

LONE RANGER

screenplay by

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based on the radio series  
created by

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and  
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BLACK, and then SILVER WORDS appear:

Return with us now to those  
thrilling days of yesteryear ...

The letters FADE, their after-image lingering among stars in a night sky. The SOUND of WIND rises, WHISTLING through empty lands.

PAN DOWN TO:

EXT. BOOT HILL - NIGHT

Wood and iron crosses stand silhouetted against the deep blue of the desert night sky, the moon fat and low on the horizon. A distant FLASH and RUMBLE as a towering thunderstorm roams over the desert.

The SCRAPE of a shovel on dirt. A TORCH is lit and lifted, revealing --

The LONE RANGER, masked. Working with TONTO, unearthing graves. Tonto's blade finds wood; he scrapes away dirt from a pine coffin. Pries it open.

LONE RANGER

This must be done? You are certain?

TONTO

Yes.

In the darkness of the grave, Tonto digs into the corpse. A moment, and then Tonto climbs up, holding in his fingertips --

-- a spent bullet slug.

LONE RANGER

You have enough.

PULL BACK to REVEAL: a dozen graves lie open, some with pine boxes ripped open, others showing just bodies.

TONTO

No. Not enough.

Tonto tosses the bullet into a miner's pan, where it joins two dozen others.

CLOSE ON: the Lone Ranger's eyes through the mask. At the sound of Tonto's shovel hitting dirt, he shifts his gaze toward the vast, empty desert --

DISSOLVE TO:

A WHITE HOT SKY

hangs heavy above the horizon and the thin black line of a train -- engine, coal car, passenger car, box car -- moving across it.

In the EXTREME FOREGROUND: toy JACKS. Well-worn, some legs broken, faded chips of paint clinging to gray pewter. We are --

EXT. COLBY, TEXAS - TRAIN PLATFORM - DAY

A GIRL kneels, focused on her play. Tosses a small wooden ball into the air, scoops up jacks, catches the ball. Again. Again.

Her MOTHER keeps an arm around her older BROTHER. Also waiting for the train: ranch hands, some men in suits, and the STATION MASTER. They are crowded in at the far end of the platform, in the shadow cast by the station's overhang.

FADE UP SUBTITLE

THREE DAYS EARLIER

FADE OUT SUBTITLE,

as we hear the sound of HORSES arriving, riders dismounting, boots climbing steps --

The Mother reacts to the newcomers: wary, pulling her son closer. The Station Master eyes them nervously. With good reason. The newcomers look like nothing but bad news. Covered in trail dust, openly armed:

NAVARRO, a big man carrying a Winchester like a toy;

MARTIN, built like a fireplug, with a disconcerting nervous tic of cocking and uncocking his holstered gun;

JIM BLAINE, older than the others, flint-eyed, wearing a frock coat;

CLAYTON, old school handsome, wears a cross;

COLLINS, in a pin-striped three-piece and bowler hat; under his jacket, a pistol in a shoulder rig

The girl makes a try for all the jacks at once, but misses the ball. It bounce-rolls, tick-tick-tick, out of the shade, across the sun-washed platform. She goes after it -- her mother reaches to stop her, but she's intent on the ball --

It's stopped by the toe of a boot, belonging the fifth and final rider to mount the platform. The girl grabs her ball, stands up --

She's almost at eye-level with the holstered Colt on the man's left hip. A second gun, a Scofield, is in a calvary cross-draw holster. The Girl looks up --

The lower half of the man's face is covered by a bandanna, like a bandit. He stares down at the Girl. Then pulls the bandanna down -- the dust across his eyes looking somewhat mask-like -- and ...

Smiles. He flips back the lapel of his duster, revealing the STAR pinned to his shirt.

The Girl takes it in.

GIRL  
You're a Ranger?

REID  
I am that.

The Girl looks at the other men.

GIRL  
Did you capture them?

The Ranger -- JOHN REID -- is kind of delighted at the idea. To the others:

REID  
Hey. The young lady here thinks you all look in desperate need of being arrested.

JIM  
Might be something to that.

Martin takes off his hat, extends it toward the girl, displaying his own Rangers badge, pinned there. Jim and Navarro also wear badges.

MARTIN  
We're waiting for prisoners, coming on the train.

BROTHER  
(to Reid)  
Our Daddy's on the train. He says all men who use guns are bad. He says it don't matter if you have a badge or not.

REID  
That so?

Reid adjusts his gun belt.

REID (CONT'D)

Well then. Let me tell you. I believe that to have a friend, a man must be one. That everyone has within himself the power to make this a better world.

The boy stares -- he's not used to being spoken to like this.

