

Series: Fort Laramie

Show: Never the Twain

Date: May 06 1956

CAST

- Horseman
- Announcer
- Lieutenant Sieberts
- Captain Lee Quinn
- Dan Tolliver, Scout
- Ahuapa, Indian princess
- Spotted Tail, Indian chief
- Major Daggert, Fort Commander
- Doctor
- Carney, the bartender
- Sergeant
- Corporal of the guard
- Mrs. Davenport, Barmaid



HOURSEMAN: HOHHHHHHHH!

SFX: HORSES' HOOVES

MUSIC: TRUMPET BATTLE CHARGE

MUSIC: BANJO. OH SUSANNA

ANNCR: FORT... LARAMIE!

MUSIC: OH SUSANNA LOUDER, THEN DOWN, SLOW.

ANNCR: FORT LARAMIE. SPECIALLY TRANSCRIBED TALES OF THE DARK AND TRAGIC GROUND OF THE WILD FRONTIER, THE SAGA OF FIGHTING MEN WHO RODE THE RIM OF EMPIRE, AND THE DRAMATIC STORY OF LEE QUINN, CAPTAIN OF CAVALRY. TONIGHT'S EPISODE, "NEVER THE TWAIN," WAS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM N. ROBSON.

MUSIC OUT, DRAMATICALLY.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ACROSS PATH, THEN UP STONE STEPS, THEN ACROSS WOODEN PORCH.. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SIEBERTS: LIEUTENANT SIEBERTS REPORTING AS ORDERED, CAPTAIN.

QUINN: AH, YES MR. SIEBERTS. I HAVE A SPECIAL DETAIL FOR YOU.

SIEBERTS: YES, SIR?

QUINN: WE'RE RECEIVED REPORTS THERE'S A BAND OF BRULAY SIOUX CAMPED IN THE NORTH FORK NEAR WHITE BUTTE. I WANT YOU TO RIDE OUT THERE AND SEE WHAT THEY'RE UP TO. THEY'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE BOZEMAN'S TRAIL; BETTER TAKE A SCOUT WITH YOU. I SUGGEST DAN TOLLIVER.

SIEBERTS: I PREFER PETE HAZEN, SIR.

MUSIC: BUGLE CALL BACKGROUND.

QUINN: HAZEN? WHY?

SIEBERTS: DON'T CARE FOR TOLLIVER.

QUINN: HE'S THE BEST SCOUT ON THE POST.

SIEBERTS: HE'S A SQUAW MAN.

QUINN: YOU'VE STILL GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT THE WEST, MR. SIEBERTS. I SUGGEST YOU MIGHT FIND OLD DAN TOLLIVER A VERY VALUABLE TEACHER.

SIEBERTS: YES, SIR.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SFX: HORSES' HOOVES UNDER.

TOLLIVER: YES SIREE, SON. I COME TO THESE PARTS WHEN I'S A LOT YOUNGER 'N YOU. MIGHTY LOT YOUNGER. NUTTIN' ON MY CHEEK BUT PEACH FUZZ.

SIEBERTS: MUST'VE BEEN RUGGED IN THOSE DAYS.

TOLLIVER: RUGGED? WHY, SON, THERE WEREN'T A TOWN OR VILLAGE TWIXT ST. JOE ON THE MISSOURI AND MONTEREY ON THE PACIFIC. MAN HAD ROOM TO BREATHE. NOW LOOK AT IT - IMMIE-GRANTS PUSHING WEST EVERY YEAR, FILLIN' THE PLAINS WITH DUST AND DAMNATION. CAN'T SAY I BLAME THE INDIANS FOR BEIN' A MITE PUT OUT ABOUT IT.

SFX: HORSES WADE THROUGH A STREAM.

SIEBERTS: I'D EXPECT YOU'D LOOK AT IT THAT WAY.

TOLLIVER: WHAT'RE YOU SIGNIFYIN' BY THAT, SON?

SFX: HORSES BACK ON TRAIL.

SIEBERTS: WELL, I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE BEEN CLOSER TO THE INDIANS THAN SOME OF US.

TOLLIVER: (CHUCKLE). WELL, SO I HAVE, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKIN'. LIVED AMONGST 'EM OFF AND ON FOR MANY A YEAR. FINE PEOPLE. DECENT PEOPLE.

SIEBERTS: I SAW HOW DECENT THEY WERE TO PEOPLE UP ON THE POWDER RIVER. MAN DOESN'T LOOK TOO PRETTY AFTER THEY BEEN DECENT TO HIM.

TOLLIVER: WHAT PART OF THE STATES YOU CALL HOME, SON?

SIEBERTS: PENNSYLVANIA.

