred years because of their military power and geographic position. Their relations with working farmers and settlers and their families has been mostly one of co-existence because there's always been more than enough for all. The Europeans are former indentured laborers, farmers exiled by economics or religious persecution, frontier hunters and trappers ... working people.)

Ongewasgone: (continues) Now Mohawk will fight Huron and Les Francais. I speak for the Twin River Council. (The importance of this commitment is apparent to the lieutenant.)

Lieutenant: His Majesty King George II is very grateful for your support.

Ian: How far up the valley?

Lieutenant: To Fort William Henry.

Colonial #1: ... two days from here. (Some don't like this.)

Lieutenant: It should be enough to remind you France is the enemy.

Colonial: France is your enemy ... What if our homes are attacked?

Ian: What then, Lieutenant?

Lieutenant: For your own homes, for king, for country, that's why you men ought to join this fight!

Nathaniel: You do what you want with your own scalp. Do not be tellin' us what to do with ours.

Lieutenant: (furious; to Nathaniel) You, sir! You call yourself a patriot? A loyal subject to the Crown?

Nathaniel: I do not call myself much of a subject at all. (Light laughter.)

Cameron: I am stayin' on my farm. And any man who goes, his family is welcome to fort-up with us 'til he comes back.

Jack: I agree with some of what Nathaniel and John say. I believe England's still our sovereign and it's a fight we ought to make. My sense of it is enough of us will join-up to fill the county's levy. But first we'll go to Albany. Get terms from General Webb.

(Nathaniel and Uncas cross through the people. A few men drift off to their women at the tables. It is apparent two-thirds of the men will join. A couple of jokes, light banter, no hostility).

Behind the Scenes



"My sense of it is we have enough to fill the county levy"

Here's a look at the action on location of Cameron's Cabin for the militia recruitment scene. Transformation FX is the name of the company that handled special effects and make-up for *The Last of the Mohicans*. To learn more about their contribution to the film, with plenty of great photos of Native Americans in full garb, visit mohicanpress.com/mo06027.html.

Photo courtesy Jeff Goodwin via mohicanpress.com.

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AD LIBS (O.S.) Webb? what's that, Jack ...?

(As they cross through they start removing their shirts and weapons. They approach the Lacrosse field. Chingachgook stands with Cameron in the background, watching.)

Lacrosse field: Uncas joins James. Nathaniel goes on the other side. A couple of young Mohawks and a young blonde farmer shout hallos and as the bodies crash into each other.

Albany

Six horses, wide with dumb, mute strain., manes fly, their hooves pound the yellow road into dust. Military outriders are on the three left side horses. Interior Coach - Major Duncan Heyward - Day - sits erectly in the brilliant scarlet coat of the First Royal Regiment of Foot with gold braid, blue-black facing and blue-black breeches, cavalry boots, spurs, a tricorne, white powdered hair and a gorget around his neck. He is 28 to 30 and tough. He is a self-sure, principled reactionary. He



believes human society is static and layered into hierarchies of class and they are absolutely impermeable. He opens a simple gold-clasped case and contemplates its contents. Heyward's pov: Case: enameled portrait of a dark-haired young woman. Heyward as a soldier is militarily first-rate in his milieu: the open battlefields of Europe. Right now, however, he is about to enter the forests of North America. He closes his clasp and glances out the window as we enter Albany and as a facade of buildings and people pass.

Interior British Headquarters: Four Grenadiers come to attention as Heyward enters mid-scene.)

Jack (O.S.): ... if they are not allowed leave to defend their families if the French or Hurons attack the settlements, no colonial militia is goin' to Fort William Henry.

Heyward: (low) You, there. Help my man outside with the baggage.

(General Jerome Webb sees Heyward and nods. Three of Webb's adjutants are on either side. Three remaining Grenadiers in bearskin-covered mitred caps are at the door. Facing Webb are a half dozen colonial representatives, including Captain Jack Winthrop. Heyward watches Jack ...)

Lieutenant: They will report or be pressed into service!

Webb: (cuts in) I cannot imagine his Majesty, in all his benevolence, would ever object to his loyal American subjects defending their hearth and home, their women and children, if threatened by the "scourge" of attack from savages, aroused to such excess by our enemy, the ever-perfidious French.

Jack: Does that mean they will be granted leave to defend their homes if the settlements are attacked?

Webb: (evenly) Of course. (Heyward's more amazed by what he's just heard from Webb.)

Jack: You got yourself a colonial militia, General. (These Americans, including Jack, stream past Heyward on their way out. He glances at them with contempt).

Heyward: Major Duncan Heyward reporting, en route to Fort William Henry and bearing dispatches.

Webb: (pouring gin.) How was your journey? (The door closes. Dispatches are passed. They are now alone except for the General's two Adjutants and a shadowy form waiting patiently in a corner. He's Magua. In the dim light, he's motionless. Webb slides a glass across to Heyward.)

Heyward: I didn't experience anything so surprising from Bristol to Albany as what I witnessed here today.

Webb: And what is that?

Heyward: The Crown "negotiating" the terms of service?

Webb: I know. (assuming a commensurator) One has to give Americans "reasons" and make agreements to get them to do anything at all. Tiring, isn't it? But that's the lay of the land.



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Heyward: (tight) I thought British policy is 'Make the World ... England,' sir. (A chill. Majors do not upbraid Generals.)

Webb: You will take command of the 62nd Regiment of Foot at Fort William Henry under Colonel Munro. I will march the 33rd to Fort Edward. (pause, then to adjutants): Explain to the Major we care little about toying with colonial militia because we have little to fear from the French. They have not the nature for war. Their Latinate voluptuousness combines with their Gallic laziness and the result is: they would rather make love with their faces than fight.



(Webb's adjutants laugh uproariously at his wit. Heyward does not share in their frivolity nor Webb's derisive view of the French.)

Heyward: Might I enquire if General Webb has heard from Colonel Munro's daughters? I was to rendezvous with them in Albany and escort them to the fort.

Webb: (to Magua, after a glance at Heyward) You there. What does Munro call you? (to Heyward) The Scotsman has sent one of his Mohawk allies to guide you.

(Magua rises and slowly walks into the light. He is reserved, muscled and over six feet tall. His head is shaved into a Mohawk. Rings, beads and feathers pierce his ears. A blanket is worn as a shawl over his left shoulder exposing his right arm and heavy tattooing. A long tomahawk is in the belt of his breech-cloth.)

Webb: The Scotsman's daughters are at the Poltroon's house. A company of the 33rd will accompany you and Magua will show you the way.

Heyward: (to Magua) Dawn. At the encampment. Six a.m. sharp. See to it you're there.

(Beneath Magua's barely deferential manner we sense intelligence and menace. None of these Brits see it.)

The Proposal

(Exterior poltroon's house - Day: Duncan Heyward brushed clean, his wig freshly powdered, his tricorn in his hand with a crimson sash and sword and his cavalry boots, walks through the gate after knocking. He enters a small courtyard.)

Heyward: Cora!

Cora: vivacious but elegant, unconventional in that she's educated, but with conventional values and attitudes.

Cora: (turns, smiles) Duncan! (They share a friendly if not awkward embrace.)

Heyward: How long have you been in Albany?

Cora: For days and days. And yourself?

Heyward: Just arrived. (all the zealous suitor) My God it's good to see you!

(Cora looks down, his enthusiasm seeming to almost embarrass her.) Cut to:

Exterior poltroon's house, back yard - Cora and Heyward - A vegetable plot behind the Poltroon's house is a provincial substitute for a formal garden setting. Heyward and Cora sit on rough wooden chairs. The breeze blows while a servant hangs laundry in the background. The white sheets billow. A table holds a tea setting. They're sitting opposite each other, talking seriously and quietly. Duncan's jacket is removed. Time's passed. Long pause. Then:)

Cora: (difficult) I don't know what to say Duncan. (Pause) Alice and I have depended upon you and respected you since we were all children. I truly wish they did, but my feelings don't go beyond



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friendship. Don't you see?

Heyward: Isn't respect and friendship, a reasonable basis for a man and woman to be married? And all else may grow in time ...?

Cora: Some say that's the way of it.

Heyward: "Some"?

Cora: Cousin Eugenie, my father ...

Heyward: (interrupts) Cora, in my heart, I know once we're joined, we'll be the most marvelous couple in London. So why not let those whom you trust, your father, help settle what's best for you. In view of your indecision, you should rely on their judgment. And mine...

(Cora stares directly at Heyward. Then she looks away. She has no answer. Something subterranean disturbs her about delegating judgment over the fate of her life.)

Heyward: Will you consider that? (Cora looks up at him quickly; something in her face politely conveys she's not ready to submit her decision so soon). Please consider that.

Cora: (pause; smiles) Yes. Yes, I will. (She's still unsettled.)

Alice: (O.S.) Duncan!

Alice, eighteen years old, blonde hair, wide blue eyes. She's effervescent and runs to hug him. Heyward is taken aback by her enthusiasm and laughs.

Heyward: My God, you've grown up.

Alice: We leave in the morning?!

Heyward: (rises) Yes, miss.

Alice: I won't sleep tonight. What an adventure! Have you seen the redmen?

Heyward: A few.

Alice: I cannot wait to return to Portman Square, having been to the wilderness.

Heyward: It can be dangerous.

Alice: Nonsense. Papa wouldn't have sent for us. (Cora pours more tea. The white sheets billow).



The Escort

Interior forest: The Redcoats march in perfect formation. Tract past the pack horses, the first company, Sgt. Major Ambrose and Cora and Alice. Alice seems fatigued. Cora's turned, looking up into the forest canopy, astonished at the deep beauty of the place. Cora's pov: Forest canopy of trees is dark, except for spots where leaves are sparse, and there the light is golden. It's the forest of childhood. A bobcat peers out from the brush and hisses. Cora ducks to get a closer look as her horse passes. Cora's reverie's broken by Heyward entering the frame.)

Cora: Alice? (Alice rouses from fatigue.)

Alice: Can we rest soon?

Heyward: Absolutely. (Heyward rides to the front of the column to Magua, who's twenty to thirty yards ahead of everybody else.)

Heyward: You there, Scout! (Magua slowly turns towards Heyward.)

Heyward: [overly articulating] We must ... stop ... soon. Women are ... tired.

Magua: [perfect English] This is not good place to stop. Two leagues from here. No water 'til then. We stop there.

Heyward: No. Stop in the glade just ahead! When the ladies are rested, we will proceed. Do you understand?

Magua: [in Huron: English subtitle] "Magua understand white man is a dog to his women. When his women want to eat, he lay aside his tomahawk to feed their laziness."

Heyward: Excuse me. What did you say?

Magua: Magua say: "I understand the English, very well."

[As they begin to stop ...



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Tracking the War Party

Exterior mountains & forest: Silently entering on either side of us come Chingachgook, followed by Nathaniel and Uncas. Even relaxed, they carry themselves with a degree of alertness. moving through the rain forest. The tall trees, ravines and streams is idyllic in front of them. All three cradle their long guns and move silently on moccasined feet.

Chingachgook - in a stream - relaxed but attentive, abruptly stops. The others freeze in their tracks. Chingachgook sees and then stoops to examine a rock under the water in the stream. It's been turned from its bed.

Chingachgook finds another. Uncas, moving up on his flank, climbs the bank and moves off into the trees, searches and then he gestures ... he's found another sign of something. Chingachgook has headed

off further down the stream and discovers nothing. Rapidly he rejoins Uncas and Nathaniel who've become extremely alert. They move up the bank into the forest ninety degrees from their previous path. Nathaniel, Uncas & Chingachgook moving. Fast. Nearly soundless. They hardly disturb a blade of grass. The impression: expertise, deadliness and an impression something's wrong.



The Ambush

(Interior forest trail with Magua on point. The trail cuts the side of a hill. The ground on one side rises into a forest acclivity and on the other falls off into a forested ravine. Magua walking towards camera. Closer - Magua slides his tomahawk out from the front of his belt that girdles his waist. He lets the shaft drop into his hand. He shrugs off his blanket. There is a solidity to his dark, tall figure we didn't see before. Magua turns about face and advances on the column. Track with Magua. Heyward and the Munro girls pass the camera as does Sgt. Major Ambrose, marching in advance of the men. Heyward is perplexed by the scout's about face. Magua is approaching the soldier on the left in the first row. When Magua is two steps away he caves in the side of the infantryman's head at the temple with the spike end of his tomahawk and, backhanded, hacks the blade through the side of the neck of the center man in the first row. Simultaneously thirteen muskets explode from the wooded rise. Five redcoats are blown off the path, two others are wounded.

Ambrose: Form company! Make ready!

[Alice shrieks. Cora grabs Alice's reins and her own. Heyward pulling his fusil, seeing, firing, reaching for the women... Cora's horse bucking. Alice's horse bolting, dodging sideways, spilling Alice to the earth. The regulars slam into a firing line, stepping over the bodies of their comrades. All thirteen face the incline. Forested rise - Hurons flash downhill through the trees. Partnered in two-man teams, one loads and prepares and fires while the other advances to the next cover. He, then, prepares and fires covering his partner's advance. Leaping fallen trees and boulders, they're athletic, fast and rapidly closing. Even though the disciplined English regulars are a killing machine, we now see their tactics in the dense forest are grossly inferior to the Hurons'.]

Ambrose: Present!!

[Cora covers Alice with her body, holding her terrified sister close. Heyward from horseback aims his horse pistol, and fires at an attacking Huron leaping at him past Alice and Cora drops. The mule with baggage crashes off, down the

ravine. Another two Redcoats drop. Nine left. Then eight.

Ambrose: Fire!! [A musket volley as eight muskets go off as one shot, sending a lead scythe through leaves. The Hurons were behind cover. Only one was exposed and hit.]



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Ambrose: [continuing] Load! Prime! [The English rush to complete the reload.]

Ambrose: [continuing] Present! Present!

[Suddenly, Hurons - en masse - crash down onto the Redcoats line with tomahawks, war clubs and point-blank musket fire. Alice on the ground, screaming insanely, covered by Cora who's protecting her sister, and ... Heyward's horse shot from beneath him, the animal folding, falling straight to the earth, and ... Magua shoots Ambrose in the chest, and ...

