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# Devil's Doorway

By Guy Trosper

- Yes, Sir. What will it be?

- Is your beer cold?

- Lance... Lance Poole!

- How are you, Bob.

I heard that the rebels  
had you for breakfast.

Zeke!

Look who's here.

- I'm glad to see you, boy.

- Same to me, Zeke.

- Look like cows and chewing.

- Well, I came making 1,800 miles.

Let's get to welcoming you.

I bought that trick for \$ 10  
from a guitar player in Cheyenne.

It defies all laws of engineering.

With the teeth.

It looks like you did good in the army, huh?

You got a Medal, stripes. Are you a Sergeant?

- Sergeant Major.

- When I was in the army...

The regular army. We were  
particular who wore those stripes.

- Lance, which way did you come back?

- The Overland trail.

- Did you see the UP railroad? - Yes,  
every 75 miles east of Fort Carney.

That railroad is gonna make  
a lot of changes, Lance.

I can remember when your dad and  
I trapped Wind River country.

A man could walk a week and  
never see a living human.

Just them mountains, big...

Yeah, it's all getting crowded.

Well, I'm gonna get rolling.

I am anxious to see the old man.

- If I guess he's on his way in now.

- How could he know Lance has come back?

The wind maybe, but he'll know.

Thanks, Bob. See you, Zeke.

- A fine boy. He'll do all right.

- Will he?

Why not?

He never left his father alone, why  
should they treat him any different?  
Did you notice how sour the haircut?  
You can always smell them.

- Zeke, who is that fellow?

- He's a lawyer.

The name is Coolan. He's now here  
for his health. He has lung fever.

Look who's coming!

Hello, Father!

Is my father forgotten  
the language of the white man?

I use it little.

- Your health?

- Good.

We will go home.

Goodbye, Zeke.

- Gee, it's pretty.

- Sweet Meadows.

Here you belong.

It's gonna be all right.

You must be Jimmy!

- I am seven. - Well, you're gonna  
make us a good foreman someday.

- Have you been seeing a doctor?

- No.

Then you don't know  
what is wrong with you.

In the winter the leaves falls from  
the tree. No medicine can stop it.

Your business is driving cattle.

Let the doctor decide.

My blood grows cold, soon I will die.

I couldn't kill you with an ax. As soon as  
you getting better, we're gonna work together.

I got a saddlebag full of dreams

I made around the campfires at war...

...when the night was quiet.

I'll let the valley  
soak in the sunlight.

Nurse it, pet it, until Sweet Meadows is a ranch  
where we can live and all our kids after us.

It will be ours Father.

Warm, plenty to eat, nothing but peace.

To any man who comes along which  
has run out of luck we'll say:  
Grab a chair and eat with us.  
Stay until you ready to leave.  
No men red nor Whites will ever  
be turned away from our door.  
The war has changed you.  
It changed the whole country.  
Men didn't die for nothing.  
Those who left want to get  
along peaceful. Like me.  
- We lost our taste for fighting.  
- May you find your peace.  
Why should anyone bother me now?  
You're tired, Father.  
It's time for you to go to bed.  
I'll get a doctor here tomorrow  
to look you over.  
Do you think the white doctor  
cares if I live or die?  
I think so, yes.  
The whites outnumber us, father.  
All wars are over. Even yours.  
The country is growing up. They gave me  
these stripes without testing my blood.  
I led a squad of whites, slept in the  
same blankets and ate from the same pan.  
Held their heads when they died.  
Why should it be any different now?  
You are home.  
You are again an Indian.  
Broken Lance.  
There are scales on the arise  
so that you are blind.  
The truth will tear you.  
- What is the truth?  
- Our people are doomed.  
- The white man knows great hate for us.  
- The doctor will come.  
You think you can live with the white man.  
There's only one way. Be strong.  
- Land, flocks of cattle...  
- Don't tire yourself now.  
Drop my body into the deep shaft.