TOLLIVER: MMM--HMMM. WELL HOW'D YOU FEEL IF ALL OF A SUDDEN A LOT OF PEOPLE STARTED CROWDIN' INTO YOUR HOME TOWN, MOVIN' ONTO THE STREETS YOU LIVE IN, MOVIN' RIGHT INTO YOUR HOUSE, MAYBE. WHAT'D YE DO?

SIEBERTS: UH, I DON'T KNOW.

TOLLIVER: WELL, I KNOW. YOU'D THROW 'EM OUT, THAT'S WHAT. WHY THIS WHOLE PRAIRIE BELONGED TO THE INDIAN. YESSIR, IT'S HIS HOME. AND HE FEELS ABOUT IT JUST ABOUT THE SAME WAY YOU FEEL ABOUT YOUR HOME.

SIEBERTS: IT ISN'T THE SAME THING.

TOLLIVER: WELL, IT MIGHT SEEM THE SAME TO AN INDIAN.

SIEBERTS: THAT'S RIDICULOUS.

TOLLIVER: HO - HO. WHOA. WAIT A MINUTE. WAIT.

SIEBERTS: WHAT IS IT?

TOLLIVER: INDIAN.

SIEBERTS: WHERE?

TOLLIVER: DOWN 'ERE IN THAT DRAW.

SIEBERTS: OH YEAH, SAY HIS HORSE'S BUCKING.

TOLLIVER: YEAH.

SIEBERTS: LOOK.

TOLLIVER: WELL, FIRST TIME I EVER KNOWED AN INDIAN GET THROWE OFF HIS HORSE. LET'S GO KNOW, C'MON. HEYAH!

SIEBERTS: HEY!

SFX: HORSES' HOOVES PICK UP SPEED. HOOVES STOP. FOOTSTEPS ACROSS GROUND.

TOLLIVER: RATTLESNAKE.

SIEBERTS: HE'S GONNA STRIKE.

AHUAPA: (WHIMPERS IN FEAR.)

SFX: PISTOL SHOT. ECHO.

SIEBERTS: HERE'S WHY HER HORSE THREW HER.

TOLLIVER: MAN. SNAKE AIN'T GONNA BE MUCH USE NO MORE.

SFX: RUSTLE AS THEY HURRY OVER TO HER.

SIEBERTS: GOTTA GET A TOURNIQUET ON THAT LEG BEFORE THE POISON STARTS MOVING.

AHUAPA: (WHIMPER)

TOLLIVER: YOU COULD USE YOUR REVOLVER LANYARD.

SIEBERTS: OH, YEAH, SURE. TELL HER NOT TO BE AFRAID. TELL HER WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HER.

AHUAPA: I, I UNDERSTAND YOU.

SIEBERTS: OH, WELL...

SFX: TENDS TO HER. TIGHTENS TOURNIQUET.

AHUAPA: (WHIMPERS)

SIEBERTS: THAT'S GOT THE BLOOD STOPPED. NOW, I'M GONNA HAVE TO CUT YOUR LEG SO I CAN SUCK OUT THE POISON. I'LL TRY NOT TO HURT YOU.

AHUAPA: (AGREEMENT, THEN CRY OF PAIN, THEN SIGH)

TOLLIVER: SHE'S FAINTED.

SIEBERTS: (SPITS) JUST AS WELL, HAD TO MAKE SURE TO GET ALL THAT POISON OUT.

TOLLIVER: THAT INDIAN BLOOD TASTE ANY DIFFERENT FROM REGULAR BLOOD?

SIEBERTS: WHAT'RE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT? BLOOD'S BLOOD.

TOLLIVER: THAT'S WHAT I BEEN TALKIN' ABOUT.

SIEBERTS: HELP ME GET HER OVER TO MY HORSE.

TOLLIVER: WHERE YE TAKIN' HER?

SIEBERTS: BACK TO THE FORT.

TOLLIVER: WELL, DO YOU THINK THAT'S SMART?

SIEBERTS: WE CAN'T LEAVE HER OUT HERE, SHE NEEDS A DOCTOR'S CARE.

TOLLIVER: WELL, WE COULD TRY TO FIND HER PEOPLE'S CAMP.

SIEBERTS: AND LEAVE HER WITH THEM TO DIE OF BLOOD POISONING?

TOLLIVER: SHE'S ONLY AN INDIAN, SON.

SIEBERTS: (ANGRY) THAT'S ENOUGH, TOLLIVER, THAT'S ENOUGH! (CALMER) LET'S GET OUR HORSES AND RIDE BACK TO THE FORT.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

QUINN: WHAT YOU'VE DONE MAY HAVE SERIOUS CONSEQUENCES, MR. SIEBERTS.

SIEBERTS: WHAT ELSE COULD I DO, SIR?

QUINN: WELL, FROM THE INDIAN'S POINT OF VIEW, YOU'VE KIDNAPPED ONE OF THEIR WOMEN.