Heyward by the Munro daughters spins, swinging his fusil like a ball-bat, upending one Huron and lunges with his bayonet in his left towards another. British dead and dying. Ambrose blood gushing from his chest wound, fires his pistol, dropping a Huron; slashes a second with his sword. Then he's chopped down. Hurons begin scalping the British while four race towards Heyward and the two women. Heyward has only his fusil as a bludgeon. He readies ... Three loud shots blow three of the Hurons sideways, head over heels down the rise. Reverse: Three men



barely seen, running diagonally across the fall line of the ravine. In parts, we recognize Nathaniel, recharging Killdeer on full run, and Uncas. Huron's not sure where the shots came from. Suddenly Chingachgook slams him, head first into the ravine with the war club. He didn't even slow down. Huron warrior spins. Uncas tomahawks his shoulder. The Huron swings downwards. Uncas ducks beneath the swing and slashes his throat, sending him downhill into camera as ... Nathaniel's momentum and thrown tomahawk spread-eagles one Huron, near a couple of wounded Redcoats who fight on ... Magua calmly sees the odds have changed. His attention becomes focused. He commits a very revealing act seen through the blurred foreground action of struggling bodies. He raises his musket and aims at ... Cora Munro who's unaware she's a target as she still holds Alice close to her. Nathaniel sees and swings his rifle, leveling it at Magua: Magua senses Nathaniel. Moving through liquid, his eyes drift left. The moment is frozen. Their eyes lock, each to the other's. Then ...time unfreezes Magua swings at Nathaniel and fires. Nathaniel shifts. The .65 caliber musket ball rockets past his ear and he's already squeezing Killdeer's trigger as Nathaniel's pov over barrel: Smoke from Magua's musket blast clears. Magua's gone. He almost shape-shifted, it happened so quickly. It's nearly mystical. Nathaniel lowers Killdeer, impressed. Cora glances back at Nathaniel. She doesn't know why he's looking at her. Chingachgook pursues two fleeing Hurons up the incline. Two strides gain him the first man, whom he hamstring and runs over to pursue the second up the hill ... as



...Heyward in the

confused melee,

grabs a found musket and aims it at an Indian. We recognize that he's aiming at Chingachgook pursuing the second Huron up the hill ...]

Cora: No, Duncan! [Duncan ignores her. Heyward's musket is jerked from his hands.]

Nathaniel: 'Case your aim is any better 'n your judgment.

Chingachgook's war club flashes up the hill. It cleaves the second man's back and bowls him over. Chingachgook retrieves his club as his scalping knife slashes down. Chingachgook dispatches the Huron he hamstring. WIDE Sudden silence.

Heyward's motionless. The women are frozen. Cora, holding Alice, is stunned but functioning. Moments ago both women were clean and demure. Now their riding dresses are torn, mud-stained, blood-spattered and their baggage is gone. Heyward's crossed to his slaughtered soldiers. Moments ago they were a testament to British military prowess. Now they're dead meat. Ambrose's body is against a tree. In the

One of the film's greatest attributes is the magnificent scenery.

"It was a huge search. We had scouts covering every inch of the state in order to find what we needed. Locations are like a character in the movie." stated Producer Hunt Lowry.

For a guided tour of filming of *The Last of the Mohicans*, visit mohicanpress.com to order a copy of "On the Trail of The Last of the Mohicans." The photography is fantastic and you feel as though the film is leaping off the pages!

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background two of the wounded start to rise ...]

Alice: [O.S.] Stop it!

[Heyward spins. Uncas just slapped the rump of the Narragansets, sending the horses away. Alice goes after him.]

Alice: We need them to get out!

[Uncas gently restrains her. Cora reaches Alice and grabs her away from the “savage”. Heyward runs in to protect the women ...]

Heyward: [to Nathaniel] ... why the bloody hell he do that to the horses?!

Nathaniel: Why don't you ask him.

[Uncas, all business, is now reloading, lifting powder horns, scanning the trees.]

Uncas: [matter of fact] ... too easy to track ... they can be heard for miles ... find yourself a musket ...

[Cora's surprised by Uncas' easy English. Nathaniel's scanning the forest.]

Nathaniel: [to Heyward] Your wounded should try walkin' back to Albany. They'll never make a passage north.

Heyward: [breathless] We were headed to Fort William Henry.

[Chingachgook to Nathaniel: let's go ... Then a fast exchange of Delaware. Cora's surprised to see it's Chingachgook's decision. Chingachgook looks at the survivors, gives his assent, starts off.]

Nathaniel: .We'll take you as far as the fort.

[Nathaniel throws Heyward a musket. Cora and Alice look towards Heyward. He looks at them: the women are totally terrified and do not move.]

Nathaniel: If we are goin' to take you, we need to move. Fast ... And the fort is well off our course. So if you all rather wait for the next Huron war party to come by, we'll be on our way.

[Heyward quickly decides to go. The women follow. Cora pauses at a dead Redcoat's body, bends down and takes is pistol, slipping it in the deep pocket of her dress. She puts her arm around her dazed sister and leads her along as Nathaniel starts off after Uncas and Chingachgook.

River Walk

(Exterior forest - Nathaniel moves through the trackless forest. Uncas is far out on the left flank. Cora, Alice and Duncan Heyward follow in Nathaniel's and Chingachgook's steps ...Nathaniel's feet walking through a creek, stepping in the stream bed instead of on stones. The others follow. Nathaniel looks at Heyward. Heyward conforms. He's ill at ease not being in command, following the lead of some half-Indian frontiersman through a foreign wilderness.)

Heyward: Scout, I'd like to thank you for your help. How much further is it?

Nathaniel: Night and a bit.

Heyward: A bit's well away from them.

Nathaniel: Maybe. Maybe they ain't alone. That Huron captain back there...

Heyward: (interrupting) The guard. He's Mohawk.

Nathaniel: He's no Mohawk. He's Huron. (checking the Munro sisters are not too close) What reason did he have to murder the girl?

Heyward: What?!

Nathaniel: (nodding back at Cora) Dark-haired one.

Heyward: Miss Cora Munro. Murder her? He never set eyes on her before. She's only been here a week.

Nathaniel: No blood vengeance? No reproach or insult?

Heyward: Of course not! (pause) And how is it you were nearby?

Nathaniel: Came across the war party, tracked 'em.

Heyward: Then you're assigned to Fort William Henry?

Nathaniel: No.

Heyward: Fort Edward, then?

Nathaniel: Nope. Headin' west. To Can-tuck-ee.

Heyward: I thought all our colonial scouts were in the militia. The militia is fighting the French in the north. (Off to the



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side, Uncas smiles at the idea.)

Nathaniel: I ain't your "scout". And I sure ain't in no damn militia. Clear it up any?

Meanwhile ...Uncas stops, alarmed. Something in the air bothers him. Nathaniel smells it, too. Chingachgook is already moving out front, low and fast...

Discovery

Exterior Cameron cabin: Burned, smoldering, having fallen in on itself. A dead child's hand protruding from the ruin. A fragment of a dress. Charred and smoldering wood. John Cameron's body in the wreckage. And then, through the collapsed posts and timbers, Nathaniel, Chingachgook and Uncas have advanced and are seeing what we've just seen; and then Cora and Alice. Uncas bends down beside the body of Alexandra Cameron; he rests his hand on her shoulder, then leaves to examine the damage within the rumble of the smoldering cabin. Alice approaches and is frozen in horror. Cora shields her from the sight. Cora is affected but confronts it directly.

Heyward: [O.S.] Anything to be done?

[Uncas returns from under one part of the wreckage, ashen, stoic, as they all are.

Uncas: All dead ... [Nathaniel bends over a moccasin print that Chingachgook's examining. They look at each other grimly.

Chingachgook: [to Nathaniel] Ottawa.

[Uncas enters, very careful where he places his feet ... Nathaniel gestures to Heyward to stay where he is on the periphery with the women.]

Uncas: Mirrors ... tools ... clothes ... everything was inside. They didn't take anything.

Nathaniel: [to Chingachgook] Movin' fast... another war party.

[Chingachgook nods confirmation and indicates a direction in Mohican. The significance is very ominous to them.

Chingachgook starts away ...Uncas turns away in grief. Nathaniel puts a consoling hand on his brother's shoulder.]

Heyward: Let us look after them ... [He starts approaching the bodies.]

Chingachgook: Leave them.

[Heyward stops. Nathaniel and Uncas follow Chingachgook, leaving the cabin.]

Cora: [hasn't moved] Though they are strangers, they are at least entitled to a Christian burial! They can not be left behind.

Nathaniel: [shaking his head] Let us go, miss.

Cora: I will not. I have seen the face of war before, sir, but never war made on women and children. And almost as cruel is your indifference. [Nathaniel turns back and rapidly approaches her. She takes a step back, a bit intimidated but the look on her face says she'll hold her ground.]

Nathaniel: [contained] Miss Munro, they're not strangers (controlling his anger) And they stay as they lay!

[Cora realizes Nathaniel knew these people and is deeply affected. She also realizes for the first time this is a whole new world with dynamics and complexities, behavior and rhythms she doesn't understand. He turns away from her and walks on. She hesitates a moment, then gathers Alice with a protecting arm and follows the men.

Wide on the small clearing in front of the farmhouse as Chingachgook and Nathaniel, extremely alert and cradling their cocked flintlocks, walk to camera, eyes sweeping the forest perimeter; they're followed by Cora, Heyward helping Alice and Uncas as rearguard. The ruined cabin and the dead dream of a family smolders behind them.



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The Glade

PROFILE: Nathaniel moves through to where the trees seem sparse and are unnaturally white birch and some thin grass grows. The land rises into a mound. Chingachgook and the others avoid stepping on the grass and cross to the other side of it. Chingachgook mutters something to Uncas. He nods and disappears amongst the white birch, soundlessly. Nathaniel throws Heyward a blanket. Heyward spreads the blanket below the top of the mound and maintaining silence, he gestures for Cora and Alice to rest there. Alice's head hits the blanket. She curls into a fetal position and she's out. Heyward is nearby on watch. Nathaniel has taken a position two-thirds of the way around the crescent shaped mound. Cora has sought him out. He doesn't react as she positions herself beside him. He's scanning the trees; not looking at her.

Cora: Why didn't you bury those people?

Nathaniel: Anyone lookin' for our trail, would see it as a sign of our passing ...

Cora: You knew them. (Nathaniel looks at her and nods.)

Cora: (stiffly) You were acting for our benefit and I apologize. I misunderstood you.

Nathaniel: Well that's to be expected. My father ...

Cora: Your "father?"

Nathaniel: Chingachgook warned me about people like you.

Cora: (sarcastically) Oh he did?

Nathaniel: Yes. He said do not try to understand them.

Cora: (surprised and indignant) What?!

Nathaniel: Yes. And do not try to make them understand you. That is because they are a breed apart and they make no sense. (Cora's indignation is cut off because Uncas moving fast. He gestures back the way he came and it means they're in jeopardy. Uncas disappears around the mound. Cut to

Exterior birch forest - trees - night Nothing. Imperceptibly we move closer and start to see shapes blocking out part of the white birch. Red-painted face with white eyes. A ruff of red hair stands straight up at the back of the large man's head. Slit and monstrously elongated earlobes are weighted with silver. He's followed by others. Wary, silently, they hunt. Deeper: more Ottawa. Towards the rear are two French Rangers from Le Regiment de la Sarre. They're bearded, dirty, dressed Indian-style in moccasins, leggings and breechcloths with hooded hunting shirts. There's nothing clumsy about them.

They're the 18th century version of Special Forces who've gone indigenous. If they and the Ottawa find our people, it's all over. Alice, seeing the red-painted Ottawa approach, starts to panic. Her hyperventilating and involuntary small sounds of fear will reveal their position. A hand covers her mouth and silences her struggling. WIDEN. It's Uncas. His other arm is around her, holding her, looking towards the advancing Ottawa. Nathaniel is on his side, his tomahawk within reach on the ground. Ottawa and French are fifty yards away from the crescent mound behind which lie our people. Mist envelops them ... Chingachgook: His massive arms spread revealing his war club in his left fist; his fusil in his right hand.

Nathaniel waiting for the attack. Cora pulls out a pistol. Her eyes are anxious, but there's no terror there. Nathaniel is impressed with her cool and hands her powder. She takes it. He listens for the soft drop of moccasined feet...Ottawa through the grass. Thirty feet away, they stop. They're motionless. Then their leader gestures and they start backing out. The French Rangers continue towards the crescent. The Ottawa chief takes one's arm and stops him. The French Ranger whispers something inaudible. The Ottawa chief shakes his head, "Non. Pas possible ..." And means it. They retreat.

Separate shots: Nathaniel, Uncas, Chingachgook, Cora tensely monitor the Ottawa retreat. Uncas and Alice: He slowly removes his hand from her mouth. Nathaniel - the Ottawa are gone.)

Cora: (quietly) Why did they turn back? (In answer Nathaniel looks behind and above her head.)

Nathaniel: Burial ground.

Cora turns and makes out stilt platforms of skeletons and torn strips of buckskin silhouetted against the night sky in the distance. They have camped on sanctified ground, a burial place. She thinks it would be a mistake to ever underestimate the skill of these men or the danger and complexity of this place.

Cora: (still angry) A breed apart, we make no sense....?

Nathaniel: In your particular case, miss, I'd make allowance ...



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Cora: (sarcastic) Thank you so much.

Cora is angry. Nathaniel, staring at the trees, glances at her. She settles, looking at him. Her mood changes. Then..

Cora: Where's your real family? (Nathaniel's surprised by her question.)

Nathaniel: They buried my ma and pa and sisters. Chingachgook found me with two French trappers - raised me up as his own.

Cora: I'm sorry.

Nathaniel: I'm not remembering them. I wasn't but one or two.

Cora: How did you learn English?

Nathaniel: My father sent Uncas and I to Reverend Wheelock's school when I was ten.

Cora: (curious, trying to understand) Why were those people living in this defenseless place ...?

Nathaniel: After seven years indentured service in Virginia, they headed out here because the frontier's the only land available to poor people. Out here, they're beholden to none, not livin' by another's leave ... (Pause, while Cora takes this in.)

Nathaniel: Their name was Cameron. John and Alexandria Cameron.

(Cora sees the slate grey clouds and, in between, the fields of stars. She looks at Nathaniel; then again up at the night sky.)

Nathaniel: (continuing; looking up) My father's people say ... at the birth of the sun and of his brother, the moon, their mother died ... so the sun gave to the earth her body, from which was to spring all life. And he drew forth from her breast the stars. The stars he threw into the night sky to remind him of her soul. So there is the Camerons' monument ... my folks', too, I guess. (Cora's pensive. Nathaniel's watching her. Her reaction is enigmatic. After a pause ...)

Cora: (low) You are right, Mr. Poe. We do not understand what is happening here. And it is not as I imagined it would be, thinking of it in Boston and London ...

Nathaniel: Sorry to disappoint you ...

Cora: (eyes downcast) No, on the contrary. It is more deeply stirring to my blood ... (then up into his eyes) ... than any imagining could possibly have been ... (She closes her eyes, turns slightly and prepares to sleep. Nathaniel is the one left staring into the birch forest, a little surprised. Some of his assumptions about her were wrong).

Fort Approach

(Exterior forest - wide - late afternoon - Deep fog has set in. A hand entering the frame moves a branch aside. It's Uncas. Spread to the right is Chingachgook, far to the left is Nathaniel. They hike up a steep forested slope in the heart of the Adirondacks.

Cora: Much further?

Nathaniel: Top of this ridge. Fort and Lake George are downhill of it. (Alice Re-energized, her spirits pick up.)

Alice: Will we be able to bathe? (Before Cora can answer they hear a deep, rolling roar. Alice is alarmed.)

