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Lust for Gold

By Ted Sherdeman

You are looking at Superstition Mountain.
A barbaric pile of rock,
40 miles long by 20 wide.
The man is Floyd Buckley.
He's going into this 800 square miles
of sudden and violent death...
because he thinks
it's just another mountain...
and because he's greedy for its treasure.
Yeah, I said treasure. Gold.
\$20 million worth of precious yellow metal...
waiting to be found
in America's most elusive mine...
appropriately named "The Lost Dutchman".
It's simple to get to. The mountain, I mean.
Just drive 36 miles due east
from Phoenix, Arizona, and there she is.
She looks easy from the outside.
Inside, it's like Satan's
private art gallery.
Sculptured pagan granites,
unmellowed by time...
hidden in terrifying canyons and gorges.
But if you'd like to pick up \$20 million...
and figure, like Buckley there,
that a mountain's just a mountain...
I'll show you where to look.
But before you leave for Arizona...
you ought to know that 21 men have been
murdered grabbing for that dough...
and hundreds more have died in other ways.
You see, this is the true story
of Superstition Mountain.
The biography of a death trap.
My name's Barry Storm.
I was hurled into this story
when I heard that shot.
Up till then, I was just an ordinary guy
with a reasonable curiosity...
about the Lost Dutchman Mine.
A curiosity I wish I'd never been born with.
I hurried towards the sound of the report...
and hoped I'd find a hunter
who'd maybe bagged a deer.

I found Floyd Buckley, sprawled and dead.
His blood, life, and dreams
spilling out on the unfriendly ground.
When you find a dead man,
you're supposed to call the police.
I'm a good citizen.
I set out to do what you're supposed to do.
Fear and panic
gave me a boost up over that ledge...
and I began to run, not walk,
to the nearest exit.
Speed no longer meant anything to Buckley,
but it did to me.
I didn't want to be framed in the crosshairs
of a telescopic sight...
on a high-powered rifle.
I'd just gone in to look for gold.
I didn't want to find lead
from the business end of a killer's gun.
It took me three days
and 36 miles of tough hiking...
to put the sheriff
from Florence, Arizona into action.
Identification bracelet.
Wallet.
Telegram.
"Lecturing in Los Angeles, September 30th. "
They're going to have to get a new speaker.
That's all the personal effects.
Let's go.
Sit down, son.
You say your name's Barry Storm.
You're from Colorado
and you've been here only 10 days.
You're no prospector, but you were up there
when Buckley got shot.
What were you doing in the mountain?
I know it sounds kind of bad,
but I was following Buckley.
You were what?
Now, wait a minute. I didn't shoot him.
I had a good reason to be up there.
My grandfather was Jacob Walz.
- Who?

- Jacob Walz.

The man who owned

the Lost Dutchman Gold Mine.

The Dutchman, huh?

That goes back to about 1880.

He's supposed to have killed

quite a few men in his time.

That doesn't have anything to do with me.

All I know is, when I was a kid...

my mum heard about this mine

her father was supposed to have found.

I always figured

someday I'd come down here.

So you came down here. Go on.

I thought there might still be a buck

laying around that had my name on it.

The first place I went to

was the Claims Office in Phoenix.

- How do you spell that again?

- Walz. W-A-L-Z. Jacob Walz.

Nope. Nobody by that name

ever registered a claim here.

This record goes clear back to 1870.

But there must have been.

The Lost Dutchman

was supposed to be worth a fortune.

He wouldn't leave the money laying around.

Maybe he never found a mine.

Some people don't believe

there ever was a Lost Dutchman.

Well, then again, some do.

The news had a story on it

just this morning.

There.

This newspaper item was my first lead.

I wanted to meet this guy who said

he was going to find my grandfather's mine.

Mr. Buckley, ask you a couple of questions

about this newspaper story.

- Certainly. I'm always glad to see the press.

- I'm not a reporter.

I'm just interested in you being so sure

about locating that Lost Dutchman.

If you read my books, you'd know

I wouldn't go on a wild-geese chase.

- You've got a map?

- Naturally I have a map.

- One of the original Peraltas, in fact.

- Peralta?

The Peralta mine I'm seeking and
the Lost Dutchman are one and the same.

Then it looks like you and I
have got something in common.

- Yes?

- I happen to be Jacob Walz's grandson.

Really? You mean the man
who allegedly owned it?

That's very interesting, I'm sure.

- I never knew he left a family.

- I can prove it if I have to.

That's why it might be good business
to let me come along with you.

If you know how to use this map...

I not only know how to use it,
but I know where the marker is.

And I know how to use that, too.

But for your information, young man,
I never go partners.

Excuse me.

He really brushed me off.

I decided right then to follow him.

When his car dropped him off
at Apache Junction, I was waiting.

I started tailing him then.

But Buckley was too sharp.

He lost me on the third day.

I never caught up with him again.

- Not till after I heard the shots.

- 30-30. Entered downward, from behind.

This must be the map

he was talking about. It was in his wallet.

- Something's been torn off the top of it.

- Maybe that's the way he got it.

Maybe it had directions on it
and he tore it off himself.

Some fellows memorize directions
so that nobody else can use their maps.
Why, half the state has got indigestion

from eating old maps.

You been staying in Phoenix?

- Your things there?

- Well, some of them.

Most everything I own is right on me.

I put my bag in the bus depot
after I checked out of the hotel.

You haven't got a job.

You say you're the Dutchman's grandson.

You tail a guy you thought was holding out
on you. He gets knocked off.

Ray, you'd better take him out
to the mountain tomorrow.