Then you must keep  
this earth always,  
...for I am part of it.  
An Indian without land loses his soul.  
His heart veins.  
Sweet Meadows, our mother... the earth.  
- 15, 2, 15, 4 and a run of 3  
- I got 15 without a 15.  
- Dr. MacQuillan?  
- I'm here.  
Could you come, right way?  
My father is very sick.  
Is that so?  
I sent one of my men.  
I guess you didn't understand.  
- Please, hurry doc. Tell me where your  
horse is. I'll get him saddled. - Nine.  
- 15-2. - 23. - 31...  
I got patients here in town.  
- But I'm afraid my father is dying. - It wouldn't  
be right for me to leave my patients in town for...  
- Do you know you're disturbing  
the game? 14. - 20.  
- You're not coming? Why don't you dig  
up the Shoshone medicine man? - 30.  
You're coming with me! Hurry!  
That man is dead.  
May I go now?  
You didn't tell me how much  
I owe you, doctor.  
Nothing. Nothing at all.  
I send you my father, to  
the land of the great mystery.  
And you ride with him on the north wind.  
- Good day, sir!- Where are you heading?  
- I'm looking for grazing land for my sheep.  
- There on that way is but my land.  
- But Mr. Coolan said... - It belongs to me.

**VERNE COOLAN:**

Attorney At Law  
The sheep must belong to that man  
there. But they got to have land.  
Somebody else's land.

Sorry I crowded up  
your beasts, cowboy.

I didn't mean to push you on up the  
sidewalk, but this is cattle country.

- Hello, Zeke!

- Howdy, son!

- Hey, pretty. - It's not my idea.

Governor Campbell persuaded me.

- Somebody got to be Marshall. - Fine.

- How did you do? - \$36 a head.

- What are you gonna do with all  
that money? - Just put in the bank.

Did you ever deposit  
\$ 18,000 in the bank?

Every week.

You put down the check, the man looks  
if it is good, looks at you...

And all of a sudden he respects you.

That is what \$ 18,000 will do.

- Lance, I wanna talk to you.

- Shoot.

No one is gladder than me what you've  
done so good in the past five years.

- People are starting to talk.

- Go ahead.

It ain't no use in grubbing it in.

Am I not one of the  
leading citizens?

Wyoming is now part of the United States.

There is a different kind of people here.

Shop keepers, railroad men...

They are not used to...

Rich Indians?

Lance, you know what I'm trying to say.

Watch yourself.

- Alright, Marshall, I'll buy you a drink.

Shot of moose milk. - No thanks, it's too early.

- Come on! - You don't want to drink.

- Come on! It will do you good.

- Hello. Bob!

- Hello, boys!

Reach down under the bar  
and bring up my friend.

What's the matter?

Has the well gone dry?

No liquor allowed for Indians!

- How did it get there?

- I put it there. Territorial law.

That's your job, Zeke.

Civilization is a great thing.

- The law no says I can't buy you  
a drink, Lance. - No, thanks Bob.

- How about you, Red Rock? - I'd choke.

- We take soda water. - Huh?

- There's no law against an Indian  
drinking water, is there? - Sure.

Speaking of law, Mike, an  
interesting situation has developed  
with the formation of the Territory and  
the opening of the Regional Office in Wyoming.

All this land around here is  
open to homesteading.

- A real interesting development.

- Yes, yes.

It's of particularly interest to sheep men, Nebraska  
and Kansas. The ranch has been burning up there.

So I thought it only fair to pass the word  
there is plenty of feed and water right here.

On land that's open for homesteading.

They should be headed this way now.

- I've been thinking on a piece of land myself.

- You have never seen Sweet Meadows, have you?

- No.

- It's like the laugh of a beautiful woman.

You ride through the Devil's Doorway,  
and the wind is cold.

And then you see Sweet Meadows.

Somehow the sky is a deeper shade  
of blue and the grass is greener.

It's a dream all men have  
when they ache for home.

That's where I'm gonna file.

On Sweet Meadows.

- Is that alright with you, Indian?

- Now, I don't want any trouble in here.

You're quite an

Indian-lover, ain't you?

Mr. Coolan, there is only one

solution to the Indian problem.  
You don't think it's right for an Indian  
to control 20,000 acres of the best land?  
No, I don't even think it's right for an Indian  
to stand at the same bar with a white man.  
You'd better back up  
a little from the bar.  
I think you better stand  
back a little more.  
You let them in saloon and the first thing  
you know they wanna mix with them socially.  
- Five.  
- It's a nice head of hair, redskin.  
It'll be good hanging from my belt.  
Six.  
You're a sick man, Mr. Coolan!  
That's enough.  
Give me that drink.  
Have one on me!  
What about this homesteading?  
- We better find out about it.  
- How?  
See a lawyer.  
Coolan is the only lawyer.  
There must be another one someplace.  
You bring the horses.  
A. MASTERS

**ATTORNEY AT LAW:**

Come in!  
How do you do?  
- I'm looking for Masters, ma'am.  
- I am Masters.  
Lawyer?  
Yes.  
Excuse me, ma'am.  
Come in.  
I don't blame you for being surprised. Most  
people are discovering A. Masters is a women.  
Yes, ma'am.  
Is there anything I can do for you?  
My name is Broken Lance.  
I am an Indian!  
I see.