Cora: Thunder ... Papa will arrange something. (Uncas looks over his shoulder, sees something in the far distance, gestures to Nathaniel and Chingachgook.

Nathaniel's POV: distant hills and the band of red-painted Ottawa and Coureurs des Bois, who have now split into two groups, are still on their trail. Meanwhile, oblivious ...)

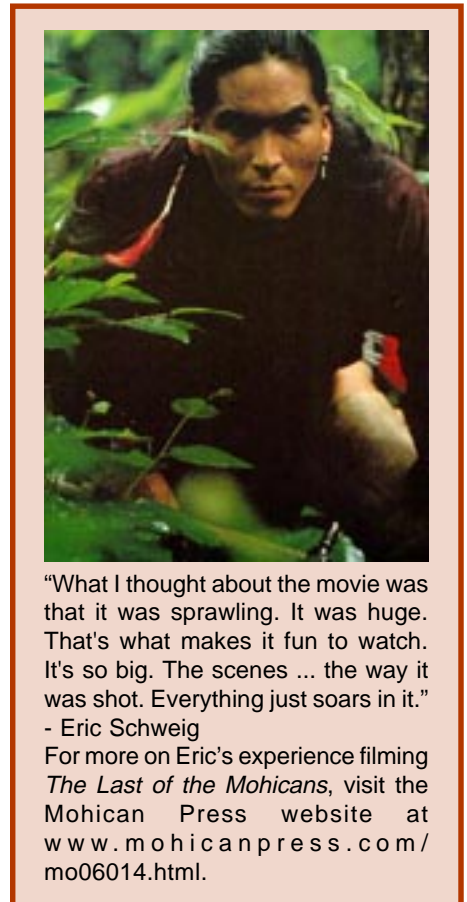
Heyward: The men of the regiment will fetch water from the lake, build fires and provide every comfort you desire.

Alice: Duncan, you are absolutely gallant. If Cora doesn't marry you, I shall.

Cora: Alice! (Heyward laughs. Nathaniel takes this in).

Alice: I cannot wait to see Papa ...

Another angle: Heyward helps Alice. As he does, he stares at Cora's separation



"What I thought about the movie was that it was sprawling. It was huge. That's what makes it fun to watch. It's so big. The scenes ... the way it was shot. Everything just soars in it."
- Eric Schweig

For more on Eric's experience filming *The Last of the Mohicans*, visit the Mohican Press website at www.mohicanpress.com/mo06014.html.

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and her proximity to Nathaniel, who's walking on ahead, is something Heyward doesn't like. His dark thoughts are distracted by a flash of light and more rolling thunder. Wide from the front - Nathaniel drops and pulls Cora to the ground.)

Cora: Lightning?

(Nathaniel doesn't answer as he, Chingachgook, Uncas and Heyward make their way to the top of the ridge.

Closer angles: Cora and Alice join them and look down upon their expectation of a secure piece of England in the wilderness, a safe harbor, a father's warm welcome.

Their pov: Fort William Henry offers none of those things.

The thunder is the roar of French siege cannon clouded in dense smoke. The flashes of light are mortar bombs exploding and illumination rockets' red glare. Fort William Henry is



under a massive siege by a French and Huron army. Uncas looks over his shoulder - his POV: Ottawa pursuing them.

There's no way back. They're propelled forward. Dissolve to ...exterior battlefield, French battery #1 - close shots -dusk

French cannons roar black smoke and gouts of red flame. Trench dug by sappeurs behind the cover of a huge gambio

pushed toward the fort by two poles and fascis on the sides. English gun crew searching the night. POV: battlefield is

black. English rockets light the battlefield revealing the French trenches. English gun crew excited. Colonial militia and

Mohawk snipers fire their rifles. The British gun crew scrambles to adjust their 18 pounders. French battery #1 fires.

French battery #2 fires. Exterior fort, west battery tracking. French cannon fire rips into the fortifications, exploding wood and earth, shredding the English gun crew with cannister. The English fight stubbornly, but we feel they're outgunned.

Meanwhile ...wide angle from the water: A new artillery duel erupts. The action is to the west side of the fort. On the

north, the fire fight is reflected on the black water of Lake George in our foreground. Then a dark shape wiping to the right

cuts off those reflections. We see in silhouette the outline of a birch canoe moving silently, barely rippling the mirrored

surface of the lake. Exterior Lake George bank - debris: Behind it, two Canadiens and a Huron alternately snipe at the

ramparts. Low and wide: snipers; behind them is black water. Its surface is broken by the rising mass of Chingachgook, followed by Uncas and Nathaniel. Muzzle flashes from the cannon reveal the canoe and the forms of the girls further out.

Chingachgook's war club is held low. The Huron senses and turns and Nathaniel's thrown tomahawk knocks him back.

Nathaniel's knife flashes in the night. Chingachgook drives the war club up, smashing a Canadien onto the debris. The

second Canadien jabs bayonet at Uncas, slashing his side. Uncas jerks him forward by the musket, folds him over and

tomahawks him.

Fort Arrival

(Exterior Fort William Henry, north wall - sally-port tunnel - night: Amidst the cannonade roar, ad-libbed shouts from Nathaniel and Heyward convince battle begrimed soldiers to open the sally-port. Our people rush in. Torch light the group moves through the long, dank, tunnel. Enlisted men escorting them. Another torch from the other direction: Captain Beams is revealed.)

Heyward: I'm Major Duncan Heyward.

Beams: Captain Jeffrey Beams. We didn't think you'd make it through!

Heyward: Where's Colonel Munro? His daughters are here, too. (Beams raises his torch, sees the muddled, soaked women. He is shocked that they traveled with Heyward.)

Cut to ...interior Fort William Henry: the group emerges from a sally-port tunnel. It's smokey and chaotic - the noise is deafening. The group has traveled through a nightmare, only to arrive in hell. Heyward with Beams, Nathaniel guiding Cora by her elbow, Alice, Uncas and Chingachgook run diagonally past pyramidal stacks of cannon ball, smoldering beams and shrapnel, wounded men. Just then a mortar is fired and explodes, killing the gun crew. On the ramparts Mohawks and colonial militia, sniping at the French. Women huddle in corners next to the sick and dying.

AD LIBS: (shouts over roar) Uncas! Nathaniel ... (Nathaniel waves. One wounded man, Ian, intercepts Uncas.)

IAN: Thought you and Nathaniel weren't joinin' up.

Uncas: (on the run) We didn't!

Nathaniel: Just dropped in to see how you boys is doin'. (Colonel Munro running from his quarters is shocked to see them.)

Alice: (hysterical) Papa, Papa!!

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Munro: (enraged) Alice! Cora! Why are you here?! (over his shoulder to Heyward) And where the hell are my reinforcements?! (Munro whips off his coat to cover them and takes Alice under his arm. Bombardment resumes. Alice clings while they race for the cover of his quarters. They race into the yellow lantern light of Munro's quarters and slam and bolt the heavy door. Heyward's confused ... Cut to interior Munro's quarters.

Munro: Get Mr. Phelps! (embracing his daughters; softer) Told you to stay away! Why did you disobey me girls?

Cora: When? How?

Munro: My letter ...

Cora: There was no letter!

Munro: What?

Cora: There was no letter.

Munro: I sent three couriers to Webb!

Heyward: One called Magua arrived.

Cora: He delivered no such message. (Munro's stunned.)

Munro: Does Webb not even know we are besieged?

Heyward: Sir. Webb has no idea. And he certainly does not know to send reinforcements!

(Munro has nowhere for his rage to go. Meanwhile, Alice clings to her father. At 45-55, the British Army has been his life. He blindly believes in its institutions, though officers like Webb would disdain his Scots origins. From under his fury:)

Munro: (flat) What happened to you?

Heyward: (suddenly tired) On the George Road. Attacked.

Cora: We're fine.

Heyward: This Magua led us into it. (pause) ... eighteen killed. These men came to our aid and guided us here.

Munro: You need anything?

Nathaniel: Help ourselves to a few horns from your powder stores.

Uncas: And some food.

Munro: (to Uncas) I'm indebted to you. And get your side sewn up, young man.

Phelps: Miss Cora! How are you?

Cora: (smiles) Fine, Mr. Phelps. Have you cat gut and a suturing needle? (for Uncas) And we could use some rum, clothes, and a place to wash ... (Cora tries to remove Alice from her father, but she clings to him. Munro holds her tighter.

Munro: Go with your sister, Alice. (She nods her head. And Cora takes her. They exit. Munro is moved beyond words by his daughters' presence. There's a break, a pause ...)

Heyward: Might I enquire after the situation, sir, given that I've seen of the French engineering from the ridge above?

Munro: (perfunctory) Logistics are his guns are bigger than mine and he has more of them. They keep our heads down while his sappers make thirty yards of trench a day. His thirteen inch mortars have a two hundred yard range, so when they're close enough, they'll move them in, lob explosive rounds over our walls and pound us to dust.

Heyward: They look to be three hundred yards out. You have three days.

Munro: Damn, damn!

Nathaniel: A man, here, can make a run straight through to Webb.

Munro: Three days is not enough time to get to Albany and back with reinforcements

Heyward: Webb's not in Albany. He marched the 33rd to Fort Edward two days ago.

Munro: Webb is at Edward?

Heyward: Yes, sir.

Munro: That's only twelve miles away! He could be here day after tomorrow. (to Nathaniel) Find your man, sir! Captain Beams will give you the message. (Beams nods. Munro turns back to the map. Nathaniel has something else to say.)

Nathaniel: Something else. Cameron's cabin - a frontier cabin. We come upon it yesterday. Burned out. Everyone murdered. And it was Ottawa - allied to the French. (Munro looks at him.)

Munro: Aye. So?

Nathaniel: It was a war party. It means they're on the attack up and down the frontier.

Munro: Thank you sir.



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Uncas: People here, settlers, Mohawk, have families out there.

Munro: That'll be all sir!

(Nathaniel mutters something to Uncas. They follow Chingachgook out)

Heyward: Things were done. Nobody was spared ...

Munro: Terrible feature of war in the Americas. (beat; a mantra) Best to keep your sight fixed on our duty - to defeat France. That hangs on a courier to Webb.

The French Camp

[Interior montcalm's marquee - choral group - night of three Seneca women and five boys, led by a Jesuit, sing the Te Deum in the Iroquois language. This is a large tent that could sleep twenty. Montcalm's four personal guards are at the entrance as well as comte de levis in dirty lace, a facial wound and a braceful of pistols on a sash. Inside is simple campaign furniture and a six by eight foot battle standard and flag of France. Montcalm stands with a huge and fearsome elaborately tattooed and robed Seneca chief in a silk turban ...]

Seneca Chief: [low] ... and the Black Robes of Michilimackinac left us no time to put our cabins in order before telling us our French father had need of our aid. We rolled our blankets and were the first to be here. Yet we are not the first and

closest to my father's campfire. [The Marquis de Montcalm is forty-five, wears a large wampum belt as a sash over his waistcoat. He has an acute intellect, an elegant manner. He is more aristocratic than Munro, but a consummate professional soldier. Over the Seneca's shoulder, Montcalm sees and nods to ... Magua entering with four Huron braves. This is not the Magua we saw on the trail. In his scalp lock, now red-stained and cut to a Huron roach, are three black plumes. A match-coat blanket drapes his left shoulder.]



Montcalm: [to Seneca Chief] For my children and

the children of the true faith, my friendship and esteem is boundless ... I will give you three oxen for a feast and tomorrow I, myself, will sing the war song with you in the great council house. [The Seneca Chief is satisfied and his people, plus the Jesuit, exit. The look on Magua's face and the wry expression on Montcalm's allows us to understand their relationship is based on realpolitik.]

Montcalm: Le Renard Subtil, how are things with your English friends? [Magua exhales in derision as he brings a chair to face Montcalm and sits, European style ...]

Montcalm: [over his shoulder] Louis Antoine, join us. [Louis Antoine De Bougainville enters. He wears a functional melange of Indian moccasins over white linen breeches and an officer's waistcoat.]

Montcalm: Hear what le Subtil has to tell us ...

Magua: English war chief, Webb goes to Fort Edward with 33rd Regiment. He does not know my father's army attacks Fort William Henry.

Montcalm: But by now Munro knows his couriers didn't get through. He'll send another.

Magua: The Grey Hair will try.

Bougainville: Four or five, including two women entered the fort ...

Magua: The Grey Hair's children were under Magua's knife but escaped. They'll be under it again.

Montcalm: Why do hate the Grey Hair, Magua?

Magua: When the Grey Hair is dead, Magua will eat his heart.

Before he dies Magua will put his children under the knife so the Grey Hair will see his seed is wiped out forever. [Montcalm won't get a direct answer.]

Montcalm: My sappers are advancing the trenches through the night, now. You may have your opportunity soon.



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Surgery

(Interior surgery, entrance - night: Phelps exhausted, sitting on a low stool, taking a breath.)

Nathaniel (O.S.): She know what she's doin'?' (Phelps looks up, then he looks over his shoulder at Cora. She's in a borrowed laundress dress... he's a little indignant.)

Phelps: First assisted me in Austria when she was fourteen. I would say she does ...

(Cora's apron is stained with blood. Nathaniel sees this may be her first time in the New World, but it's not her first military campaign. Still angered at Munro's dismissive response, he's nevertheless falling for Cora.)

Nathaniel: She does not shy away from much ...

Phelps: (elsewhere) What's that?

Nathaniel: Nothin'.

Phelps (O.S.): Miss Cora? Gentleman looking for you. (Nathaniel enters. Cora's sewing up Uncas.)

Cora: (looks up) Mr Poe?

Nathaniel: Miss. (re: cotton) May I? (Cora, curious, nods. Nathaniel cuts some pieces from her ruined and discarded dress that she now uses to bandage Uncas.)

Cora: It will seep and then it's going to draw.

Uncas: Thank you, miss.

Nathaniel: (to Uncas) 'Bout done holdin' hands with Miss Munro?

(Uncas laughs, looking from her to Nathaniel. Then he's up. Cora starts to tend another wounded man. As they start out, Nathaniel hesitates and turns back to her. Sensing it, Cora looks up to find Nathaniel gazing at her pensively.)

Cora: (a bit uncomfortable) What are you looking at, sir?

Nathaniel: (direct, but soft) Well I'm looking at you, Miss.

Cora measures the directness of Nathaniel's manner. It's not insolent, only unsettling. Feeling foolish, she looks down. After a few moments, she looks up again. Nathaniel still regards her with a seriousness she cannot read. She smiles shyly at him as her eyes meet his again. This time Nathaniel rewards her with a wide smile of his own, then turns and goes, leaving Cora even more intrigued than before.