TOLLIVER: WELL, I SUGGESTED WE OUGHT TO FIND HER VILLAGE, CAPTAIN, BUT THE LIEUTENANT SAID BRING HER HERE.

QUINN: WE CAN ONLY HOPE THEY DIDN'T SEE YOU.

TOLLIVER: WELL, THAT'S DOUBTFUL. HER PONY BOLTED, AND WHEN IT GETS BACK TO CAMP WITHOUT HER, THERE'LL BE THE DEVIL TO PAY. SHE AIN'T NO ORDINARY SQUAW.

SIEBERTS: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

QUINN: BY THE LOOK OF HER CLOTHES, AND THE WAY SHE WEARS HER HAIR, SHE COULD BE THE DAUGHTER OF A CHIEF. LIEUTENANT SIEBERTS, WE'RE HERE TO KEEP THE PEACE, NOT COMMIT ACTS OF OVERT HOSTILITY.

SIEBERTS: IT WAS ONLY AN ACT OF SIMPLE CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

QUINN: LIEUTENANT, YOU WILL FORM A DETAIL AT ONCE AND RETURN THAT GIRL TO HER PEOPLE.

SIEBERTS: BUT, SIR, THE DOCTORS SAY SHE'S GOT TO STAY IN BED. FOR AT LEAST A COUPLE DAYS.

CORPORAL: CORPORAL OF THE GUARD, SIR.

QUINN: WELL?

CORPORAL: POST NUMBER THREE REPORTS OF PARTY OF INDIANS HEADING TOWARD THE MAIN GATE.

QUINN: HOW MANY?

CORPORAL: FIFTY OR SIXTY OF THEM, SIR.

QUINN: WHAT DO YOU THINK, DAN?

TOLLIVER: MY GUESS IS THEY COME TO PARLAY.

SIEBERTS: HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.

QUINN: LET'S SEE WHAT THEY WANT.

SFX: BOOTS STEPS ACROSS FLOOR. DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

SIEBERTS: I SUPPOSE THAT'S THE CHIEF RIDING IN ALONE.

QUINN: THAT'S SPOTTED TAIL. HE'S ALWAYS BEEN FRIENDLY.

TOLLIVER: EEHH, HE AIN'T DRESSED UP FRIENDLY TODAY, CAP'N. EVERY SCALP HE EVER TOOK IS DANGLING FROM HIS BELT.

SIEBERTS: (QUIETLY) SHALL I CALL IN THE COMPANY, CAPTAIN?

QUINN: (FIRMLY) DON'T MOVE, SIEBERTS.

SFX: MOCCASINS

QUINN: GREETINGS, FRIEND. THE SOLDIERS OF THE GREAT WHITE FATHER ARE HONORED BY THE VISIT OF THE MIGHTY SPOTTED TAIL.

SPOTTED TAIL: THE SOLDIERS OF THE GREAT WHITE FATHER SAY ONE THING, DO ANOTHER. SAY WANT PEACE, STEAL LAND. SHOWED MUSCLE, CALL IT PEACE. NOW STEAL INDIAN WOMAN. STEAL DAUGHTER OF SPOT'TAIL.

QUINN: YOUR DAUGHTER WAS NOT STOLEN, SPOTTED TAIL. SHE WAS HURT. THIS OFFICER BROUGHT HER HERE SO THE DOCTOR COULD HELP HER.

SPOTTED TAIL: WHERE IS AHUAPA, MY DAUGHTER?

QUINN: SHE IS IN THE HOSPITAL. I'LL TAKE YOU TO HER.

MUSIC: BRIDGE.

AHUAPA: IS TRUE, MY FATHER. WHITE SOLDIER HELP ME.

SPOTTED TAIL: WHY ENEMY OF INDIAN SAVE INDIAN LIFE?

QUINN: WE DO NOT WANT TO BE YOUR ENEMY, SPOTTED TAIL. WE WANT PEACE.

SPOTTED TAIL: I HEAR THIS MANY TIMES BEFORE.

DOCTOR: I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN, YOU'LL HAVE TO GO NOW.

QUINN: COME, SPOTTED TAIL, AHUAPA MUST REST.

SPOTTED TAIL: I WILL NOT LEAVE. DAUGHTER BELONG TO HER PEOPLE. I TAKE.

SIEBERTS: BUT SHE CAN'T BE MOVED.

SPOTTED TAIL: I MOVE.

AHUAPA: NO MY FATHER. I DO AS WHITE DOCTOR SAY.

SPOTTED TAIL: YOU COME TO THE LODGE OF YOUR FATHER.

DOCTOR: CAPTAIN, I CAN'T BE RESPONSIBLE ...

QUINN: SPOTTED TAIL, HEAR ME. AHUAPA WILL LIVE. SHE WILL BE WELL IN A FEW DAYS. BUT IF YOU MOVE HER NOW, SHE MAY DIE.

