The Lone Ranger

By Justin Haythe
(SLOW TUNE ON VIOLIN PLAYING)
(MUSIC CONTINUES)
(CARNIVAL CHATTER)

**CRIER:**
Step right up, ladies and gentlemen,  
and come with us to yesteryear.  
Witness the Wild West as it really was.  
The greatest show on Earth.  
Fun and educational for you, young sir.  
(VENDORS CALLING OUT)
Step right up to another time  
of mighty beasts  
and hard-hearted outlaws.  
- (CRIER CONTINUES TALKING)  
- (VENDORS CONTINUE CALLING)  
(SIGHING)  
(GUN POPPING)
Kemosabe?  
Who? Me?  
You bring horses?  
I think you made a mistake, mister.  
Mistake?  
(PEANUTS CRUNCHING)  
Make trade.  
Trade.  
(SOUND OF WINGS FLUTTERING)  
(BIRD CAWS)  
Who did you think I was, anyway?  
Never take off mask.  
Why not?  
You sure about this?  
Mmm.  
Dead man strike fear  
into heart of his enemy.  
All right.  
Let's do this.  
(GUNSHOTS)  
(PEOPLE SCREAMING)  
Easy!  
(ALL GASP)  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
my colleague and I  
will be making a withdrawal.
I understand this bank is insured, so...
...nobody move.

What's with the mask?
See? I told you. I feel ridiculous.

(People exclaiming)

(All screaming)

I guess I didn't make myself clear!
This is a damn bank robbery!

(Yelling)

**Will:**
You're saying you're Tonto?
The Tonto?
There is another?
But the Lone Ranger
and Tonto were good guys.
I mean, they didn't rob banks.
Did they?
Come a time, kemosabe...
...when good man must wear mask.

(People talking indistinctly)

**Foreman:**
More rocks! They need
more rocks right there!

(Indistinct chatter)

**Worker:**

(Railway workers chanting)

**Foreman:**

(Applause)
My friends and citizens of Colby,
I've asked you here today
so you can see at firsthand
what I believe to be the single most
important enterprise under God.
The unification of
this great country of ours
by iron rail.
- (Applause)

- **Man:**
To the Comanche,
I say you have nothing to fear.
As long as there is peace between us
all land treaties shall be honoured.
But to the outlaw,
those who prey upon the weak,
make no mistake, law and order
has come to the Wild West.
Which is why I am bringing
notorious outlaw and Indian-killer,
Butch Cavendish here
to Colby to hang for his crimes.
The future is bright,
ladies and gentlemen,
and it's just around the bend.
(CHEERING AND APPLAUSE)
(GRAND WESTERN MUSIC PLAYING)

HORSEMAN:
Whoa, girl!
(TAPPING)
Run a man all the way to state line,
put him on a train
and ship him right back.
Don't make no sense.
Guess they run out of
hanging rope in Oklahoma.
Mr. Cole wants to make an example.
Word is, Cavendish is
looking for payback with you, Dan.
Reckon so.
They say Butch Cavendish
ate a Red-Legger's heart
in the Missouri wars.
Swallowed it whole.
I heard it was the eyes.
Man told me he ate part of his own foot
just to win a bet.

NAVARRO:

MARTIN:
Don't see how It makes a difference.
What's the matter with him?
It's not Cavendish he's worried about.
PREACHER:  
entering the lion's den,  
we shall stare down the beast.

ALL:  

PREACHER:  
this Godless land  
of the poisons of sin and licentiousness.

PASSENGERS:  

PREACHER:  
thy mercy and wise judgment.  
- Amen!

- PASSENGERS:  

PREACHER:  
and singleness of purpose,  
so we might prove  
thy stalwart and worthy servants  
in our war against sin. Amen!

PASSENGERS:  
Catch.  
(CRYING SHRILLY)  
(SHUSHING)  
Baby, baby, baby.  
- Care to pray with us?  
- (GIRL CONTINUES CRYING)  
We're Presbyterian.  
I'm much obliged, ma'am,  
but this, here, Is my bible.  
(TRIANGLE CHIMES)

ALL:  
Shall we gather at the river  
Where bright angel feet have trod  
With its crystal tide forever...  
(PASSENGERS CONTINUE SINGING)  
(BANGS ON DOOR)  
MUSTACHED RANGER:
It's almost hanging time, Butch.
Do you hear what I said, boy?
I'm gonna enjoy watching them
wipe that look off your face.
It's broke, Injun. Can't you see that?
(MIMICS SHOOTING)
(MUSIC BOX PLAYING SOFTLY)

KAI:
For you.
Oh. No, I couldn't.
For you!
She's right.
It matches your eyes.
(CHUCKLES)
I didn't think
you'd make it out, Mrs. Reid.
Well, I just wanted
to see what all the fuss was about.
And, um,
what do you think of our endeavor?
Looks to me like
just a lot of men digging in the desert.
(CHUCKLES)

COLE:
you'll be able
to get on a train right here in Colby,
travel all the way to San Francisco
eating New York oysters packed in ice.
Then you can sail to China.
Come back around
the other way if you want.
That true, Mama?
Well, I'll believe it when I see it.
Here, let me show you.
You see that?
Now you try.
Oh, I expect on a lawman's salary,
quite a lot falls on you.
We do just fine.
Thank you.
Oh, I mean no disrespect.
They don't make men
like your husband any more.
In fact, I envy him.
A fine family.
A son to carry on his name.
I just hate to see a bird in a cage.
(TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWING)
Well...
That Is right about on time.
(YELLING)
(CHANTING IN NATIVE LANGUAGE)
(CHANTING LOUDER)
Shh!
Piss break, boss.
(CAVENDISH SIGHS)
(GRUNTING)
(PASSENGERS SINGING HYMN)
Grace our spirits will deliver
And provide a robe and crown...
(FOOTSTEPS)
(CHOKING)
(PASSENGERS CONTINUE SINGING)
(GREETED IN SPANISH)
Afternoon, ladies.
There's no need for violence, my son.
- (SCREAMS)
- (ALL CLAMOURING)
(LAUGHING)
(GUNSHOT)
(GUNSHOTS)
(GRUNTS)
Fifteen hours,
I watched you feed that bird.
Gets on a man's nerves.
I do not fear what comes next.
(COCKING GUN)
Nothing comes next.
Nice suit.
(COCKING GUN)
Time has finally come, Windigo.
Do I know you, Injun?
You know me.
You know me by the screams
of my ancestors in the desert wind.
As you will know their cries of joy
when I remove your evil seed
from the face of Earth.
That won't be necessary.
As District Attorney,
I'll see to it that this man is prosecuted
to the full extent of the law.