Let him show you
just how he spent those three days.

Walter, you'd better go along with them.

How long after the shot
before you found him?

Ten to fifteen minutes.

Maybe longer. He was still warm.

- You didn't see anybody else?

- No.

What were your plans
if Buckley had found the mine?

Well, I don't know exactly.

But I wouldn't have shot him.

Well, I guess I didn't have any plans.

That is, beyond hoping there might be
a mine I might have some legal rights to.

Come on, Walter.

Let's have a look
at the other side of the canyon.

What are you looking for now?

Buckley was hit from behind.

The killer was somewhere up there
by that cliff.

You were up over there.

Does that take me off the hook?

Maybe. Unless Buckley spun around
before he fell.

You see, three other guys
have been knocked off in this same area...
ahead of Buckley, before you even got here.
That's a break in your favour.

Buckley was the fourth?

The fourth in the last two years.

All right around here and all by a 30-30.

And if you look in the record book...

you'll find out 20 men have died

in this mountain since 1880.

Well, I'm through. Let's get back

to Apache Junction and some cold beer.

I was just thinking,

this all adds up to something.

- Like what?

- Four guys murdered, all in the same area...

all by a 30-30,

all in the shadow of Weaver's Needle.

So?

The killer thinks he knows

where the gold is.

When it looked like the others might find it

before he did...

when they got too close,

he knocked them off.

So the jackpot must be somewhere close.

Near that peak.

Buckley, I bet he found it.

- Found what? The mine?

- No, the marker.

He said he knew where the marker was

and how to use it.

Come on. I'll show you something.

There's your marker.

- This is what Buckley meant?

- It's the only marker in this mountain.

The rocks hammered in that old

saguaro cactus indicate three directions...

but only the one pointing north

leads anywhere, though...

to some signs carved

in those rocks up there.

It's quite a climb. Come on.

There they are.

What do they mean?

Oro is the word for gold.

The sunburst means the mine is near.

Now, this means 50 yards away

in the direction the snake is pointing.
Now, the only trouble is, nobody
has ever been able to find anything...
by following those signs.

- Aren't they the real thing?

- Who knows?

Who put them there?

You suppose my grandfather?

No, they're Spanish signs.

Supposed to have been cut by the Peraltas.

Peraltas. Buckley had a Peralta map.

- Had the name "Manuel" on it.

- There were three of them.

Brothers. Manuel, Pedro, and Ramon.

They were the first to find gold in here
100 years ago.

There's an old Indian legend
about them and this mountain, eh, Walter?

They opened up several of the mines
and then left.

And then Pedro, the oldest brother,
came back with a big expedition.

Walter, here, who's an Apache himself,
has heard from his own people...

the story of what happened.

After many nuisance raids by the Indians...

Pedro Peralta decided to hide his gold.

He selected the richest
and most inaccessible mine of all...
as his storage place.

It was reached through a narrow, twisted,
and almost hidden canyon...
that finally opened onto a torturous runway.

This runway was the only entrance to
and the only exit from...

the fabulous mine, located
on the thin precipitous ledge below.

While armed men stood guard...

Pedro's miners led their animals
to the dangerous ledge...

where the rough ore was separated
from that which had been crushed...
and the pure gold nuggets
were hurriedly poured into sacks...

for storage in the hidden mine.
Pedro sat just inside his mine...
and noted that he possessed
some \$20 million worth of gold.
But fate had decreed
a different kind of fortune for him.
Fate, and the Apaches.
Cochise, the greatest of all Apache chiefs...
watched the lightning-like attack.
And when every Spaniard
was finally killed...
he ordered his warriors to close the mine.
You see, the Spaniards
had defiled a holy place...
when they came into Superstition...
because to the Apaches it was the sacred
home of their Thunder Gods.
It wasn't enough to just kill Pedro
and his men.
All traces of them and their work
had to be erased.
So the mine was completely closed
and hidden.
With that accomplished,
Cochise and the Apaches...
felt their Thunder Gods
were avenged and appeased.
Every mine was closed...
so efficiently that they disappeared
from view as though they had never existed.
And Pedro's \$20 million worth of gold...
was buried inside the sacred mountain
from which it had been taken.
That's the legend...
as the Apaches have told it
for over 100 years.
- The Apaches buried all that gold?
- Just like in Fort Knox.
Didn't the other brothers, Ramon or Manuel,
ever come back?
Well, they say Ramon came back,
but who knows?
You know, I generally charge tourists \$10
for telling that yarn.

The mine, where the gold is buried,
that's the one my grandfather rediscovered?
So they say. Let's push it along.
- Ray, wait a minute.
- Yeah?
Do I have to go out with you?
I'd like to stay in here a while longer.
Getting you, too? Gold-happy.
You know every tourist I tell that yarn to
has to stay in a little while longer.
- All trying to figure out them signs.
- I'm something more than a tourist.
I've got a family interest in that mine.
Well, it's all right with me.
I'll leave you some grub.
But, remember, there's a killer loose in
here. I'd hate to see you end up like Buckley.
Covin's reminder about Buckley...
took some of the excitement out of me,
but only for a minute.
The Deputy could think I was a fool
if he wanted to...
but I was determined to try my luck
at putting the golden jigsaw together.
For the next five days
I beat my brains out...
trying to make the Spanish treasure signs
pay off.
Fifty yards, they said.
I went 50 yards in every direction
but straight up.
If I'd had wings, I'd have tried that.
I began to realise
that this was no ordinary puzzle.
I finally thought that maybe
if I went over every foot of the area...
where the four men had been murdered,
I might find something.
How close I came
I didn't learn till a lot later.
I didn't know I was being stalked...
that for a moment I was a bull's eye,
a sitting duck.
Number five on the list.

