



Scripts.com

# One Little Indian

By Harry Spalding

1

Bring the rope.

Get on your feet, keyes.

You gotta give him one thing, sergeant.

He's a gambler.

No gamble when you got nothing to lose.

Put it on him.

Come on, gambler.

If I can't trust you on a horse,

you're gonna have to walk.

Start getting used to that

rope around your neck.

Get that rope off of him.

Put him back on his horse.

Corporal! Let 'em rest!

Down. Sit down. Rest.

Sergeant Raines, sir.

Lieutenant cummins of

Stewart's troop, fort dorado.

- Where you headed, sergeant?

- We're escorting a prisoner to general crook's command.

Your prisoner looks a little

worse for wear, sergeant.

- What happened to you, soldier?

- I fell off my horse.

He tried to make a break for it three times, sir.

I can sure use another man.

Well, I'm sorry, sergeant.

I can't spare one.

We're still two days from dorado. You

can reach the general by tomorrow.

Yes, sir. Good luck.

Move him out, schrader.

About face!

Left face!

Order, arms!

Platoon, dismissed!

Lieutenant cummins reporting, sir,

with 19 hostiles. Cheyenne, sir.

This far South,

in apache country?

I ran onto them

just north of Santa Fe.

Their braves must be dead

or on a reservation, I guess.  
You guess?  
Well, lieutenant, that's just  
what we needed for Christmas.  
Some of the men are gonna  
have to miss the holidays,  
taking this crew to  
the Cheyenne-arapaho agency.  
You'll be in charge  
of the detail.  
That's all. Yes, sir.  
Have the doctor examine them.  
He can set up a quarantine  
tent outside if it's needed.  
And let the rest sleep in  
the old barracks. Yes, sir.  
Corporal, move them out  
over the barracks!  
Right this way.  
You people, move over this way.  
Right this way.  
All right, spread 'em out.  
Spread 'em out. Sit 'em down here  
on the porch. All along here.  
Sit down. Sit.  
Mail call! Mail call!  
Mail call!  
Hey, terrific! Let's go!  
All right, now.  
I'm gonna look at you one at a time.  
Nothing to be afraid of.  
You understand?  
Any of you sick, we're  
gonna try to help you.  
Will you stand up here, please?  
Go get him.  
Open your shirt, please.  
Will you open your shirt.  
Oh, not like that. What's  
the matter with you?  
Smith, w.G. Here.  
Hicks. Carter.  
Right here. Here.  
Phillips. Here.

Springer. Yo.  
Miller. Here.  
Carlisle. Yo.  
O'brien. Murphy. Hey.  
Yo. Johnson.  
Here.  
Here's one for you, Wheeler.  
Simpson. Yo.  
Anderson. Anderson.  
He's on duty.  
Hey, come back here! Here, doc.  
Hey, what's going on? Hey,  
boy, give me that horse.  
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!  
Give me your hand. Never mind me.  
Get the kid.  
- Come back here, fella.  
- You men,  
get after those mules.  
Come back here.  
Give me a hand here, Murphy.  
Come here, you.  
Hey, kid, come here. Look out.  
Stop him, chaplain.  
Son, come on back.  
He's a real wildcat, he is.  
He's white, sir.  
I'm not blind, sergeant.  
Come on. Get down from there.  
The guardhouse is empty, isn't it?  
Yes, sir.  
- Then lock him up.  
- You can't just sentence him to the guardhouse.  
I am not sentencing him, John.  
But I gotta put him someplace  
while I figure out...  
What to do with him.  
I suppose there's no chance  
of finding his parents.  
None at all, John.  
He's probably one of those captured by the  
Cheyenne after the sand creek massacre.  
Indians raised him  
as a member of the tribe.

What I mean, sir, is  
I-I'd like to take him.  
He'll have to be kept  
under lock and key.  
I want him out of the way when we send  
those others to the reservation next week.  
Yes, sir, I understand.  
All right.  
I'll hold both of you  
responsible.  
Yes, sir.  
Well, come on, son.  
Come on, you.  
You're being given a name.  
Do you understand?  
Dearly beloved, none can  
enter the kingdom of God,  
except he be regenerate and born  
anew of water and the holy ghost.  
Who speaks for this child?  
Sergeant.  
Uh, I do.  
Dost thou in the name of the  
child renounce the devil...  
And all his works?  
I do.  
- The child's name?  
- Mark.  
I baptize thee... Mark...  
In the name of the trinity.  
From this day forward,  
you'll be known as mark...  
To all men.  
Kindly light amid  
the encircling gloom  
lead thou me on  
the night is dark  
and I am far from home  
lead thou me on  
keep thou my feet  
I do not ask to see  
the distant scene  
one step enough  
for me