REID (CONT'D)

I believe all things change but truth, and that truth alone, lives forever. That sooner or later, somewhere, somehow, we must settle with the world, and make payment for what we have taken.

(smiles)

What would your pa make of that?

NAVARRO

What I make of it is, if you done your job three years ago in Lubbock, we wouldn't none of us be waiting to take Cavendish to the gallows -- again.

REID

I did the job.

JIM

Ain't John's fault he escaped.

NAVARRO

And more people got killed.

(beat)

You shot him in the damn hand! You shoulda put one between his eyes.

STEPHENS

I heard he's deadlier now with his left than he ever was with his right.

Nothing they've said, Reid hasn't argued to himself, dozens of times. But it comes down to this:

REID

Justice doesn't belong to the man who holds the gun.

NAVARRO

(re: his rifle)

It ain't mercy comes flying out the end of these things.

COLLINS

He should be slowing by now. He's  
going to overshoot the platform.

That causes Reid to look toward the train -- Collins is right,  
its not slowing -- Reid's eyes narrow --

From the train's engine, an arm dangles, not moving.

But Reid is, heading for the horses --

REID

Engineer's down! Get those people  
back away from the tracks!

-- Leaping from the platform, stepping across the back of  
one horse to land on his own --

REID (CONT'D)

Hiyo! Dusty! hyah!

And now he's galloping away from the station, angling toward  
the tracks --

The Train roars past the platform --

Even at full gallop, the train is passing Reid. He's already  
got his lariat out, twirls it, throws --

It loops around a vent pipe atop the box car. He jumps to  
standing in the saddle -- and then is YANKED away, the  
momentum of the train swinging him around to the end of the  
box car -- he SLAMS against it, grabs hold of the ladder --

So now he's clinging the end of a speeding train, his horse  
falling farther and farther behind him.

He scales the ladder. Near the top of the car's wall, there's  
a long narrow window with iron bars Reid tries to peer in,  
can't see anything, continues up to --

THE TOP OF THE BOX CAR

Reid is blasted by the speed of the wind, barely keeping his  
balance, losing his hat. He pushes forward, nearly on all  
fours, to the other end of the car. He drops down to --

BETWEEN THE BOX CAR AND PASSENGER CAR

Reid draws the Scofield, pushes open passenger car door --

INT. PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Reid pulls up short. Eyes that have seen much have never  
seen the likes of this:

Every person in the car is dead, shot. The impression of bodies, blood, men, women, children, the conductor, still, lifeless.

A detail: JACKS, bright shiny new against the near-black of drying blood. They spill from the small cloth bag in the hand of a dead man.

Reid's mouth goes tight. Reid moves through --

Hears a moan. An elderly train CONDUCTOR is slumped onto a seat, bleeding from the chest, but his eyes are open.

REID

What happened? Who did this?

The Conductor tries to speak, barely a whisper.

REID (CONT'D)

I can't hear.

Reid puts his ear close to the man's lips --

CONDUCTOR

Bridge. Curve. Too fast.

Reid understands, rises --

EXT. TRAIN - BETWEEN CARS - DAY

Reid emerges from the first passenger car behind the locomotive's wood car. Climbs over the railing, down to the coupling head. Pulls free a heavy safety pin. Leans on a lever that releases the coupling --

The coupling springs open!

With the locomotive free of the following cars, the locomotive gradually -- slowly -- pulls away, leaving Reid behind. Reid glances up, sees --

Ahead, the ENGINEER collapses out the window of the driver's cab, hangs there, arms swaying. Shit!

The cars continue to separate. Too far to jump --

Reid uncoils his lariat, tosses it, snaring the wood car's metal ladder. He ties his end to the railing, making a bridge --

Reid crawls out, climbs along the rope, which droops down in the middle all the way to the tracks, moving past in a blur under the deadly train wheels. But as the cars separate, the rope becomes more TAUT --

Reid gets halfway, his ass dragging near the tracks, but as the rope rises up, he rises with it --

Just as he reaches for the far railing, the rope TIGHTENS to a straight line and SNAPS behind him -- Reid slams into the railing, but hangs on --

INT. TRAIN - DRIVER'S CAB - DAY

Reid climbs down from above. Goes to the white-haired, kind-faced Engineer. The man is alive, handcuffed to the door.