(GROWLS)
What kind of a lawman
don't carry his own gun?
Believe me, where this train's headed,
there's no place for men who do.
Oh, yeah? Where's that?
(BULLETS CLATTERING)
The future.

CAVENDISH:
Counselor?
Maybe you're right.
A lawyer and a crazy Injun.
Bet you two got a lot to talk about.
Best make it quick. (GRUNTS)
(WHOOPING)
(OUTLAWS LAUGHING)
(SCREAMING)
(SINGING) Shall we gather at the river
...the river
(SOBBING) I can't get it off.
(SHRIEKS) No...
Play on, boys.
(PLAYING DISCORDANTLY)
(CHUCKLING)
Sing it to me!
Should be slowing down by now.
Anyway, I'm sure we'll be
at the station any minute.
(PEOPLE SCREAMING)
Get the horses! Come on!
(BELL RINGING)
Jesus, we ought to go.
(URGING HORSES)
(STRAINING)
(PANTING)
That's reinforced Bethlehem steel.
Any attempts at escape is futile.
That's great!
Good job.
And for coming to the aid
of a federal prosecutor,
I can be sure to put in
a good word with the judge.
(GRUNTS)
(STRAINING)

**Fritz:**
Put your backs into it.
The railroad waits for no man!
That's the end of the line.
We jump.
What about the passengers?
They jump.
(PASSENGERS SCREAMING)
There are children on board.
All jump.
(GRUNTS)
Have you no decency?
Windigo getting away!
No, you're not going anywhere.
(BOTH GRUNTING)
(GROANS)
(GASPS)
(GROANS)
(COCKING GUNS)
Going somewhere?
- Yes.
- No.
- No. No.
- Yes. Yes.
- No, we are not. No.
- Yes. Yes.
Shut up!
Yes.
(SCREAMS)
(WHIMPERING)
(GROANING)
- Ugh.
- (GRUNTS)
(YELLING)
(SCREAMING)
Thank you.

Do-si-doe.

Why don't you put that thing down, and we'll settle this like men?

Although, I warn you. I boxed in law school.

Huh?

Great warrior.

Yeah, that's my brother.

Nice suit.

We have to stop the train.

DAN:

Must to jump!

JOHN:

these passengers!

DAN:

Come on! (GRUNTING)

It's jammed! Give me a hand.

You hold.

Whoa!

John.

What the...

(SCREAMING)

(SCREAMING)

(GROANING)

(METAL STRAINING)

(JOHN COUGHING)

(SPITS) Ugh.

Hey, hold it right there.

I'm afraid I have to take you in.

(STAMMERS)

Do you hear me?
You speak English, don't you?

(GROANING)

(BREATHELESSLY) Halt!

By the authority granted to me
by the state of Texas,
I'm hereby arresting you.

You all right there, little brother?

Fine.

Just taking this man into custody.

Uh-huh.

He was on that train for a reason, Dan.

**DAN:**

What's your crime, boy?

Indian.

(RANGERS CHUCKLING)

And a man, in the eyes of the law.

Now, throw me your cuffs.

Whatever you say, little brother.

- (LOCK CLICKS)

- It's nothing personal.

Dan?

John.

They said there was an accident
and someone fell off the train.

Actually, it was me.

Dan's fine.

Saved the day. Same as usual.

Oh, my God, your face.

Um...

Come here.

God, it's good to see you.

What's it been, nine years?

Eight, since you stopped writing.

We were just kids back then.

Well, he takes good care of you, I see.

(CHUCKLES HUMOURLESSLY)

Yeah. In his way.

He spends most his time
in Indian territory these days.

**JOHN:**

Doesn't sound like Dan.

Doing what?
Well, whatever it is, he doesn't talk to me about it.
So...
Have you got a place to stay?
I...
No. Not as yet.
Well, you should stay with us at Willow Creek.
I don't know.
(SOFTLY) Oh, God, look at you.
City boy.
Why would you ever want to come back here?
It's my home.
(DOOR OPENING)
Who are you?
Danny, this is your Uncle John.

JOHN:
just like your dad did when he was your age.
They're going out again.
(SIGHS)
(TONTO SINGING IN NATIVE LANGUAGE)
He deserves a trial, Dan.
Two Rangers are dead.
Didn't get no trial.

JOHN:
The law looks a lot different on the ground, little brother.
Well, it doesn't include vengeance, no matter where you're standing.
For "Wherever men unite into society, "they must quit the laws of nature and assume..."
"And assume the laws of men, "so that society as a whole may prosper." (CHUCKLES)
That's John Locke's Treatises of Government.
Never thought to hear the likes of it in Colby.
Mr. Cole, my brother John.
New county prosecutor.
Latham Cole? It's an honor, sir.
I read about you during the war.
John, here,
is an educated man like yourself.
Well, let's try not to
hold that against him.
You going after Cavendish?
Collins, here, picked up a trail.
- Used to track for our father.
- Can he ride?
(BURPING)
Well enough.
Yeah, well, you see to it.
Railroad promised
these people a hanging.
I didn't know the railroad
was in the business
of keeping promises.

COLE:
Collect the prisoner,
deliver him to his execution.
If you're not up to that, Mr. Reid,
I'll find someone who is.
Maybe you should think
about staying in town for a few days.
Comanche are restless.
They're always restless,
but they keep to their side of the river,
and I keep to mine.
Besides, fences won't
put themselves up.
It's my job.
I'm not asking you to be happy about it.
I am happy.
I'm happy with the life
you provide. I just...
Is that new?
Matches your eyes.
All right.
Now, I expect you
to be bagging squirrels
by the time I get back.
Like old times, huh?
Thank you.
All right, Mr. Prosecutor.
Let's see how your due process
fares on the trail.
It's Dad's.
I hereby deputize you a Texas Ranger.
But I can't help you with them clothes.
(RANGERS CHUCKLING)
(URGING HORSES)
(WHISTLES SHARPLY)
(WHISTLES)
(CLICKING AND WHISTLING)
(HORSE NEIGHS)
Indians call that your spirit horse.
Come to take you to the other side.
You can't scare me
with your ghost stories any more, Dan.
Since when did you start
wearing Indian jewelry, anyway?
Since my kid brother became a lawyer.

JOHN:
World needs lawyers
same as it does Rangers.
I reckon so. It's a nice hat, by the way.
They didn't have a bigger one?
(CLICKING TONGUE)
He missed you.
Could have fooled me.
You smell like a distillery already.
Steadies the hand.
You even sleep last night?
You know me, Johnny.
Never been one
to resist a little Western hospitality.