amen  
you men can put out  
your candles now.  
During the offertory,  
we'll sing "silent night."  
Silent night  
holy night  
all is calm  
all is bright  
round yon virgin  
mother and child  
holy infant so  
tender and mild  
sleep in heavenly peace  
sleep in heavenly peace  
silent night  
holy night  
Shepherds quake  
at the sight  
glories stream  
from heaven afar  
heavenly hosts sing  
alleluia  
Christ the savior is born  
Christ the savior is born  
you look for Cheyenne?  
He can't have gone far. You check over there.  
I'll look on this side.  
Did you see the boy come out?  
No, sarge.  
Ho.  
Hyah! Let's go.  
Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho.  
Boy.  
Let me see that arm.  
Ah, that's not too bad.  
Come on. We'll put  
something on it.  
All right, now sit down there.  
I'll get you some water.  
Oh, shut up, you rotten,  
no good piece of...  
here. Drink some of this.  
Don't overdo it. Slowly.

Got some carbolic in here.  
I can promise you, it's gonna  
hurt you more than it will me.  
Give me that arm.  
That ought to keep it  
from festerin', anyway.  
That military disaster  
over there,  
we call rosebud.  
You can call her Rosie,  
if you've a mind to.  
Shut up.  
Give me that gun.  
I said give me that gun before  
I break it over your backside.  
All right, I shot you.  
Now we're even.  
Next time you use a Winchester,  
you just make sure there's a  
cartridge in the chamber, huh?  
What's your name?  
I'm not gonna ask you again.  
Mark.  
Mark? Mark what?  
Just mark.  
I'm Clint keyes.  
What are you doing out here all by your lonesome?  
Where are your folks?  
Can't leave you  
out here by yourself.  
I'll take you  
as far as those mountains.  
Then I'm heading South,  
to Mexico.  
You understand that, boy?  
That's the thirstiest critter I ever saw.  
He don't even know he's a camel.  
Thirsty?  
Appears to me  
he answered to that.  
I been looking for a handle for him.  
Come here, thirsty.  
Come here. Come on.  
Ah, camels don't cotton

to me too much.  
Why don't you call him.  
Here, thirsty.  
Come here, thirsty.  
Seems like he knows  
who he is when you say it.  
All right. Down. Come on.  
Coosh, coosh, coosh.  
Coosh. Down. Coosh. Coosh.  
Most miserable animal  
I ever saw.  
What I need is a good horse.  
Come on over here and get up.  
There you go.  
Okay. Clamp a jaw on that, huh?  
Up, Rosie. Up.  
Up, up.  
Two camels. Keyes here.  
Small boy here also.  
A small boy?  
Girl, maybe.  
Thirsty.  
If thirsty can't keep up,  
she'll have to go it alone.  
Thirsty!  
Now, who told you  
to do that? Huh?  
One more time, and you're  
gonna be camel stew.  
You're not lovable  
and you're not ridable.  
Maybe you're eatable.  
Come on, thirsty.  
Come on.  
We'll go a little slower. First  
decent place we find, we'll stop.  
Come on. Bring it along.  
Okay, Rosie. Let's do  
it right for a change.  
Rosie, you rotten  
animal. Rosebud!  
All right, that does it.  
Mark, go get me a stick.  
Shut up.



I'm gonna teach  
this big bag of trouble...  
It can be more painful sitting  
down than standing up and walking.  
Up, Rosie. Up.  
Come on.  
- What are you laughing at?  
- You look like big Cheyenne chief.  
Well, you're gonna look like a  
wet papoose 'cause you're next.  
All right, now, come here.  
Come on.  
You don't catch me. Can't catch me.  
Come on. It ain't gonna hurt you.  
Come here!  
All right, all right.  
You win. Forget it.  
You wanna stay that way,  
you stay that way.  
Whoo! Whew!  
Bring me my boots,  
my britches, there.  
No!  
Whew! You haven't had those buckskins  
off since they sewed 'em on you.  
Stop!  
You ain't any more Cheyenne  
than I am.  
Well, that white skin ain't gonna  
get you out of taking a bath.  
I'm tired of walking  
downwind of you.  
No! No! Stop!  
- All right, give me those britches.  
- No. No.  
You give me those britches or  
I'm coming in there to get 'em.  
Give 'em here.  
Now, here, use that. It's soap.  
Go on and use it. Nobody  
ever died from it.  
Go on. Rub. It won't hurt.  
You see? Doesn't hurt  
a bit, does it?