The Courier

Cut to exterior french trenches - night: Sappers and engineers having worked through the night, are still digging the diagonally-advancing trench. We note it's closer than it was. Exterior French trenches - french picketts at their posts guard the sappers. Meanwhile... Cut to exterior Fort William Henry, west side - sally-port - night opens. Ten mohawks and rangers crawl towards the french lines. Meanwhile ... Cut to exterior Fort William Henry, parapet - Nathaniel and Uncas - are low and out of French sight in the northeast battery. Four others are with them, including Captain Jack Winthrop. Stacked rifles are against the casement. We don't know why. Each rifle is within reach of Nathaniel's hand. Nathaniel is taking extra care loading Killdeer. He charges it once, then overloads the powder by a quarter charge.)

Jack: Munro refused to believe what happened. He does not even want to hear it.

Nathaniel: He's gonna have to.

Jack: (to one man) Get together by the West Battery James and Ian, Sharitarish and William. (Nathaniel uses the fine cotton he took from Cora. Uncas sees it.)

Uncas: Tight weave.

Nathaniel: Another forty yards? (Uncas nods. Nathaniel wets it to make a tighter gas seal and rams it home. The tighter fit requires more effort. Nathaniel looks below to ground level ...



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the courier with two pistols are holstered in a sash around his chest. He wears no hat and carries no pack. He waits by the sally-port door. Cut to exterior French trench - three pickets - night are suddenly tomahawked and knifed by stripped down 42nd highlanders and mohawks. Alarm is raised. French and some huron run to advance. Shots are fired. The rangers and mohawks fall back. French emboldened, pursue ... Trench in front of west wall suddenly Heyward and three companies of the 62nd regiment of Foot (60 men) are over the top in perfect formation ...)

Heyward: Sergeant! Form three ranks!

Sergeant Major: Sir! (bellows to troops) Upon the center, wheel to the left-about! March! (three motions; drums) Rear ranks, proper distance! (the rear ranks back up six paces) Front ranks, take your distance! March! (everybody moves) Halt! (in unison they slam to a stop) Make ready! (muskets snap to port arms - Mohawks and Highlanders dodge right and left of the 62nd's line of fire. French are coming forward. Their Sergeants are trying to stop and form their men in ad-libbed French.



Sergeant Major: (dead cool) First rank! Second rank! Present arms! (muskets shouldered)

Heyward: Fire!!! (Like one shot, lightning, smoke and .65 caliber death screams from the first two ranks like a scythe, cutting down ...)

Reverse: French Fourteen wounded or killed ... 62nd Regiment of Foot - Heyward exposed. He's oblivious to incoming rounds. A piece of hat is blown off, epaulet is shot off. The man next to him is killed and bloodies Heyward's coat.)

Heyward: Advance, Sergeant Major!

Sergeant Major: Sir!!! (to soldiers) Third rank! Twelve paces! Forward march! (drums)

(The rear rank walks through the first two ranks, who are priming and loading in perfect order to their Sergeant Major's commands. As the third rank becomes the first rank ...)

Sergeant Major: Shoulder arms! (slam) Present! (slam)

Heyward: Fire!!!

(Cut to exterior Fort William Henry: the courier sprints for the trees during the diversion of Heyward's sally. Two Hurons materialize from nowhere and charge at him ... Both are blown off their feet.

Exterior Fort William Henry, casement - Uncas and Nathaniel now handed already-loaded, primed and cocked rifles while the four men behind them reload the two just fired. Nathaniel gestures ... exterior hillside - three half-savage Canadians are running down the hill to intercept the courier. One fires ... Courier a near miss. Exterior Fort William Henry - Nathaniel fires. A half second later, Uncas fires. Exterior hillside: One Canadian's falling through the trees as the second one's hit by Uncas' shot. Nathaniel reaches out his hand. Killdeer with the heavier load is slapped into it. Nathaniel aims. Looks away a second and comes back to the sight in deep concentration. The world goes silent ... Nathaniel's pov: Courier and Canadian pursuer are barely visible. Only patches appear momentarily between the trees. They're three hundred yards away. Exterior forest - the Canadian will intersect the courier. His arm is back with his tomahawk to throw .. exterior Fort William Henry - Nathaniel judges wind, elevates the long rifle ... And fires at us. Jump cut back: Trees Nathaniel's heavy round rips through. A few leaves flutter ... Exterior forest - Canadian whacked head over heels by the impact. Courier keeps running. He didn't know the Canadian was there. He stumbles in the half light he runs on ... Cut to exterior Fort William Henry - west sally-port the three companies of the 62nd Regiment of Foot file back into the fort in perfect order. The sally-port is closed. Three men are wounded. The diversion worked perfectly.)

Heyward: Sergeant Major!

Sergeant Major: Sir!

Heyward: Thank you, Sergeant Major. Thank the men.

Sergeant Major: Atten-hut! The troopers and militia have seen no action for three days and nights. Heyward got their blood running and won their respect. They step aside and nod to him. Heyward keeps walking. He is home. Cut to..)

Militia Debate

Interior fort, inner corridor - Cora moving through the corridor past wounded. Two French mortar bombs explode above one of the casements. We hear shrill screams in the distance and ...)

Nathaniel (O.S.): ... The cabin was attacked by a war party. (His voice rises) They are sweeping south down the frontier attacking farms and Mohawk villages while all the men are stuck here. (Cora, passing the open door to Munro's crowded office, now hesitates. Cora's pov: Nathaniel, Jack Winthrop, Ian, seven or eight other militia spokesmen, Munro,

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Heyward, two adjutants, one lieutenant of Rangers.)

Munro: (to Jack) I must receive proof more conclusive than Mr. Poe's opinion before I weaken our defenses by releasing the militia!

Jack: Chingachgook's of the same opinion. Taken together, that's gospel. Your fort will stand or fall depending on Webb's reinforcements, not the presence of the militia.

Munro: I judge military matters here, not you!

Nathaniel: Your judgment is not more important than their right under agreement with Webb to defend their farms and families ... Major Heyward was at John Cameron's. He saw what it was.

Munro: (looking to Heyward for confirmation of his point of view.) What exactly did you see, Major?

(Heyward looks around the room. And he catches the doorway ... Cora beyond the periphery of men, staring at him.)

Heyward: Munro is expecting him to be the good soldier in defense of British military interests. At the same time, Cora examines him with a cool, level stare.)

Heyward: (makes his decision, set his jaw and steps forward): I saw nothing that would lead me to the conclusion it was other than a raid by savages bent on thievery. (Cora turns away in disappointment and disgust. Heyward's stature has fallen irrevocably in her eyes. Heyward turns to look at Cora ... she's gone.)

Nathaniel: (fiercely) You're a liar! (Heyward turns to Nathaniel to confront him.)

Munro: Montcalm is a soldier and a gentleman. Not a butcher.

Nathaniel: Easy for you to suppose. It's their women and children alone in their farms, not yours!

Munro: (exploding) You forget yourself!

Jack: We are not forgettin' Webb's promise!

Munro: British promises are honored. And the militia will not be released. Because I need more definite proof than this man's word!

Jack: Nathaniel's word been good on the frontier a long time before you got here!

Munro: This meeting's over! The militia stays!

Jack: (to Munro) Does the rule of English law no longer govern? Has it been replaced by absolutism?

Nathaniel: And if English law cannot be trusted, maybe these people would do better makin' a peace with the French!

Heyward: (outraged) That is sedition!

Nathaniel: That is the truth! (his eyes meets Heyward's angrily)

Heyward: (restraining himself) I'll have you beaten from this fort!

Nathaniel: (evenly, controlling his anger) Someday I think you and I are going to have a serious disagreement.

Munro: (steel) Anyone fomenting or advocating leaving Fort William Henry will be hung for sedition. Anyone caught leaving will be shot for desertion. (pause) My decision is final. Get out. (Nathaniel and the others are not intimidated. Their rage smolders. The look on Nathaniel's face says this is not over.)

Rejection

(Interior Munro's bedchamber: a knock and Heyward enters. Alice is in her father's bed. Cora is collecting and tearing linen into strips for bandaging.)

Heyward: Cora ... I wanted to talk to you... (Alice looks at the two of them and rises out of the bed.)

Cora: Alice ...

Alice: Talk to Duncan, Cora ... I must manage ... I cannot be an invalid schoolgirl. (starts for door) I'll see if Mr. Phelps needs anything ... (She leaves.)

Heyward: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to ... (he collects himself)

Heyward: Cora, when we come together in London and are married and away from this place, things that had to be said and done here will matter not at all. I'm certain of that.

Cora: Duncan ... (pause) I promised you an answer. You have complimented me with your persistence and patience ... but the decision I've come to is I'd rather make the gravest of mistakes than surrender my own judgment. (Heyward is



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stunned.)

Cora: Please take this as my final answer. It must be no. (Heyward' shattered inside.)

Heyward: I see ...(Heyward nods. He's speechless and leaves the room.)

Desertion

(Exterior fort, parade ground - bonfire - night: Sparks shower skyward. Impromptu music. Some Celtic proto-bluegrass played on fiddle and drums. Women dance from soldier to soldier - English foot and American Rangers. A few people lit by the firelight are solemn. Most are stirred to lift their morale for a while. Their faces are underlit by the red firelight. They are a disposable people, a diverse plurality stuck in a postage stamp-size fort in an ocean of forest, locked into mortal deadly conflict because of the policies of cold and distant European monarchs. A place a little distant from the fire are a number of men behind logs, crates and new wreckage from the day's bombardment.)

Nathaniel: (low) ... got no kin in the settlements. If I did, you can be damn sure I'd be long gone.

Ian: You didn't think it right to be here in the first place.

Nathaniel: I saw it that way then and I see it that way now.

Ian: (low) What do we do about being under Crown law?

Jack: (low) I believe if they set aside their law as and when they wish, their law no longer has rightful authority over us.

All they have over us is tyranny, then. And I'll not live under that yoke. So I'll stay here no longer ... Anyone caught leavin' the fort could be shot. So each man make your own decision ... Those who are goin', be back here in an hour.

Nathaniel: Out the northern sally-port. Strike for the east side of the swamp until you clear the French picket line. Head north over the ridge, then come about southeast and fork left in Little Meadow and you're free of the outpost and skirmishers ...

A colonial: (grumbles) Should've skinned outta this long ago.

Colonial #2: Got no families, Captain. Figured we'd stay and give 'em a hand...

Nathaniel: I'll cover you from the top of the casement.

Jack: (surprised) You're not coming with us?

Nathaniel: I got a reason to stay.

Jack: (a small smile) That reason wear a striped skirt and work in the surgery? (Low laughter)

Nathaniel: (dry) It does. And no offense, but it's a better lookin' reason than you, Jack Winthrop. (more laughs) Push hard, 'cos you got to clear the French outpost by dawn. Good luck, Jack. (The men split up ...Nathaniel turns to Okoneskone.)

Nathaniel: Okoneskone, are you stayin'?

Okoneskone: Yes.

Nathaniel: There's too many French.

Okoneskone: And too many to die, and not enough to fight. But we have given our word to our English fathers.

The Kiss

Cut to: Fire - Nathaniel wanders among the dancers and musicians clustered in groups, lit by the firelight. Cut to Surgery - Cora, holding the hand of a wounded soldier who has finally succumb to sleep. She stands and leaves the surgery, moving out into the crowded mix of colonials, Redcoats and Mohawks. Cut to Nathaniel, moving towards the surgery, scanning the faces.

Someone catches his eye and he moves in that direction ... Nathaniel's pov: Cora in the shadows, waiting for him. He stops and regards her for a moment, then continuing past her, taking her hand as he does. She turns and follows him as he leads her to the battlements, away from the noise and tension of the fort below. Cora and Nathaniel stand facing each other. His hands are on her waist, hers resting on his forearms. She searches his face, awakening to a new spirit, a new self-determination ...

She's drawn to this strong and graceful man with his direct manner. To her, everything about him is right. She's discovered the passions that move him, move her...and her readiness to give herself to what stirs the deepest resonances of her soul is the same as his. Nathaniel looks at her. She's beautiful in the firelight. His lips find hers and she folds into his arms. She's suffused with an elation she can't explain. In the night before doomsday a romance



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is born in rebellion amid the huddled people in this small stockade ripped from the black earth of the forests of a wild continent.

Arrest

(Interior barracks - low and wide - day door crashes inwards. Twelve British sentries storm in lead by Captain Beams. Four bear torches. Reverse: Nathaniel, Uncas, Chingachgook, two colonials and some Mohawks are out of the bunks and moving with them with tomahawks, knives, a flintlock ...)

Sergeant: (o.s.) you! Halt! (British sentries their muskets aimed mostly at Nathaniel.)

Sergeant: As you were!!

(Nathaniel freezes. The others slow down, indecisive ... Nathaniel drops his tomahawk and says something in Mohican to restrain Chingachgook and Uncas. The British in the torchlight with the long muskets and bayonets.)

Sergeant: Take him! (Nathaniel's spun around and while his hands are bound.)

Chingachgook: (Mohican; subtitled) Why do they make my son prisoner?

Nathaniel: (Mohican; subtitled) I helped Jack and the others leave ... This fight is not yours, father. I love you and my brother. And you should leave this place now.

Chingachgook: (Mohican; subtitled) What will they do with my white son? (One of the guards - scared to death by Chingachgook - nervously fingers his musket.)

Guard: Get back from him!



Munro's Office

Interior Munro's quarters - Cora - Day)

Cora: He saved us! We are alive only because of him ... (Widen: Heyward, Munro, Cora, mid-argument. An adjutant comes and goes. Heyward and Munro are sensitive to appearances in front of the adjutant. Cora couldn't give a damn.)

Munro: The man encouraged the colonials to desert in this very room, in my presence. So, he is guilty of sedition. (matter of fact, not giving Cora's plea must consideration.) He must be tried and hanged like any other criminal, regardless of what he did for my children.

Cora: He knew the consequences and yet he stayed. Are those the actions of a criminal? ... (Her father will not hear her argument. Desperate, she turns to Heyward). Duncan, do something.

Heyward: (pompous) He knew the penalty for his actions. He ought to pay without sending you to beg.

Cora: (She sees he will be of no help to her) You know he wouldn't send me ...! You falsely spoke of what you saw. (frustrated, turning back to Munro) What happened at the farm was as Nathaniel said!

Munro: But not with enough certainty to outweigh British interests in this fort.

Heyward: (self-righteously) And who empowered these provincials to pass judgment upon England's policies in her own colonies? (his voice rises) To come and go without so much as a "by your leave."

Cora: (angered) They do not live their lives "by your leave." ...

They hack it out of the wilderness with their own two hands, burying their children along the way!

Heyward: (accusingly) You are defending him because you've become infatuated with him. (This catches Munro's attention who looks up sharply at his eldest daughter to gauge her reaction. Cora, meanwhile, struggles to contain her fury.)

Cora: (evenly) Duncan, you are a man with a few admirable qualities. But taken as a whole, I was wrong to have thought so highly of you. (Heyward's shot through the heart.)

Munro: (stunned by his daughter's insolence): Cora! (She startles and turns to her father. His face and voice softens) Cora, I would do



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anything to keep you from being hurt. But this man is guilty of sedition and subject to military justice and beyond pardon. Cora: “Justice”? If that’s “justice” then the sooner French guns blow the English army out of America, the better it will be for the people here.