JOHN:
What's this? Like, dancing?
(CHUCKLES) Yeah.
Dancing. (LAUGHING)
Could go by the flats.
Lose a day. Maybe a day and a half.
What is it?
No cover.

**NAVARRO:**
Figure Collins should go take a look.
If he can stay in the saddle.
(COLLINS URGING HORSE)
No, I don't believe in them.
You know that.
Butch Cavendish don't care
one way or the other.
I'll take my chances.
(COLLINS WHISTLES)
You stay close.
Come on. (CLICKS TONGUE)
(CROW CAWING)
Where the hell's Collins?
- (GUNSHOT)
- (GROANING)
Ambush!

**RANGER 1:**
- (GUNSHOTS)
I got no shot! (SCREAMS)
Ride! Ride!
(RANGER WHISTLES)
(GUNFIRE)
(PANTING)
(URGING HORSES)
(SCREAMS)
(GROANS)
(GROANS)

**JOHN:**
Ride! Ride out!
- (GRUNTING)
- (HORSE WHINNIES)
(GROANS)
(STRAINING)
(URGING HORSE)
Your hand! John, give me your hand!
- (GUNSHOT)
- No. No!
No, Dan! Dan!
No! No, no...
(GROANING)
You shouldn't have come back, John.
No, It's okay. It's okay.
I messed up.
No, no. You're okay, you're okay.
You're gonna be fine.
She always loved you.
Take care of her for me.
No, you're coming with me.
Come on! Come on!
(GRUNTING)
(DAN GROANING)
(JOHN GRUNTING)
Come on!
(GUNSHOT)

CAVENDISH:
a long time, Ranger.
You've looked better.
I heard them boys in Tulsa
took a real shine to you.
- (COUGHS)
- (CHUCKLING)
All heart, ain't you?
A year you took from me
in that sweatbox.
You take something from me,
be damn sure
I'm gonna take something from you.
(GROANS)
(FLESH SQUELCHING)
(SNARLS)
( LIQUID LAPPING)

CAVENDISH:
(CAVENDISH EATING)
(GAGGING)
(CHUCKLING)
Deal dies with you, old friend.
(ALL WHOOPING)

WILL:
It can't be right.
They're dead? All dead?
Even Dan?
Dan very dead.
But he's the Lone Ranger.
Would have been much easier, I agree.
How did you get out of jail, anyway?
Hmm?
And would you stop feeding that bird?
It's not alive, you know.
Awaiting spirit to return.
Not same thing.
(SQUAWKING)
(RATTING)
Hmm.
(YELPS)
(GROANING)
(HORSE WHINNIES)
(GASPS)
Greetings, noble spirit horse.
(WHINNIES)
No, no! No, no, please.
You make mistake.
Half-wit.
- Wet brain.
- (SNORTS)
You come.
Come, come.
Him
- great warrior.
- (SNORTS)
Spirit horse
you have travelled far.
Obviously very fatigued.
I understand.
You come. Come, come.
- (NEIGHS)
- Come, come.
Him strong brother.
- Want him, bring him back.
- (WHINNYING)
(NEIGHS)
(PATTING)
(THUNDER RUMBLES)
John! Give me your hand!
Rebecca.
John!
(GASPS)
(GROANING)
(STRAINING)
(SNIFFS)
(BREATHEING HARD)
(MUMBLES)
(PANTING)
(FLIES BUZZING)
(SPEAKING NATIVE LANGUAGE)
(COCKING GUN)
If you are going to sneak up on an Indian, best to do it downwind.
(SNORTS)
Why are you talking to that horse?
My grandfather spoke of a time when animals could speak. When you get them alone, some still do. But I cannot decide whether this horse is stupid, or pretending to be stupid. Tricky.
Why am I covered in dirt?
Because I buried you.
(BREATHEING HARD)
Then why am I alive?
Horse says you are Spirit Walker. A man who has been to the other side, and returned.
A man who cannot be killed in battle. Horse definitely stupid. Are those my boots?
(SNIFFING)
He cut out his heart. What kind of a man does something like that? Not a man. An evil spirit born in the empty spaces of the desert. With a hunger
that cannot be satisfied.

(SNARLING)
And the power
to throw nature out of balance.
My people call this spirit "windigo."
I am Tonto of the Comanche,
last of the windigo hunters.
So, what do you want with me?
A vision told me a great warrior
and Spirit Walker
would help me on my quest.
I would have preferred someone else.
Your brother, perhaps.
He would have been good.
But who am I to question
the great father, hmm?
All I know is a man killed my brother,
and I'll see him hang for it.
Then you will need this.
A bullet?
Mmm.
A silver bullet?
Silver made him what he is.
And so it will return him to the earth.
Right.
You know what?
I would like to thank you
for everything that you've done for me.
But I should get back.
I, too,
seek the windigo Butch Cavendish.
Good.
I was prisoner on the train
the way a coyote stalks buffalo.
After hunting 26 years I had my prey
until you interfere.
Actually, I think I saved your life.
So, we're even.
Ow!
What the hell was that for?
Bird angry.
Yeah. You know what?
I can't help you.
Or your bird.
Where do you go?
Into town, to form a posse.
I would not do that, kemosabe.
Yeah?
There was a gun
waiting for Cavendish on the train.
Eight men rode into canyon.
I dig seven graves.
Collins.
He's known us since we were kids.
You find traitor,
you find the man who killed your brother.
That's my brother's vest.
Eyes, cut by the bullets that killed him.
From the great beyond,
he will protect you
and the ones you love.
You want me to wear a mask?
The men you seek
think you are dead, kemosabe.
Better to stay that way.
All right, but if we ride together,
it's to bring these men to justice
in a court of law.
Is that understood?
Justice
is what I seek, kemosabe.
(WHOOPING AND LAUGHING)
Step right up, ladies and gentlemen,
into the Hall of Human Deformities.
Fun and educational for you, sir.
(SNARLING)

**ALL:**
...trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored...
God has forsaken all you sinners,
and now the armies of hell are upon us.
Heathen. Heathen!
Heathen in our midst!
Heathen!
I'm looking for a man.
I bet.
Got money?
Of course.
Where did you get that?
Make trade.
With a dead man?
Hard bargain.
(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYING)
(MERRY HUBBUB)
So...
Are all these women professionals?
Sickness of greed is strong.
What about her?
Oh, yes. Her, too.
So how do you know all this?
A vision said it would be so.
Hmm.
Hi, Tonto.
(Glass Shattering)
Couple of freaks here to see you.