You don't know your name or  
who your folks were, huh?  
Where did you learn  
to speak English?  
We had other white eyes.  
Other captives?  
You long knife now?  
I was a soldier.  
Now you'd call me  
a... deserter.  
They were gonna hang me until  
I busted out of the guardhouse.  
I couldn't figure out a way to  
get a horse out of that fort.  
Had what was left  
of the camel corp outside,  
so I grabbed that  
moth-eaten bag of misery,  
not knowing she was the mother of  
your friend thirsty over there.  
You take me to blue feather?  
Who's that? My mother.  
Oh, I see.  
You take me?  
Well, I can't do that, son.  
You see I'm headed  
for Mexico, in a hurry.  
I go then.  
Wait a minute.  
You're not going anywhere.  
Not with that patrol  
on my tail, you're not.  
Look, mark, by now they know  
you're traveling with me.  
You know where I am  
and where I'm headed.  
If they grab you,  
they'll sweat it out of you.  
I don't talk.  
Well, I don't take chances.  
I'll turn you loose when I think  
it's safe and not before.  
In the meantime, mark,  
we gotta trust each other.

You understand?  
Boy with keyes. Water two camels.  
Last night.  
No fresh sign?  
See if you can pick up  
their trail.  
Hold it.  
Now turn around and face  
the water, all of you.  
Drop your weapons behind you.  
This ain't gonna make it  
any easier for you, keyes.  
Nobody ever made it easy  
for me, Raines.  
All right, now,  
after those horses.  
Both of you first. And, Raines,  
you stay right in front of me.  
Move.  
Schrader, get rid  
of the horses!  
All right, move, move, move!  
That's far enough.  
All right, schrader,  
where's your gun?  
Well, sergeant,  
you better get moving.  
With no horse, it's  
gonna be a long, dry walk.  
Yeah, I know. Now, get moving.  
We do good, huh, Clint?  
Oh, sure. Sure.  
No horses, no grub.  
We really cleaned up.  
They'll be back.  
You can count on it.  
Come on.  
See if we can fool 'em.  
We'll hide out in these  
mountains for a couple of days.  
Right now, though, we  
better find us some grub.  
That's cattle. I  
hear long time ago.

Thanks for telling me.  
- Ow!  
- What's the matter, Clint?  
You talk to camels.  
Tell her to get off my foot.  
Move, Rosie.  
You...  
that's beef  
for fort dorado, likely.  
Bacon. I smell.  
You'd like  
a little of that, huh?  
Clint, we got nothing to eat.  
Cheyenne quiet. I steal.  
You've got to get over the idea that anytime  
you want anything, you can just go steal it.  
We'll wait till  
they quiet down.  
Then I'll steal the bacon.  
Something wrong, boss? They're  
kinda spooky tonight.  
I'm gonna get me some water.  
I'm kinda thirsty myself.  
Drink. Much obliged.  
Yeah, they look  
kinda antsy, at that.  
Well, it's funny.  
No wind, no sand.  
Nothing to make 'em spook.  
We better keep an eye on 'em.  
Rosie! What are you doing here?  
Come on, Rosie.  
Coosh. Coosh down.  
Rosie, get down.  
Get up. Get up. They're spookin'.  
Get your horses quick.  
Get up over there. Let's go.  
Get down.  
Pull 'em in, tom. Pull 'em in.  
- Come on. Get 'em in.  
- Oh, you dumb... Rosie. Easy.  
What was that? I don't know.  
Let's go, Rosie.  
Let's go. Ho! Ho!

Let's go, Rosie. Go. No, Rosie.  
Rosie, Rosie.  
Rosie. Aw, Rosie, stop.  
Rosie!  
Whoa. Whoa!  
Rosie, now you've gone far enough.  
No, Rosie. No.  
Whoa! Whoa!  
Ow! Ow!  
How many more?  
I know about those.  
How many more?  
Not many, Clint.  
What are you doing, Rosie? Get out of here.  
Go on. Git. Git, Rosie.  
Ow!  
She's sorry, Clint.  
Yeah, she's sorry.  
Before getting mixed up with her, I  
should've stayed in the guardhouse...  
And let 'em hang me,  
peaceful-like.  
That's all, Clint.  
Carbolic. Like you said,  
it's gonna hurt you  
more than me.  
Aah!  
Won't fester.  
Whoa, Rosie. Whoa.  
I gotta get down, kid.  
Take this. Here.  
I've sat on campfires  
that were more comfortable.  
Come on, Rosie.  
Whoa.  
Well, this looks like  
as good a place as any.  
What's that?  
All in a wood  
there grew a tree  
the finest tree  
you ever did see  
and the green leaves  
grew around and around

