

ANGEL OF DEATH

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELDS OF KANSAS - EARLY MORNING

Float over frosted Kansas fields to:

A FARMER'S BODY (40), stabbed in the chest, with an icy bullet hole in his forehead. FARTHER, past shoots of wheat. ANOTHER BODY, (22) face down. Frozen gore oozes from gashes in his side, jaw and skull.

ANOTHER FARMER'S BODY (35), head, shoulders and handless arm in a stream. The top of his head sways in the current like fleshy moss.

PAST plowed soil. FARM BOY (20), eyes glazed with ice, hole stabbed in chest. Fingers missing.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

A cabin door OPENS. Light spills on a young mother cowering in the corner. She clings to a FARM BOY (12).

EXT. JOHN BROWN JUNIOR'S CABIN - DAY

BEGIN MUSIC/CREDITS

SIX SOLDIERS on horseback surround a remote farmhouse. One BASHES on the cabin door. A sleepy JASON BROWN (33), tan, medium build, opens it.

SOLDIER

You the son of John Brown?

JASON BROWN

I'm not accountable for my father's actions. I harmed no one. If you want my blood, there's a mark for you.

Jason pulls open his shirt, exposing his chest.

SOLDIER

You're under arrest for murder.

THREE SOLDIERS wrestle him out the doorway as his WIFE and CHILDREN clutch after him.

LATER-wife and children weep as their farmhouse burns. Jason is chained in leg irons next to strapping JOHN JUNIOR,(35) behind the posse's wagon.

JASON BROWN  
Hello Junior. What has  
father done now?

The wagon starts. The brothers hobble off.

INT./EXT. SERIES OF SHOTS - VIOLENCE RAGING

A METHODIST PREACHER (45) sermonizes fire and brimstone in VOICE OVER as action plays out. His congregation "AMENS".

METHODIST PREACHER (V.O.)  
Surely, the day of the Lord  
is nigh. Bloodshed, wars,  
and rumors of wars. Streams  
running thick with blood.

A CITIZEN is thrown to the ground. A MOB encircles him.  
A MOBSTER holds up a flier: "SLAVOCRATS NO MORE!"

MOBSTER  
You abolitionists love  
niggers so much, we'll make  
you one!

They tear at his clothes, gob his face with steaming tar and feathers.

METHODIST PREACHER (V.O.)  
Slave hunters,  
abolitionists, Negroes,  
underground railroads,  
tracks leading straight to  
the bowels of Hades! You all  
reek of secret darkness to  
me.

A BLACK MAN chased by two MEN ON HORSEBACK. One whips at him, jumps on him, hog ties him. They drive him off in a wagon along with two SLAVE CHILDREN.

METHODIST PREACHER (V.O.)  
LEAVE US BE! You are  
hirelings, spewed from the  
drunken vomit of an uneasy  
Babylon. Get thee hence!

A CRATE labeled "Reverend Beecher's Bibles". REVEREND BEECHER (60) pulls out a stocky Sharps buffalo rifle, examines it, hands it a FARMER in line.

METHODIST PREACHER (V.O.)  
 I've got slave owners living  
 a farm from me. They're  
 decent religious folks.  
 They don't whip anybody.  
 God told me to love my  
 neighbor, not judge him.

A WOMAN discovers frozen parts of her husband wrapped in canvass, dumped on her front porch.

METHODIST PREACHER (V.O.)  
 I don't care if Kansas is  
 free or slave. But I won't  
 tolerate Missouri's runaway  
 Negroes flooding my fields,  
 begging me for freedom and  
 eating all our Kansas  
 chickens! That would spell  
 the end of Sunday chicken  
 and biscuit socials!

CONGREGATION LAUGHS

MOB surrounds a burning barn with a SLAVE inside. Rather than come out, he sits in the hay as flames whip around him.

METHODIST PREACHER (V.O.)  
 What will you do if a black  
 creature, hungry and lusty  
 comes knocking at your door  
 past midnight?