RED:
Just let me do the talking.
Ma'am.
What's with the mask?
Second thought, don't answer that.
No, one thing you learn In my business.
Killers, preachers,
war heroes, railroaders...
Every man has his thing.
(Girl Yelling)
Railroaders?
Are you referring to Mr. Cole?
Oh, no, not Mr. Cole. No.
By all reports, Mr. Cole is, uh...
Well, he is no longer guided
by the same imperatives as other men.
Mr. Cole gelding.
Come to think of it, there was talk
of an incident during the war.
Let go of me!

- MAN:
- (Clicking)
- Whoa!
- (All Gasp)
No free rides, gentlemen!

(LAUGHTER)

(PLAYING JAUNTY TUNE)

Scrimshaw.
Ivory.
- I want to touch.
- Uh-uh!

Not if you favor your hand.

(STAMMERING)

We're looking for a man named Collins.
He's a tracker, speaks Indian.
Never heard of him.
I see.
Well...

Coming in here, we did happen to notice a number of fairly serious health code violations.
Hmm.

It is a house of sin.
Yes, well, one with evidence of livestock on the premises, inadequately marked fire escapes, and a fairly sinister-looking jar of pickles on the bar.
Hmm. Pickles?
Unrefrigerated.
I'd hate to have to shut you down.
You want to shut down the railroad?
- Yes.
- No.
- Yes.
- Well, then you have a problem, because there ain't no railroad without girls like mine doing the heavy lifting.

Homer, help these morons find the door.

(COCKS GUN)

Windigo getting away.
What the hell is he talking about?
Nothing. It's an Indian thing.
Man who has taste for human flesh.
Butch Cavendish.
That's right.
Well, why didn't you just say so?
Collins was in about a week ago with a lawman. Ranger like you, as a matter of fact. Said his name was, uh, Reid. Dan Reid?

**RED:**
a hell of an argument.

**JOHN:**

**RED:**
they found in the desert. Paid me with this. Do not touch rock! Rock cursed. (INDISTINCT SCREAMING) (PANTING) Injun's right. Worthless around here. But get it to San Francisco, they'd pay a thousand dollars cash. Maybe I'll be on the first train west. - Retire. - (TONTO SNIFFING) Do you have cat? I did. I thought he'd be an improvement on the last man in my life, but maybe it's me. Red, we got trouble. (CLOSING DOOR) (PEOPLE CLAMOURING) What are you doing? Comanche gesture of respect. Taste another man's drink. Oh. Right. - Thank you.

- **RED:**
bring our little visit to a close. Some of my clientele don't take kindly to an Indian on the premises. (TONTO SNIFFING) He has as much right
to be here as anyone else.
Not since the Comanche
violated the treaty.
- Treaty?

- RED:
They've been raiding settlements
up and down the river.
My God. Rebecca.
Fear of cat.
Better go out the back.
How do I thank you?
Just make that animal pay
for what he took from me.
Hey!
Nature is Indeed out of balance.
- (BOTTLE BREAKS)
- (BURPS)
- (INDISTINCT YELLING)
(CAT MEOWING)
Come. Must to go.
Must to go, drunken beast!
(MOB SHOUTING)
'Tis judgment day, harlot!
Oh.
May I help you?
Where are they?
I'm sure I don't know who you mean.
(DOOR OPENING)
Ma'am, I believe I've located your...
...cat.
(YOWLING)
Ma'am.
- Get him!
- (MOB YELLING)
There's the redskin!
- (WHISTLES)
- (NEIGHING)
(MOB YELLING)
.URGING HORSE
Where you running', Injun?
What the hell is wrong
with these people?
Blood has been spilled, kemosabe.
And soon, rivers run red.

(GRUNTING)

(PANTING) Oh, God...

Let's call it a night, Joe.

(PANTING) Yes, ma'am.

(DOG BARKS)

Come on, Danny.

(GASPS)

Get yourselves inside!

Danny, come on.

Pilar, get the shutters.

(REPLIES IN SPANISH)

(BARKING)

(RIDERS WHOOPING)

(HORSES NEIGHING)

(GASPS)

- Pilar, fire!

- (GASPS)

(GASPS)

(WHOOPING)

Indian savages.

Was not Indian.

The hell it wasn't.

Indians make trade.

Leave him alone.

I said leave him alone!

Indian is like coyote.

He kill and leave nothing to waste.

Tell me, kemosabe,

what does the white man kill for?

(WOMAN SCREAMING)

(SHUSHING)

(WHIMPERING)

This one's nice, ain't it?

(SOBBING)

I love me some aquamarine.

(DOOR OPENING)

(YELPS)

(WOMAN SOBBING)

(WOMAN SPEAKING SPANISH)

Not an Indian.

This ain't what it looks like, mister.

I just like them pretty things.

Rebecca and Danny. Where are they?
You tell me where they are, or I'll let the Indian do what he wants to you.

What does he want to do?

(WHIMPERS)
- (WOMAN SCREAMS)
- (GUNSHOT)

What the hell is going on?
There's a Ranger.
What are you talking about?
He got some lunatic Indian with him.
He was gonna violate me with a duck foot.
You shoot anything that comes out.

(YELPS)
Go for horse, kemosabe.
I cover you.
Why don't I cover you?
You have been to the other side.
Spirit Walker cannot be killed.
All right.
But we take them alive.
Texas Ranger!
Put down your weapons and step out with your hands up!

(GRUNTING)
It's dark!
Spirit Walker.
See! What did I tell you?
Go around back.

(JESUS MUTTERS SOFTLY)
What's with the mask?

(PANTING)
(GRUNTING)
(WOOD CREAKING)
(HOOFBEATS)
What is it?
(COUGHING)
So, the horse, it can fly?
Don't be stupid.

(HORSE WHINNYING)

JOHN:
Rebecca and Danny,
where are they?
Comanche don't take no prisoners.
Just the scalps.
(CHUCKLING)
Isn't that right, boy?
I will take the Spaniard.
(SOFTLY) I haven't fired a gun
in nine years.
Might want to keep that
to yourself, kemosabe.
(GROANING)
(OUTLAWS SCREAM)
(PANTING)
Great shot!
That was supposed
to be a warning shot.
In that case, not so good.
What?
Nothing.
(SPEAKING NATIVE LANGUAGE)
That was my brother's.
Comanche.
Very sacred.
How am I supposed
to find Rebecca and Danny now?
Tracks lead north,
toward Indian country.
That's 400 square miles
of rock and desert.
Even an Indian can't track through that.
We follow horse, kemosabe.
(WHINNYING)
"Kemosa..." Why do you
keep calling me that?
What's that mean?
"Wrong brother."
Right.
My husband will kill you for this.
That'd be a trick.
Last time I saw your husband,
he was drowning in his own blood.