Please sit down.

- I wanna find out about home settling.
- I read the law. What is it you want to know?
- If I haven't got titled to my land, other people can homestead without demanding me? - Yes.
- Can I homestead my own land? Make the law work for me instead of against me?
- That's what most people are doing.
- That's what I want to do.
- Will you take care it for me?
- Yes.

The first thing to do is to prepare a statement.

- That's a bad cut.
- Yes, ma'am.

What do we say in this statement?

- You're over 21. Are you head of the family?
- No, ma'am.
- Not married. Are you a veteran?
- Three years.
- Organization?
- The third Pennsylvania. Cavalry.

Major battles?

Mechanicsville, Antietam, Gettysburg.

You've had your share.

- Any decorations?
- Congressional Medal of Honor.

You shouldn't have any trouble.

- Has your land be surveyed?
- No, ma'am.

That's the first thing. Since you can homestead only 65 ha. you want to file the land the house is on...

And on a big water hole.

It costs \$ 10 to file a claim.

- How much for you?
- There's not much to this.
- Let's say \$ 10.
- When will I know about this?

It will take a little time. I'll send a surveyor out as soon as possible. - Thank you, ma'am.

Thank you.

Wait a minute.

I'll get some water to stop that bleeding.

No, thanks, ma'am. It will stop.

Mother, what do you think of  
my first client?

I think you're crazy.

- I see that I don't need to tell you about  
our confidential discussion. - No, I heard all.  
I can't think of a better way of driving away  
business than to take the case of an Indian!  
You're probably right.

I thought about it.

Well for Heaven's sake, why did  
you do it?! We got to be practical!

Father was the best lawyer I ever knew.

I always think how he'd handle the situation.

Well, he wouldn't... Your father...

Oh yes, he would have too.

He'd reach in his drawer,  
pulled out a bottle,  
poured a couple of drinks and said:  
Alright, son. What's your trouble?

I think he would have been  
interested in Broken Lance.

Well, if we don't eat regular, I guess  
losing a few pounds wouldn't emaciate me.

- Mother, take that gun back!

- Orri, we're in Wyoming.

We're going 50 miles from  
nowhere to an Indian camp.

- I don't know what might happen,  
neither do you. - This is ridiculous!  
If you'll give that Indian Lance Poole the  
news, he might blow up like a powder cake.  
Go ahead!

It helps when somebody groans for you.

I wouldn't have finished otherwise.

Well, we're homesteaded.

- Hello!

- Are these your men? - Yes.

- They're just curious. How are you,  
Miss Masters? - I'm not sure.

- Do you like to sit on the porch?

- Yes, thank you.

- My, this is a beautiful valley.

Is it all yours? - Yes, ma'am.

- How big is it?

- It's a circle, 10 miles in diameter.

It's a great deal of land.

- Not for 5,000 cattle.

- You have that many? - No.

But I will have.

Thank you.

I heard from the Land Office.

I'm afraid I have bad news.

Your homestead application

has been turned down.

As an Indian, you don't qualify

under the terms of the Act.

Why not?

Well, you see... It wasn't...

- The law...

- Yes?

Under the law, you're not cast

as an American citizen.

What am I?

You're a ward of the Government.

So that's it.

I'm sorry, Mr. Poole.

I have got an idea.

If you got some men, white men...

And they'll homestead on my land,

and afterwards I can buy it back from them.

I'm afraid we can't do that.

- We can't?

- No, you see that's against the law.

I know how you must feel, but

there was nothing I could do.

It's the law and we have

to obey it.

- I see your point.

- Do you?

- Oh, I hope so.

- Sure.

I envy you, ma'am, for being a lawyer.

You got a faith, something to go by.

Like a religion. With you is the law.

My father wanted me to study law.

- It means a great deal to me.

- Yes, it must.

I've always wanted something like that.