I just kept going,
dreaming about being a millionaire.
The only thing I learnt was that the guy
who'd murdered Buckley...
wasn't the only killer loose in Superstition.
You don't relax right away.
You sort of coast to a stop
after a shock like that.
I was almost afraid to look at my leg.
I was sure he'd gotten me.
He hadn't, but he came awful close.
I finally started to breathe again
and shook off the shroud of fear...
the rattler had thrown over me.
I picked up my pack and started to get up.
That's when I found it buried in the ground.
When I pulled rocks loose
to throw at the snake...
I'd uncovered a part of a rifle.
Excitedly, I dug the rest of it
out of the gravel.
I didn't have any idea what kind it was,
but as I held it in my hands...
I wanted to believe
it had been my grandfather's.
Because if it was, it could mean
I was close to the lost mine.
To the gold.
Call it fate, luck, it doesn't matter.
But a rattlesnake that had tried to kill me
had led me to this old weapon.
At that moment it seemed I could
actually feel the presence of Jacob Walz...
in the unfriendly canyon.
Suddenly it was more important
to find out about this gun...
than to keep on searching for the mine.
So I decided to leave the mountain
and bring the gun to you.
- Would you know what kind it is?
- Looks like a Sharps.
- But we're interested in a 30-30.
- Yeah.
But if it is old enough, it could have been

my grandfather's, couldn't it?
- I told you he had the bug.
- Let me see it.
I think I got a Sharps here.
A Sharps. A breech-loader.
Forty-five-ninety calibre. Lots of 'em
around here in the '70s and '80s.
That one killed a sheriff in 1875.
You know, finding this where I did,
I thought I might be near his mine.
That is, if it was his gun.
I never heard anybody say
what kind of a weapon Walz used.
If it's so important for you to find out,
you might try the Pioneer's Home.
- The Pioneer's Home?
- It's in Phoenix. Old folks' place.
One of those old-timers
might be able to tell you about this...
and your grandfather, too.
They got nothing else to do up there
but talk.
Thanks. I think I'll pay them a visit.
Mrs. Bannister might be able to help you.
She spent her childhood
in Florence Junction.
She isn't easy to talk to.
If you'll promise not to upset her...
I won't.
Martha, this is Mr. Storm.
He wants to ask you a few questions.
You know I don't like being bothered.
You've got no right
to bring people pestering me.
It's about my grandfather.
He lived here around 1886.
I knew a lot of people who lived here.
What was his name?
Walz. Jacob Walz.
I won't talk about him.
Jacob Walz was a mean, wicked man.
And if you're his grandson,
you're probably just like him.
Did I hear you mention Jake Walz?

He was a real sidewinder, that man.

What do you want to know about him?

I'll be glad to tell you.

You're always poking your nose in
where you ain't wanted, Bill Bates.

- He didn't ask you.

- My name's Barry Storm.

- You see, Walz was my...

- Checking up on old Jake?

Well, you've come to the right place,
young fellow.

- Now, if you want my opinion, I...

- He don't want anything from you.

I'm the one who knows

all about Jacob Walz.

I found this gun and...

You like guns, don't you?

You probably go around scaring people
with them, just like he did to me.

When I was a girl in Florence Junction,
he frightened me.

What you doing, mister?

What you doing?

Why are you playing with that?

Is that gun yours? It's brand new, ain't it?

- Ain't it, mister?

- Come here.

Want to have some fun?

Put your finger in there.

Pull.

Pull harder.

I got buyers for two of our burros.

A Mexican fellow and his partner.

Well, here's your burros.

You got them at a good price, too.

Gonna have a look

for that lost Spanish gold?

I guessed right, didn't I?

Everybody looks for it,

but nobody ever finds it.

I figure them Indians hid it.

Too good, they hid it.

- What do you mean the Indians hid it?

- That gold is hid forever.

Want to sell back them burros?
I'll give you half what you paid for them.
Well, maybe they ain't hid it
good enough. Eh, Peralta?
Silencio!
Keep your mouth shut.
Name of Peralta
mean anything to you, Dutchie?
Be a dirty shame
if they was to stumble onto something...
and we wasn't there to see what is was.
Yeah.
- They're making camp for the night.
- Yeah, it's about time.
The fellows must be part mountain goat,
the way they been hightailing it.
Go start a fire down in the gully there,
and don't make any smoke.
I'll go unload the burro.
Soon as I play myself a game.
You know, I think you're right about them.
They haven't even stopped
to pan one of the streams.
- They know where they're going all right.
- Sure they know where they're going.
You should've seen the way that Mexican
jumped down the other fellow's throat...
when he started to talk.
You're dang right
they know where they're going.
Say, you're lucky I let you in on this.
You go down and build a fire
and don't make any smoke.
Just turn up the ace of spades
and I can win this game.
Well, it could be the ace of spades.
I won that game.
Them's the settin'est two fellows
I ever seen.
Suppose they sleep setting up that way?
Their fire's going out.
Darn ace of spades never shows up
when I need it most.
Beats me every dang game.