A YOUNG SLAVE is branded on his shoulder blade.

EXT. KANSAS PLAINS - DUSK

SLAVES working fields watch as JOHN JUNIOR and JASON BROWN are force-marched. JUNIOR FALLS, is dragged a ways before Jason can pull him up.

METHODIST PREACHER (V.O.)  
 How will God protect the  
 pure in heart? HIS day of  
 vengeance is at hand.

JASON LOOKS UP, sees a hunkered old FIGURE IN WHITE suit on horseback high on the horizon. The sun sets behind him.

CONGREGATION (V.O)  
Alleluia, Amen!

SOLDIER  
After him!

SOLDIERS gallop toward the FIGURE IN WHITE. He slowly disappears over a hilltop. The soldiers reach the crown. Looking over: AS FAR AS THEY CAN SEE -- NOTHING but empty plains. Frightened, they wheel their horses around.

METHODIST PREACHER (V.O.)  
Innocent boys murdered at  
Pottawatamie Creek. No one  
heard their screams on the  
Kansas prairies.

A SOLDIER AWAKES IN A SHADOWY TENT. A machete-like Bowie knife is placed at his Adam's apple by blank-faced, huge OWEN BROWN (32). FIGURE IN WHITE paces in background.

EMPTY KANSAS PRAIRIES

END CREDITS/MUSIC

TITLE: BLEEDING KANSAS -- 1856

EXT./INT. LITTLE METHODIST CHURCH - DAY

THE METHODIST PREACHER (45) preaches at his pulpit.

METHODIST PREACHER  
I'll be the first to turn  
over a slave if it keeps  
another from running. Not  
for money, but for peace of  
mind. Keep the blacks to  
the South. Missourians want  
them. Lord knows I can do  
my own work on the farm. I  
don't need extra mules to  
feed.

BOOTS RUMBLE ON THE CHURCH PORCH.

A rag-tag army of ten men ENTERS in the back. Preacher continues while the congregation gawk at the visitors.

METHODIST PREACHER

All we want is peace! To  
till the land by the sweat  
of our brow. To raise god-  
fearing, wholesome children,  
free of hate mongering and  
marauding. Thou shalt not  
murder!

PREACHER'S eyes go wide.

THE LAST PERSON TO ENTER: An old man of scruff, stone and  
barbed wire in ragged white suit, worn straw hat, boots  
with no toes. His bowie knife and stubby broadsword hang  
from his sagging pants. Pistols in every pocket.

It is JOHN BROWN (58).

METHODIST PREACHER  
Before we adjourn for Sunday  
brunch. I want to thank  
sister Waverly for preparing  
her buttermilk biscuits.

All of the men, including BROWN'S SONS: OWEN, SALMON,  
FREDERICK, and young OLIVER respectfully wait until John  
Brown is standing at the back pew.

Brown pierces the preacher with steel-blue eyes.

METHODIST PREACHER  
(changes his tune)  
How can you and I battle the  
evil of slavery?

Brown sits, his men follow. CONGREGATION mop sweating  
brows.

METHODIST PREACHER  
Let the people vote! If  
Kansas votes to be free, the  
whole nation will be free.  
Our vote tips the balance in  
congress. Kansas alone can  
abolish slavery peacefully.  
The Southerners say all  
abolitionists are violent,  
carnal and devilish. Others  
preach "go not after them"!

OLIVER BROWN (22), the most handsome of the Brown clan,  
clears his throat.

METHODIST PREACHER

If I preach that slavery is wrong, I'll get five years in prison.

John Brown stands and walks, hands on pistols, towards panicking preacher. Brown's crazy blonde son FREDERICK (25) giggles uncontrollably.

METHODIST PREACHER

I gave a generous donation to Reverend Beecher for three "Beecher's Bibles". Most people wouldn't even chain a dog so cruelly as the Missourians do their own nigger... Negroes?