and the green leaves  
grew around  
- let's do it again, mama.  
- Uh, all right.  
One more chorus, and then we  
have to finish our packing.  
And on this tree  
there grew a limb  
the finest limb  
you ever did see  
the limb was on the tree  
the tree was in the wood  
they don't have camels in  
new Mexico, do they, mama?  
No, dear, they don't.  
And the green leaves grew around and  
around something's eating at our corn.  
And the green leaves  
grew around  
Judas priest, it is a camel.  
But you said that... I know what I said.  
Get back inside.  
Oh, it's only  
a little camel, mama.  
Well, let's hope it's big enough  
to know what a shotgun is.  
Git. Come on. Get out of my corn.  
I said git!  
Get out of here! Git! Git!  
Don't go in the barn! Git!  
Nothing to be afraid of, ma'am.  
Who are you?  
Howdy.  
- What do you want?  
- Well, we'd just like something to, uh...  
well, to eat,  
if you've got it, ma'am.  
We-we'll be leaving here in a few days.  
You can take everything then.  
Oh, well, we'll be gone  
long before that.  
Uh, are... is there  
anyone else here?  
No. Just me and my little girl.

We sold everything,  
even the stock.  
You can take anything you want.  
Just leave us alone, please.  
Well, there's no need to worry, ma'am.  
We're camped nearby. Here.  
No, we won't make any trouble.  
Come on, mark.  
Is he yours?  
I never knew anyone  
who had a camel before.  
They're here!  
These are fresh this morning.  
Well, thank you.  
My name is Clint Keyes,  
and this is Mark.  
Oh, I'm Doris Mciver.  
This is my daughter Martha.  
- Are you with the army, Mr. Keyes?  
- Well, not just now.  
No, ma'am. Where's the camel?  
- We left it back at camp.  
- I don't understand.  
I didn't know they had camels  
in the middle of New Mexico.  
Well, Jeff Davis brought 'em over when he was  
secretary of war, for the desert troops.  
- But yours is just a baby.  
- We have the mother camel too.  
A big camel?  
Mama, can I see it, please?  
- Mark would love to show it to her.  
- Oh, well, I don't know.  
It's all right. Mark loves  
to show 'em off. Go on.  
You said you were leaving. Maybe  
there's something I can do to help.  
Oh, no, thank you.  
They're sending a wagon out from  
town for us tomorrow morning.  
We'll take the stagecoach  
from there.  
We're going back to Colorado.  
Mountain creek.

We came out here  
for my husband's health.  
But it was no use.  
It was too late.  
Oh, I'm sorry  
to hear that, ma'am.  
Look, if you'll take these,  
I'll cut some wood.  
Oh, well, thank you.  
Ah... oh, Mr. Keyes.  
I notice you're limping.  
Are you hurt?  
Oh, I just had  
a little accident.  
Well, I've had some nursing.  
Would you like me to look at it?  
No, ma'am. Oh, it'll  
be fine. Just fine.  
Do you ride it? Sure.  
Could I...  
could I ride it, please?  
Could I ride the little one?  
Why not?  
- You're a girl.  
- Well, she's the mother. She's a girl too.  
All right. You ride.  
Coosh, Rosie. Coosh.  
Coosh down. Coosh. Coosh.  
Coosh.  
Coosh. Ready? Yeah.  
Up, Rosie. Up.  
Come on, Rosie.  
Take this requisition  
to fort dorado.  
They'll give you cash for  
your saddles and side arms...  
And replace them horses  
we're taking there.  
Fine. Ah, this man  
you're after...  
if it ain't a government  
secret, what'd he do?  
Mutiny. Deserted up in Wyoming.  
We caught up with him, took him