Come on!
They tricked us,
them shad-bellied hornswogglers!
Made us think they was setting here.
- They won't get away.
- We can pick up a trail.
I figure they went this way.
What do you think?
- Why, sure, Dutchie.
- All right, go get the burro. Go on!
The two who were following us...
I wonder if they follow our trail?
No, we'd have seen them two days before
if they had.
Are you sure you know what you're doing?
I found the marker and the signs.
We won't have long to wait
for the next sign now.
See, the moon is just rising.
I never heard of finding a mine
by the light of the moon.
It is 38 years to the day
that my brothers and I were here.
You won't forget our agreement?
I am a Mexican.
- I cannot file a claim for this mine.
- No, I won't forget.
I file the claim as an American citizen,
and we go 50-50.
We must get to the ledge below.
There's nothing here.
It's been many years,
but I'm sure this is the place.
Maybe the old burro-seller's right.
Maybe the Indians did cover it up.
We dig here.
My old legs are killing me.
I'm getting too old
to be traipsing around these mountains.
When we go back, lets go to Phoenix
instead by way of Florence Junction.
What do you say, Dutchie?
You never been to Phoenix, have you?
It's a real live town.

I remember once I was...

Look at it! Gold! Sacks of it, already mined!

We've got a storehouse.

I tell you it's the richest gold ore
you ever seen.

Come on.

Gold!

Joe, what is it?

Fellow found gold in Superstition,

Mrs. Thomas.

Brung back nuggets as big as your fist.

- What's happening?

- Parsons is weighing it now.

- Stranger, you've hit it rich.

- How much?

- For that ore, I'd say close to \$40,000 a ton.

- \$40,000 a ton.

- That's bigger than the California strike.

- How much?

\$40,000 a ton!

- Bonanza!

- \$40,000 a ton.

- Can you imagine?

- Go and buy up every burro in town. Hurry.

- How much?

- \$40,000.

- \$40,000.

- It's over \$40,000.

- It's way over \$40,000.

- Nearly \$50,000.

- How much for what I brought in?

- A mite less than 300 pounds.

- I'll give you \$5,000 for it.

- It's worth \$6,000.

Refined, maybe. As it is, no.

- Let's see.

- Stop crowding me, will you?

All right, \$5,000.

What's your name?

I have to have your name on this receipt.

- Walz. Jacob Walz.

- What's his name?

He said his name was Jacob Walz.

- Who is he?

- Jacob Walz.

- Must be a Dutchman.

- Or a German.

Yeah, that's what I said, a Dutchman.

Jacob Walz.

Sign it.

It's a receipt stating I paid you \$5,000...

for 297.5 pounds of gold ore.

- You ain't paid me yet.

- I will.

You've got to sign it. It's the law.

Is he signing his name?

- I don't know.

- He isn't even signing his name.

- He can't even write his own name.

- He can't read nor write.

How do you like that, Julia?

A stupid foreigner that can't even read

or write finds \$1 million gold mine.

And you get \$11 a week

clerking in a hardware store.

You and your high-school diploma.

And ten 50s make \$5,000.

You're sure going to file a claim, ain't you?

I'd like to talk to you about a deal

you might find interesting.

Whereabouts is this strike?

Ain't you going to file a claim, mister?

Boy, you really struck it rich.

I'll bet that ore is worth more

than Parsons said.

- That gold has got...

- He got \$5,000...

Pete.

Pete, where are you?

Get off my bed.

How many times must I tell you to stay

out of my room, unless you're invited?

I've got a right to lie on your bed.

I'm your husband.

Come into the other room.

I want to talk to you.

Talk to me in here.

Julia!

That's right, Pete. Come in.

All right. What do you want?

Sit down.

A man named Jacob Walz
has just arrived in town.

- I want to meet him.

- Why?

He's discovered gold.

What do you want to meet him for?

I've got a right to know.

Really?

Well, I have a right to some things, too.

Like being sick and tired
of running a bakery.

- Wait a minute.

- You've had four years to get me out of here.

- I've had bad luck. I'm doing the best I can.

- Yes, you've done very well.

Have you been able to keep a job?

Have you replaced our savings...

you so cleverly invested in grazing land
no animal could live on? Have you, Pete?

- That wasn't my fault. I got swindled.

- No, I got swindled.

So now, you're going to bring
that man here.

- No, I won't, Julia.

- Yes, you will.

There's still that unsolved murder
in Milwaukee.

- All right.

- Good.

Of course, he's not to know
that I'm married to you.

- But you are married to me.

- Yes, but he's not to know.

You understand, Pete?

- What do you want of him?

- I'm not sure yet.

But I am sure I'm not going to stay here
and dry up...

like the other women in this filthy town.

I'll get a job driving the stage to Tucson
or mining up in Gold Field.

Yes. He's at Luke's Saloon now.
Buy him drinks or whatever he wants.
Just see that I meet him, Pete.
Pete?
There's some money on the floor.
He's been here close to eight hours.
How long can he go on?
- Come on, Walz. Tell us where the...
- No!
Very good,
how about buying you a drink, mister?
I buy my own drinks.
I could buy the whole place if I wanted to.
Where'd you strike it rich, Dutchie?
Come on, tell us.
- You want to hear about the mine? - Is
there much of this high-grade ore, Walz?
That? That's nothing.
Why, that's just some of the loose stuff
I picked up on the outside of the mine.
You mean on the outside?
On the inside of the mine,
there's a vein of gold as thick as...
- as thick as her waist.
- Where is it? Come on, tell us.
All right, I'll tell you.
From the mine,
you can see the old military trail.
- Yeah?
- Then, it is in Superstition?
But from the trail, you can't see the mine.
You've been teasing and horsing us around
all night, Walz.
Now, you tell us where you struck it rich
or shut up.
- Put up or shut up.
- That's telling him.
- It's about time somebody told him off.
- The blowhard.
- Maybe I'll file a claim.
- What?
You'd like that, wouldn't you?
You'd know right where to look.
That'd make it easy for you.

