

CONTINUED:

Edward looks to his grandfather's struggle and suppresses a grin.

INT. PULLMAN -- EASTBOUND EXPRESS - CONTINUOUS

The express speeds toward Florida and destiny.

Edward sleeps, Montford stares out the window -- Boggy sits across from them, an opened book of Shakespeare's sonnets in his lap.

BOGGY

My letter to the Senator should be arriving today. Of course, he owes me quite a bit.

MONTFORD

You keep saying that like you wish it was true.

(beat)

But is it?

Boggy thinks better than to defend himself.

EXT. ST. AUGUSTINE - NIGHT

Montford and Boggy walk through the small, ancient colonial town that dates to 1599 -- the Spanish architecture and dusty streets lined with palm trees are in stark contrast to the wide, open spaces in Indian Territory.

Standing outside the General Store, rocking on his heels, thumbs in his vest pockets stands TOM HANNAH (50's) heavy-set, florid-cheeked Floridian.

TOM HANNAH

(to Edward)

Could I interest this studious, young man to a sugar ice on a hot day?

Tom Hannah speaks with a syrupy Georgia-Northern Florida drawl.

EDWARD BRYANT

No thank you, sir.

BOGGY

Whereabouts would Fort Marion be?

TOM HANNAH

(chuckles)

You're referrin' to the local zoo.

Montford and Boggy look confused.

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TOM HANNAH

That's what we call it, "The Zoo."
'Course instead of wild animals, we
got us wild Indians, but you know,
they're even scarier than the
meanest zoo animal. Human animal's
the most dangerous kind.

MONTFORD

We have friends in there... they're
not animals, did nothing wrong.

Montford shoots Hanna a hard look. Hanna's eyebrows go up.

TOM HANNAH

Pardon me for contradictin', but I
find that hard to believe. I heard
stories what them wild Indians do
to ordinary folks, chills the
blood.

Montford's glare grows fiercer.

TOM HANNAH

(clears throat)
Anyway, the old fort's up there
yonder, just past the hospital.
Oldest building in this very old
town. Please enjoy your stay,
gentlemen.

Tom points up the road.

EXT. FORT MARION - NIGHT

A craggy, old Spanish fort that dates back to the early 18th
century -- the ancient citadel glowers menacingly against the
night sky. Boggy and Montford head towards the entrance.

Ahead, Lt. Pratt can be seen in torchlight with some of his
soldiers of the 10th Cavalry. He spots Montford -- his
expression is inscrutable.

INT. TUNNELS -- FORT MARION - NIGHT

Montford, Edward Bryant and Boggy follow Lt. Pratt through
the Judas gate and traverse the long, dark tunnel that snakes
through the walls -- history drips from the condensed
moisture along the bastions.

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