Something to tell me what is right or wrong.  
- I'm glad you feel the way you do. - Because  
then you don't have to bother about conscience.  
It's written out. No matter what  
it does to people. It is the law.  
Changing the law is something  
you don't have to worry about.  
- You probably want to go now. I'll ride with you.  
- That won't be necessary! - We are armed.  
I'll take you to the other side. I wouldn't  
want anything to happen to you on my property.  
Don't touch him!  
- But he needs help!  
- He has to make it to the house alone.  
Come on, boy! On your feet!  
- Aren't you gonna help him?  
- I can't.  
Just a little more, Jimmy.  
Come on, Jimmy!  
Come on, boy.  
That was close.  
You probably want to know  
what it is about.  
Every Shoshone boy has to go  
through that, it's a test.  
Before a boy turns into a man,  
- the tribe wants to know if he's an adult.  
- What does he have to do?  
He's given a knife.  
Nothing else. No food, no water.  
He has to go up in the mountains above the  
snow line, bring back the claws of an eagle.  
He has three days to do it in.  
He has to be back on the third day  
before the sun is going down.  
Isn't it rather cruel?  
It depends on your point of view. Shoshones  
were a small tribe. Every man counts.  
Suppose one day that boy had to fight  
for his people... Wouldn't it be good idea  
if they knew they could depend on him?  
But he's not living with the tribe now.  
He'll never have to face that test here.  
I hope not, ma'am.

There is our warrior.  
That's a fine set, Jimmy.  
They are yours.  
You've earned them.  
You made it, Shining Spear.  
You're a man now. We're proud of you.  
Whatever the trouble,  
you will be sleeping tonight.  
That boy has a good home.  
Don't worry, ma'am. They are Shoshones.  
They ran away from the reservation  
20 suns past.  
Their hearts are dying because  
they have no freedom.  
They have no milk and  
the children weep.  
- They heard that Broken Lance has much land.  
- Why do you bother to translate?  
- Do you care what I think?  
- They have broken the law.  
I thought you might wanna know.  
He says they want a place  
to live. They want a home.  
- What do you say now?  
- What do you think I say!?  
I'll tell them to go away and  
tell them I don't own my land.  
They stay, they will  
only add to my troubles.  
(You can not stay.)  
(I want peace with the white man.)  
(We salute you.)  
This is Thunder Cloud.  
I remember when I was a child he was the  
greatest hunter and the bravest warrior.  
Once I fought as a mountain lion  
and hunted as the eagle.  
Now my spirit is dead.  
Even my eyes are dead.  
We will die, but we'll never  
go back to the reservation.  
- What did you say to them? - I told them  
they haven't to go back to the reservation.  
I told them they were home.

You're the only people  
who know they are here.

- No one will find out from us.

- No one.

We'd better be on our way.

I will leave you here.

Lance, will you come to the house?

I want to talk with you.

It wouldn't be a good idea for you  
to be seen with me after dark.

If you think so.

Lance, I guess I deserved what  
you said about the law.

I understand now what that law means.

I want you to know, if you let me,  
I'll work for you to get it changed.

I don't know if there's much

I can do, but I want to try.

That's good to hear.

We haven't lost this fight. I've  
been thinking about filing a petition.

Yes, Orri, yes. That's the idea.

If we can get enough signatures here,  
The Land Office will have to take notice.

- I have faith in people. If they hear  
your side of the story... - They will sign.

I'll write a few letters  
to Congress myself.

It sounds... just fine.

Thank you.

- Good night, Lance.

- Good night.

- Good night.

- Oh, Mrs Masters... - Yes?

The next time you carry a gun  
for protection against Indians,

- you'd better make sure the firing  
pin is not rusted. - The... what?

That damn thing!

Through that pass you will find green  
pastures and clean water for your sheep.

Mr. Coolan!

I caught that man with the sheep  
trying to come at my place.