SPOTTED TAIL: SIOUX MEDICINE MAN MAKE MY DAUGHTER WELL.

QUINN: SPOTTED TAIL, YOU CAN PITCH YOUR LODGE OUTSIDE THE FORT UNTIL AHUAPA IS WELL AGAIN. YOU CAN SEE HER EVERY DAY.

SPOTTED TAIL: SPOTTED TAIL NOT AGENCY INDIAN. SPOTTED TAIL IS WARRIOR. MUST HUNT.

QUINN: YOU CAN HUNT AROUND HERE, THERE'S PLENTY OF GAME.

SPOTTED TAIL: WHITE MAN KEEP DAUGHTER OF SPOT'TAIL IN PRISON.

AHUAPA: MY FATHER IS WISE CHIEF. HE KNOW THIS IS NOT PRISON. IS HOSPITAL. THESE - NO ENEMY. THEY FRIENDS. AHUAPA HERE. AHUAPA STAY HERE.

SPOTTED TAIL: (RESIGNED) AYY--EEE THEN. BE IT SO.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SFX: HORSES HOOVES

QUINN: WELL, MR. SIEBERTS, YOUR LITTLE ADVENTURE DIDN'T TURN OUT SO BADLY AFTER ALL.

SIEBERTS: NO SIR.

QUINN: BUT I DON'T ADVOCATE RESCUING INDIAN MAIDENS IN DISTRESS AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR MILITARY DUTIES.

MUSIC: BACKGROUND BUGLE CALLS.

SIEBERTS: NO, SIR, ONLY...

QUINN: (SNAPS) ONLY WHAT?

SIEBERTS: HAD THE CAPTAIN BEEN IN MY PLACE, I FEEL SURE HE WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME THING.

QUINN: OH?

SIEBERTS: YES SIR.

QUINN: MAYBE SO. (PAUSE) SHE'S A ... SPUNKY LITTLE BAGGAGE. YOU, UH, GOING OVER TO THE QUARTERS?

SIEBERTS: AS A MATTER OF FACT, SIR, I THOUGHT I'D MAYBE DROP IN AT THE HOSPITAL HERE.

QUINN: I SEE. WELL, GOOD LUCK, MR. SIEBERTS.

MUSIC: OUT:

SIEBERTS: THANK YOU, SIR.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ON TRAIL, THEN UP STEPS. DOOR OPENS, CLOSES.

SIEBERTS: MORNING, DOCTOR.

DOCTOR: HUH? OH, LIEUTENANT SIEBERTS.

SIEBERTS: HOW'S YOUR PATIENT THIS MORNING?

DOCTOR: WELL, NOW I HAVE MORE THAN ONE, LIEUTENANT.

SIEBERTS: HOW IS SHE?

DOCTOR: WELL NOW BY A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE SHE WAS INQUIRING ABOUT YOU THIS MORNING.

SIEBERTS: ABOUT ME?

DOCTOR: YES. SHE ASKED ME TO SEND FOR YOU.

SIEBERTS: (GENUINELY PUZZLED) WHY?

DOCTOR: WELL WHY DON'T YOU ASK HER? SHE'S QUITE WELL ENOUGH TO TALK TO NOW.

SIEBERTS: WELL THANKS, DOCTOR.

SFX: BOOTSTEPS ACROSS FLOOR, DOOR OPENS.

SIEBERTS: MORNING, MA'AM.

AHUAPA: MA'AM IS GOOD.

SIEBERTS: YOU FEELING BETTER?

AHUAPA: PAIN IS GONE.

SIEBERTS: THAT'S FINE.

AHUAPA: AHUAPA OWE LIFE TO LIEUTENANT. AHUAPA BELONG LIEUTENANT.

SIEBERTS: I BEG YOUR PARDON?

AHUAPA: HOW IS IT AHUAPA SHOW THANKS?:

SIEBERTS: BY GETTING WELL QUICKLY.

AHUAPA: IS NOT ENOUGH.

SIEBERTS: IT'S ALL THE THANKS I NEED.

AHUAPA: IS STRANGE.

SIEBERTS: WHAT IS STRANGE, AHUAPA?

AHUAPA: WHITE MAN, INDIAN. BOTH MEN. WHITE MEN THINK DIFFERENT.

SIEBERTS: THAT'S BECAUSE WE'VE BEEN TAUGHT DIFFERENTLY.

AHUAPA: AHUAPA LIKE WAY WHITE MAN THINK. YOU TEACH AHUAPA THINK THIS WAY?

SIEBERTS: (CHUCKLES) THAT'S QUITE A LARGE ORDER.

AHUAPA: BUT YOU DO. FIRST YOU TEACH AHUAPA SPEAK WHITE MAN TONGUE.

SIEBERTS: YOU SPEAK ENGLISH VERY WELL.