Reid looks ahead --

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Fast-approaching a wide gorge, with a curved sweeping bridge spanning the distance --

The train THUNDERS ON, full speed, CHUG-CHUG-CHUG --

INT. TRAIN - DRIVER'S CAB - DAY

Reid checks the brake handle -- broken. He spins to the Engineer, yanks him away from the door --

-- ahead, they're coming up fast on the bridge --

-- Reid pulls his gun and FIRES, perfect shot, breaking the chain of the handcuffs --

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Reid and the Engineer LEAP off the train, just short of the bridge -- Reid tumbles, rolls to his feet and watches as --

ON THE BRIDGE, the locomotive hits the curve in the tracks at high speed --

The train LEANS sideways, then TILTS, balancing on the line of wheels on the left side of the track -- but it does NOT tilt over, and the train makes the turn --

But as the locomotive engine tilts back, it lands down hard on the bridge, CRACKING the trestles on that side --

-- the bridge COLLAPSES sideways, the rails twisting apart, and the locomotive derails, PLUMMETS down, into the gorge.

Reid and the Engineer glance at each other ... then stare down at the smoldering wreckage.

BEHIND THEM, the rest of the train, the passenger cars, come slowly into view, the momentum of the cars still rolling them down the tracks.



The passenger cars come to a STOP just short of the bridge, as Reid and the Engineer turn.

EXT. TRAIN - LATER

FADE UP on the other Rangers (Martin ponying Dusty), with the Station Master and Collins, riding to the stopped train.

Reid stands, gazing into the open doors of the prison box car. He doesn't turn when the others arrive.

REID

All dead. Same as the passengers.  
Same as the engine crew.

The others look inside the box car; four more bodies in uniforms, flap holsters empty of guns.

Martin and Navarro have climbed up into the box car; Martin is examining the door.

MARTIN

So they killed the guards. Shot out  
the lock --

CLAYTON

Then decided to climb up and over to  
the passenger car and slaughter  
everyone. Why?

NAVARRO

Nothing better to do.

Reid and Jim have joined them in the car. There's a bench on the wall. Manacles on chains run through eyebolts in the floor; all but one of the manacles is unlocked.

JIM

They were chained here, left wrist  
to the right wrist of the next man,  
last man on each end chained to the  
wall.

NAVARRO

How'd they get loose to take the  
guards?

COLLINS

They're Pinkertons men, experienced.  
They'd've not gotten close enough to  
give the prisoners opportunity.

MARTIN

Inside man.

COLLINS  
Absolutely not.

Reid's been walking the length of the box car, examining the floor. He's found something.

REID  
Do the guards have all the digits on their hands?

An odd question, but Reid's not joking. The Rangers check the guards' hands.

JIM  
Looks like.

NAVAR  
Five and five here.

Reid straightens, holding something:

A THUMB. The Rangers assess this grisly development. Martin takes the thumb from Reid, astonished and a little queasy.

MARTIN  
One of 'em tore off his own thumb to slip the cuff?

REID  
Or the next man tore it off for him.

NAVARRO  
Cavendish.

REID  
A guard comes over to see what all the screaming is about, the other prisoner --

NAVARRO  
Cavendish.

REID  
-- has more play in the chain than the guard expects, and now the other prisoner has a gun.

NAVARRO  
Now Cavendish has a gun.

JIM  
We got work. We'll find where they left the train, and track 'em from there.

COLLINS  
I'm coming with you.

JIM  
Suit yourself.

Martin's been examining the thumb.

MARTIN  
This wasn't ... I don't think this  
was torn off. If they'd been  
transporting animals, I'd say it was  
... bit off.

Navarro reminds Reid he should have shot Cavendish by tapping  
the tip of his finger directly between his own eyes.

REID  
Saddle up.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

On REID'S HAT, lying on the ground. Reid picks it up. He  
looks over toward --

-- The TRAIN STATION. The Station Master has broken the news.  
The GIRL looks confused, lost. She looks toward Reid.

Grim, Reid settles the hat on his head, swings up onto Dusty.  
Snaps the reins, and sets off at full gallop. The others who  
were waiting on him follow.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The five ride. Their progress marked by a cloud of dust.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

VULTURES wheel in the sky. On the desert floor, near the  
train tracks, a couple more peck at a BODY of a man, missing  
a thumb. A GUN SHOT startles the vultures; a second sends  
them into the air.

The group reaches the body, dismount. Navarro reloads his  
Winchester; the others examine the scene. Martin holds up  
the body's hand: no thumb.

MARTIN  
Cavendish left him for dead.

Reid uses his foot to roll the body over, revealing a bullet  
hole in his chest.

REID

Killed him to stop him from  
caterwauling about this thumb, more  
likely.

JIM

They were met. I make at least twenty  
horses. Headed in that direction.

He picks up a stick, draws a rough map in the sand.