The preacher freezes, closes his eyes. Brown turns to face the congregation.

JOHN BROWN

The Lord said, "I am not come to bring peace, but a sword." Last night, he gave me a revelation. One hundred soldiers are gathering at Blackjack to arrest me on the morrow. They have kidnapped two of my boys and burnt their farms. I will have vengeance. God will thwart the cunning plans laid by any devils who support slavery, that whore and abomination of all the earth. The mighty arm of Jehovah is with me, but I still need the fingers of MEN to pull triggers. Gird up your loins, pour yourselves some lead balls. Come follow me into history.

JOHN BROWN and MEN EXIT. The preacher breathes again.

EXT. COUNTRY CHURCH - DAY

SALMON BROWN (20), wiry, agitated, quickly gathers biscuits in a handkerchief. FIFTEEN METHODISTS in Sunday clothes have mustered with rifles. Cowardly Preacher stays to comfort the crying wives as husbands follow Brown.

EXT. REMOTE COUNTRYSIDE - DUSK

JOHN KAGI (22) eccentric spectacled reporter, roams the darkening Kansas plains. Kagi screams as he tumbles, SPLASHING into a creek in front of crazy FREDERICK BROWN (25), wild, with his tangled mat of blonde hair. He holds a lantern and bucket.

KAGI  
(breathless)  
Please, I need John Brown.

FREDERICK BROWN  
Foe or friend?

KAGI  
Friend?

Frederick walks in the creek, crossing maniacally from bank to bank. Kagi follows.

FREDERICK BROWN  
Who you spying for?

KAGI  
I'm not a spy. I'm hoping to question Captain Brown before he's attacked.

FREDERICK BROWN  
Question not my judgment, ye unfaithful. Honor thy father. Thou shalt not murder! Thou shalt utterly destroy. What is truth?

KAGI  
You his son?

Frederick stops. Points at the stars.

FREDERICK  
The son of...?

KAGI  
(offers hand)  
I'm John Kagi, reporter for the Lawrence Chronicle.

FREDERICK BROWN  
(searches the hand)

Any blood on them hands,  
blasphemer boy? Does the  
left hand know what the  
right hand did last night?  
If it offends thee, I'll  
chop it off. You need to be  
clean to meet the Father. I  
baptize you!

Frederick laughs, washes his hands then SPLASHES water at the reporter. Kagi runs up the creek bank. Five rifles aim at his head. Frederick wanders past MUMBLING.

FREDERICK

Turn the other cheek? An  
eye for an eye? Which one  
is it, O Lord?

EXT. BONFIRE - NIGHT

Kagi, hands bound, is dumped beside a blazing bonfire.

OLIVER

I caught an assassin,  
Father.

SALMON

You lie. I caught him.

Owen searches Kagi's coat pockets. He pulls out a notebook, billfold, and whisky flask.

KAGI

I'm a reporter. John Kagi  
with the Lawrence Chronicle.  
I swear to God.

JOHN BROWN (O.S.)

There will be no swearing in  
my camp.

John Brown steps into the glow of the fire. Owen hands him the flask and bills.

JOHN BROWN

I'd rather have smallpox,  
yellow fever, and cholera  
all together in my camp than  
a man without principles.

J.B. keeps the money, pours the whiskey into the fire. Flames burst higher, CHARRING a roasting pig. John Brown turns the pig, eyes staring fire. Kagi sweats.

SALMON

Should I kill him Father?

FREDERICK giggles. Brown butchers off chunks of meat and hands them out.

JOHN BROWN

I have seen a vision. On the morrow, as soon as the Sabbath is passed, we will go to Blackjack. We will attack Captain Pate's posse and slaughter them like dogs unless they deliver my boys back to me. Men, pray for any repentance you need. Some of you may meet your maker early.

KAGI

Captain Pate's posse is a hundred strong.

Brown turns his Bowie towards Kagi, cuts his ropes instead of his neck.