AHUAPA: NOT GOOD, AHUAPA THINK. YOU TEACH BETTER.

SIEBERTS: I'LL BE GLAD TO TRY.

AHUAPA: GOOD. YOU BEGIN NOW.

SIEBERTS: UHHHH. (CHUCKLE). I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO BEGIN.

AHUAPA: HOW DOES LIEUTENANT CALL HIMSELF? ME AHUAPA. WHAT LIEUTENANT?

SIEBERTS: OH, MY NAME IS SIEBERTS. RICHARD SIEBERTS.

AHUAPA: REE-CHARD. GOOD. SEE, AHUAPA LEARN FIRST IMPORTANT ENGLISH WORD.

MUSIC: LIVELY BRIDGE

QUINN: MR. SIEBERTS!

SIEBERTS: SIR?

QUINN: MR. SIEBERTS, I MAY BE MISTAKEN, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE I SAW ANY CHANGE IN THE ORDER OF THE DAY.

SIEBERTS: BEG PARDON, SIR?

QUINN: SINCE WHEN HAVE SASH AND BLOOM BEEN INDICATED AS PROPER DRESS FOR THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF GUARD MOUNT?

SIEBERTS: OH, WELL, IT ISN'T, SIR. BUT I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE GOOD FOR THE MORALE.

QUINN: THE MORALE OF WHOM?

SIEBERTS: WHY, THE MEN, SIR, NATURALLY.

QUINN: HOW'S THAT, LIEUTENANT?

SIEBERTS: WELL, SIR IT ALSO OCCURRED TO ME THAT IT ALSO MIGHT MAKE A DIFFERENCE TO THE INDIANS AROUND THE POST. THEY PUT A LOT OF STOCK IN THEIR HEADDRESSES AND CEREMONIAL REGALIA. I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO SHOW THEM WHAT OUR DRESS UNIFORM LOOKS LIKE.

QUINN: LIEUTENANT SIEBERTS, THE ONLY INDIAN WHO WITNESSED THIS GUARD MOUNT WAS AHUAPA.

SIEBERTS: I'D NOTICED THAT, SIR.

QUINN: AND HAD YOU NOTICED THAT EACH TIME YOU ARE OFFICER OF THE DAY, SHE IS HERE ON THE PARADE GROUND TO WATCH YOU CHANGE THE GUARD?

OFFICER: (BACKGROUND) HEY-YUP!

SIEBERTS: WELL, SIR, I GUESS SHE'S INTERESTED IN SOLDIERS.

QUINN: SOLDIERS? OR A CERTAIN SOLDIER?

SIEBERTS: UH, I WOULDN'T KNOW, SIR.

QUINN: I BELIEVE YOU'RE OFF DUTY NOW.

SIEBERTS: YES, SIR?

QUINN: THEN, LIEUTENANT, I SUGGEST YOU SHOULDN'T KEEP THE LADY WAITING.

SIEBERTS: YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR.

MUSIC: BRIDGE, MELLOW

SIEBERTS: IT ALWAYS MAKES ME SAD TO SEE SUCH A SUNSET. SO BEAUTIFUL.

AHUAPA: MY PEOPLE SAY DAY NOT WANT TO DIE. AND IN EVENING GREAT SPIRIT MUST FIGHT WITH IT TILL IT DIES A BLOODY DEATH. ONLY WHEN SCALPED WILL NIGHT COME. SO WARRIOR MAY SLEEP, GAIN STRENGTH TO MAKE NEW DAY.

SIEBERTS: MY PEOPLE SAY THE SUN IS A HANDSOME GOD WHO RIDES ACROSS THE SKY IN A GOLDEN CHARIOT, FOREVER CHASING THE BEAUTIFUL GODDESS WHO IS THE MOON.

AHUAPA: AND... DOES HE EVER CATCH HER?

SIEBERTS: NEVER.

AHUAPA: SAD STORY. HE SHOULD CATCH HER.

SIEBERTS: HE CAN'T. FOR HE BELONGS TO THE DAY, AND SHE IS OF THE NIGHT.

AHUAPA: BUT IF HE DID CATCH HER, WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

SIEBERTS: WHO KNOWS? SO GREAT IS THEIR LOVE THAT PERHAPS THE HEAVENS WOULD BURST INTO BLINDING FLAME, CONSUMING EVERYTHING.

AHUAPA: AH, YES. BUT HE WOULD HAVE CAUGHT HER.

SIEBERTS: YES, HE WOULD HAVE CAUGHT HER.

AHUAPA: (SIGHS) HE GONE NOW, YOUR HANDSOME SUN GOD. GONE OVER EDGE OF WORLD. GREAT SPIRIT HAS KILLED HIM.

SIEBERTS: OH NO, HE'S NOT DEAD. LOOK OVER IN THE EAST. THE MOON GODDESS COMES FOLLOWING AFTER HIM.