Munro: (outraged) You do not know what you are saying!

Cora: (explodes) Yes I do! I know exactly what I am saying. And if it is sedition, then I am guilty of sedition, too! (She exits, leaving them there, both surprised by her outburst.)

Stockade

Heavy timbered door. A sentry. They stand at attention when Cora passes as opposed to barring her entry. Interior cell - Nathaniel comes to the door, slides his hands through the bars, taking Cora’s. They are silent for a moment, then ...)

Cora: They’re going to hang you. (pause; soft, tears falling) Why didn’t you leave when you had the chance?

Nathaniel: Because what I’m interested in is right here ...

Cora: What can I do? (He touches her hand.)

Nathaniel: Webb’s reinforcements will arrive or not. If they do not, the fort will fall to the French. If that happens, stay close to your father. (Cora shakes her head no.) Stay close to him. The French will try to protect the officers among the English.

Cora: (determined) No. I will find you.

Nathaniel: Do not. (pause) Promise me. (Cora drops her forehead to Nathaniel’s hands wrapped around the bars. She acquiesces, nods. Then heavy shelling commences. Cora and Nathaniel look up. Mortar bombs begin striking the fortress. Still dark. The final French bombardment has started.)

Cora: (Tears fall down her face) The whole world’s on fire, isn’t it? (A pause.)

(Reaching through the bars set in the thick door, he strokes her hair. On that image ...

Cut To ...exterior Fort William Henry - Various Cuts - Dawn (2nd Unit) French

cannoneers in Batteries #1 and #2 fire again and again. They work like precision drill teams. French trench ending in Battery #3 is complete and surprisingly close to William Henry’s walls. Crews reload the squat and massive newly arrived thirteen inch mortars. Mortar one: The flash-hole is primed. The burning fuse is jammed into the bomb. The primer charge is lit off and the crew ducks as the crude iron belches red flame and black smoke into the lightening sky. The second mortar roars. Then a third. Cut To ...interior Fort William Henry - English Cannon Crew - Night tries to return fire but can’t under the heavy French bombardment. The French mortar bomb arcs in and explodes smoke, flame and shrapnel, wiping out most of the crew.

The fortress is under the heaviest attack we’ve seen. Wounded are in shock or terrorized. Another mortar bomb arcs in and explodes part of a building and casement, starting a fire. Another lands in the grounds. People scatter. It doesn’t explode. One soldier dashes to rip out the fuse. As his hand is inches away ... explosion. Cut to ...interior stockade - dawn - later.

Nathaniel protects Cora through the bars as she half sleeps through the muffled roar. Then the thundering stops. Nathaniel separates himself from her and crosses to the window. Exterior fort, main gate - Nathaniel’s pov: Chevalier De Levis bows deeply to Major Beams. A French honor guard of five men is behind him. A white scarf is on his sword tip. The fresh destruction of the fort is apparent. Debris smolders. Interior fort - stockade - Nathaniel crosses to an awakened Cora. He touches her face.

Cora: What is it?

Nathaniel: Remember what I said. Stay close to your father. (Cora looks up at Nathaniel. We feel foreboding. O.S. are heard drums...)

Parlay

(Exterior French lines - Munro, Heyward, Beams - Dawn: the drums are from Munro’s honor guard. They stop.

Reverse: French soldiers. Marquis de Montcalm, immaculate, backed by his guard of honor in white, grey and medium blue with six foot by eight foot regimental colors and the French flag (gold fleur-de-lis on a field of blue).

They carried two hundred and forty-five bateaux across a ten mile portage, all their supplies and artillery, and then rowed

Madeleine Stowe on Cora Munro

“I never thought of her as adventurous or free spirited. There’s no way for her to plan her future because everything is so completely chaotic around her. But the one thing that keeps her rooted is her feelings towards this man.”

- Behind the Scenes Featurette, *The Last of the Mohicans*, VHS/THX Widescreen edition.

Behind the Scenes

While filming the stockade scene, a crew member jokingly locked Stowe in the cell. Stowe, apparently appreciating the joke, returned fire with some choice words for her jailor.

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down the length of Lake George to get here. To them, assaulting this fort is the easy part. The drummers of the honor guard play a tattoo behind them. Indian faces: Huron, Ottawa, Osage, Choctaw, Fox ... hear the drum of the honor guard and wait. They're in war paint. Many tattoos. The Osage scalping locks are hennaed red. Canadiens among them are bearded, dirty, half savage ... At their head ... Magua in full war paint, with a coterie



of Huron warriors, silent, waiting. Drums. Interior fort - English troops grim, silent, watchful. Colonial militia and Mohawks in war paint watching the parlay from a blown apart battery. Silent. Wide: French and English and their honor guards. Montcalm steps forward and sweeps his plumed hat to the ground in a courtly bow. Munro bows coldly.)
Montcalm: Colonel Munro, I have known you as a gallant antagonist. I am happy to make your acquaintance as a friend.
Munro: And I yours, Monsieur le Marquis.

Montcalm: Please accept my compliments for the strong and skillful defense of your fortress. Under the command of a lesser man it would have fallen long ago given the superior numbers and material ... mere chance has allowed me to array against you.

Munro: Monsieur le Marquis, I am a soldier, not a diplomat. You called this parlay for a reason.

Montcalm: You have already done everything which is necessary for the honor of your Prince. I will forever bear testimony

"It was a part where Munro is really desperately trying to come to a decision about what is right. As much as he hates the thought of surrendering, he does surrender because he thinks he's saving the lives of all the women and children, and his men..."

- Maurice Roeves

For more on Mr. Roeves' account of The Last of the Mohicans, visit www.mohicanpress.com/mo06012.html

that your resistance has been gallant and was continued as long as there was hope. But now, I beg you to listen to the admonitions of humanity. I beg you to consider my terms for your surrender.

Munro: However I may apprise such testimony from Monsieur Montcalm, Fort William Henry is strong and stands.

Montcalm: Honor that is freely accorded to courage, may be refused obstinacy ... These hills afford to us every opportunity to reconnoiter your works and I am possibly as well acquainted with your weak condition as you are yourselves.

Munro: Perhaps the General's glasses can reach to the Hudson and he knows the size and imminence of the army of Webb ...? (Montcalm takes a moment to reply and appears genuinely sympathetic to Munro.)

Montcalm: (quietly) My scouts intercepted this dispatch intended for you. (Munro is puzzled, suspicious.)

Montcalm: (to Bougainville) Read the dispatch. (Heyward and Munro)

Bougainville: (O.S. - reading) "Colonel Munro - Fort William Henry. I have no men available to send to your rescue. It is impossible. I advise you to seek terms for surrender. Signed Webb." (Munro is rocked, as if struck by a blow.)

Bougainville hands Heyward the letter.)

Heyward: (confirming) This is the signature of Webb. (to Munro) And I know the temper of our men. Rather than spend the war in a French prison hulk in Hudson Bay, they'd fight to the end.

Munro: (to Montcalm) You have heard your answer, Monsieur le Marquis. (Munro starts off. Montcalm stops him.)

Montcalm: Sir. (he steps forward and places a hand on Munro's forearm.) I am incapable of mistreating brave men. I beg you not to sign the death warrant of so many until you have listened to my terms for your surrender. (Munro turns.)

Munro: Such as ...?

Montcalm: None of your men will see the inside of a prison barge. They are free. So long as they return to England and fight no more on this continent, and the civilian militia return to their farms.

Munro: Their arms?

Montcalm: They may leave the fortress fully armed. (Munro's impressed with Montcalm's generosity.)

Munro: My colors?

Montcalm: Carry them to England with pride.

Munro: Allow me to consult with my officers. (The two leaders bow. As he turns away something's been disconnected inside Munro that can never get put back together. As the men move away from the French ...)

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Munro: I have lived to see two things I never expected. An British officer afraid to support another. And a Frenchman too honest to profit by that advantage.

Heyward: Webb can burn in hell. We'll go back and dig our graves behind the ramparts!

Munro: (flares) Death and honor are sometimes thought to be the same. Today I have learned that they are not. (Munro looks at the fortress behind him.)

Heyward: Sir!

Munro: (stops him with his eyes. Then turns toward Montcalm. Their eyes meet across the churned, scarred earth of the battlefield.)

Munro: I am deeply touched by such unusual and unexpected generosity... the fort is yours under the condition that we be given until dawn to bury our dead, prepare our men and women for their march and turn our wounded over to your surgeon.

Montcalm: Granted, Monsieur. (And Montcalm bows deeply and as he does so...



The French Camp

[Exterior French lines - night: A cloaked man passes away from the little city of tents in the direction of the beach and towards William Henry. He seems to head towards a vantage point from which to observe the fort. [The cloak parts. By the light of the moon the man's face is dimly perceived by us and the soldier as General Montcalm. The soldier snaps erect as Montcalm continues walking out beyond the line to a small stand of trees. The moon is broken into pieces of light on the water and behind Montcalm; from the front of the stand of trees emerges a tall figure.]

Magua: Is the hatchet buried between the English and my French father?

Montcalm: Yes.

Magua: Not a warrior has a scalp and the white men become friends.

Montcalm: My master owns these lands and your father has been ordered to drive off the English squatters. They have consented to go. So now he calls them enemies no longer.

Magua: Magua took the hatchet to color it with blood. It is still bright. Only when it is red, then it will be buried.

Montcalm: But so many suns have set since Le Renard struck the war post. Is he not tired?

Magua: Where is that sun?! It has gone behind the hill. It is dark and cold. It has set on his people, they are fooled and kill all the animals and sell all of their lands to enrich the European masters who are always greedy for more than they need. [threatening] And Le Subtil is the son of his tribe. There have been many clouds and many mountains. But now he has come to lead his nation.

Montcalm: That Le Renard has the power to lead his people into the light, I know well. [Magua grabs the hand of the French commander. Imperceptible surprise in Montcalm's eyes. Magua jams Montcalm's fingers to his chest.]

Magua: Does my father know that?

[Magua's chest A deep indentation and scar.]

Montcalm: That's where a lead bullet has torn you.

Magua: And this? [Magua turns his naked back to Montcalm and puts Montcalm's hand on his back ... deep ridges of a scar a half inch wide.]

Montcalm: My son has been sadly injured. Who did this?

Magua: [laughs; sardonic] Magua slept hard in the English wigwams. And the sticks left their mark ... [pause; for real]

Magua's village and lodges were burnt. Magua's children

were killed by the English. Magua was taken as a slave by the Mohawks who fought for the Grey Hair. Magua's wife believed he was dead and became the wife of another. The Grey Hair was the father of all this. [pause] In time Magua became blood-brother to Mohawk to become free. In his heart he always was Huron. And his heart will be whole again on the day when the Grey Hair and all his seed are dead!

Behind the Scenes

Stowe and Day-Lewis began to play increasingly sick jokes on each other during the ride back in separate cars from the set each night. The melee escalated from high-speed food fights until the night Day-Lewis and his driver stage a road accident, complete with blood and moaning victim, for Stowe to witness. "The location drove us to it." says Day-Lewis with an apologetic smirk.

- New York Times Magazine, July 5, 1992

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Montcalm: My son Magua's pain is my pain.

Magua: Does the chief of the Canadas believe the English will keep the terms?

Montcalm: Munro would. But General Webb will not send their soldiers across the salt lake.

Having let them go, I fear I will only fight the same men again when I move south. [pause; shrugs] And yet, I cannot break the terms of the capitulation and sully the lilies of France ... [Long pause, wheels turn. Then:]

Magua: Many things my French father cannot do, Magua can. [Montcalm reacts as if he hadn't thought of that.]

Montcalm: As the English march away, our soldiers and the Canadiens will be drawn to the looting of the fort ... except for a small guard ... [Magua abruptly leaves Montcalm.]

Massacre

(Exterior fort, main gate - day: Munro at the end of the column, rides out on his horse. Both sides of the gate are jammed with armed French troops standing at attention. The French colors and honor guard are just outside the gate along with Bougainville, Chevalier de Levis, both on horseback as is Montcalm at the head. Munro trots past his walking column out the gate. He does not look at the French. Montcalm salutes Munro and bows gravely from the saddle.

Munro: (eyes forward) Monsieur, the fort is yours.

(Mid-column Heyward marching with his 33rd

Regiment of Foot well beyond the fort. The

French troops have thinned out. Repressing

shame, his backbone is rigid, his face is straight

ahead. The 33rd marches in perfect cadence to the

drum. In the background, Munro on his horse passes Heyward as he rides towards the front of his column. Heyward does not look at him. Front of column - Cora with Alice on the back of a mare. Alice, living through a wide-awake nightmare, is huddled under the arm of her sister. They ride behind the standard bearers. In the background her father is seen ap-

proaching and takes his position at their side. Cora looks down the column, shielding her eyes against the sun, looking for Nathaniel. Cora's pov: the column - The 62nd and 42nd Highlanders including Heyward ... thirty to forty women and a

number of children - for safety - in the middle, some frontiersmen, Ongewasgone and many Mohawk, walking wounded. The column is still snaking its way out of the fort. No Nathaniel. Cora straining to see. Exterior fort - prisoners being

assembled, their hands shackled. Nathaniel is among twelve or thirteen. He stands tall, walking out of the gate. The French are starting to pour in to loot the interior. Nathaniel looks to his left about twenty paces in front of him and sees

Uncas and Chingachgook on the other side of the column. Chingachgook cradles Killdeer as well as his own musket. They fall back to walk beside the prisoners on the other side of Nathaniel. Their eyes connect ... Nathaniel will not be shackled

for the duration. Rank and file French - A few insults. The British soldiers answer. Nobody breaks rank. Exterior road - Nathaniel - his eyes sweep the column snaking its way into the v-shaped valley. The path cuts through the forested hills

ahead. He sees ... Nathaniel's distant pov: Cora riding near the front where there are no more French soldiers. Only a few scattered and curious Huron and Ottawa. She does not see him. Profile of Column - High and Wide as it passes left to

right below like a long snake through the narrow valley. Lower, in the light, there is a scattering on both slopes of a

couple of hundred Ottawa and Huron. They are in no order, are spread out and don't constitute a threat. They watch the column. Slowly the camera ... slides across the shoulders and back of a

large man wearing black plumes in his scalp-lock and other than a breechcloth is almost naked. He is heavily war-painted. Frontal - Magua and the left two-thirds of his face is painted red. The

right third is painted black. Much silver is in his ears. His tomahawk is in his left hand. His cut-down musket in his right

fist. Magua's attention is all focused to one point: Munro, Cora and Alice at the head of the column. This is the focus of Magua's

attention. Wide frontal: column, standard bearers and Munros. Cora turns again to look for Nathaniel. Closer: Cora doesn't see

him, but something else has caught her eye - a young Huron



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running toward the column. Just one man. No musket. He's running and whooping. Closer: the Huron arrives at the column, his tomahawk swings into his hand and he brains a British trooper who falls dead. The single Huron never breaks stride. He simply runs off again ... Cora horrified, holds Alice tighter. Munro has seen it too. And now he sees ... 62nd Regiment of Foot fixing bayonets. A large Sergeant unsheathes a two-handed claymore, facing the Hurons and other Indians ...troopers of the 33rd present arms. Did they violate the surrender by carrying ammunition? Locks are cocked. There's the answer.)