RAY:
Hold up!
MAN:

(WHIMPERING)
Where's Barret and Jesus?
(PANTING)
He killed them.
Straight draw.
Fired one bullet
and they didn't stand a chance.
You better start talking straight, Frank.
Now, who killed them?
It was a Ranger, Butch.
A lone Ranger.
Rangers are dead.
The ghost of Dan Reid.
(WHISPERS) Frank!
He coming for you.
You shouldn't have done what you did.
- Shut up!
- (GROANS)
Let him come!
I killed him once.
I won't have to answer for it
when I kill him again.
Scared, aren't you?
You should be.
Hey, Collins.
Do you know
what the Indians call this place?
"The Valley of Tears."
Please don't do this. Please, don't...
(SNIFFING) Mmm!
That's far enough.
(COCKS GUN)
Don't look at me.
He loved you.
I said, don't look at me.
(GUNSHOTS)
Run.
Please, run.
Danny, come on.
(HORSE NEIGHING)
(SCREAMS)
- Mama?
JOHN:
make It look
like the Comanche violated the treaty?
It has something to do
with what my brother found in the desert.
Perhaps he want to make it look
like Comanche violate treaty.

JOHN:
Whoa.
What is it?
(SNIFFING)
Horse dead.
I can see that. Now what?
We're lost, aren't we?
I knew it.
Just follow the horse.
That was your idea?
But you can't talk
to a dead horse, now, can you?
You know what? Let me try.
Hello. If you could
just point us in the right direction,
we'll take it from here.
What's that?
Nothing!
That's just fantastic, isn't it?
Cavendish is out there somewhere,
doing God-knows-what
to Rebecca and Danny,
and I'm gonna die
here in the desert with you
and that ridiculous bird!
The woman, Rebecca,
you will fill her with child, no?
What?
No!
That's my brother's wife.
When you were on the other side,
you spoke of her in your vision.
Well, lack of oxygen
can cause the brain to hallucinate.
Everyone knows that.
Yes,
but you did not speak of her
as the wife of your brother.
Well, she's his widow now.
So, it is better that
she live the rest of her life alone?
Yes. No.
Look, it just isn't done.
You wouldn't understand.
Because I am a savage?
(SNIFFS)
Would you stop?
You can't track.
If you could, we wouldn't be
out here in the first place!
What is that?
Track!
That's impossible.
(METAL CLINKING)
Train track.
You are lost, aren't you?
Train tracks?
I thought you were in Indian territory.
Yes.
(ARROW WHISTLING PAST)
(SHRIEKS)
(WORKERS GRUNTING)
(CHANTING)
Let the Comanche make no mistake.
We will not be dissuaded from our task.
- (APPLAUSE)
- From here on,
all treaties with the Indian Nation
are null and void.
We will be in Promontory Summit
ahead of schedule,
three days from today!
Now, go ahead. Put that in your paper.
(PEOPLE CHATTERING EXCITEDLY)

MAN:
Sir?
It arrived last night.
I had to dip into petty cash. 
Put it somewhere safe. 
Where would that be? 
Use your imagination. 
(URGING HORSES) 
I understand you have 
an Indian problem. 
Right on time. 
(BEATING DRUMS RHYTHMICALLY) 
(WHOOPING) 
(GRUNTING) 
(CRYING OUT) 
I thought you said I couldn't get shot. 
No. 
I said you could not be killed. 
Oh. 

JOHN: 

TONTO: 
Well, that's good, right? 
Not so much. 
What are they doing? 

TONTO: 
They are preparing for war 
with the white man. 
War? 
Wait. 
Is that thing sterile? 
Yes. I make urine on it. 
What? 
(JOHN SCREAMING) 
- War? 
- (CHANTING) 
But the Comanche didn't 
attack the settlements! 
White man does not know this. 
But you're going to tell them. 
I mean, you did tell them, right? 
(GROANING) 
My name's John Reid, 
and I know that you didn't 
raid those settlements.
If you let me go, I can prove it.
There doesn't have to be a war, understand?
No. Of course you don't.
Mmm!
Good. Good.
Me, Spirit Walker
(STAMMERS) from great beyond.
The hunter of wendingo
– and the other things.
– (SPEAKING IN NATIVE LANGUAGE)
Sunstroke?
Or his mind is poisoned with whiskey.
Comanche gesture of respect?
What's with the mask?
What?
Tonto told you these things?
That's right.
And he told you to wear the mask?
(LAUGHTER)
That's funny?
Very funny.

JOHN:
He's one of you.
No more.
What do you mean?
His mind is broken.
He is a band apart.
Many moons ago,
a boy found two white men
in the desert.
He brought them to
his village to be healed.
When they found silver in the river,
you asked the boy where it came from.
In exchange for a cheap pocket watch
from Sears Roebuck,
the boy showed them
where the river begins,
where they found more silver
than any white man had ever seen.
They took what they could carry,
but they wanted to
keep the place a secret,
so they could one day return.

(GUNSHOT)
The boy could not live
with what he had done,
so he decided the men were possessed
by evil spirits in the silver.
He called it "windigo,"
like the ghost stories
we tell our children.
And he made a vow.
When he found these two men,
he would drain their blood
into the soil of his ancestors,
so he could return to the tribe.
But he is too late.
There is no more tribe to return to.
Our time has passed.
They call it "progress."
You're John Reid, brother of Dan.
Yes.
By this totem, your brother swore
if we kept the peace,
he would protect our land.
Now the Cavalry cut down our children.
Like all white men, your brother lied.
No. No, Dan was murdered.
And if you let me go,
I'll keep his promise.
So, we have a deal?
Not so much.
My name come up?
(IN NATIVE LANGUAGE)
(WHOOPING)
Please, this is a mistake.
There doesn't need to be a war.
It makes no difference.
We are already ghosts.
- (SHOUTS IN NATIVE LANGUAGE)
- (INDIANS WHOOPING)
(COUGHING)
Shh! Shh!
(TRUMPET BLOWING)
Cavalry.
Let us bring the pure scepter of Almighty God
to the heathens! (YELLING)
Oh, thank God! Civilization.
We'll just explain the entire situation,
and we'll get this whole misunderstanding cleared up.
The United States Army.
Finally someone who will listen to reason.
(SOLDIERS YELLING)