JOHN BROWN

They that are with us are more than they that are with them. We go with an army of the angels of God. Open your eyes.

J.B. tosses him a bloody chunk of pig. Kagi scans the solemn faces eating in the firelight. He eats.

EXT. KANSAS PLAINS - EARLY MORNING

THROUGH A SPYGLASS: Pate's troops shaving, in long johns, at smoky campfires, drinking coffee. Watchmen carry rifles. The rest sleep in tents.

SALMON backs away from his hill-top lookout. He joins the others, distributing rifles from a beat up wagon. A Methodist shakes, drops cartridges.

SALMON

(to Methodist)

Bullets hit you quicker when you're a-quivering.

JOHN BROWN

Men, do not waste energy  
with foolish hollering. A  
quiet adversary is far more  
ominous. Aim low. Many good  
bullets are wasted aiming at  
a man's head. Don't kill  
needlessly, but if you must,  
make clean work with your  
enemies.

Frederick takes a rifle, checks its sights at the sun.

OLIVER  
(about Frederick)  
Father?

J.B. gently takes Frederick's gun.

JOHN BROWN  
Frederick, I have a special  
calling for you. Keep the  
horses on ready.

FREDERICK BROWN  
Yes, Father.

JOHN BROWN  
Be vigilant, son.

OLIVER BROWN offers the reporter a sharps rifle.

KAGI  
Thanks, but my primary  
concern is to document  
events for history.

OLIVER  
You'll see lots better down  
there.

KAGI  
Oh, thank-you--No thank-  
you, I mean. I'd better  
watch from here.

Brown and men remove hats. Owen pulls off Kagi's hat as  
Brown prays.

JOHN BROWN  
God almighty, go with us  
into battle. Make our aim  
true. Cleanse us of all  
iniquity. Forgive the sins  
of those we will cut asunder  
today. Prepare a place for

them... somewhere. In Jesus'  
name, AMEN.

The men say "amen". Brown unsheathes his thick  
Broadsword.

JOHN BROWN

Advance!

Brown and men charge the camp.

CAPTAIN PATE'S CAMP:

RIFLE REPORT. SHAVING MAN'S mirror is shot. Dozens of  
men rush silently towards him through the scraggly  
blackjack oaks. He glimpses John Brown's white suit,  
runs in terror.

SHAVING SOLDIER

He's here!

Men fall frantically out of tents, yanking up pants.  
Others desert, running off half naked.

SOLDIER

John Brown. He's here!  
He's here!

BROWN'S MEN jump in a ravine, spread out and FIRE.

Bullets RIP through a tent. The ostentatious CAPTAIN  
PATE (24) emerges, grabs a crawling, whimpering soldier,  
smacks him and shoves him back towards the fray.

CAPTAIN PATE

Get to it, man!

BROWN'S MEN load short Sharps buffalo rifles at the  
breech, not the muzzle, firing every fifteen seconds.

PATE'S TERRIFIED SOLDIERS roll wagons around, return fire  
with their slower muzzle-loading guns. A SOLDIER is  
shot, falls.

BROWN'S SONS enjoy. A METHODIST BROTHER has pissed his  
Sunday pants. He tries to sneak a sip of whiskey. The  
flask shatters. Brown puts away a smoking pistol, shakes  
his head "no" at the Methodist.

WILLIAM THOMPSON (20), Brown's eager young nephew, is  
shot through the lung, can't breathe. He tears open his  
shirt, pushes his finger in the bullet hole, breaths  
deep, smiles at BROWN. He FIRES again.

EXT. HILLTOP - DAY

KAGI looks through the spyglass, with Frederick at his side. RIFLES CRACK. Buzzards circle pate's dead mules.

THROUGH THE SPYGLASS: five of the Methodists draw straws at the flank of the battle. The loser crawls towards Brown.

KAGI  
What are they doing?

FREDERICK BROWN  
Faith without works is dead.

Kagi turns to Frederick.

KAGI  
Frederick, did your Father  
kill those people in  
Pottawatomie?