Munro: Steady! No one fires! (exterior forested hillsides - other tribes are watching what happens. Heyward scanning them.)

Heyward: (to Sergeant Major) Men are to stay in file, Sergeant Major!

Sergeant Major: Yes sir! (Drums beat the cadence.)

Troopers step over the fallen soldier. Heads turn, they're on edge ... end of column - Nathaniel, Uncas and Chingachgook watching. They exchange looks. This is not good. Chingachgook cocks both Killdeer and his own musket. Nathaniel's pov: forested slopes. Hold. We start to make out details in the shadow. Tree trunks. We become accustomed to the dimness. Now in the lower light we see deeper in the forest. Closer. Many Huron and Ottawa are hidden in the shadows. They're moving along parallel to the column, stalking it. Waiting ... Another brave racing down the hill from the opposite flank towards the 62nd. Two soldiers look at their Sergeant. He nods. They wait until he's within ten feet of the column. Both bayonet the Indian. Exterior hillsides: Huron and Ottawa saw what happened but they hold their ranks. Mohawks among the British are slipping tomahawks into their hands, surreptitiously. Some are cocking flintlocks. Munro gallops his horse away from Cora and Alice towards the scene of the last attack.



Munro: Do not break ranks! I want these ranks to hold ...! (Cora's frightened. Nathaniel's frustrated. He saw Munro leave Cora. He knows events have a momentum and it's accelerating. Chingachgook and Uncas move next to the Sergeant with the shackle keys who looks at them curiously as ... women with children nervously search the threatening trees, hoping against hope these are isolated incidents. Heyward draws his sword and is passing orders to his Sergeant major, scanning the hills ...Exterior forested slope: Magua sees Munro. Magua raises his musket in his fist and emits a war whoop. Hundreds of Huron warriors have been stalking the column, hidden in the trees, maybe thousands. Then ...wide: all hell breaks loose. Fire from the trees crescendos within seconds revealing a spontaneous and massive ambush of mostly Hurons. They appear from behind every tree and it turns to a roar of musket fire, war whoops and screams as ...soldiers and civilians dropping like flies and waves of Hurons attack down both slopes. Nathaniel is being unshackled by Uncas. The Sergeant is rising from the ground where Chingachgook knocked him. Chingachgook throws Nathaniel Killdeer and Nathaniel shrugs into his pouch and powder horn as he races with Uncas for the head of the column .

Exterior forested slope - Magua charging down the hill ... with his coterie of twenty Huron warriors, heading for the area in which he saw Munro. Cora and Alice at the head of the disintegrating column. Cora's holding Alice's head to her bosom, covering her ears as if to protect her from the sounds. Heyward shouting orders.)

Sergeant Major: Right - about face! March! First rank present!

Heyward: Fire! (The volley knocks down fifteen of a horde of attacking Hurons.)

Sergeant Major: Prime! Load! Second rank six paces forward! Present! (Hurons are twenty yards away and closing.)

Heyward: Fire! (As the line of muskets belch smoke and fire ...the combined musket fire of Hurons, English and Mohawks generates tremendous clouds of smoke which obscure action, close off views, isolate pockets of combat into surreal tableaux.) British troopers using their useless muskets as clubs or with fixed bayonets - as the smoke and fog swirls among the men - fighting for their lives...Magua glides through the scenes, striking and hunting. Some of his coterie of braves near him. He sees blonde woman hugging the ground in fear. Magua throws her over. - it's not Alice Munro, just a

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woman protecting her baby. Magua moves on. One of the braves behind Magua raise his tomahawk. On his downswing ...Nathaniel running through surreal patches, thinks he glimpses Cora two hundred yards away.)

Nathaniel: Cora! (Chingachgook, on Nathaniel's left, slams down two Hurons with his war club. Cora and Alice running through the chaos and murder and British troopers and Mohawks locked in struggle with Hurons. Cora's dress is torn and she hold a pistol in her hand. She holds Alice to her. One Huron scalping a prone soldier, rips the trophy from his head, turns and faces Cora, his next would-be victim. Cora shoots him in the face. As Alice takes it all in, her affect starts to flatten. A blankness suffuses her expression and the girl withdraws from this reality. Cut to:

Nathaniel locked in combat. He tomahawks one Huron's arm with a slashing downstroke and comes right back into the face of the second with his backswing while his right hand fires Killdeer at ... Huron six feet from Chingachhook, and about to attack him from behind. Nathaniel free for a moment, spins. He has no idea of direction any more. Everything is death in strange tableaux. Meanwhile:

Munro hollering: Cora! Alice! (He cuts down a Huron with his sword who is trying to leap at him from the right. An Osage warrior with red scalplock leaps on the back of Munro's horse, reaching over to stab down into Munro's neck. The old man's left hand grabs the warrior's knife hand in an iron grip. His right hand pulls his horse pistol and under his upraised arm fires backward, point blank, blowing the Osage off the back of his horse. Just then Munro's mount is shot. His horse rears up, throws Munro and falls on him.



Heyward shouting orders over the deafening noise.)

Heyward: Second rank fire! Six paces back! Prime! Load! Third rank! Present! (A well-oiled, well-drilled fighting machine, but there are fewer of them. They're getting cut off. They close ranks automatically as a man drops. They're retreating in perfect order. A Huron warrior about to strike a downwards blow is pushed aside by Magua. His eyes drop to what's in front of him. Col. Munro's legs are trapped under his dead horse. Magua leans in towards him.)

Magua: Grey Hair. I will cut your heart from your living chest in front of your eyes. As you die, know that I will put under the knife your children and wipe your seed from this earth forever ... (Magua pulls his knife and as he leans down towards Munro and cuts out his heart.

Mohawk and Huron spin and flail furiously at each other with tomahawks and knives. The Huron goes down and then the Mohawk is shot. The Huron who shot him is cut down by a Ranger with tomahawk in one hand and bayonet in the other. Two Mohawks and three Rangers fighting back to back. They become an island swamped by Huron and Ottawa amidst bodies and ground slippery with blood. As smoke obscures their image. Cora and Alice in a group of civilian militia. Two of the militiamen are shot down. The third engages a Fox warrior. Cora and Alice run. Nathaniel sees Cora and fights his way to attack when a crazed horse crashes through men, knocking Nathaniel over .. Chingachgook protecting Nathaniel, slams his war club into one Huron, breaking his attack, his arm and his skull and swings the other way burying the bladed end into the chest of an Ottawa who's behind him. Then ... Nathaniel is up, looking wildly...Camera jams into clearing smok: 33rd Regiment of Foot and Heyward.

Heyward: Six paces back! Prime! Load! Rank two, present! Rank two, hold! (He grabs a partially loaded musket, the ramrod still in the barrel. They're taking fire. Men are dying. They're being pushed back. An Abnaki wearing a large cross, attacks Heyward from the side. One-handed, Heyward fires the musket into the man's chest, sending the ramrod through him. Then Heyward's shot in the thigh and a thrown tomahawk hits him in the head and knocks him sideways. He's dazed and barely able to stand. He uses the musket as a cane and ...)

Heyward: Rank two, six paces back! Rank one, present! (Rank two did not retreat six paces. They stand in confusion. Heyward looks to see what's wrong. Heyward's pov: the Remnants of the 33rd Regiment of Foot are standing in water. They're up against Lake George. Their backs are to the wall. Last stand. Heyward straightens. Two French officers on

Through the Eyes of Soldier #1

The "Red Coat" is credited as Soldier #1 played by Curtis Gaston, pictured in the photo above. To read his personal account of filming The Last of the Mohicans, visit the Mohican Press website at www.mohicanpress.com/mo06038.html.

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horseback try to intercede in the slaughter of five women. One French officer is shot by a Huron. The other French officer runs through that Huron and shoots the second. Then his horse is shot out from under him and he goes down ... A Jesuit pleads with an Abnaki to give up a child he's holding by the legs in one hand. He offers his cross. The Abnaki throws the baby to the Jesuit, Pere Roubaud. Uncas sees a flash of something yellow. So does Nathaniel. They charge into the swirling chaos of attacking bodies. As we lose sight of them ... Alice on her hands and knees. A massive Ottawa pulls her upright by her hair about to take her life.



Cora: Leave her alone! (She strikes the back of his head with a rock. The warrior is more annoyed than hurt and he backhands Cora across the face, throwing her off her feet. He grabs her by the hair, putting a knife to her throat. Nathaniel, cutting through the line, running to Cora.

Nathaniel's pov: Cora, in the hands of Huron warrior, sees Nathaniel running like hell to her, both fear and trust on her face. Cora's pov: Nathaniel running, knife in one hand, tomahawk in the other.. Huron looks up from his prey and Nathaniel strikes in on the head, he falls,

Nathaniel finishes him off with several more blows. Nathaniel returns to a dazed Cora, hoists her up by the arm. Her arms go around his neck and she kisses him. Nathaniel takes her arm and running, guides her to the lake. Chingachgook has Alice, Uncas right behind. Two rangers and a Mohawk warrior from the earlier group are nearby. They combine with Nathaniel to fight their way out with bayonets and tomahawks. Nathaniel, Uncas, Chingachgook, Two Rangers, a Mohawk and Munro's daughters back through the swirling smoke. There seems to be a lull. Then they're hit from the side by musket fire. One of the Rangers is shot, the other wounded. Hurons attack. The Mohawk supports the wounded Ranger. Nathaniel shields Cora as they back up. Chingachgook smashing his war club straight down on a Huron, reaches for the man's musket and shoots another. Then he sees smoke drifting over water that is glass-smooth. And the bows are barely visible of three or four Huron war canoes. Nathaniel, Chingachgook, Uncas, Cora, Alice, the ranger and the Mohawk back into the water. They're pursued by Ottawa and Hurons as they fight their way to the canoes. Cora, held up by Nathaniel, suddenly screams as something underwater is pulling her down. An Ottawa brave rockets out of the shallows. Before he's erect, Nathaniel slams him back into the water and fires. The wounded ranger shoves a large birch canoe at them. Nathaniel moves Cora and Alice towards the canoe ...



Canoes

[Exterior Lake George - water and swirling smoke: The bottom of the frame is water like glass. Smoke obscures the background. Fingers tendril towards us. Out of the mist we hear small splashing and then the high bow of a war canoe defines itself. It is paddled towards us. Nathaniel, Chingachgook & Uncas. Cora's behind Nathaniel. Alice and the wounded Ranger are near Uncas. CLOSER: Nathaniel & Cora - Cora looks left. Her eyes go wide.]

Cora: No! [Nathaniel turns to see Heyward and two troopers of the 33rd in a second canoe emerge from the smoke ten feet from them. Heyward is aiming a pistol at Nathaniel who is non-plussed and doesn't stop paddling.]

Nathaniel: Got nothin' else better to do today on the lake today, Major? [Heyward's a hair's breadth from firing. Suddenly they hear the boom of muskets and rounds come in. They're being pursued by three boatloads - and then a fourth and fifth - of Huron. Heyward is indifferent to Huron



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musket balls. Nathaniel hasn't stopped paddling and pays Heyward no heed.]

Heyward: When you fall into British hands again, I'll have you hanged!

[Huron canoes paddle hard and deep and the canoes power across the lake. Nathaniel and Heyward's canoes with less paddlers, plus wounded, are slower and will be overtaken.

Nathaniel looks to Uncas. They both realize the same thing. Nathaniel nods and he, Uncas & Chingachgook begin to paddle furiously. The

others match the doubled pace. They're sprinting ahead but the effort is exhausting. Huron canoes maintain their steady pace. Three or four Hurons fire and musket balls ricochet on the water's surface. One rips a hole through the bow. Nathaniel sees one of the Redcoats in Heyward's canoe is giving out.

Nathaniel: Pull! [He renews the attack on the water with the paddle.]

[Heyward digs in. Like firecrackers in the distance, Huron muskets sound. A new hail of musket balls cut the fabric of the canoes. One Redcoat is shot in the back. He falls overboard.]

Nathaniel: [shouts] Faster! Nathaniel's canoe sprints forward. Nathaniel looks over his shoulder to see that the Huron canoes are pulling away from them.]

Nathaniel: Pull ...! [More Huron musket balls hit water nearby. Heyward pov: the lake is divided by a spit of land. The right fork becomes a river with white water rapids. Nathaniel paddling now, too, as they furiously jam for the white water that will shoot them way ahead of the Hurons.

Uncas leaps off the stern of Nathaniel's canoe and climbs up the stern of Heyward's and takes control. He roughly gestures to the Redcoat and the Major to stop paddling. He and Nathaniel will pilot the two canoes. The canoes enter the white water and they're so light, they're jet-propelled. . They hit it straight on and it shoots over them and they're drenched by two waves coming from the sides. Nathaniel & Chingachgook paddle like fiends to get momentum and control. When they crested the wave Uncas hollers at them to "pull"

and they do. As soon as they're through it, Uncas slams the paddle in the water and makes the canoe revolve a hundred and eighty degrees in a vortex so that now it's going through stern-first or the stern becomes the bow, so that Uncas could pilot it a different way through a hazard of exposed rocks jutting out of the water. Nathaniel didn't have to turn because Chingachgook, at the bow, uses his paddle to shove the canoe away from jutting rocks. Uncas does the same. Past the jutting rocks, Uncas swings it back around. Alice and Cora as the canoe roller-coasters and water bursts the bow. Then suddenly it's through and the water is miraculously smooth. The Ranger, the Redcoats and even Heyward feel the exhilaration of the ride. They think they're home free.]

Nathaniel turns to look in front of him. The river ahead looks glass-smooth. The glass surface of the river continues to a line then falls off the end of the world. Heyward, Redcoats, the ranger realize they're heading for the lip of a waterfall. There's a couple of outcroppings of rock in the center at the very edge. It's a two hundred foot high, death-defying cataract. At the last moment, Nathaniel & Uncas land both on either side of the larger rock outcropping. It is literally at the lip of the falls. Heyward grabs a rock to anchor the bow of the canoe. He loses his grip. The canoe rockets for the edge. Uncas lurches sideways, grabs a tree root. He is the only link of the canoe to earth. The bow, with Heyward, is literally hanging over the edge. Uncas strains and pulls the canoe to the rock. He gestures to Heyward who crawls forward and makes the island. Then the two Redcoats. Finally Uncas. The canoe rockets over the falls. Nathaniel has beached his canoe and is camouflaging it with driftwood and brush. As they clamber over the high pieces of broken limestone, we see Nathaniel is slipping into a crevice. He motions to Cora. Uncas carries the wounded Ranger. Heyward helps Alice...



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Under the Falls

The irregular opening of medium blue sky is obscured by the black silhouetted forms of Nathaniel, Cora and then the others entering.)