I scattered the sheep,  
they can be roundup later.  
The other side of that pass  
belongs to me. Stay off it.  
That's a big horse you're riding.  
And it's a long fall of it.  
Like you said. It is a big horse.  
There you are. unless it rains, your  
sheep will be wiped out within a month.  
- And it never rains in Wyoming  
in the summertime. - Mr. Coolan...  
It was your idea for us to come here.  
What do you suggest now?  
Through that pass the rains never dries  
up, the mountains keep the wind out.  
There is a waterhole in there big  
enough to float a clipper ship in.  
And the grass... it's belly high.  
It's a place for home.  
I'd like to live there myself.  
Alright lawyer, we paid you good money  
to tell us what to do. What's your answer?  
My answer is in effect  
the answer of the Land Office.  
They informed me that Indians are  
ineligible for benefits of the homestead law.  
- The rest is up to you, gentlemen.  
- Indians have always fought for their land.  
- Poole doesn't strike me to be afraid.  
- It's my duty is to tell your rights.  
For the rest, of course, you have  
to attend to yourselves.  
Fear didn't enter into  
my considerations.  
Why get your head blown off  
if there is another way?  
I'd like to talk with Poole.  
Maybe we can make a deal.  
We want grazing and watering rights.  
We'll rent, lease or buy.  
- Go on. - Legally, we can  
go in Sweet Meadows right now.  
- Why don't you?  
- We'd rather do it without fighting.

I see.

Those men are not going to  
let their sheep starve to death.

Would you care to go with me  
to talk with Mr. Poole?

- When can we leave?

- Right away.

Not a foot, mister. I hope you will  
do alright, but not on my land.

- You do realize we have the right to  
homestead on Sweet Meadows? - I do.

Lance, as your attorney,  
I recommend some sort of agreement.

I wanna follow your advice  
wherever I can, but not this time.

May I speak with you alone?

Don't be in a hurry about this.

It is serious.

- Why did you bring him here, Orri?

- Because I want you to understand your position.

This is the time for compromise.

The Shoshones had a chief  
who compromised.

He even fought alongside the  
white men against his own race.

Today my tribe is on a  
reservation, shut in like animals.

There are a few of us left  
who won't go to a reservation.

We'll stay and we won't compromise.

Would you compromise if the Land Office  
reversed its decision about you?

- What's going to make them change their minds?

- Maybe my petition will.

If you had a legal claim to even a part  
of Sweet Meadows, you'd be better off.

Alright, I'll make a deal with you.

If your petition is works,  
I will talk to the sheep men.

Thank you.

- Time is running out. You'll have to do something.

- I promised to see what happens with the petition.

Let me tell you something about  
Miss Masters. In the first place...



She is emotionally involved  
with that Indian.

In the second place she's a shrew.

I regard her for, professionally.

But her petition is a fraud.

An attempt to stall the time. No chance.

Where did you get  
all the confidence?

I've been talking with the Land  
Commissioner in Cheyenne yesterday.

- What did he say? - If that petition  
would have all signatures of everyone

...it wouldn't change  
the decision one bit.

- But the Indian would still fight.

- I doubt that. Why should he?

If you went out there and stake the claim  
you'd be doing yourself and the Indian a favor.

I think it  
resigned itself to be inevitable.

- Maybe you're right.

- This petition could drag on months. - Yes.

And I don't have to remind you  
that sheep die easily.

Excuse me.

- When did you go to Cheyenne?

- Last...

Just before the war. Nine years ago.

- It looks like the kid swallowed it. - I admire  
that boy. He follows the advice of his elders.

I'll go back in town and see how the  
young lady's petition is getting on.

You'll follow in discrete distance  
and bring me news of the battles  
as quickly as possible.

This Indian will chew that kid  
and spit him out.

A couple of sheep herders down at  
the waterhole, they're driving stakes.

It will save yourself a lot of grieve,  
if you just get out of here.

My lawyer tells me this is land in the public  
domain and I have the right to homestead it.

- I've already told you once.

- We can't let the sheep die?!

That's your luck out.

- Don't come any further.

- Anytime you're ready.

If you want that kid of yours  
out here alive, move!

What's it gonna take  
to teach you, guys?!

And I want to remind you that Mr. Poole  
fought long and gallantly for his country.

He certainly earned the right to live.

If the citizens of Medicine Bow  
show confidence in this man  
and help him by giving him the guarantee  
to be sure of just a portion of his land,  
I'm sure he'll not be unreasonable  
about the rest of it.

As it is, he has every right  
to be suspicious.

The law says an Indian got  
no more rights than a dog.

That's the law

I've sworn to enforce.

I'll do my best, even so I knew  
Lance Poole since childhood.

He has always been a good boy, he  
never made any trouble for nobody.

He's just trying to  
hang on to his land.

As soon as he fights, I got to  
go out and try to stop him.