JOHN:
Wait!
Perhaps they didn't see us.
Oh, no.
They will be back any minute now.
Could be worse.
Worse?
How could this be worse?
Could develop an itch on your nose.
I'm not talking to you anymore.
(FAINT CLINKING)
(SKITTERING)
What is that?
You hear it, too?
I was hoping it was in my head.
This is worse.
- (BLOWING)
- Hmm.
Nature is most definitely...
- Out of balance.
- Mmm.
(HORSE NEIGHING)
Hello again.
(NEIGHS)
Any chance you could...
Atta boy! Yes! Thank you.
Uh...
Ah!
Here we go, okay, go!
(STRAINING)
(GRUNTS) Thank you.
TONTO:
Uh-huh.
To find Rebecca and Danny?
Yup.
- To capture Cavendish?
- That's right.
Hmm.
Where the river begins?
Exactly.
It is a good day to die.
Yeah, well,
same to you. (URGES HORSE)
Come on.
(HOOFBEATS APPROACH)
"Where the river begins."
You know where that is, don't you?
Where the river begins.
(MEN TALKING INDISTINCTLY)
(MAN SHOUTS IN CHINESE)
- (GASPS)
- Oh!
Sorry, Butch. It was an accident. I'm...
I didn't mean it.
(MAN SPEAKING CHINESE)
What the hell is that damn noise?
(SPEAKING CHINESE)
Sorry, Butch.
They say they won't go inside no more.
Indian spirits or some damn thing.
They say they causing the cave-ins.
(SPEAKS CHINESE)
He the one doing the talking?
That's right.
(WORKERS EXCLAIM IN SHOCK)
Anybody else want to negotiate?
You?
They don't even speak English, Butch.
I think they understood.
Now go show them
there's nothing to be afraid of.
Do I have to ask twice?
(STAMMERING) I've been thinking.
Why don't we just take
what we can carry
and get out of here?
I mean, hell, we already rich.
Right?
Scraps?
Yeah.
You think I waited 20 years
- for scraps?
- (FRANK GROANS)
I'm taking all of it!
Every damn piece!
(WHIMPERING) I'm sorry!
Now, get In there
before I put a hole in you!
Sorry. I'm sorry.
Get in there.
(BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM)
Frank?
Ray,
Skinny,
go get him.
Frank?
- (FLUTTERING)
- (BOTH GASP)
(SCREAMING)
(WORKERS CHATTERING
NERVOUSLY)
(GASPS)
(CAVENDISH GROANING)
It can't be.
The Rangers are dead.
Where are they?
You're dead.

JOHN:
If you hurt them, I swear
to God, I'll make you pay.
...to the full extent of the law.
I'll be damned.
Lawyer and a crazy Injun.
(COCKS GUN)

JOHN:
(INHALING DEEPLY)
Had a nice smell on her.
Didn't she?
(GRUNTING)
(PANTING)

CAVENDISH:
You're no spirit.
You're just a man in a mask.
You're no different than me.
Finish him.
No.
This Isn't justice.
Justice
is what a man must take for himself.
No, I can't believe that.
I won't.
Windigo cut out brother's heart.
Where Is brother's justice?
I'm not a savage.
You are not a man.
- I will do it.
- Wait.

(GROANING)
You keep me from my destiny once.
It will not happen again.
Now, windigo must die.
There's no such thing as a wendingo.
You made it up.
Like you make up everything.
You sold out your whole village
for a watch.
And now you're an outcast.
You're a band apart.
A messed up little kid
who couldn't live with what you did.
There's no such thing as cursed silver,
or a Spirit Walker for that matter.
I'm not like you.
I have a tribe.
You have nothing.
Like me.
You're wrong.
Go back to your tribe, white coward.
I do not need you.
(COCKING GUN)
Look at me.
See the face of my people
as you die.
I knew I could count on you, Counselor.
Shut up.
(MUSIC BOX PLAYING SOFTLY)
Hey.
Where am I?
Drink.
Feel better.
(HUMMING)
(LOW WHISTLING)

COLE:
have been most effective, Captain.
With the natives in retreat,
we'll be in Promontory Summit
ahead of schedule.
Believe me, what they have done to the
settlements we have given back tenfold.
Tenfold.
(DANNY GASPS)
Danny, I told you,
take it easy on the corners
and press down on the straightaway.

DANNY:
Come here, Danny.
I want to show you something.
Since the time of Alexander the Great
no man has travelled faster
than the horse that carried him.
Not anymore.
Imagine, an entire continent
connected by iron rail.
That's fuel for our cities.
Metals for our factories.
Food for the masses.
Whoever controls this,
controls the future.
Power that makes emperors and kings
look like fools.
You mean it's mine?
COLE:
Could be all yours.
(DOOR OPENING)
Rebecca. Feeling better?
Look what Mr. Cole got me, Mama.
Huh!
(CHUCKLES) Danny...
(GASPS) Oh!

COLE:
after what you've been through.
You should consider yourself
a lucky woman, Mrs. Reid.
Had Mr. Cole not
come along when he did
with those outlaws,
who knows what manner
of violations might have transpired...
Captain. Captain, please.
The boy.
We're Indebted to you.

COLE:
Ever since the war, I prayed
that God might send me
a family that I could care for.
And now he has.
Wait.
There's one left.
- I'm sorry?

- REBECCA:
A Ranger is still alive.

FULLER:
My troopers found seven graves.
So, perhaps when you fell
and hit your head...

COLE:
If there is a Ranger still alive,
we will scour the countryside
until we find him.
I promise you that.

**COLE:**
we call upon you in this,
our hour of need.
For you are the shepherd
that shall guide the wanderer
through the desert.
You are the light
that shall be his beacon
in the darkness.
And yours is the mighty sword
that shall strike down his enemies.
For he is on the path of righteousness.
Amen.
(DANNY MIMICKING
TRAIN CHUGGING)

**JOHN:**

**CAVALRYMAN 1:**
Someone's coming in!

**CAVALRYMAN 2:**
at your posts!
(CAVALRYMEN SHOUTING
INDISTINCTLY)
- Daddy!
- Dan.
We don't know who's out there.
I intend to find out.

**JOHN:**
Wendell, take Mrs. Reid
and her son to the supply car.
For their own safety.
What is it, friend?
(BREATHING HARD)
This is the man you've been looking for.
(GROANING)

**COLE:**
just like one of those great lizards
buried in the desert.
JOHN:
I brought this man in for justice.
Of course.
Soldier.
I'm just doing my job, Mrs. Reid.
You wanna keep me in this room,
you're gonna have to shoot me.
Is that part of your job?
Whoa!
Danny.
And don't let him leave.
But he's just a boy.
That's right.
Oh.
And he's got a twitchy finger, too.
(COCKING GUN)
(INDISTINCT WHISPERING)
(GROANS)
Stupid white man.
(MUTTERING APPRECIATIVELY)

COLE:
that sustained us.
A lone Ranger,
a masked man. (CHUCKLES)
A ghost, some people said.
And now, here you are.
Flesh and blood.
Civilized society
has no place for a masked man.