Heyward: Where do we go from here?

Nathaniel: We don't.

Heyward: I don't understand!

Nathaniel: This is it, as far as we can go ... If we're lucky, they'll be figurin' we can't have come this way and must've beached our canoes and headed cross land. If we're very lucky, they'll figure we went over the falls.

Heyward: Then what?

Nathaniel: Then we take the south rim down the mountain and it's 12 miles cross country to Fort Edward.

Heyward: And if they don't?

Nathaniel: You'll just have to forego the pleasure of hangin' me. (Reverse - wide: Nathaniel helps Cora; Heyward, the Ranger. Chingachgook carries Alice, down the rockface into a cave. We hear a distant roar reverberating off the walls.

Another angle: the walls are scooped out, bone-like hollows eroded by tumbling water. At an earlier time the formation

was part of the falls. Nathaniel and Cora reach the irregular floor of the chamber. The roar is louder. Widen to reveal a curtain of falling water. They're behind the cataract, probably a third of the way down its height. Light through the water strikes them with a silver luminescence. They're exhausted. The others join them. They almost have to shout to be heard. Chingachgook followed by Uncas, takes stock of their supplies. They check their powder.

Heyward: (disgusted) Done!

Nathaniel: (frustrated) Mine's soaking wet!

In Mohican, Chingachgook decides some things. Nathaniel and Uncas nod. Cora approaches the men.

Cora: Our father? Did you see my father? (extreme: Nathaniel - the look on his face tells it all.)

Nathaniel: From a distance. (Cora stares at him blankly. She seems to know what's coming but is grasping to a last bit of hope. Shaking his head, Nathaniel takes Cora away from the group, turns her by her shoulders, holds her close and whispers to her. We don't hear what he says but her reaction tells the story. Her hand closes in a fist against Nathaniel's shoulder and she holds onto him even harder, burying her face in his neck. His arms go around her and as he tries to console her, the anguish he feels for her loss shows clearly on his face. There is nothing he can do but hold her.

Cora: (regaining her composure, she whispers fiercely to him) Say nothing to Alice ...!

(Nathaniel holds her close against the backdrop of the falls. Heyward sees Cora and Nathaniel together and turns away.

Alice stands in the chamber not far from the wall of water, fascinated with its shimmer. She's oblivious to all the events and everything going on around her ...Uncas watches Alice. North fissure - Uncas against one wall, monitoring, facing away from the sky. Alice looks at the sky through the fissure. She sees the starfields and feels silver moonlight pull her forward. She starts out onto the island, oblivious, unaware she'll expose them. Suddenly, Uncas yanks her down next to him. He pulls her head into his chest, looking out

over the edge, his tomahawk in front of him, his musket near his right hand. There is no sign she was seen. The wounded Ranger has fallen asleep. The Redcoat is exhausted. Nathaniel and Cora against the wall. Cut to exterior river bank - river falls are in mist and red sky -twilight - A landscape with mist rearlit by the red light of the sun that's already behind the mountains. The blues are turning purple and the greens are turning black



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and the white highlights of the foaming water are going rose. Reflecting the darkening sky, where the surface isn't broken, the water is fast-moving metal .. a shaved head and muscled back stands into the foreground. It moves down the shore away from camera. He's followed by other Huron warriors. They're two hundred yards away from Glen Falls island. Hruon looks at the island of rock and trees and tilts his head curiously ... Cut to .. Interior Glen Falls Cave - Uncas immediately starts up the right acclivity to one fissure, and Chingachgook moves carefully to the first fissure. Nathaniel holding Cora - as Uncas returns, they stand. Nathaniel's countenance gives way momentarily. All his experience seems of no avail. Cut to ... Exterior river - Magua - beaches a canoe on the bank. He and eight braves ease out. His war paint is fresh: green handprints on his chest and black and green on his face. Black plumes are affixed to his scalp-lock and his shawl is over his left shoulder. The right arm carrying his musket is exposed. Many scalps are tied to his tomahawk. He walks towards us approaching the island, two hundred yards away ... Cut to ...

Interior Glen Falls Island, cave - Uncas enters. The look on his face. They've been discovered. Now they're backed into a hole in the ground with no powder and no way out. Cut to... Nathaniel and Chingachgook Chingachgook talks to him in Mohican. Momentarily the anger and frustration flashes Nathaniel's face. All his experience and craft has been to no avail. He looks at Cora. Back to Chingachgook. Chingachgook states something terse in Mohican. Nathaniel agrees. Heyward's confused. He doesn't know what they're talking about. Cora has understood the men's intent perfectly.)

Cora: Yes! Go ahead! I want you to go.

Heyward: (explodes) What the bloody hell plan is this?

Cora: You've done all you can. Save yourselves.

Nathaniel: (to Cora) If we go, there's a chance there won't be a fight. There's no powder. If we don't go, there's no chance, none! Do you understand?

Heyward: Coward! (Nathaniel glares at Heyward. Cora takes him by the shoulders and moves him away from Heyward)

Cora: If the worst happens, and only one of us survives, something of the other does, too ...(She's holding him. In the rigid language of her body is the struggle to contain her fear.)

Nathaniel: (holding her shoulders, his eyes on hers, very close) No! You stay alive! If they don't kill you, they'll take you north up into Canada. A warrior may take you for a wife. (Cora turns aside. Nathaniel insists.)



Nathaniel: (continues) Listen. Submit. You're strong, you hear? You stay alive no matter what occurs. I will find you ... no matter how far, no matter how long ...I will find you! (Cora is deeply affected by his determined words. Ranger conscious now, arranges his crushed body to face the direction from which will come the attack as ...Heyward puts Alice, who's entered, behind him as ... Uncas hits the floor of the cave. Now the first glow from Huron torches starts to light the walls. They're coming ...Chingachgook has their

weapons slung over his back. He says something in Mohican. Nathaniel cuts a lock of Cora's hair and he folds it into his shirt. The orange light from Huron torches, now closer, plays on the wall behind her. Chingachgook and Uncas now run out of the cave and throw themselves into the curtain of water. This is their exit. Nathaniel engraves Cora's image in his memory one last time and then sprints across the floor towards the water and then through it into ... An awful crushing roar. Nathaniel tumbles down the falls; rolling, tumbling through the white water; then through air; then back into cascading white water again, disappearing ... The river below - Uncas and Chingachgook's bodies hit, disappear and don't surface. It looks unsurvivable. .. Cut to ...

Interior Glen Falls, Cave - flaming torches as the cave is filled with Hurons. They kill the wounded Ranger. A group of



Wes Studi nearly equals his performance in The Last of the Mohicans when he starred as the title character of Geronimo: An American Legend. This excellent film also stars Jason Patric and Academy Award-winners Gene Hackman, Robert Duvall and Matt Damon.

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braves moves away from the body of the Ranger. Heyward is surrounded. He slashes at one Huron with his sword and is clubbed down. Magua enters. His blanket, like a shawl, over his left shoulder, black plumes in his hair. He's imperturbable as he approaches the women. Cora holds a trembling Alice close to her, struggling to contain her own terror. Magua reaches out and touches Cora's hair. She is frozen to the spot. Alice whimpers like a trapped animal. In Huron, he calmly gives orders. The women are pulled apart, bound at the wrists and led away.

Pursuit

[Exterior river - white water - night - miles from the falls. Chingachgook, nearly spent, rolling and tumbling through the fast-moving white water. He submerges, then surfaces again. He appears exhausted by the fall and ride. He tries to focus, slammed against rocks, he's striking out towards the right, swimming against the current. He grabs a musket extended by Uncas and Nathaniel; they pull the older, larger man from the water and ..on to the rocky shore. All three lie there, almost devoid of energy. Then



Nathaniel rises, looks at the others. Chingachgook nods. He's up. Then Uncas, and they're moving off into the calm eddy between the rock they landed on and the shoreline. CUT TO ...exterior forest - Hurons - move along animal paths. They march at a steady pace all afternoon, through the sunset and into the night, oblivious of the fatigue of their prisoners. Heyward is bound with a branch through his arms; Cora and Alice are bound at the wrists. Heyward and Cora are led on tethers by the neck, pulled along by muscled Huron warriors. Alice is bound to her older sister by a length of rawhide. The women struggle through the branches of trees. No one helps them. When they fall behind, they are pushed forward. When she can, Cora tears at branches and leaves in an effort to leave a trail for Nathaniel and the others to track. Heyward badly beaten, bound, staggers ahead to get behind Magua. Then:]

Heyward: If Magua give women to Yengeese soldiers ... will receive many gifts.

Magua: [as if considering] Gifts?

Heyward: Three, four oxen ... much wampum.

Magua: Wampum?

Heyward: Yes.

Magua: Does Yengeese Major have property across salt sea?

Heyward: Yes.

Magua: Yengeese Major give all property to Magua. Magua give Yengeese Major much wampum, many gifts, maybe three, four oxen. [Magua looks at Heyward derisively. Does this white man think he's an idiot?]

Heyward: Gold could be arranged.

Magua: For Munro children?

Heyward: Yes.

Magua: How much gold has the master of the Yengeese?

Heyward: The King? The King has mountains of gold!

[Long pause as if Magua and King George II were seriously considering this transaction.]

Magua: Not enough. [Heyward is first realizing with whom he's playing.]

Heyward: What is enough?

Magua: Heart. Give Magua new heart. [Magua totally disdains the Englishman and walks away from him, starting up a steeper forested hill. Cut to ...exterior forest -Nathaniel, Uncas & Chingachgook running cross-country after the Huron column. They leap over fallen logs and keep going. Nathaniel breathing hard, sweat stains his buckskins. Nathaniel on point stops at a broken branch where Cora and Alice were struggling up the path. REAR SHOT as they race across a stream away from us after the war party and into the night ...cut to...exterior forest: Hurons move quickly down into a



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ravine. Heyward is shoved forward. Cut to ...exterior forest - running feet - day long, loping strides. Nathaniel and Uncas cover ground like long-distance runners. No noise except their hard, even breathing. They're moving down a clear trail. Chingachgook out on the flank. Running hard. Nathaniel, determined, flashing through the hard verticals of the forest, now leaps down an embankment into the soft loam and keeps going.



Huron Village

(Exterior Huron village - ornate chair - day a rude platform. The entire village is crowded in a large circle. They all wait for someone. They've been waiting a long time. In the perimeter warriors keep Huron at bay for some reason. We see Magua. He stands apart. They wait. Then ... ancient Sachem is led to the dais by three women down the main street between the neat rows of birch bark

lodges. Many scalps and trophies from the massacre are in evidence. He sits on the raised platform. He looks to be in his nineties. His dark wrinkled face is contrasted by his long white hair. His robe is painted in hieroglyphical representation of combat. He wears numerous silver and gold medals, gifts of French, English and Dutch governors. Most startling is his face. His dark and lined skin is enhanced by delicate lines of tattooing. He looks up to Magua.)

Sachem: (in Huron; subtitled) The tomahawks of your young men have been very red.

Magua: (in Huron; subtitled) Many of the Yengeese are dead, great Sachem. And Magua has become a great war leader and seeks your acknowledgement. And so, I have brought three of my prisoners, to honor you.

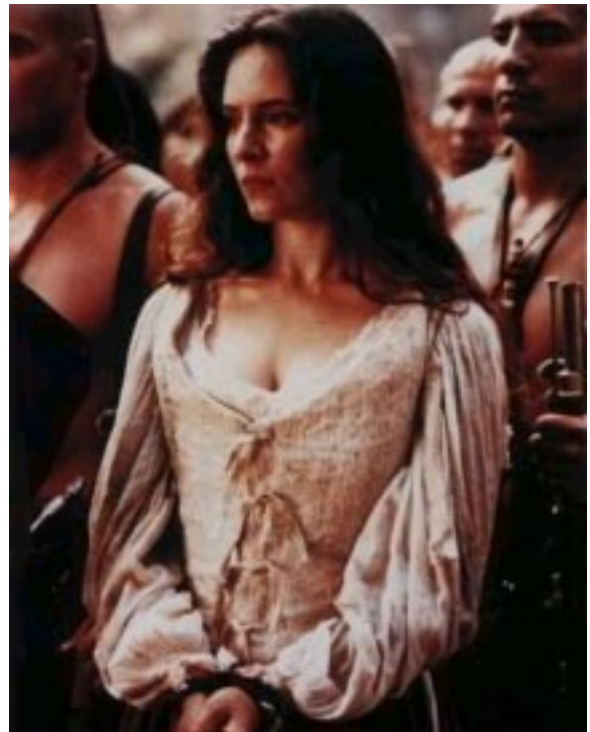
Cut to ...exterior different forest - wide frontal: Uncas, Nathaniel and Chingachgook running. Then Uncas drops and the other two follow. Wide over their shoulders: the Huron "castle" seen in the distance through the sparse trees. They have dropped at the very periphery of the forest where the woods end. The village is built in a meadow. To the left is a cliff face that rises to a rocky promontory. On the right is a path that winds up to the promontory and beyond, across the mountains.) Nathaniel sees the village, captives and Huron crowd in the center, outside the largest lodge. They didn't intercept them in time. Difficult odds just became impossible. Cut to ...exterior Huron village - Magua)

Magua: Magua will sell the English officer to the French. The reward will be my gift to you, great one. (Sachem nods his head approvingly.)

Magua: (continues) The women are the children of the white war chief Munro. (Cora is kneeling, her head down. Defeat and fear are held in place by her determination. Magua pulls her to her feet.) They will burn in our fires. Then all can share in these trophies of honor.

(The Sachem considers this. Then he looks up and sees something beyond Magua. Magua senses the Sachem's eye line ...Nathaniel unarmed, walking through the

Hurons. A warrior confronts him and roughly pushes him to the ground. Nathaniel takes the fall, doing nothing to defend himself. He gathers himself, rises and continues to walk. Another warrior confronts Nathaniel and slashes his chest with a knife. Nathaniel winces, then continues on. Another warrior, from behind, slams him on the back of the neck. Nathaniel falls, breathing heavy with the pain, blood staining his shirt. He gathers himself, stands and continues. The Hurons are



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astounded that a white man would simply walk into their camp. A fourth warrior shoves him from behind, knocking him into Magua. Nathaniel quickly regains his balance and composure. Cora sees him enter, doesn't believe he's there.)

Cora: Nathaniel! (Nathaniel doesn't respond but the determined look on his face says he is here on business.)

Nathaniel: (to Heyward; low) I don't speak Huron. Do you speak French, Major?

Heyward: Yes.

Nathaniel: Translate for me - every word ... as I say it.

Nathaniel: (to Sachem) I come to you unarmed and in peace to unstop your ears, wise one. Let the children of the dead Colonel Munro go free and take the fire out of the English anger over the murder of their helpless ones.

Magua: (to Sachem) Montcalm, and our friends the French are stronger than the English. We do not fear English anger.

Nathaniel: Sachem, the French fathers made peace. Magua broke it. It is false that the French be friends still to the Huron. (Sachem reacts.)