AHUAPA: RICHARD...?

SIEBERTS: YES.

AHUAPA: I AM THAT MOON GODDESS. YOU ARE THAT GOD OF SUN. AND I FOLLOW YOU, ALWAYS. AND NEVER, NEVER MAY I CATCH YOU.

SIEBERTS: NO. NO, I WON'T RUN AWAY OVER THE EDGE OF THE WORLD LIKE THE SUN. I'LL STAY HERE WITH YOU. ALWAYS. ALWAYS.:

AHUAPA: YOU'RE NOT AFRAID OF BLINDING FLAME THAT CONSUME EVERYTHING?

SIEBERTS: I'M NOT AFRAID.

AHUAPA: THEN, I NOT AFRAID.

MUSIC: ROMANTIC

SOUND: BACKGROUND SALOON AMBIENCE

CARNEY: GOOD EVENING, LIEUTENANT SIEBERTS.

SIEBERTS: EVENING, CARNEY.

CARNEY: YOU WANT A LITTLE RYE?

SIEBERTS: NO THANKS. I'M LOOKING FOR CAPTAIN QUINN. HAS HE BEEN IN?

CARNEY: HAVEN'T SEEN HIM ALL EVENING.

TOLLIVER: WELL WELL WELL. HELLO THERE, SON.

SIEBERTS: HELLO, DAN.

TOLLIVER: HOW ABOUT YOU AND ME HAVE A LITTLE DRINK?

SIEBERTS: NO THANKS.

TOLLIVER: AW COME ON NOW, THAT AIN'T VERY SOCIABLE. SEEIN'S HOW YOU AND ME GOT A LOT IN COMMON.

SIEBERTS: WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

TOLLIVER: (CHORTLES)YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.

SIEBERTS: IF YOU'LL PARDON ME, MR. TOLLIVER...

TOLLIVER: WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, SON?

SIEBERTS: I'M SORRY.

TOLLIVER: NOW NOW, WAIT NOW. NOTHIN' LIKE A PRETTY LITTLE SQUAW TO CHANGE A MAN'S MIND ABOUT INDIANS, IS THERE, SON?

SIEBERTS: YOU FILTHY, LOW-DOWN...

TOLLIVER: NOW, SON, NOW WAIT. THERE'S NO CAUSE TO GET YOUR DANDER UP. I WAS JUST ... OW!

SFX: BAR SCUFFLE

QUINN: AT EASE, MEN! AT EASE!

SFX: BOOTSTEPS ACROSS BAR FLOOR.

QUINN: NOW, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

TOLLIVER: CAPTAIN QUINN, YOU OUGHTA TAKE BETTER CARE OF THIS YOUNG MAN OF YOURS. HE SEEMS A MITE TOUCHY.

QUINN: MR. SIEBERTS, YOU'RE AWARE OF THE REGULATIONS COVERING THE CONDUCT OF OFFICERS IN UNIFORM?

SIEBERTS: YES, SIR... ONLY...

QUINN: YOU WILL CONSIDER YOURSELF CONFINED TO QUARTERS TILL FURTHER NOTICE.

SIEBERTS: YES, SIR.

MUSIC: DRAMATIC

SFX: BOOTSTEPS ACROSS FLOOR, DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES.

QUINN: CAPTAIN QUINN REPORTING, SIR.

DAGGERT: GOOD MORNING, LEE. I HEAR YOU REFEREED A LITTLE SCUFFLE OVER AT SUTLER'S LAST NIGHT.

QUINN: WHY, YES, SIR.

DAGGERT: ONE OF OUR OFFICERS FIGHTING A CIVILIAN.

QUINN: WELL, MAJOR DAGGERT, AS FAR AS I CAN SEE HE WAS PROVOKED.

DAGGERT: DID DAN TOLLIVER ATTACK HIM?

QUINN: NO, SIR. TOLLIVER WAS TAUNTING HIM ABOUT THE INDIAN GIRL.

DAGGERT: SIEBERTS' IN LOVE WITH HER?

QUINN: APPARENTLY.

DAGGERT: WELL THIS LOVE AFFAIR WILL HAVE TO WAIT. WE'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT. THAT'S WHY I SENT FOR YOU.

QUINN: YES, SIR.

DAGGERT: JUST GOT A DISPATCH FROM FORT KEARNEY. SOME IDIOT KANSAS MILITIA OUTFIT ATTACKED A CHEYENNE VILLAGE LAST WEEK.

QUINN: BUT WE HAVE A TREATY. WE'RE AT PEACE WITH THE CHEYENNE.

DAGGERT: APPARENTLY IT DIDN'T MEAN A THING TO THOSE "BRAVE" CIVILIAN SOLDIERS. THEY ATTACKED WITHOUT WARNING OR PROVOCATION. MASSACRED EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN THE VILLAGE.

