

Bridger's frozen... doesn't know what to do. So Fitzgerald suddenly GRABS GLASS BY THE ANKLES... starts dragging him across the ground. Glass GROANS IN PAIN.

BRIDGER

Wait!

But Fitzgerald isn't waiting... he pulls Glass to that grave he dug, and ROLLS GLASS' BODY INSIDE.

Glass hits the bottom with a painful THUD.

FITZGERALD

Now we done what was asked of us.
(hard to Bridger)
Move.

Bridger stares at the open grave a moment, then fear sends him running after Fitzgerald...

...as Glass lies there INSIDE HIS OWN GRAVE.

CUT TO:

GLASS' POV - OUT OF THE GRAVE... TIGHT AND CLAUSTROPHOBIC... JUST THE NIGHT SKY ABOVE... AND THE SOUND OF HIS PAINFUL BREATHS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - MORNING

Cold and grey. Fitzgerald crouches beside a small fire, warming his hands. WHISPS OF SMOKE rise into the sky.

FITZGERALD

We ran the better part of the night. Had to gain some ground on Henry and the others.

BRIDGER

Pig won't know to catch us.

FITZGERALD

He'll have to.

Bridger sits at the base of a tree... his mind replaying the desertion of Glass over and over. He notices the smoke.

BRIDGER

Best douse that smoke before them
'Ree spot it.

FITZGERALD

We put enough distance between us
and them. And it's too damn cold
to go without one.

BRIDGER

All we know, they hoofed it through
the night same as us.

FITZGERALD

A dozen 'Ree can't make the time us
two did.

Bridger looks back to the trees.

BRIDGER

We shouldn't a left him back there.

Fitzgerald doesn't respond. And then Bridger considers
something, stares at Fitzgerald a beat, before...

BRIDGER (cont'd)

It was twenty earlier.

FITZGERALD

What?

BRIDGER

When you woke me... you said you'd
spotted twenty 'Ree.

FITZGERALD

A dozen... twenty. I was a little
too spooked to count feathers.
Hell, one 'Ree was too many.

Fitzgerald empties his canteen over the fire, killing the
flames. Bridger stares at the water pouring out.

BRIDGER

What was you even doin' down at the
creek in the middle of the night?

(beat)

I'd already brought plenty a water.

Fitzgerald doesn't answer. Bridger tightens his grip on his
rifle... slowly rises.

BRIDGER (cont'd)

Answer me.

FITZGERALD

Don't start questionin' me on
accounta you feelin' guilty 'bout
leavin' your half-breed buddy
behind.

Bridger musters up all the courage he can... aims his rifle
at Fitzgerald.

BRIDGER

ANSWER ME OR I BLOW YOUR DAMN HEAD
OFF!

Fitzgerald stares back at Bridger and his rifle... eyes
taking in everything... a snake sizing up its prey. Then
Fitzgerald stands... takes a step toward the boy.

FITZGERALD

What're you askin'? Why it was you
turned your back on Glass? Let him
die to save your own sorry skin?
(beat)
'Cause you was scared shitless,
that's why.

BRIDGER

The 'Ree... did you see 'em?
(off Fitzgerald's silence)
DID YOU SEE 'EM?

FITZGERALD

(moving closer)
Not a one.

Bridger CRIES OUT... starts to pull the trigger, when
Fitzgerald's hand flashes out, grabbing the barrel, and
shoving the butt back into Bridger's face... THWACK.

The force of the blow knocks Bridger back to the ground, but
Fitzgerald holds his grip on the rifle barrel... flips it
around to aim it at the boy. Blood drips down Bridger's head
as he stares up at his rifle pointed down.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

I just needed to spur you on. Pig
was lost, and Glass was dead either
way. There weren't no point in us
waitin' around to die too.

Fitzgerald lines the barrel up at Bridger's head... his
FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

So that there is the answer to your question.

And Fitzgerald PULLS THE TRIGGER... AND BRIDGER SQUEEZES HIS EYES SHUT IN FEAR... THEN CLICK. Bridger opens his eyes... sees Fitzgerald grinning down at him.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

And the next time you aim to kill somebody, boy, best remember your gun won't fire without a flint.

Fitzgerald tosses the rifle back at Bridger, and turns away. Bridger's face flushes with rage and humiliation... he charges Fitzgerald from behind... tackles him to the ground... starts pounding Fitzgerald with punches.

But it's only a moment before Fitzgerald is in control... HEAD-BUTTING Bridger off of him... tossing him away, then KICKING BRIDGER IN THE STOMACH... AGAIN. He grabs his knife... is ready to finish Bridger off...

...but Fitzgerald is smart enough to know that out here, two are safer than one... even when one is just a kid. He starts walking away.

BRIDGER

I'm goin' back for him.

FITZGERALD

Far as we ran, you couldn't find Glass nor your dummy with dogs and a map. And I don't believe you want to. 'Cause after leavin' him to die, I doubt he'd be too happy to see you now.

Fitzgerald digs at the dirt with the knife... covers the fire's remains.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

And just so we're clear. If you try to backtrack without me knowin', or ever get so guilty you feel the need to tell somebody.

Fitzgerald looks at Bridger... hard... evil.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

I'll have no choice but to gut you from nuts to nose.

Fitzgerald stares his point home, then shoves the blade into his belt, and stands.

FITZGERALD (cont'd)

Now let's go.

Bridger wipes the blood from his face, then throws one last glance behind him before following Fitzgerald.

EXT. CAMP - MORNING

Empty and quiet... no sign of life... until GLASS' HAND RISES BETWEEN THE LOOSE BRANCHES. His fingers dig into the earth, pulling himself up from the hole... a dead man climbing out of his own grave.

He rolls out to the ground... arches in pain when his back hits the cold, hard surface.

Glass lies there shivering, regaining what little strength he has, then rolls over... glances around the camp... his eyes settle on the blanket.

He starts dragging himself again with that one good arm... six inches at a time... across the dirt... finally makes it to the blanket... wraps it around him.

Glass rests there in the center of camp... unable to move... his eyes scanning the surroundings... no food... no water... and he's wide open in this clearing... an easy target for any predator. So he grabs his Possibles bag and GUNPOWDER HORN, and drags himself toward the cover of brush.

And every movement takes all the will Glass has... a push with his good leg followed by a pull with his healthy arm... inch by inch... foot by foot... sweat pouring down his face as he finally reaches the cover of the trees... continues on... dragging himself across the forest floor in a desperate, hopeless crawl for survival.

But finally it's too much for Glass... the fever and pain overwhelm him. He collapses... falls unconscious.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WILDERNESS - NIGHT

From high above the forest... the tree tops sway in the breeze.