to general crook's headquarters.  
Busted out of the guardhouse there and  
attacked a noncommissioned officer.  
Oh. And you say he  
was headed for Mexico?  
Heading South, figures.  
Well, may be.  
But if it was me on the run,  
I'd stay off that open desert.  
Hole up in these mountains  
around here for a while.  
You just may be right. Thanks.  
Good luck, sergeant.  
Oh, thank you.  
Oh, say, there's  
more than enough fish...  
If you and the boy'd  
care to stay for supper.  
Well, no, than... I don't think we ought to.  
That's very kind of you.  
You mean you don't like fish?  
Well, no, ma'am, it's not that.  
It's just that...  
Mark and I aren't exactly  
dressed, I haven't shaved...  
oh, well, there's plenty of  
time if you wanna shave.  
Well, the truth is,  
I just lost my razor.  
Well, you're welcome to use  
my husband's, if you like.  
Oh, well, you're already packed. I  
wouldn't wanna cause you any trouble.  
Oh, no trouble.  
Why don't you and mark  
sleep in the barn?  
You'll be more  
comfortable there.  
I'm obliged again, ma'am.  
Come on, mark.  
He depends on you a lot,  
doesn't he?  
Oh, I guess.  
But mostly he's just trying to

use me to get to blue feather.  
Are you going to take him?  
I can't. I'm headed for Mexico.  
Oh, I didn't know that.  
With the boy?  
No, ma'am.  
What are you gonna do with him?  
- That's my problem, I guess.  
- You just can't leave him.  
Well, I know that.  
But he doesn't belong  
in Mexico...  
Any more than he belongs  
in a tepee on a reservation.  
What he needs is a home...  
And a family.  
It's a mite hard to tell whether  
a camel loves you or hates you.  
- Either way they're ornery as sin.  
- I love 'em.  
I guess you gotta  
give them credit, though.  
The heat doesn't bother 'em.  
Neither does the cold.  
The, uh, biggest ones  
can travel...  
Fifteen, sixteen Miles an hour,  
carrying a ton of weight.  
They can outlast any horse.  
Well, you certainly know  
a lot about camels, Mr. Keyes.  
- Well, just hearsay.  
- Oh.  
Where... where are you going?  
Camels.  
First you say excuse me,  
and then you say thank  
you to Mrs. Mciver.  
Go on. Say it.  
Uh, Martha...  
I just wanna talk to mark. I think  
you better go to bed now, dear.  
- But it's early.  
- Martha, we're leaving tomorrow.

Now, it's gonna be  
a very long, hard day.  
I can't figure out  
what's eating mark.  
Oh, he just feels out of place.  
And a little jealous, I think.  
I don't mean to pry,  
but is there some reason you can't  
take him to Mexico with you?  
Yeah, there sure is.  
Uh, Doris, I'm on the run.  
- You mean somebody's after you?  
- An army patrol.  
Well.  
What I did, I'm...  
Not exactly proud of, but I'm  
not ashamed of it either.  
Well, I'm sure what you did  
you thought was right.  
Well, I guess  
I better put these away.  
Let me help you.  
I don't know exactly how to say this,  
but, uh, you've been honest with me.  
I'd like to explain to you about mark.  
What about him?  
Well, let's not pretend.  
You've been hinting all day,  
trying to get me to say  
I'd take the boy.  
Well, you're right. I have.  
You say what he needs  
is a home and a family.  
A family. Not half a family.  
I'd be less than human if my  
heart didn't go out to the boy.  
But I can't listen to my heart. It's  
gonna be hard enough for Martha and me.  
I'll teach a little piano  
and do a little nursing.  
But a mother and daughter  
can always get along.  
Why, oh, you figure I'm just  
trying to get shut of the boy.

Right now that's true.

If I had a choice...

- but you don't have a choice.

- I know that.

I can't keep him either.

I know that too.

Could I dry the dishes  
for you or something?

No. I... I'll just let 'em soak.

I think you better go out  
and see how he is.

Clint.

I'll tell you what I will do. I'll  
take mark up north with me tomorrow.

I'll do my level best  
to find him a good family.

- That's the most I can promise.

- Well, nobody could ask for more than that.

I wanna thank you.

Well, I've got  
a busy day tomorrow.

Doris.

Doris, uh...

Doris, I forgot  
to give this back to you.

Oh. Why don't you just keep it?

Oh, well, I can make  
good use of it. Thank you.

I must say,  
it's made quite an improvement.

Hmm? You.

Without the beard.

Good night, Doris.

Clint? Yeah?

I do wrong, huh, Clint?

Well, they're  
good people, mark.

You eat their food, a little  
thank you's not too much to ask.

It's one of those things  
you'll have to learn.

But you not mad at me now?

No.

No. We're friends, aren't we?