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR.

DAGGERT: COME IN!

SERGEANT: I BEG PARDON, SIR.

DAGGERT: YES, SERGEANT, WHAT IS IT?

SERGEANT: THE INDIANS HAVE PULLED OUT. THEY WAS THERE LAST NIGHT BUT THIS MORNIN' THERE AIN'T A SINGLE TEEPEE DOWN BY THE RIVER, JUST A COUPLE OF STRAY DOGS.

DAGGERT: THEY GOT THE NEWS QUICKER THAN WE DID.

QUINN: THEY ALWAYS DO.

DAGGERT: A PARTY OF CHEYENNE IS KILLED AND THE SIOUX TAKE TO THE WARPATH. WE MAY HAVE A GENERAL UPRISING ON OUR HANDS. HAVE YOUR COMPANY READY TO MOVE OUT IN HALF AN HOUR, CAPTAIN.

QUINN: YES, SIR.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BACKGROUND INDIAN WAR WHOOPS AND DRUMS CONTINUES UNDER.

AHUAPA: IS NOT GOOD FOR DAUGHTER OF CHIEF TO BE TIED LIKE PRISONER.

SPOTTED TAIL: IS NOT GOOD FOR DAUGHTER OF CHIEF TO REFUSE TO FOLLOW HER PEOPLE TO WAR.

AHUAPA: WE ARE NOW MANY DAYS FROM WHITE MAN. UNTIE ME NOW. I WILL STAY WITH MY PEOPLE.

SPOTTED TAIL: IT IS GOOD. YOU WILL GET WELL IN YOUR MIND NOW. THE WHITE MAN MEDICINE MAKE YOUR BODY WELL. BUT YOUR MIND SICK. YOU WILL BE WELL NOW.

AHUAPA: THERE IS MUCH GOOD ABOUT WHITE MAN.

SPOTTED TAIL: HE KILLED OUR PEOPLE.

AHUAPA: WAS NOT THE WHITE MAN FROM FORT LARAMIE. AND IT WAS NOT OUR PEOPLE THAT WERE KILLED. IT WAS THE CHEYENNE. WE AT PEACE WITH WHITE MAN FROM FORT LARAMIE.

SPOTTED TAIL: WHITE MAN IS WHITE MAN. INDIAN IS INDIAN.

AHUAPA: AND SOON WHITE MAN WILL KILL US ALL IF WE NOT MAKE PEACE WITH HIM.

SPOTTED TAIL: THEN WE DIE BRAVE IN BATTLE NOT DRUNK ON RESERVATION.

AHUAPA: YOU WILL. WARRIOR WILL. BUT WHAT OF WOMEN? WHAT OF ME?

SPOTTED TAIL: FOR MANY MOONS DARK ELK WANT YOU FOR HIS WIFE. MARRY HIM, AND HAVE MANY BABIES.

AHUAPA: I WILL REMAIN WITH MY PEOPLE AS LONG AS I LIVE. THIS I PROMISE. BUT I WILL NEVER MARRY DARK ELK. OR ANY OTHER INDIAN.

MUSIC: MELANCHOLY BRIDGE

SFX: SALOON AMBIENCE CONTINUES UNDER.

VOICE: (AMONG OTHERS IN BACKGROUND) DECK THE HALLS.

BARMAID: ANOTHER GLASS OF PUNCH, MAJOR? CAPTAIN QUINN?

DAGGERT: THANK YOU, MRS. DAVENPORT. ON CHRISTMAS EVE, WHY NOT?:

SFX: GLASSES CLINK

DAGGERT: WELL, MERRY CHRISTMAS, LEE.

QUINN: MERRY CHRISTMAS, MAJOR.

DAGGERT: SAY, WHERE'S YOUNG SIEBERTS? THOUGHT THE DOCTOR WAS LETTING HIM OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AT LAST.

QUINN: HE'LL BE ALONG PRESENTLY. (PAUSE) MAJOR, I HAVE A SUGGESTION TO MAKE IF I MAY.

DAGGERT: SURE, GO AHEAD, LEE.

QUINN: IT'S BEEN A BAD WINTER SO FAR, AND LOOKS LIKE IT'S GONNA BE WORSE. THE INDIANS ARE BOUND TO FEEL IT. GAME IS SCARCE, AND THEY HAVEN'T THE ADVANTAGE OF THE TREATY SUPPLIES WE GAVE THEM BEFORE THEY TOOK TO THE WARPATH.

DAGGERT: WHAT'S YOUR SUGGESTION, LEE?

QUINN: CALL THEM IN FOR A PEACE PARLEY AS SOON AS THE SNOWS MELT, SAY APRIL FIRST. MAYBE WE CAN END THIS USELESS BLOODSHED.

DAGGERT: MAYBE, BUT I DON'T THINK THEY'LL COME.