Magua: (laughs) It made our French father happy to know he would never have to fight the same English again.

(Nathaniel realizes this is true.) Now, the French, too, fear the Huron. That is good. When the Huron are stronger from their fear, we will make the new terms of trade with the French. Trade as the white man trades. Take land from the Abanaki, furs from the Osage, Saux and Fox. Trade for gold. No less than the whites, as strong as the whites. (Nathaniel appears to be losing his debate with Magua.)

Nathaniel: Would Magua use the ways of le Francais and the Yengeese? (Magua stares at him defiantly - Nathaniel persists.) Would you?

Magua: Yes!

Nathaniel: Would the Huron make his Algonquin brothers foolish with brandy and steal his land to sell them for gold to the white man? Would the Huron have greed for more land than a man can use? Would the Huron fool Seneca into taking all the animals in the forest for beads and brandy? Would the Huron kill every man, woman and child of their enemies? (to Sachem) Those are the ways of Yengeese and the Francais traders and



their masters in Europe infected with the sickness of greed. Magua's heart is twisted. He would make himself into what twisted him. (Magua is insulted - these are bold words coming from Nathaniel, especially with all he has on the line.)

Nathaniel: I am Nathaniel of the Yengeese; Hawkeye, adopted son of the Mohican people ... Let the children of the dead Munro and the Yengeese officer go free ... this belt, which is record of the days of my father's people speaks for my truth.

Magua: (accusingly) You speak poison in two tongues! (Sachem holds up his hand and stops him. Nobody talks. Cora looks to Alice, then to Nathaniel. Nathaniel exchanges a desperate look with Cora and then senses the Sachem is staring at him from the perspective of nearly a century of laws and judgments. Then ... to every word.)

Sachem: (in French) The white man comes like a day that has passed. And night enters our future with him... (pause) Our council talks since I was a boy: what is the Huron to do? (pause) But still there is no answer. Magua has become a great war captain but his heart is not with the Huron. (the judgment) Magua take younger daughter of Munro so Munro's seed does not die and Magua's heart is healed. English officer will go back to English so their hatred burns less bright. (with finality:) Dark child of Munro will burn in fire for Magua's dead children. (Cora, hearing the sentence but not understanding Huron...Nathaniel's losing her.)

Sachem: (continuing) ... and Yengeese officer not go to Les Francais, but back to Yengeese so their hatred burns less bright. La Longue Carabine, go in peace. (A pause, and then two warriors seize Cora and pull her away. Nathaniel's panicked - Cora looks at him in terror. Sachem is starting to depart.)



Nathaniel: No! listen. (to Heyward) Tell him I'll trade him! Me for her! Tell him!! (Heyward translates into rapid-fire French.)

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Magua: (furious) We will go west to the Huron of the lakes! This is not the voice of wisdom. You are dogs, women, I curse you! He roughly shoves Alice and begins to depart with a coterie of his most loyal warriors.

Nathaniel: (shouts) I am La Longue Carabine! My death is a great honor to the Huron. Take me! (He looks swiftly to Heyward) Did you tell him?

Heyward: (his eyes meet Nathaniel's evenly) Yes. (Sachem heard Heyward's translation. He looks at Heyward, then looks at Nathaniel and he nods his head. Nathaniel sees this. His eyes go to Cora.

They've stopped dragging her towards the fire pit. Nathaniel steps forward to surrender. Cora is thrown at him. Cora looks around wildly. Instead

of taking Nathaniel, two warriors grab Heyward. Heyward is immediately hamstrung and his legs collapse. He gasps. He's caught under the arms and dragged forward.)

Nathaniel: I said to trade me! (Nathaniel's holding Cora. Heyward struggles to be seen.)

Heyward: My compliments, sir. Take her and get out of here!



Cora: (standing) What are they doing to Duncan? Duncan! (He's gone. They start to ease away from the mass of Hurons.)

Cora: Alice?! (Nathaniel's concentration is on backing out of the Huron mob. Cora moves towards her sister but Nathaniel holds her tightly as they retreat. Cora's pov: Alice with Magua's group crosses the path. He drags Alice behind him like baggage. She regains her feet. Magua is oblivious to her. He's heading towards the plateau.

Cora: (anguished) Alice!! (Nathaniel leads her away, untying her as they go, and trying to shield her line of vision from what's to come. She struggles against him but he persists, leading her out of the village and into the woods.

Exterior forest, tree line: Uncas sees Magua's direction. Uncas touches his father, grabs his musket and races off.

Nathaniel and Cora near the tree line. Nathaniel has eyes only for ... Nathaniel's pov: Hurons moving towards fire pit. One turns to watch Nathaniel and Cora depart. Will he arouse others to attack? Behind him, others are doing something to Heyward and flames leap up. Cora's eyes are on Alice, off to the right in the meadow. Nathaniel tense. They're almost there. Chingachgook holding Killdeer.

Chingachgook's pov: Massed Huron Sky and flames. Suddenly, Heyward's stood upright into the fire, bound to a bracket by his arms. As the flames start devouring him he screams in agony... Nathaniel and Cora close to Chingachgook and the tree line ... Chingachgook tosses Nathaniel Killdeer. As fast as he jams it into his shoulder he fires. Cora turns away as Heyward, among the hollering Hurons, is shot dead by Nathaniel's mercy shot. Meanwhile, Uncas half-way up the rock face. He's approaching an overhang. He climbs with a reckless desperation. Nathaniel and Chingachgook pound across the to the meadow towards Magua's path ... Cora trying to stay with them, scrambles up...

Promontory

Exterior promontory - Uncas reaches the overhang. It juts away from the face six feet. Uncas' hand jams into a crack in the granite, forms a fist and twists, making a wedge. He swings out, dangling in space by the hand wedged into the rock. His right hand reaches out and up, searching the vertical face for a rock flake. An indentation. Anything... His fingers find a diagonal crevice and ... Uncas swings out, now hanging by the vertical face above the overhang. His right hand grabs another rock. His arms snap him up. Then push. He's on the ledge. Moving fast ... Cut to Hurons are approaching the path above the promontory. Five warriors are ahead of Magua. One behind him drags Alice. First Huron starts up the narrow path. Suddenly... Uncas slams him off the rock with the butt of his musket. Two's musket coming up. Uncas swings. FIRES. Before he's fallen, Uncas bayonets Three. FOURTH FIRES, misses, swings. Uncas slips the swung musket, but it catches his elbow. Uncas' musket falls. Before it hits the ground his tomahawk is out and hacks Four over

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the edge...Magua running forward past Five, confronts Uncas head on. It's incredibly fast. Uncas' three tomahawk swings are dodged by Magua whose own knife streaks like silver flashes. Uncas, gashed on arms and chest, feints right and slams Magua with an open hand, closes and the men are intertwined steel and muscle ... and Magua throws Uncas. Going with him and rolling off Uncas, Magua's knife flashes into his armpit. Uncas' right arm is useless. He scrambles up. Next to the expertise of a mature warrior like Magua, Uncas' raw, young determination may not be enough. Exterior meadow:

Chingachgook freezes. Exterior promontory: Uncas closing, swings. Magua moves inside, stabs Uncas twice, turns him to face the edge, ripping his head left to expose the right underside of his throat. CLOSE: Magua's knife arm punches forward. Uncas falls down the face to the rocks. Chingachgook seeing his son killed, cries out and is charging up



the path, Nathaniel following. Exterior promontory: Alice backs to the edge. Magua moves on Alice. His knife is low, about to strike. She stares at him. Her eyes are like pools of deep water, calm, open, almost beatific. It stops Magua ... Magua inexplicably, drops his knife hand. He's riveted by her. About him, there's a glimmer of something else. He wears a human face for this one moment. He reaches out with his other hand to offer her safety. To bring her back from the edge

... Alice looks down at Uncas dead on the rocks below. She turns to Magua with enigmatic calm. Her eyes seem to see into him. She steps off the edge. She falls to her death next to Uncas... Cora rounds the bend in time to see her sister's plunge, she cries out in anguish.

Huron warriors are running down the path to intercept Chingachgook, charging uphill, fueled by a father's rage, and Nathaniel. One Huron aims at the center of Chingachgook's chest ... Nathaniel fires past his father's side. The Huron's blown off the path. Nathaniel races past the dead Huron, grabbing his musket along the way. Exterior promontory:

Magua sees the approach of Chingachgook. To Chingachgook, Huron

warriors are an irrelevance. He slams one aside with his musket. Nathaniel fires both muskets. Two Hurons with tomahawks, about to blind-side Chingachgook, are shot down. Magua charging Chingachgook. Now the others fall back ...it's one-on-one. Nathaniel slows. Magua - confident, pumped up - feints with his left, his tomahawk appearing in his right, sweeping backhand, while his left, magically holding his blade, is jamming up to gut Chingachgook. Except ...

Chingachgook isn't there. He rolled and, on one knee with his back to Magua, his arm slams rearward. The massive war club crashes into Magua's back. Magua stunned, turns to hatchet Chingachgook ... Chingachgook - now up and towering - slams his club right into Magua's assault ... destroying it, breaking Magua's right arm. And ... Chingachgook...with his momentum, spins like a shot-putter and the next blow cripples Magua's left side and crushes part of his chest. Another blow destroys Magua's collar and shoulder. Magua amazed. His body is broken and crippled, but he still stands. He looks into the eyes of the last warrior of the Mohicans and faces his death.



Chingachgook: Uncas!!! (He spins and swings. The blade side of the war club punches into Magua's chest, caving him in two. Magua dies in the dust. Nathaniel watching Chingachgook's heaving back. It's over. Cora rushes to Nathaniel, who turns to meet and embrace her. He holds her close for a moment and then leads her away.

"Because the attitude toward him (Uncas) was that he was just an obstacle in the way and the fact that it's human had no bearing on the whole thing. Kill it and push it out of the way."

- Wes Studi

To read more from Wes, visit www.mohicanpress.com/mo06018.html

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Top of the World

(Fade in exterior - mountain top - wide rear shot - next day: Chingachgook's at the edge, facing the endless rolling forests to the west. A haze of sunlight illuminates silver and lead clouds. Nathaniel is a little apart, watching his father.)

Chingachgook: (Mohican) Great Spirit and the Maker of all Life ...a warrior goes to you swift and straight as an arrow shot into the sun. Welcome him and let him take his place at the council fire of my people. (pause) He is Uncas, my son. (pause) Bid them patience and ask death for speed; for they are all there but one - I, Chingachgook - Last of the Mohicans.

(Chingachgook's hands drop to his sides. He lets out his breath with a weariness. His eyes seek Nathaniel's. They hold. Cora is standing behind the men, respecting this moment between father and adopted son. Now she moves next to Nathaniel. He puts his arm around her shoulders and she kisses his neck.)

Nathaniel: Will you go back to England?

Cora: I have nothing to go back for. (Long pause.)

Nathaniel: Then will you stay in America? (She turns to face him.) And will you be my wife?

(Pause.)

Cora: Yes. (They hold each other's eyes. She searches his face.) Where will we go?

Nathaniel: Winter with the Delaware, my father's cousins. And in the spring, cross the Ohio and look for land to settle with my father in a new place called Can-tuck-ee.

Chingachgook: The frontier moves with the sun and pushes the red man of the wilderness forests in front of it. Until one day there will be nowhere left. Then our race will be no more, or be not us ... The frontier place is for people like my white son and his woman and their children.

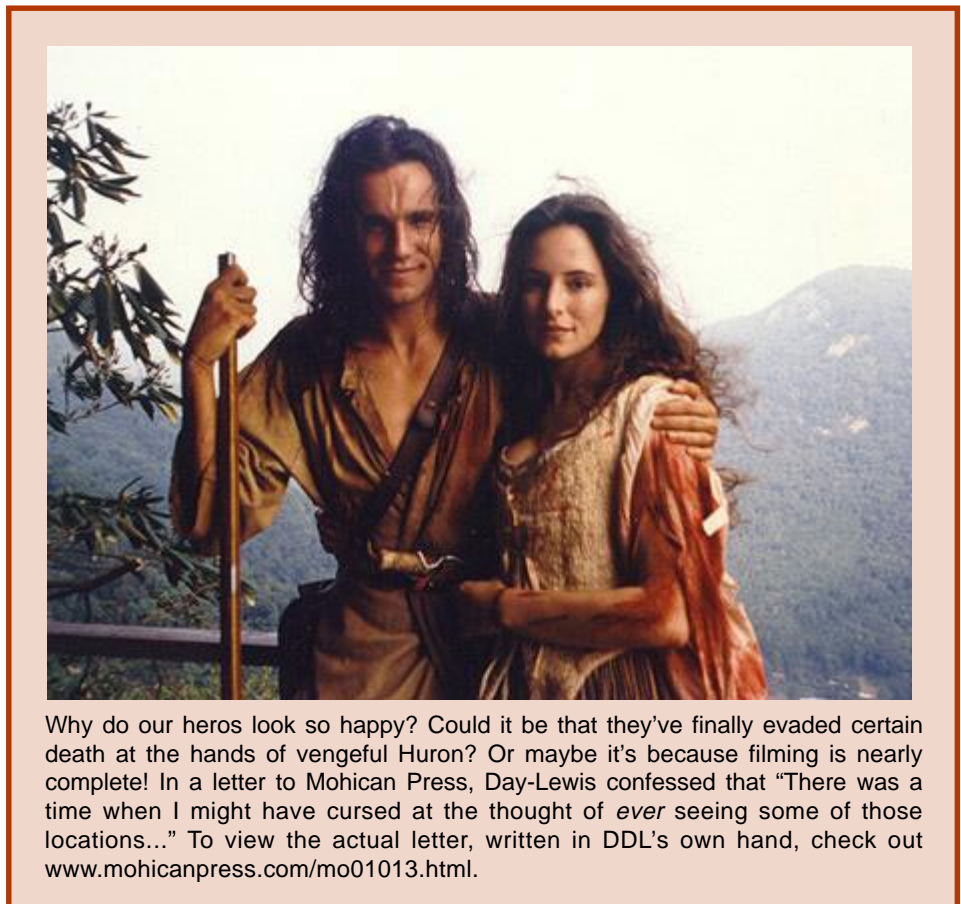
Nathaniel: That is my father's sadness talking.

Chingachgook: No. It is true ... One day ... there will be no more frontier. Then men like you will go, too. Like the Mohicans. [pause] And new people will come. Work.

Struggle to make their light ...

One mystery remains - will there be anything left to show the world that we ever did exist?

(Rear shot: Nathaniel with his arm around Cora. Chingachgook on his right. They gaze out over the wilderness.)



Why do our heroes look so happy? Could it be that they've finally evaded certain death at the hands of vengeful Huron? Or maybe it's because filming is nearly complete! In a letter to Mohican Press, Day-Lewis confessed that "There was a time when I might have cursed at the thought of ever seeing some of those locations..." To view the actual letter, written in DDL's own hand, check out www.mohicanpress.com/mo01013.html.