You good friend, Clint.

I not forget.

Mark.

I have something to tell you.

- You're going to come with us.

- Shh.

Mark!

Clint would've taken you,  
if he could.

But he thought it was better if you  
stayed with us for a little while.

You'll love Colorado. We're  
gonna ride on the stagecoach.

Mark, let me talk to you.

Please, mark, listen.

Martha and I both

want you to go with us.

You can stay with us  
as long as you like.

Mark.

Wait.

Please.

Please.

Cheyenne don't cry.

Mark.

Where's Clint keyes?

Keyes?

Schrader, search the house.

Dixon, you take the barn.

I said, where's keyes?

I'm gonna find out, ma'am.

That's my job.

- Anything?

- Uh-uh.

- Give me the boy.

- He's done nothing wrong.

If you won't tell me  
about keyes, he'll have to.

Leave him alone.

Mr. Keyes isn't here.

He left last night.

Which way did he go?

I don't know.

I didn't see him leave.

You might as well tell me  
the rest of it.

Um, well, he talked  
about north, I think.

Try South.

Jimmy wolf!

Any signs? Camel tracks.

This way.

Get after him. Much obliged  
for your help, ma'am.

Giddap! Come on!

Mark!

Martha! Martha!

Martha, it's time to go!

Mama, I can't find mark  
anywhere.

I know, but you've been looking  
and calling for a long time now,  
and we really have to go now.

That's right, ma'am.

We better hustle. You're  
gonna miss your stage.

We just can't leave mark, mama.

I don't want to leave him any  
more than you do, Martha,  
but he must be Miles away  
from here by now.

He's not. He's still here.

I know he is.

Martha, he'll find Mr. Keyes.

I'm sure he will.

Now, come on.

Now, up we go.

- Giddap!

- Mark! Mark!

Good-bye, mark!

Bye!

Bye, mark!

Bye!

Rosie, ho! Ho!

Rosie, you wanna be the only  
hopeless camel in the world,  
you just keep that up.

Coosh! Coosh! Coosh! Coosh!

Steady now. Easy, girl. Ho.  
Ho, girl.  
Up, Rosie. Up.  
Hyah! Hup! Hup! Hyah!  
Ho.  
Well, Rosie,  
it's the end of the line.  
Whoa, Rosie.  
All right, Rosie,  
hightail it out of here.  
Rosie, it's what you've  
always wanted. Now, go.  
Rosie, don't go gettin'  
sentimental on me now.  
I haven't got that much time.  
Now get outta here. Go on.  
All right, Rosie!  
Hyah, hyah, hyah!  
Camel. This way.  
Looks like we're driving him  
down towards the desert.  
Come, thirsty. This way.  
Carbolic?  
Sure bet you didn't expect  
him to trap himself...  
In no box canyon, huh, sarge?  
Shut up, Dixon. You just be ready  
when he flushes him out of there.  
What'd you see from the rim?  
He's not there.  
What do you mean, he's not there?  
Where is he?  
We follow empty camel.  
Follow empty camel.  
Dixon, go get that camel.  
We're headin' back. What do we  
need that old camel for, sarge?  
Because we haven't got  
but four horses.  
Or would you rather  
ride double with keyes?  
Move!  
Tell schrader he can  
quit lookin' for keyes.

Help! Ohh!  
Rope him, you dumb John!  
Come back!  
Hold on, Dixon!  
Whoa! Whoa!  
Help us, schrader! Stop!  
Whoa! Stop! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!  
Ohh!  
I wish I'd have let you  
rode double with keyes.  
All I was tryin' to do  
was find you a family.  
That's nothing  
to get sore about.  
I only promised to take you as  
far as the mountains, remember?  
You left me.  
Sure, I left you.  
I left you with Mrs. Mciver  
so you could live regular,  
maybe go to school and make  
somethin' out of yourself.  
I'll fix you somethin' to eat.  
Not hungry.  
Why didn't you  
go with 'em, mark?  
I go to blue feather.  
You take me now?  
Now, you know I can't do that,  
not with that patrol  
still on my tail.  
I'd lose too many Miles.  
I got good idea, Clint.  
Yeah? What kind of idea?  
You take me to Cheyenne. They hide you.  
They my friends.  
The Cheyenne hide me?  
Kid, neither one of us could get within  
spittin' distance of that reservation.  
Set one foot inside that fort,  
and they'd grab you just like  
they did at fort dorado.  
To them, you're...  
you're just a white captive