FREDERICK BROWN  
Thou shalt not kill. Thou  
shalt utterly destroy. The  
Lord giveth. The Lord  
taketh away. Naked came I  
into this world, naked go I  
hither.

Frederick gets up, drops his pants and runs off.

KAGI  
Frederick!

EXT. BATTLE - DAY

John Brown's white suit is filthy. His straw hat sits next to him as he FIRES. OWEN BROWN is twenty feet away.

OWEN  
Father, we're running out of  
cartridges.

JOHN BROWN  
Endure to the end. God will  
soon deliver your brothers  
back into our hands.

Fourteen Methodists creep away in the ravine. THE LOSER crawls close to John Brown.

LOSER

Mr. Brown, sir, the boys are hungry. They want to look to their wives and children.

JOHN BROWN

What?

Brown stands, steely eyes stabbing. Bullets narrowly miss him. He drops back into his ditch.

LOSER

(sulking backwards)  
We'll come back with reinforcements.

JOHN BROWN

I'll have no cowards in my regimen. Crawl faster, before I turn MY rifle on you!

OLIVER

Where are they going?

BROWN

(mutters)  
To hell.

CAPTAIN PATE sees the Methodists creeping off.

LIEUTENANT

Captain Pate sir, are they retreating?

CAPTAIN PATE

Lieutenant, that is JOHN BROWN and company over there! Something's afoot.

LIEUTENANT

He'll ambush us after sundown.

ANOTHER BULLET barely misses Captain Pate.

CAPTAIN PATE

Fix bayonets.

FIRING SLOWS. Both camps are as quiet as the plains before a tornado. Hyperventilating soldiers fix bayonets.

JOHN BROWN  
 (to himself)  
 Lord, forgive me for cursing  
 those Methodists to hell.

BROWN'S MEN look to him. Brown thinks, then draws out his Bowie. THE NINE REMAINING MEN along his trench draw swords and pistols.

PATE holds his sword high.

CAPTAIN PATE  
 On my command!

Soldiers ready for the charge.

FREDERICK'S VOICE SCREECHES above the silence. Naked Frederick rides a steed maniacally back and forth around the far side of Captain Pate's forces. He waves his shirt in the air.

FREDERICK BROWN  
 Father! Father, I have them  
 surrounded! Don't worry,  
 Kagi's got the horses!

OWEN  
 He's going to get killed!

PATE soon emerges with a white flag, followed by a nervous rifle-toting PRIVATE.

JOHN BROWN  
 Hold your fire!

Brown dons his straw hat and walks boldly out to meet them.

AT MID-FIELD:

CAPTAIN PATE  
 Sir, you have been firing  
 upon Captain Pate from the  
 United States Marshall. I  
 know your code words, John  
 Brown. "The horses are  
 safe?" You can't deceive me.

JOHN BROWN  
 Have you a proposition to  
 make me?

CAPTAIN PATE

Well, no.

JOHN BROWN

I have one to make you: your unconditional surrender.

Pate scans the ravine and sees rifle muzzles facing him.

BROWN'S MEN look on, horrified as John Brown follows Pate into Pate's camp.

SALMON

Where is he going?

OWEN

We're surrendering.

Brown nears their lines, rifles protruding from every cranny. He sees Frederick among distant trees.

JOHN BROWN

(to Pate's men)

Surrender your weapons. We have you surrounded.

LIEUTENANT

We take orders from Captain Pate.

BROWN, arms folded, inconspicuously pokes his revolver into Pate's side.

CAPTAIN PATE

Boys, why don't you throw away your arms while we talk this thing over.

Revolvers, rifles, swords and long pikes are thrown into a large pile at Brown's feet. Fifty soldiers sit dejectedly.

John Brown waves his confused men in. Nine emerge from the woods, not knowing if they should surrender or keep weapons.

CAPTAIN PATE

Where are your men?

