

The music stops women and children move for cover while the men in the group pick up weapons. The two distracted men rolling a log fall into the river.

GEORGE, a large imposing man, steps towards the newcomer, only slightly inebriated .

GEORGE

That's close enough, mister.

HENRY SCAGGS

Good afternoon, sir. I mean no harm.

Scaggs removes his hat from his head.

GEORGE

That so?

A crowd has now gathered and formed a loose circle around the men.

HENRY SCAGGS

My name is Henry Scaggs. I'm a longhunter from Kentuck.

(beat)

And I need your help. I am hunting the Harpes.

An instant silence falls over the clearing, followed by hushed whispers amongst the crowd.

GEORGE

All on your own?

HENRY SCAGGS

So you have heard of these them?

George shakes off a chill.

GEORGE

Come, have some food and drink.

George turns away and walks toward a table.

HENRY SCAGGS

Mister, I don't think you heard me.

George turns around.

GEORGE

Oh I heard you, Mr. Scaggs and that is why I am offering you food and drink and that's all.

Scaggs is displeased with this.

HENRY SCAGGS

George, take a look around you. I see many women and children that if we chose to do nothing, they could be...

GEORGE

Stop. Mr. Scaggs, I see the same as you. Women and children and just a few able men. Does that look like a posse to you?

HENRY SCAGGS

Sir, these Harpes are animals and with the right numbers we can put them down for good.

GEORGE

Mr. Scaggs. We aren't soldiers here. Just simple folk.

HENRY SCAGGS

I know you must want to keep this area safe for you and your families. How can it truly be safe with the Harpes on the loose?

Another man, a LOG ROLLER, speaks up as water drifts from his clothes.

GEORGE

My sister and her husband were supposed to meet us here three weeks ago. I fear the worst...

HENRY SCAGGS

(to the man and then back to George)

You owe it to your people, your sister, to help. Don't let their fate be determined by inaction.

George stares back at Henry, unmoved by his words.

GEORGE

We can't help, Mr. Scaggs, and that is final. Now, my offer of hospitality still stands.

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HENRY SCAGGS

So you fill your bellies while they  
are cutting others open?

GEORGE

That is enough. Be on your way.

HENRY SCAGGS

I shall be.

Scaggs looks over the group of people with pity then turns  
back toward George.

HENRY SCAGGS

I hope for their sake you are  
making the right choice.

Scaggs walks back into the forest and disappears as the  
music starts back up with a less joyful tune.

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - DAY

Scaggs walks back along the forest trail, discouraged. He  
hears footsteps behind him and turns to prepare for attack  
but it is that log roller from the gathering, the one with  
the missing sister.

LOG ROLLER

I know a man you might ask for  
help.

This isn't what Henry expected.

LOG ROLLER

His name is Trabue. He was once-

HENRY SCAGGS

A colonel.  
(beat, excited at this  
prospect)  
He lives in these parts?

LOG ROLLER

In a cabin. Just a mile or so. East  
off the road.

Scaggs turns in that direction with renewed energy.

HENRY SCAGGS

(stopped for a moment, looking  
back)  
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)