kidnapped by Indians,  
and to the Indians, you're nothin'  
but trouble, and they know it.  
Now, mark,  
uh, blue feather...  
blue feather won't take you  
back because she can't.  
You gotta understand that.  
Son, I...  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry. I know it's tough.  
It's not like  
you're gonna be alone.  
You'll be with me.  
I'm not gonna leave you here.  
I know I left you at the farm,  
but I explained about that.  
We always got along.  
We're partners, ain't we?  
'Spose we can go on down  
to Mexico together.  
We can make it down there.  
No.  
You don't want me.  
I go to Cheyenne.  
Now, wait a minute, kid.  
I'm tired of arguing with you.  
All right,  
you want your Indians?  
I'll show you how to get there,  
and I hope you like  
what you get.  
Here's our Mountain right here.  
You go on the other side of it.  
When you get over there,  
you go north three, four days...  
Till you hit the Canadian river, and  
it's gonna be high this time of year.  
When you hit it, you turn east,  
maybe seven, eight days.  
And right here  
is your reservation,  
long knives and all.  
We got you surrounded, keyes!

Rosie.  
Hold it, keyes!  
All right, corporal.  
This time... I give the party.  
Troopers, fall in!  
Dress right! Dress!  
Ready, front!  
Parade... dress!  
Whoa! Ten-hut!  
Take 'em out, sergeant.  
Forward!  
Welcome back, sir.  
How'd the maneuvers go?  
Lieutenant, what is that thing  
doing on my parade ground?  
It's a gallows, sir.  
What I want to know,  
lieutenant,  
is why is it there and who  
authorized its construction.  
A patrol under sergeant...  
Raines brought in a prisoner. He  
has orders from general crook...  
well, lieutenant, you bring that  
sergeant and his patrol to my office.  
Yes, sir. And on the  
double, lieutenant!  
What are you, sergeant, some  
sort of traveling hangman?  
No, sir. My orders are to capture  
the prisoner and execute him,  
signed by general crook, sir.  
Your orders also refer to the usual  
courtesies extended a commanding officer.  
I didn't know when  
you'd be back, sir.  
Nobody here could tell me.  
You simply took over  
my command.  
No, sir. I was just  
following my orders.  
Where is the prisoner?  
- I can get him for you, sir.  
- Sergeant!

When I need your help,  
I'll tell you.  
I asked you where he is.  
He's in the guardhouse, sir.  
Have the prisoner  
brought in here.  
You're corporal Clinton Keyes?  
Yes, sir.  
You took part in McKenzie's raid  
on Dull Knife's village? Yes, sir.  
You were convicted of  
mutiny and desertion.  
That's all it says here.  
I'd like to know what happened.  
There were 173 lodges  
in Dull Knife's village.  
We destroyed them all.  
The man next to me started  
shooting the women,  
so I hit him with my rifle.  
When you say a man,  
you mean another trooper?  
Yes, sir. Then what did you do?  
I tried to help the braves  
with their families.  
Against your officers  
and your fellow troopers?  
If you mean did I  
shoot at them, no, sir.  
- But you did mutiny.  
- That's what they called it.  
Corporal, you seem to feel that each man  
has a right to consult his conscience...  
And decide which orders  
he will obey...  
And which he will disobey.  
Take him out.  
Sergeant, I want this execution  
finished as quickly as possible.  
There will be no formalities.  
No members of my command will  
participate in any way whatsoever.  
You are solely responsible,  
sergeant. You understand?

- Sir, my orders state that...

- Dismissed, sergeant.

I'm, uh, glad you asked for me,  
but I wanted you to know that  
I'd have come in any event.

Uh, now, is there anything...

I know all that, reverend.

Uh, reverend,

do you remember a boy  
that was brought here...

With some Cheyenne  
by the name of mark?

Mark? Yes, I do.

Is he all right? Where is he?

Well, that's what I don't know.

By now he should be  
halfway across the desert,  
if he's still heading  
towards the reservation.

- Looking for blue feather.

- Yeah.

How do you know about the boy?

Oh, I ran onto him  
north of here.

We were sort of partners for a  
while till we had a little set-to.

I guess I sort of forgot which one was  
the man and which one was the boy.

Chaplain, what I  
want to ask is a favor.

Anything, if I can.

Well, if the boy makes it  
to the reservation,  
the army will grab him  
for sure.

They'll need a home for him.

I ran onto this widow woman up in  
the mountains where we stopped.

She had a little daughter.

They were headed toward Colorado.