COLE:
How can I thank you
for what you've done?
You can stop this war before it's too late.
Comanche didn't attack
those settlements.
It was Butch Cavendish and his gang.
All for this.

COLE:
In one man, 
everything I hate about this country. 
No sense of the common good. 
No vision. 
Come to think of it, 
not unlike your brother, Dan. 
(REBECCA PANTING) 
(GASPS) 
Men like that can't accept 
what we know to be true. 
A man can't stay the same 
with the world evolving around him. 
Remember me? 
But a man can't choose 
his brother, can he? 
It's almost as if his brother chooses him. 
You see, that's what we are. 
Me and Butch. 
Brothers. 
Born in the desert. 
All those years ago. 
(GUN COCKING)

**JOHN:** 
Train tracks. 
That's what Dan found 
in Indian Territory, isn't it? 
He knew there was gonna be a war 
and he wouldn't go along with it, 
so you had him killed. 
Like I said, 
no vision. 
Stop this train. 
Oh, there's no stopping this train, John. 
I think you know that. 
(GRUNTING) 
Danny! 
You're not my daddy. 
No. Put the gun down, son. 
Where's my daddy? 
He's dead, Danny. 
- He killed him. 
- Shut up. 
Listen to me, Danny.
You remember me, it's your Uncle John.
You trust me, don't you, Danny?
Look, Danny,
I'm gonna put my gun away, okay?
Nice and slow.
There's nothing to be afraid of.
Shoot him, son.

(DOOR OPENS)
(REBECCA WHIMPERs)
Danny?
Is my daddy dead?
Is he?
Is he?
Just put the gun down.
Please?
Now, just put the gun down.
Captain, arrest these men.
This man is a common criminal
trespassing on railway property.

JOHN:
raided any settlements.
They staged the attacks
so they could violate the treaty.

COLE:
You represent
the United States government.
You do not work for this man!

- COLE:
- They started this war!
Well, if what you say is true,
that would mean
I attacked the Comanche for no reason.

COLE:
Slaughter of the innocents.
Their blood on your hands.
Tenfold.
Are you capable of that?
Well, the way I see it,
these men are with the railroad.
So, the question is,
who the hell are you?
(MEN SPEAKING INDISTINCTLY)
(SOLDIERS CLAMOURING)

CAVALRYMAN 1:
- Outta the way!
- (GRUNTS)

MINER:

FULLER:
Out here, it's just rock.
Put it on a train, it's priceless.
What could you buy with all of that?
A country, Captain.
A great country.
For which our children will thank us.

RAILWAYMAN 1:
Line her up!
You're lined up.
- (WORKERS STRAINING)

- RAILWAYMAN 2:
Get these Chinamen out of here!
Move it, move it!
Detail, halt!
Order, up!
Didn't you hear me, Chinaman?
I said, get out!

FULLER:
Please, don't do this.
You'll take care of us, like you said.
You don't have to do this.

FULLER:
(COCKS GUN)
I ain't gonna tell you again!
What the hell is that?
Gas. That's gas!

- MAN:
- (INDISTINCT SHOUTING)
ENGINEER:
She's going to blow!
(PANICKED SHOUTING)
Shoulder arms!
I was at Gettysburg.
Twelve-thousand casualties
before lunch.
Know what I learned in all that carnage?
Nothing is accomplished
without sacrifice.
(SPITS)
- Leave her alone!
- Danny!
Nice and easy!

ENGINEER:
What the hell?
Gas! Gas! Gas!
Ready!
I'm gonna have to
teach you about respect, aren't I, son?

REBECCA:
Aim!
Fire!
- (GRUNTS)
- Oh!
(ALL EXCLAIM INCREDULOUSLY)
(SOLDIERS YELLING INDISTINCTLY)
What the hell just happened?
(SNARLS)
(LOON CALLING)
(LOON CALLING CONTINUES)
(GROANING)
Get the train moving!

FULLER:
Maintain order! To arms!

TONTO:
Tonto?
(MEN SCREAMING)
What was that?
No reason for concern.

**FULLER:**
Defensive position!
John!
Rebecca! I'm coming for you!
John!
Rally on me!
(SHOUTS IN NATIVE LANGUAGE)
(WHOOPING)
Lord, save us.
(WHOOPING)
Faster! Now!
Form a firing line!

**SOLDIER:**
Hold your positions, gentlemen!
(WHOOPING)
Hold!
Steady!
For God!
And for country!
Fire at will!
(INDIANS SCREAMING)
Tonto? What is that?
Now... must to jump!
Left or right?
Yes!
(GRUNTING)
(GRUNTING)
Kerosene?
What are you trying to do?
Blow up the whole mountain?
Trust me. These two have
a hard time staying dead.
- (MUFFLED EXPLOSION)
- (SHRIEKING)
(INDIANS WHOOPING)
Cover the flank!
(YELLING)
(COUGHING)
Mister Tonto?
Mister Tonto?
You mean, they killed all of them?
The Indians, the settlers...
Dan?
For silver?

**JOHN:**
There is no justice.
Cole controls everything.
The railroad, the Cavalry, everything.
If men like him represent the law,
I'd rather be an outlaw.
That is why
you wear the mask.

(HORSE NEIGHS)
Something very wrong with that horse.

(PLAYING MARCHING TUNE)
(CROWD CHEERING)
(FIREWORKS EXPLODING)

**COLFAX:**
we are here today to celebrate a dream.
And now I'd like to introduce the man
who made that dream a reality.
Chairman of the Transcontinental Railroad Corporation,
Mr. Lewis Habberman the Third.
Thank you!
But I cannot take credit alone.
No, sir.
The working men before you
deserve your applause!
- Yes!
- (CHEERING AND APPLAUSE)
As does one man in particular,
and a more dedicated, loyal employee
the railroad could not ask for,
Mr. Latham Cole!
(CHEERING)
- Come on.