Well, come on up and try to find it.
And I'll be waiting for you.
I'll give you a real welcome.
That's telling them, Walz.
How about buying you a drink?
He told you before,
he can buy his own drinks. Come on, honey.
Are you really a Dutchman, honey?
I bet Elsie you was a German. Was I right?
What, honey?
Bring me a drink.
Had enough of that Dutchman tonight.
I bet you get awful lonesome
up in the mountains all alone.
It ain't natural for a man
to be by himself all the time, honey.
When you go back to your mine,
maybe you ought to take a little company.
Maybe like taking Lucille with you?
You're just like the rest. All you want
is my gold. That's all any of you want!
I don't want none of your gold, mister.
Not tonight.
- Get out of my place!
- You dirty...
Stop it, Lucille. You heard me, get out.
All right. You won't let me stay in...
and I won't let you come out.
He's bluffing.
Relax, boss, another half minute,
he'll fall on his face.
Get out of here, you drunken...
Take it easy.
Come on, Jim. Let's get him.
- Where'd he get to?
- Where'd he go?
- He disappeared, Julia.
- Not so loud, Pete.
- I tried to bring him home.
- He's inside now.
Unconscious, passed out here on the street.
Now, please don't come back
until I send for you.
- Julia.

- Please.

Good night, Pete.

Well, at last. Good morning.

How do you feel now?

Here's some coffee. Fresh roll.

You may wash up in there.

- How'd I get here?

- You were lying in the doorway of my shop.

- You were quite sick.

- I was drunk last night.

- Either way, I still couldn't leave you there.

- Why?

- Why?

- Yeah.

Because I felt sorry for you.

What other reasons are there?

- How much do I owe you?

- Owe me?

- Yeah, here.

- Why, nothing.

Very glad you're feeling better now.

My name is Jacob Walz.

I'm glad to know you, Mr. Walz.

I'm Julia Thomas.

- You do not know who I am?

- No, should I?

Everybody in town's talking about me.

- Why?

- I found a bonanza.

- What?

- Gold.

I found the richest gold mine in the world.

That's nice.

Would you like some more coffee?

- You have no interest?

- Should I have?

Mr. Walz, I don't know anything about gold mines.

I just know about baking, and trying to run my little shop.

Now, if you'll excuse me,

I do have to get the baking done.

You don't even want to know where my mine is.

I wouldn't know a gold mine
if I fell into one.

- I'm very much obliged to you.

- You're welcome.

May I call upon you sometime?

- Well, I...

- This evening?

All right, if you wish.

Excuse me.

- Good morning, Mrs. Butler.

- How much are them?

- 20 cents a dozen.

- That's outrageous.

- And them?

- The same.

You ought to be ashamed
charging such prices.

- But they're the lowest in town.

- Ever since that gold strike...

everybody's charging four times what things
is worth, and you ain't no different.

Criminals, all of you.

Give me half a dozen of them.

- Very well.

- The freshest ones, mind you.

- All this stuff's been sold.

- What?

- It belongs to me.

- Why, you can't do...

- And you get out.

- You can't talk to...

- You get out!

- I won't stand it!

You get out and you stay out!

Herr Walz, you shouldn't have done that.

She was one of my best customers.

You let people talk to you that way?

When a woman has to support herself...

it's necessary to endure
many unpleasant things.

I buy everything.

- Really, there's nothing...

- It's for sale?

- Yes, but...

- All right, I buy everything.
You wrap it up. I take it with me.

- Everything?
- Here.
- Hey, you like cookies?
- Yes, sir.
Here.
- All of them?
- Yeah.
Good evening.
- Gum drops.
- Thank you. How nice.
Won't you come in?
Please. Won't you sit down?
I'm much obliged to you
for taking me in last night.
It was nothing at all.
I'm much obliged to you.
- Why?
- For the biggest day's business I've had...
since I came to Phoenix. I've sold out.
- Would you like to see the album?
- Yes, I would.
This is my mother, my father.
He died when I was seven.
That was after they came from Germany.
- Oh, dear. Not that one.
- Here, wait a minute.
I keep meaning to take it out of there.
It's so embarrassing.
You grew up fine.
Let me see.
I was born and raised in Milwaukee.
This is the house we lived in.
And this is my mother's uncle.
He's in Dresden now.
- And this is...
- When did you come here?
About four years ago.
Why did you come here?
After my mother passed away,
I just didn't want to stay there anymore.
I thought this was as good a place as any
for a woman to make her own way.

Now, this is...

- Herr Walz, do you like music?

- Who doesn't like music?

Herr Walz.

- I'm sorry.

- Good night.

Please.

I didn't want to make you angry.

It was just that you are so very beautiful.

Good night, Herr Walz.

Don't assume you can take liberties...

simply because

I'm a businesswoman living alone.

- May I call upon you again?

- Good night.

- You may use this door.

- Please, may I call upon you again?

Tomorrow?

All right.

- Good night.

- Good night.

Good night, Frulein.

That's her husband sitting over there.

You think that Dutchman would've
found out about him by now.

Walz doesn't even know she's married.

Folks are scared to tell him.

Walz would shoot your head off,
if you said anything.

How many trips has Walz made to that mine
since he met her?

Five. Maybe six.

Next.

How long will it be?

Let me see. I've got this gentleman here.

He can have my place.

What's so funny?

- Give me a shave.

- Yes, sir.

Just got back into town?

Only been gone five days.

Who is that fellow?

Him?

He's the fellow that gave you his place.