JOHN BROWN

Can't you see them? My boys want their brothers back. Produce them this instant or

my boys might require your  
men's scalps... Captain PATE.

Brown's men arrive. Frederick rides up on his horse.

CAPTAIN PATE  
I know nothing of your sons.  
We don't have them here.

OWEN BROWN  
We surrendering?

Brown picks up a pike, examines its dagger-like tip,  
hands it to Owen. He inspects a rifle.

INSERT/CLOSE ON GUN: "Manufactured at Harper's Armory".

JOHN BROWN  
No. We've won.  
(to Owen)  
Owen, cover Frederick and  
take him home. He's unfit  
for battle.

Frederick is distraught. He turns his horse and rides  
away.

KAGI ON THE HILLSIDE sets a bucket of water in front of a  
horse, pats it then eagerly jots notes.

KAGI (V.O.)  
Captain Pate went to take  
John Brown--But John Brown  
took him. The stern, old  
Puritan pinned this  
butterfly-man to the page of  
history...

SOUND TRANSITION: Kagi's voice fades into FREDERICK  
DOUGLASS' RICH BASS VOICE.

FADE TO:

INSERT: Two powerful black hands hold a newspaper with  
headlines: "WAR BEGINS IN KANSAS".

FREDERICK DOUGLASS continues reading Kagi's words:

FREDERICK DOUGLASS (O.S.)  
...and then placed him in the  
cabinet of human imbeciles  
forever. The war against  
slavery has officially  
begun.

## KANSAS WARS-SERIES OF SHOTS:

- A) Starving widows and children roam back roads past rotting bodies.
- B) Slave-hunters free a slave's broken ankle from a bear trap.
- C) Troops on the march.
- D) Men vote at pistol point.
- E) Printing presses blaze.
- F) Slaves on the auction block.

## EXT. RIVER CROSSING - DAY

US soldiers paddle canoes through fog towards a fortified log cabin. Brown in his once-white suit and THIRTY ARMED MEN look out over a wall of menacing wood spikes.

Battered and bare-footed JUNIOR and JASON BROWN step out of the canoes into mud. SOLDIER unlocks their manacles.

They are exchanged for Captain Pate, lowered from Brown's fort in a cocoon of ropes.

J.E.B. STUART

Brown, you have wreaked enough havoc upon slave owners of Kansas. I am Lieutenant J.E.B. Stuart. By orders of President Pierce, we are to arrest you for the Pottawatomie Creek massacre.

Brown's men SNICKER.

JOHN BROWN

No man puts me in chains.

J.E.B. STUART

Make your arrest Mr. Preston.

Thirty muzzles are leveled at MARSHALL PRESTON. Preston fumbles among his coat pockets.

PRESTON

I... ah-- I'm afraid I lost the warrants.

J.E.B. STUART  
 You damned coward! I saw  
 the warrants in your hand  
 last night.

Captain Pate stands in the canoe.

CAPTAIN PATE  
 Are you going to let him get  
 away?

J.E.B. Stuart shoots him a glare. Pate sits sheepishly.

J.E.B. STUART  
 Mr. Brown, you care nothing  
 for the slaves. You only  
 love your fame and these  
 cowardly sons. When your  
 brutes someday realize this,  
 they will leave you  
 vulnerable. Then, we shall  
 meet again.

JOHN BROWN  
 All heads hunt me at their  
 owner's risk. I defy you  
 and the entire U.S. Army to  
 capture me.

J.E.B. Stuart and Pate are paddled off in canoes.  
 Brown's men CHEER and FIRE GUNS into the air.

EXT. BACK KANSAS COW TRAIL - DAY

THIRTY U.S. Cavalrymen advance down a thinly wooded lane  
 on horseback, led by REVEREND MARTIN WHITE (40's) in  
 black suit and CAPTAIN REID, (40's).

They pass FREDERICK BROWN resting against a tree, his  
 horse at pasture nearby. Reverend White and Captain Reid  
 stop as soldiers ride past.