- **MAN 1:**

**MAN 2:**
HABBERMAN:
A testament of our thanks.

SHAREHOLDER:
(CHEERING AND WHISTLING)
(both panting)

WILL:
Where did you get the explosives?
I told you.
No, you didn't.
But you had a plan. I mean,
he didn't get away with it?
We had plan.
It was good plan.
(ALL SCREAMING)
This is a damn bank robbery!
(ALL CHEERING)
Oh, Mr. Habberman,
if you and the other shareholders
would like to follow me,
I have a little surprise for you.
Ah!
(CHUCKLES)
(MUFFLED EXPLOSION)
(CROWD GASPS)
Oh, my.
What was that?
Tunneling for supply routes.
Nothing to be concerned about.
This way, gentlemen.
Bring the girl.
(DOOR OPENS)
He's coming for you.
Just like Frank said.
What you got makes them Reid boys
so hot under the collar, anyway?
Maybe I'll have a taste and find out.
The men around this table represent
the finest families in our country
as well as controlling interest
in the Transcontinental Railway Corporation.
SHAREHOLDERS:

COLE:

is that over the past six months,
I have leveraged a position
which will make me
the majority shareholder
when this company is
listed Monday morning
on the New York City Stock Exchange.
In essence, gentlemen, you work for me.
Have you lost your mind?
Do you have any idea the cost?
Each one of those freight cars contains
4.5 tons of purest raw silver.
When it reaches the bank
in San Francisco,
that's 65 million dollars.
It's what you might call
a hostile takeover.
You can keep the watch.
Have you checked the undercarriage?
- Check it again.

- SOLDIER:

MAN:
Pleasure to see you, Red!
(RED MUTTERING ANGRILY)
Oh!

FULLER:

assistance to you, madam?
Seems I have a run in my stocking.
Ivory.

SOLDIER:

Shh!
Make trade.

SOLDIER:

Boy, I'm talking to you!
(URGING HORSES)
Hey! You can't leave that here!
Mr. Cole's pickles. Take it up with him. This Is an outrage!
I, for one, am not gonna sit here and negotiate with one of my employees. Then, let's get down to it, shall we?
(ALL GASP IN SHOCK)
(GROANING)
My gluteus!
Gentlemen, our chairman has had to take - a sudden leave of absence.
- (SCREAMING)
Any nominations?
I nominate Mr. Latham Cole.
I accept.
(SCREAMING CONTINUES)
(BAND PLAYING NATIONAL ANTHEM)
(CROWD SINGING ALONG)

FULLER:
So clean.
You want to touch it?
Oh, yes.
Attention!
About face!

RED:
What the hell do you think you're doing?
Robbery.
We don't have no money here, boy.
Train robbery.
A little higher.
How high does it go?
Almost there.

CROWD:
and the home of the brave
(CROWD CLAMOURING)
Um...
Mr. Cole?
They're stealing my train.
Get the horses!
Right there!
What are you waiting for? To the engine!
Stop that train!
(BLOWING TRAIN HORN)
Shoot him, you idiot.
- No, Danny's in there!

- COLE:
Mama!

SOLDIER:
- There he is, men!
- (HORSE NEIGHING)
  (SHOUTING)
  John!
  (URGES HORSE)
  John!
  (URGING HORSE)
Come on!
  (GUN FIRING)
  (GRUNTING)
  (SHRIEKS)
  (SCREAMING)
Get me close!
  (GRUNTS)
  (GRUNTING)
  (URGING HORSE)
The Ranger! He's on the roof!
How many times
do I have to tell you to kill that Ranger?
I told you he'd come.
  (GRUNTING)
Adis, Counselor!
John!
  (URGING HORSE)
  (NEIGHING)
  (RUNNING FOOTSTEPS)
  (GRUNTING)
  (PANTING)
Dance, monkey! Dance!
Oh! Ooh!
Danny!
  (PASSENGERS SCREAMING)
  (YELLING)
(PANTING)

JOHN:

(GUN CLICKING)
Let her go!
If you Insist.
(SCREAMS)
Go ahead.
John?
She tends to land on her feet.
John! (SHRIEKS)
Oh!
What you gonna do, Counselor?
Shoot me? (LAUGHING)
That's right.
(GUN CLICKS)
Guess I cut out
the wrong brother's heart.
(SCOFFING) Don't tell me.
You boxed in law school.
(CHUCKLING)
What the hell?
As a matter of fact, I did.
(SNARLING)
(YELPING)
(INDISTINCT SCREAMING
AND PLEADING)
Where is girl?
What? Where's the silver?
What are you...
(GRUNTING)
End of the line.
We've been here before, haven't we?
Easy.
Where did you say
that train was headed?
The future?
(LAUGHING SCORNFULLY)
Well, this here train,
she going straight to hell.
(GRUNTS)
You know something, Butch?
I believe you're right.
Enjoy the ride!
(SNARLS)
Huh?
(SCREAMING)
(GASPS)
(TRAIN WHISTLE BLOWS)
Hey!
(GROANS)
Wrong brother?
Not today.
(GRUNTS)
(GRUNTS)

COLE:
Uncle John!
(URGING HORSE)
Pretty soon, no one will even know
you people were here.
I'm a Spirit Walker.
I can't miss.
(GROANS)
All these years,
I think you are windigo.
But, no.
You are just another white man.
Who are you?
Bad trade.

WILL:
No.
The bridge.
What bridge?
Oh, my.
"Bad trade."
(SCREAMING)
(GURGLING)
(METAL CREAKING)
(PLAYING MARCH)
Ladies and gentlemen,
(CLEARS THROAT)
as Chairman of the
Transcontinental Railroad,
I'd like to express our gratitude
to this masked man,
this Lone Ranger.
- MAN:
- (APPLAUSE)
Come on, come on. (CLEARS THROAT)
A small token of our thanks.
(CROWD APPLAUDS
AND MURMURS APPRECIATIVELY)
There will be plenty more
where that came from.
Always nice to have a lawman
on the side of progress.
Time to take off the mask, son.
Not yet.
(WHISTLES)
I can't stay.
I know.
But if that badge
ever starts to weigh on you,
well, you know where to find us.
Train's headed west.
There's nothing
holding you here anymore.
It's my home.

JOHN:
any more, Danny.
Your daddy would be proud.
You take care of your mama.
I thought I'd call him Silver.
Silver?
It is a good name.
You know, it isn't really a trade
unless both parties agree.
Who would really trade
a watch for some bird seed?
Bird cannot tell time, kemosabe.
"Kemosabe." Yeah, about that.
Look, I was thinking,
if we're gonna be outlaws,
I'm gonna need a better name.
I was thinking, "The Mask of Justice."

TONTO:
JOHN:
"The Lone Rider of..."

TONTO:

JOHN:
what "Tonto" means in Spanish?
(SNIFFING)
I guess I should be heading home.

TONTO:
It was nice to meet you, Mr. Tonto.
So, the windigo.
Nature out of balance.
The masked man.
It's just a story, right?
(CHUCKLING) I mean,
I know he's not real.
Was he?
Up to you, kemosabe.
(CAWING)
Never take off the mask.
(WHINNYING)
Hi-yo, Silver! Away!
Don't ever do that again.
Sorry. (URGING HORSE)
(TRIUMPHANT MUSIC PLAYING)