Pete, what are you doing here?

I told you not to come back
unless I sent for you.

Everybody in town knows what's going on
but him.

- And they're laughing at me.

- Stop acting like a child.

- Why'd I do it?

- Do what?

Get up and run out of that barbershop
like a scared rabbit.

And all the time I wanted to...

- What are you so dressed up for?

- He said he'd be back today.

And I don't want him to find you here.

You've seen him nine or 10 times.

How long will this go on?

- What difference does it make?

- Julia, don't see him anymore.

- You're a fool.

- You're the smart one.

Only not as smart as you thought you were.

Not smart enough to get any of his money
or to find out where his mine is.

I know what I'm doing.

He'll be here any minute.

Have you told him yet?

Have you told him you're married...

that you're somebody else's wife?

- Pete, I want you to leave.

- Somebody will tell him.

Maybe somebody in the barbershop
already told him.

He'll find out.

He'll find out you're after the same thing
everybody else is after.

Get out.

I won't stand for you fooling around
with that Dutchman.

Let go of me. You're mussing my dress.

Let loose of me.

I'll send for you when I want you.

That's him.

Go out the back door. Go on.

This is it.

He pays off tonight, or it's the last night.

And when I come back

it'll be through the front door, Julia.

Jacob.

Every time I see you, you are more beautiful.

All the way to and from the mine...

I keep practicing

pretty speeches to say to you.

When I see you, I forget them.

Do people talk to you about me, about us?

- No one would dare. Why?

- There's something I must tell you.

What is it?

I should have told you a long time ago,

but I never thought it would be necessary.

I'm married. I have been for five years.

I couldn't lie to you, not now.

I don't love my husband.

Now I know I never have.

All I want is to be free of him.

- You don't care for him?

- No. I love you, Jacob.

- What's his name?

- Pete Thomas.

- Will he give you a divorce?

- Divorce?

For money. Will he give you a divorce?

I don't know.

Here's \$2,000. We'll set a limit, say

\$5,000. Will that be enough for him?

Perhaps.

But he must sign a paper

giving you a divorce.

I know about these things.

I was married once myself.

My wife divorced me,

took my daughter away from me...

all because my wife didn't sign a paper.

So he must sign that paper

before he gets a penny of money.

Will you make the arrangements?

- No, I'll do it myself.

- No, Jacob. I know I can.

Good. When did he get back?

Tonight.

What is it, Jacob?

I'm going back to the mine tonight
to get more money for us.

I love you.

I love you, Julia, and I want to marry you.

Soon, there will be just you and I.

Yes, Jacob. Just you and I.

Hey, everybody, I just saw the Dutchman.

He woke up old man Parsons.

Made him open up his store to get his grub.

I saw him head for the corral.

He's on his way back to the mine.

I don't know. Go after him.

Give me a drink, one for the road.

You and your big mouth,
you wreck our business.

We got to find that mine.

Come on. Wake up.

What is it?

- I want you to get my burros ready.

- It's you.

What for? You just got back.

It ain't decent waking a man
in the middle of the night.

- Not for burros.

- Do you know a Pete Thomas?

I ain't no gossip. I mind my own business.

I didn't ask you for any gossip.

I asked you if you knew him.

We say howdy when we meet.

I haven't seen him much lately.

He ain't used no animals for a spell.

- How long has he been here?

- I don't know. Three or four years.

Ever since him and his wife
came here from Milwaukee.

I'll start rounding up them dang burros
for you now.

I don't see why you can't wait
until morning, though.

Where did he go?

Must be getting old.

I can't seem to remembering him going.
Corral, I guess.
It's safe to go home now.
The Dutchman's gone.
Did you have a nice evening?
Did he pay off,
or do you have to see him just once more?
I'm glad you're back.
He gave me this. \$2,000 and there'll be more.
This is for you, Pete,
and the rest is coming.
- More than that if you want it.
- I don't want his money, understand?
- Let go of me and listen.
- No, you listen to me for a change.
You're through with him,
and this time I'll make sure of it.
What do you mean?
When he comes back from the mine
he'll find me here, where I belong.
I'll tell him how you played him for a
sucker. You're like the rest, only worse.
You pretend to be decent.
I'll tell him the whole rotten story,
from beginning to end.
The whole story, Pete?
Yes, including the murder.
It won't matter if you turn me in.
It won't matter at all...
because when I'm through with him
I'll have a second one to my credit...
Jacob Walz.
- You've got to listen to me.
- Try to buy me off, would he?
He can't do it.
Wait a minute. Whose idea was this?
- Did he think it up all by himself?
- No, he didn't.
It was my idea, all mine.
I don't like those kinds of ideas.
I'll kill him before he gets out of town.
Don't be silly.
The only way I could get the money
was to tell him you could be bought off.

You're still my wife.
I'm not lying to you.
He thinks you'll give me a divorce
for money.
There was no other way of getting it.
Don't you understand?
Could it be that it isn't just his gold
you're interested in...
that you've been lying to me?
Could that be?
- Don't be a fool.
- Answer me. Are you in love with him?
I've told you over and over again,
all I want is his gold.
- For us.
- I don't want anything from him.
Not even his mine?
Once I find out where it is,
he'll be no problem to us.
- Julia, you aren't lying to me?
- No.
You really leaving tonight?
The guy said you were on your way
back to the mine.
- When you leaving?
- What's the matter, Dutchie?
Come on, Walz. We're friends.
You've had enough now to kill a horse.
Why don't you take your business
somewhere else?
Ain't they buying gold in Tucson
or other places?
Every time you leave Phoenix,
you take half the town with you.
Everybody trying to follow you
and find out where that mine is.
I'll bet there's a hundred
of our customers waiting...
to follow you into that mountain right now.
Take your gold and go to some other town.
You ruin our business coming here.
Get me a pencil and a piece of paper.
There's Weaver's Needle.
There's the runway.