A Marshall, I reckon, should  
not mix up in any politics  
but I feel pretty bad the way things are and  
there's nothing saying the law can't be changed.

- Give me the pen.

- One moment! Please, Miss Masters!

There's one thing that concerns me. If we sign  
and the government entitles the Indian his land,  
can you guarantee that he will  
live in peace with his neighbors?

- Not to go to savagery?

- Of course.

Well, in that case, I'll be

delighted to sign your petition.

Coolan! Coolan! That Indian just shot one, the MacDougall kid.

This must be some mistake!

Rod, I'm sorry about what happened.

So am I.

- Well, I guess nothing can stop it now.

- What do you mean? Stop what?

A fight. We're at the end of our rope. We got to make a move. We just can't take anymore.

Hello.

I just came from the sheep camp shepherd. - You're worried about them. - They have a right to live.

- It's just as terrifying for them to be without a home as it is for you. - Alright.

- I'm afraid. They can only endure so much, then they'll fight. - That's their choice.

- Lance, can't you see if they'd fight you'll be destroyed? - What can I do?

Give in an inch.

Make a few concessions.

Lance, they're coming west all the time.

This is a question of survival for you.

The Land Office refused our petition.

Orri, I want to ask you a question.

- Will you be honest?

- I'll try.

Do you believe in your heart that they have a right to my land?

Answer me, Orri.

I believe they are human beings and that everyone has the right to live.

- You didn't answer me. - What can they do?!

- Do you think they have a right to my land?

Yes, yes! To a part of it anyway!

- Let me explain, Lance. Just...

- Never mind, Orri. I understand.

It's hard to explain how an Indian feels about the earth.

It's the pumping of our bloods.

It's the love we got to have.

My father said the earth is our mother.

I was raised in this valley

and now I'm part of it, like...

Like the mountains, and the hills,  
deer, pine trees and the wind.  
Deep in my heart I know  
that I belong here.  
If we lose it now, we  
might as well all be dead.  
Don't feel bad, Orri.  
You've tried to see it my way.  
You've been a good lawyer.  
I'll ride home with you.  
Marshall, you've solved  
as long as you can.  
You've deliberately ignored your duties as  
a peace officer and a servant to the people.  
The Indian's petition has been denied.  
Are you going to give these men the homestead  
protection they're entitled to or you aren't you?  
- I guess I ain't got much choice.  
- All right.  
Some of you get the sheep moving,  
and the rest come along with me.  
- You notice how pretty the  
mountains look today? - Yeah.  
I've always wanted to die with my boots off, in  
bed with people standing around, crying over me.  
Don't come any closer, Zeke!  
Don't!  
You wouldn't hurt me, Lance.  
They'll never be any closer as that.  
Bring all the sheep!  
Gentlemen, in my hand I hold the  
telegram from the Governor of Wyoming,  
appointing me temporary the U.S. Marshall.  
I need hardly remind you of  
the purpose of our assembling.  
Who could blame us if we dangle Poole and  
his Indians from the telegraph poles as  
...a warning to other redskins?  
The volunteers of this expedition will have first  
choice in the homesteading of Sweet Meadows.  
Commanding Officer of Fort Laramie.  
Temporary U.S. Marshall forming  
posse to attack Sweet Meadows.  
Strong possibility that Indians of

State reservation hiding there.

To prevent mass violence, urgently  
request present here Federal troops  
to deal with the situation.

Please reply immediately.

How can I fight without a gun?

I can shoot a shovel.

- You'll get a gun soon enough.

- I hope so.

- We'll be ready by sundown.

- Good. They probably will hit at night.

- Indians aren't supposed to fight at night.

- You'll need sleep.

We'll need more than that.

All right, men! Let's go!

Don't hurry! Take your time.

- Is that the answer?

- No, that's a call from Rock Springs.

This is it! It's from Fort Laramie.

The Indians have build themselves a good  
defense. They probably got about 18 guns.

If we get them from all three sides,  
each group will face about six Indians.

It shouldn't be difficult. It'll be  
dark in 20 minutes. We'll wait.

All right, men! It's dark enough.

Let's get this over with!

Wait! I have news!

- You should be glad to hear this!

- It can wait. We have work to do.

Jenkins, you take 12 men  
and encircle to the north.

I see no need for you men to get all shot up  
when the U.S. cavalry is willing to do the job.