Place called Mountain creek.

Her name is Doris mciver.

Now?

Just a minute.

Uh, one minute, please.  
I want you to know that I'll do  
everything I can to find that boy.  
Thank you.  
You...  
would you, uh, like me  
to go up there with you?  
It's funny.  
I memorized whole books of words  
to say at a time like this.  
I just can't remember  
any of them.  
I've had to live with this  
for a long time, chaplain.  
I won't need any words.  
Hyah! Hyah! Hyah!  
Hold on!  
Look out! Run on the porch!  
Get out of the way!  
Get keys!  
- Clint!  
- Here, mark!  
- Let's go, mark!  
- Hey, you! Come here!  
Go, Rosie!  
Let's get after him!  
Gotcha! You're not gettin'  
away this time! Come on!  
G'yup there! G'yup!  
Come on! Come on!  
Come on! Hyah!  
Come on! Come on! Hyah!  
Hyah! Hyah! Hyah!  
Come on, Rosie! Hyah! Hyah!  
Move! Let's go!  
Ho.  
Sergeant, that camel's  
faster than the horses.  
Never gonna catch 'em this way.  
Gimme that Springfield!  
On the double!  
Missed.  
Let's get back to the fort.  
Rose, come on, now.

You can outrun 'em. Come on,  
don't quit on me now, Rosie.  
Come on, Rosie. Don't quit...  
All right, Rosie. Easy.  
Okay, okay, girl.  
Okay. I ain't going anyplace.  
It's all right, girl.  
I know he's in the guardhouse, John.  
I ordered him put there.  
If you think you're taking him back  
to the chapel, you can forget it.  
No. Only temporarily, sir.  
Now, I have an idea...  
John, you...  
excuse me, captain.  
It's urgent.  
I need fresh horses and more men.  
Sergeant...  
he outrun us, sir,  
but he can't keep runnin'.  
When he stops to rest, why, we'll jump him.  
There'll be no more horses.  
No more men.  
Your manhunt is over.  
Sir, you read  
general crook's orders.  
General crook's orders call for  
the hanging of corporal keyes.  
A noose was placed  
around his neck,  
the trap was sprung,  
the man was hung.  
It is my personal view, sergeant,  
that corporal keyes...  
Has more than paid for his  
misdeeds, such as they were.  
I have no intention of hanging a  
man twice for the same crime.  
Dismissed, sergeant.  
Tell him I won't  
give him any trouble.  
I came to tell you you're free.  
I don't think I understand.  
Well, the captain says you've

been hung once already anyway.  
He's sending that patrol  
back onto general crook.  
That's mighty good news,  
reverend.  
Real good news.  
Uh, reverend, what about mark?  
Oh, he's fine.  
I brought your things.  
Look, if the cavalry  
doesn't want me,  
is there any reason  
why I can't see the boy?  
Well, he's a ward of the army.  
I'm supposed to, uh,  
find a home for him.  
I told you about  
that Mrs. Mciver.  
The home he really  
wants is with you,  
only he's afraid  
that you don't want him.  
That ain't true. I offered to take  
him with me once. He knows that.  
Yes, but was that because you wanted  
him or because you just had no choice?  
Well, things  
were different then.  
Look, how do you truly feel  
about the boy now?  
Well, I don't know if anybody will  
trust me with my record and all,  
but if I could have the boy,  
reverend, well,  
you bet I want him.  
We do good, huh, Clint? Yeah,  
you did just great. Just great.  
Well, I guess I'd better be  
gettin' on back.  
This, uh, arrangement  
was my decision.  
I might have some explaining  
to do to the captain.  
Thank you, chaplain.

Thanks for everything.  
That's all right.  
She's dead.  
Yeah, well...  
she wasn't much to look at.  
Pure impossible to  
get along with, but...  
She saved both our lives  
more than once.  
You know,  
there near the end,  
I think she...  
Even kind of enjoyed hatin' me.  
Well, maybe  
a little anyway, huh?  
Clint. Yeah?  
When you take me  
to see blue feather?  
Well, how about next summer?  
We'll go visit her on the  
reservation, the both of us.  
After we go to Mexico?  
Yeah, well, Mexico, uh...  
you know, seein' how  
I'm a free man,  
I've been thinking  
maybe we could, um,  
oh, run up maybe to...  
Mountain creek, Colorado,  
someplace like that instead.  
What do you think?  
All right, come on.  
Well, looks like we're back  
to ridin' double again.  
Come on, thirsty.