That's the ledge 200 yards
from the cactus marker.

- The mine's just below that.

- I see.

- I'm not coming back to Phoenix.

- What?

Too many people following me out of town.

Crowd's getting bigger and

it's getting harder to lose on the trail.

We'll meet somewhere else,

doesn't matter where.

- But, Jacob, I thought...

- You can get a divorce anywhere.

You can leave your husband the same way
my wife left me.

Is there anything wrong with that?

No, only I thought...

Of course, if you didn't mean
what you said about us.

If you lied.

Oh, no.

I did mean it, Jacob.

There's no sense giving him any money.

I've thought it over.

Can't I go with you now?

I'd never lose those people on the trail
if you were with me.

- You're so strange.

- Will you meet me at the mine or won't you?

Yes, I'll meet you there.

It may take me two or three extra days
because of the crowd.

- You'll be there ahead of me.

- Yes, I'll be waiting at the mine for you.

What did he want?

What did he come back for?

Nothing. Just to see me again.

Planning on running out on me, Julia?

No, Pete.

You know I wouldn't go without you.

I do now.

And I know something else.

You're in love with him.

You've been lying to me about that, too.

But we're going to the mine together.
You're going to be there when I kill him.
Do you understand?
Let me see that map again.
There's Weaver's Needle. We're almost there.
And I can hardly wait.
This is it.
This is the runway he told you about.
What if he's here?
He said it would take him
two or three extra days.
Anyway, he expects me.
If he is here,
you get him out where I can see him.
Jacob.
Pete, come on down. It's all right.
He's not here.
Look at it, Julia, just look at it.
Now I see why he always got back
to town so soon.
All he had to do is pick it up.
Pete.
It's worth millions.
Bring the burros down here.
The runway we came down
is the only way on or off this ledge.
Go on.
You were so anxious to be ready for him.
You're right.
Julia!
- They're gone. Everything's gone.
- What?
Our supplies, the food,
the water, everything. It's gone.
- Maybe the burros just wandered away.
- No, they were tied up.
- He's already here. He knows.
- No.
Call to him. Get him out in the open. Go on.
Jacob, where are you?
I didn't want to bring him. I didn't want to.
Listen to me.
I didn't want to bring him. He made me do it.
Please, darling. Help me.

Quick, before he finds out I'm gone.
You fool.
Get away from me.
All right, what are you waiting for?
Get it over with.
Pete, ask him for water. Go on.
You want her?
Take her. You can have her.
Nobody wants you.
From the beginning, it was her idea.
I don't want your gold. I never did.
If you want her, take her. You can have her.
You see, Jacob, I've gotten rid of him.
I killed him for you.
Now you know I wasn't lying to you.
It's all over.
It's just you and me now, remember?
Just like you wanted it.
You love me. You said you did.
We can be married now, just like you said.
I wasn't lying to you, Jacob.
He forced me to bring him with me.
I didn't want to.
You've got to believe me. You've got to.
I proved I loved you when I killed him.
Please help me.
I want you.
All you ever wanted was my gold.
Well, now you've got it.
This record only goes back to 1912.
Arizona didn't become a state till then.
But you got the right dope
from those old newspapers.
I remember for a fact it was in 1910...
two years before we had a coroner's office.
What are you two talking about?
I'm checking up on a female skeleton
found in Superstition.
If Bill Bates was right,
that skeleton was Julia Thomas'...
the woman my grandfather was in love with.
If you don't stop harping
about this Walz business...
somebody's going to

swear out a lunacy complaint.
But, Ray, I've got a lot to go on now.
First, I found that rifle.
Then I checked the stories
of the old folks at the Pioneer's Home.
I even learnt that
an earthquake did hit Superstition.
- It was on May 3rd, 1887.
- Who cares?
I'm going back to that canyon
where I found that rifle.
So long, fellas.
Might as well clear off one of my tables.
Be just my luck they bring him in
on Sunday.
- Did you find your mine yet?
- Nope.
But I'm on my way back to Superstition
right now.
You better be careful.
There's still a killer up there.
I got nothing to lose, except my life.
The sky clouded up...
and the wind tried to blow a scare into me...
as I made my way
back to the treasure signs.
Three days later...
the clouds got out of the sky
and into my brain.
I got lost.
I couldn't even find the canyon
where I'd uncovered the old gun.
Like an idiot...
I fumbled in and out of one gorge
after another...
pushing along with no more sense
or reason...
than if I had been on a treadmill.
I knew I had to locate the rock
called Weaver's Needle...
before I could even start looking
for the lost mine.
Then, with sheer blind luck
I walked right into it.

Here was the spot I'd found the gun,
killed the rattlesnake.
And I had my starting point.
A short distance away I found the cliff...
from which I could see
the old military trail.
Jacob Walz had said that from his mine
he could see the trail...
but from the trail
nobody could see the mine.
I set out to prove he'd told the truth.
Now, I'm a guy who gets dizzy just standing
on a high kerb.
But even when the ground dropped out
from under me...
like a deceitful friend,
I kept scrambling along the cliff side...
keeping the trail in sight.
When you're sick with gold fever
you have no patience with caution.
All you think of is
getting your hooks into...
that glittering pot of gold
at the end of the rainbow.
I followed the edge of that cliff...
staying within view of the trail
for the next three days.
My fever began to go down
as discouragement set in...
and I was about ready to give up
and go home, when suddenly...
I came on a wide ledge.
Gradually, it dawned on me that here...
the trail was in sight
but that a mine couldn't be seen from below.
And then I found the map,
the strange map carved in a stone.
This was something I hadn't expected.
I got as excited as a poker player
filling an inside straight flush.
They looked like old Spanish markings.
A sort of master map of the region.
But the doodles didn't make any sense,
because I didn't know how to read them.