What's cavalry got to do with this?

I'm dispatching immediately Troop B,  
to dispose uprising Medicine Bow Indians.

**Signed:**

Major B. Haskins, Commanding Officer.

This is a local problem and the solution  
lies entirely under my authority as Marshall.

Of course, Mr. Coolan.

I was just thinking of your men.

The trained soldiers are  
willing to do the job!

I think you're right. There's still some  
work we can do before the troops get here.  
We can soften up the Indian a little.

He... seems to favor dynamite.

- What's the lady lawyer doing?

- It's hard to tell.

Coolan will make a move soon.

- Not yet.

- When?

Now!

Red Rock!

Get them out of here!

- Back to the reservation! Go on!

- Why, Lance?

If they are not here, I might have  
a chance to save this place.

They brought all the trouble here.

Send them back to the reservation!

If you want to save their lives,  
why don't you say so?

- They haven't got a chance. Tell them anything,  
just get them started. - You know they won't go.

- Do as I say!

- All right, but they won't go.

They won't go.

All right.

If they want to stay,  
they're set on dying.

Let's make it count!

Let's go after them!

Hey, Ed!

Ed, you're there?

Are you deaf? Wake up!

Ed Johnson has been knifed!

Jimmy!

Here's the gun you wanted.

Take good care of it.

Let's go!

The U.S. Cavalry?

- Who's in command here, Miss?

- Stop this attack on innocent people!

Everyone in that house will e dead.

There are women and children.

I don't like it any better than  
you do, but I have my orders.

- The Indians can stop at any time they  
want to by surrendering. - All right.

Make the posse stop this slaughter,  
and I'll go in to talk to them.

- I used to be Lance Poole's attorney

- I'll stop the posse, but I still got my orders.

- The Indians must go back to the reservation.

- Thank you. - Good luck!

In there.

Well?

Oh, Lance!

You think it's all over with us,  
we might as well give up.

With the cavalry here, it's hopeless.

- You got any suggestions?

- Yes, I have.

If you surrender to the Federal  
Troops you'll get a fair trial.

You still got your religion, haven't you?

What do you think the court will do with  
a bunch of Indians who fought for their land?

At least as you give up to the cavalry, you'll  
get a trial. That's more than Coolan would've done.

That's why I telegraphed Fort Laramie.

I wondered how the troops got here.

That was thoughtful of you.

Coolan wanted to lynch all of you.

Does it make much difference which way?

If you're determined to die,  
that's your choice.

But what about the women and children?

What about them, Orri?

- They have a right to live.

- On a reservation?

All right. On a reservation.

The children were happy here.

They didn't want much to be happy.

They've to eat, medicines  
if they got sick...

...listen to the old men  
stories about the past.

They speak their own language, worship  
their own God, know they were loved.  
You tell them to go back  
to the reservation.  
But be sure you tell them they don't get any  
of those things there. Tell them to go back.  
You tell them something too.  
Try to tell them why they die and  
see if the babies understand you.  
- Even a baby has a right to know why he's dying.  
- Dying because... - Because you say they should!  
Who are you to ordain who  
shall live and who won't?  
It's good to have advice. It's just  
what I needed. Especially now.  
Nothing an Indian needs like a speech  
from a lawyer telling him to give up.  
Well, now you made it.  
Your conscience is clear.  
It's much more than conscience, Lance.  
And it's more than  
the women and children.  
If you're trying to say  
it's feeling for me,  
...than I don't believe you.  
The color of my hide means just as much  
to you as it does to them out there.  
If you've found out that I could be lonely for  
a woman, you stay on the safe side of the fence.  
How much does my life mean to you, Orri?  
What would you give to see me live?  
Would you let an Indian  
put your arms around you?  
Would your conscience say  
it's worth kissing me?  
You better go back now.  
What are you going to do?  
Tell Lieutenant he'll have  
to come and get us.  
But Lance, can't you see?  
Don't you understand?  
Don't cry, Orri. A hundred years  
from now it might have worked.  
Poole! Poole, it's over!



Get out. Give yourself up!

We'll give up...

... If you let the women and  
children go back to reservation!

It's a deal!

Jimmy!

You're the man now, Jimmy.

- Take them back to the reservation.

- I'd rather stay and fight.

You're the only man left.

Take good care of the children.

Where are the others?

We're all gone.

It would be too bad,  
if we ever forgot.