REVEREND WHITE  
 Son, are you staying out of  
 all trouble?

FREDERICK BROWN  
 Yes sir.

REVEREND WHITE  
 Good boy. May God bless  
 you. You're not going to  
 Lawrence tomorrow, are you?

FREDERICK BROWN  
 No. Sorry. Father said  
 there's going to be fighting  
 in Lawrence.

REVEREND WHITE  
 (amused)  
 Lord knows that's right.  
 It's going to be burned to  
 the ground.

Reid and White laugh. Frederick steps forward, squints  
 against the sun.

FREDERICK BROWN  
 You a preacher?

REVEREND WHITE  
 Yes, I am a man of God. You  
 look like you might have  
 some sins to confess.

Captain Reid grows impatient.

CAPTAIN REID  
 Let's go Reverend White.

FREDERICK BROWN  
 There's heavy things  
 weighing on my mind,  
 preacher.

REVEREND WHITE  
 I'd love to council with you  
 son, but I'm on the Lord's  
 errands at present.

Frederick shields his eyes and steps forward.

FREDERICK BROWN  
 Don't I know you?

REVEREND WHITE  
 (realizing)  
 I know you. You're one of  
 Brown's Niggers.

He raises his rifle and instantly SHOOTs Frederick  
 through the heart. Horses rear. Soldiers watch in  
 horror. Frederick lies, face in the dirt, blood  
 spreading.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

SALMON is on lookout. Behind him, an open grave among a few limestone markers. OLIVER digs. JOHN JUNIOR rests against a lone oak in the vast Kansas plains. JOHN BROWN whittles in his wagon seat, a rough cedar coffin in back.

WHITTILING STICK leads to JOHN BROWN'S FLASHBACK:

JOHN BROWN (V.O.)  
 ...belligerence to your  
 mother...eight switches.

INT. TANNERY - DAY - FLASHBACK: 15 YEARS EARLIER

JOHN BROWN, (43) hair darker, stands in his barn with a beech wood switch and a piece of ledger paper in hand. Hides hang all around. A blonde YOUNG FREDERICK (9) grabs hold of a tree stump.

JOHN BROWN  
 Leaving the mill horse  
 unattended at grinding.  
 Three occasions... 3  
 switches. Using the Lord's  
 name in vain... five  
 switches.

Brown rolls up his sleeves. He lays on the stinging blows. Frederick cries out.

JOHN BROWN  
 Three. Four.

Brown stops and sits.

JOHN BROWN  
 God requires us all to pay  
 the uttermost farthing.  
 When he died on the cross he  
 took YOUR punishment on  
 himself. With every sin,  
 you freshen his wounds.  
 Take up the switch.

Brown pulls up his shirt, revealing his strong pale back. Young Frederick picks up the switch.

JOHN BROWN  
 Lay on the balance. Go on.

The boy SWITCHES and cries. Brown flinches.

JOHN BROWN

Harder, son. Keep count,  
please.

SWITCHING continues...

JUNIOR (V.O.)  
Move him farther from the  
tree roots. They'll tear  
him apart.

END FLASHBACK

Brown's wagon jostles. JUNIOR watches as SALMON, JASON  
and OWEN carry the coffin to the graveside. They whisper  
to each other.

JASON  
Did you see what Frederick  
did? He cut himself... down  
there.

OLIVER  
He was always tortured in  
the flesh. Weeping, wailing,  
gnashing of teeth.

SALMON  
Almost chopped it off.

The boys lower the casket into the hole.

JASON  
What happened at  
Pottawatomie Creek?

Brothers start filling the grave.

JOHN BROWN  
They were pro-slave, son.  
It was decreed and ordained  
from eternity that they  
should be made an example.

JASON  
God commanded you to kill?

Brown binds his sticks with leather, forming a cross.

JOHN BROWN  
If I live long, God will use  
me to kill a good deal many  
men. I do regret that it  
took place on the Sabbath.