Then I found that hole...
and realized it had been drilled into
the rock for some reason.
I didn't have any idea
what the reason could be...
but I picked up a stick
and began probing to try and find out.
I peered along the stick...
but its direction pointed out nothing
I hadn't seen before.
Then I discovered...
though it looked like just a single hole
on the outside...
there were actually several on the inside.
My second look didn't lead anyplace either.
But the third started bells ringing
in my head.
It pointed my eyes
at a strange kind of peak...
a startling rock formation with a window
in its top.
I felt as if Santa Claus
had just climbed down my chimney.
I began making tracks for that peak.
As I clawed and climbed my way towards
the window above...
one thought kept repeating itself.
Nobody, not Ray Covin, the Sheriff,
Bill Bates...
nobody had ever mentioned the weird map
cut in the rocks...
or this peak that had been pointed out
by the stick in the hole.
I'd discovered these things all by myself.
What I knew was top secret,
private knowledge for Barry Storm.
I felt sure that at last, finally...
I was on the express road
to the Lost Dutchman...
and my grandfather's fabulous mine...
where I'd find lumps of gold
piled up like rubble.
I was so dreamy, I figured all I had to do
was crawl through that window...

and the mine was on the other side.
But there wasn't any mine,
there was nothing.
I figured I'd crawled behind
another eight-ball.
Then I realized this arch was man-made.
It did add up to something.
And when I saw my shadow
on the valley floor...
I knew this window was the key to the gold.
My whole future was
in that square of light below.
I raced back to the wall map
to fix its location in my mind...
then got started on that last lap
to fame and fortune.
But something had changed.
It wasn't like I'd left it.
Looking for this?
Ray, what are you doing here?
- Looking for you.
- What for? Ray, I got it.
I found the window cut in the rock.
It's a sort of a light sign.
It casts a shadow that points to a spot
where the gold may be buried.
- And the spot is...
- Go on.
Of course, it may not mean anything at all.
- What did you come back for?
- Another murder.
Drop your gun belt.
You shut up fast when you thought
you'd found something.
You don't want a partner and neither do I.
You killed Buckley.
I've been looking for
that gold for 20 years, Storm.
If anybody's going to get it,
it's going to be me.
You're right about that light sign.
And some night it's going to show me
where the gold is.
Turn around.

Start walking.
We'll send a posse in after you
in a couple of weeks.
No murder here.
Your bones will show you just died
of a bad fall.
Keep walking. Right to the end.
Covin makes victim number 21.
Good thing Walter trailed you,
or you'd still be explaining this.
Too bad he didn't get up in time
to help you.
But why were you having me tailed?
I wasn't. I was after Ray.
It wasn't any accident
I sent Walter with you the first time.
Ray had a funny habit
of being out of the office...
whenever these murders happened.
And he was always so fast
locating the bodies.
I stayed behind that first time
after Covin told me to go back.
When I saw him raise his gun about to
shoot you, I knew he was the killer.
Then you've been using me
for a clay pigeon.
Kind of.
I couldn't arrest my own deputy
just on knowing.
I had to prove Covin was the murderer.
That's why I was waiting for you
to go in again.
I knew if you got too close,
he'd have to make a pass at you.
Well, let's get going.
I want to be out of here before dark.
I'm not going with you.
I got a date up there tonight.
Mind a little company?
Ought to be kind of interesting...
watching a man just dig up \$20 million.
All I'm waiting for is that full moon.
When it comes through that window...

it'll light up the patch of ground
where I'm to dig.
That's all I'll need.
Look at it.
I'm standing right in the centre of it.
Right here.
This is where I dig.
My grandfather's gold.
\$20 million worth.
It's moved.
It was here, that square
light. Now it's there.
You hadn't figured on that, Storm?
You forgot the moon
and earth keep moving.
At this rate, you'll have to dig up
the whole mountain.
Need a bulldozer.
That earthquake changed things, too.
That's why Ray Covin never found the mine.
That's why you'll never find it.
That's right.
If it is the moon that'll point out
that gold, it'll only do it once a year.
On the anniversary of the night
the Peraltas made that sign.
That's the catch.
When was that sign made?
What night, what hour, what moment?
If I could figure that
out, I'd hit the jackpot.
And if you did,
this county would need a new sheriff...
because I'd be right there digging with you.
Come on, let's go.
Well, that's the story
as far as I'm concerned.
The whole biography of
Superstition Mountain won't be finished...
till somebody takes that gold away from her.
The treasure signs, the marker...
the light sign, they're all genuine.
Maybe you can figure out
that strange map carved in the stone.

I've got a hunch
it holds the key to the fortune.
Anyway, everything's all there
in the mountain.
And if you're interested...
you might like to know that any citizen
of the United States...
has the legal right to search for gold.
And you don't have to pay anybody
for the privilege.
If you should find Superstition's treasure,
the State of Arizona...
and the Government of the United States
will recognise your claim to it.
Like I said at the beginning...
if you'd like to pick up \$20 million,
I'll show you where to look.
Well, I've shown you.