QUINN: WHY NOT?

DAGGERT: AFTER THAT MASSACRE IN KANSAS LAST SUMMER, THEY WON'T FORGET. I CAN'T SAY AS I BLAME 'EM.

QUINN: WORTH A TRY, ISN'T IT, SIR?

DAGGERT: CERTAINLY. ANYTHING'S WORTH A TRY.

SIEBERTS: EVENING, SIR, EVENING.

QUINN: OH, LIEUTENANT. HOW'S THE ARM?

SIEBERTS: DOCTOR SAYS IT'S GONNA BE ALL RIGHT.

QUINN: LUCKY YOU DIDN'T LOSE IT. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN IT, MAJOR. ARROW CRACKED THE BONE, PINNED HIS ARM AGAINST HIS SIDE. IT'S A MIRACLE HE'S ALIVE.

DAGGERT: I KNOW. THOSE WERE SPOTTED TAIL'S WARRIORS, LIEUTENANT?

QUINN: YES, SIR.

DAGGERT: ANY IDEA WHO GOT YOU?

SIEBERTS: YES, SIR. A WARRIOR NAMED DARK ELK. HE WAS AFTER MY SCALP BUT I SHOT HIM.

DAGGERT: THAT CHANGE YOUR OPINION OF INDIANS, LIEUTENANT?

SIEBERTS: NO SIR. THEY'RE A FINE RACE OF PEOPLE, SIR.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SFX: DOOR KNOCK

DAGGERT: COME IN.

SIEBERTS: BEG PARDON, SIR.

DAGGERT: YES, WHAT IT IS, LIEUTENANT?

SIEBERTS: PARTY OF INDIANS APPROACHING THE POST, SIR.

DAGGERT: WAR PARTY?

SIEBERTS: NO, SIR, WOMEN AND CHILDREN ALONG WITH THE BRAVES.

DAGGERT: MAYBE WE'LL HAVE A PEACE PARLEY AFTER ALL, LET'S GO OUT AND MEET 'EM. WHERE'S CAPTAIN QUINN?

SIEBERTS: RIGHT OUTSIDE, SIR.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS ACROSS FLOOR. THEN ON PATH.

QUINN: MAJOR, IT'S SPOTTED TAIL.

DAGGERT: I SEE IT IS.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE.

SFX: HORSE HOOVES.

SPOTTED TAIL: GREETING, SOLDIERS OF THE GREAT WHITE FATHER.

DAGGERT: GREETINGS, BRAVE SPOTTED TAIL.

SPOTTED TAIL: I COME IN PEACE. AND IN SORROW.

DAGGERT: WHAT SORROWS THE MIGHTY CHIEF OF THE SIOUX?

SPOTTED TAIL: MY DAUGHTER, AHUAPA, HAS GONE BEYOND THE SUNSET TO JOIN THE GREAT SPIRIT.

SIEBERTS: (SHOCKED) SHE'S DEAD?

DAGGERT: THE SOLDIERS OF THE GREAT WHITE FATHER JOIN IN THE SORROW OF SPOTTED TAIL.

SPOTTED TAIL: THE WINTER WAS LONG, AND COLD. THERE WAS LITTLE TO EAT. A FEVER CAME TO AHUAPA AND WOULD NOT LEAVE HER. UNTIL AT LAST SHE LEFT ME FOREVER. BUT BEFORE SHE FELL INTO LONG SLEEP SHE ASKED TWO FAVORS. ONE, I CAN GRANT. THE OTHER I MUST ASK OF YOU.

DAGGERT: AND WHAT ARE THOSE FAVORS, SPOTTED TAIL?

SPOTTED TAIL: SHE ASKED ME TO MAKE PEACE WITH THE WHITE MAN. (LOUD) I HAVE COME TO MAKE PEACE.

DAGGERT: IT IS GOOD, SPOTTED TAIL. AND WHAT IS THE FAVOR YOU MUST ASK OF ME?

SPOTTED TAIL: AHUAPA LOVE WHITE MAN. AHUAPA SAY IF SHE CAN NOT BE WITH WHITE MAN IN LIFE, SHE WISH TO BE WITH HIM IN DEATH. AHUAPA ASK TO BE BURIED AT FORT LARAMIE.

DAGGERT: IT SHALL BE DONE. CAPTAIN QUINN?

QUINN: YES SIR.

DAGGERT: WOULD YOU BE GOOD ENOUGH TO ASSIGN A FUNERAL DETAIL? FULL MILITARY HONORS.

QUINN: YES SIR. LIEUTENANT SIEBERTS? (LOUDER) LIEUTENANT SIEBERTS!

SIEBERTS: (MEEKLY) SIR.

QUINN: (A HALF QUESTION) TAKE CHARGE OF THE DETAIL.

SIEBERTS: YES, SIR.

MUSIC