JIM (CONT'D)

Here's the tracks. Alkaline ridge  
cuts across here. This is all Comanche  
territory, and beyond that is the  
Badlands. Cavendish and his men gotta  
be headed for the ridge.

Reid takes the stick, draws an X at the point where the ridge  
and the Comanche territory meet.

MARTIN

Maybe not. There's a little town up  
that way --

COLLINS

Name of Waystation.

MARTIN

Could be they're headed there.

NAVARRO

More people to shoot. He's headed  
there.

JIM

Then so are we. Heaven help 'em if  
Cavendish and his gang have already  
been through.

A pained look on Reid's face.

REID

If we have to go there, then we go  
there.

JIM

Something the matter?

REID

A man I don't particularly want to  
see. Ex-Ranger.

The other Rangers look pleased.

CLAYTON

Ex-Ranger.

MARTIN

John, we're gonna need every man we got or can get ... and an ex-Ranger, that's worth five.

EXT. TEXAS - DESERT - DAY

The Texas Rangers ride past. Sparse trees give way to low scrub and cactus.

EXT. TEXAS - EDGE OF TOWN - DAY

Not much of a town, but WAYSTATION does have a tall wrought iron sign, raised on wood pillars, boasting its name. The Rangers race beneath it --

EXT. TEXAS - WAYSTATION - DAY

Laid out in the shape of a cross, two long streets and one intersection. Barely a dozen buildings, a water tower, but busy with activity: stables, a blacksmith, saloon, feed store.

Reid looks up -- stares at something weird --

ON THE ROOF of the feed store is a COYOTE, eyes following the posse as they move through town. This truly is the edge of the wilderness.

And a SHERIFF'S OFFICE. The painted slogan on the window is faded, the window too dirty to see through.

Reid steps out, gives an open-handed shrug to the others.

JIM

You got a town with no Sheriff, it's a sure bet the saloon is busy.

INT. SALOON - DAY

Reid pushes through the doors, followed by the others.

It's a classic western saloon that features a large FIREPLACE dominating one wall. Poker tables, bar, upright piano, and a large staircase that leads to an upper floor.

Only a few patrons. They look at the lawmen narrowly.

There's also three COYOTES, one near the door, one near the fireplace, and one on the bar, gnawing on a bone.

Navarro brings his Winchester up, aimed at one of the coyotes --

BARTENDER

Hey! No guns in here!

NAVARRO

You got coyotes in here.

REID

In his defense, they don't have guns.

BARTENDER

There's no guns allowed in Waystation, period.

MARTIN

Maybe that's where you get the coyote problem.

JIM

We're tracking about twenty men, woulda come through town earlier today. They would've had guns.

BARTENDER

Been a quiet day, as far as I know.

JIM

Uh-huh. You know where we can find the sheriff? Or the mayor? Or anyone who may have cause to keep track of comings and goings?

DURING THIS: The coyotes prick up their ears. Then trot out of the bar. Reid notes it curiously; Navarro is just relieved.

BARTENDER

Don't got no need for any of those things. We got Brother Latham.

(off Jim's look)

Latham Cole. Owns the Livery, and a few other things.

COLLINS

Latham Cole.

BARTENDER

And then you boys'll be on your way, yes?

REID

Most likely.

EXT. TEXAS - WAYSTATION - STREET - DAY

Reid and other Rangers move down the dusty street, and at the end of town they see another odd sight:

A gleaming black steam locomotive engine, not fully assembled.

STEAM billows out from the engine, sitting apart from the rest of the machinery.

Not a train track in sight. In charge of testing the locomotive steam engine is a young Chinese man, BILLY YANG. He turns, steps over to the newcomers.

YANG

Yes? You need help?

REID

Guess we are looking to speak to a man named Latham Cole.

LATHAM

Found him.

LATHAM COLE emerges from the steam. He could be much older or much younger than he looks, dark scraggly beard, eyes black as coal. Black hat, complemented by a leather band with silver conchos.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Welcome to Waystation.

NAVARRO

You the law around here?

LATHAM

Nearest we got to a sheriff, mayor, priest, barber. Whatever you need, I'll give it a go.

(beat)

Say, any of you fellas seen a stray cat? Mangy critter, Calico, got a torn up left hind foot?

The Rangers glance among themselves.

NAVARRO

Nope.

CLAYTON

Sorry.

MARTIN

Nothing.

REID

We're on the trail of Butch Cavendish and his gang.

Latham recognizes the name.

LATHAM

Ah. Cavendish. He and his men came storming into town, nigh on two months past. Sent him on his way.

REID

Yeah? What for?

Latham smiles.

LATHAM

It was apparent, Butch Cavendish is a man not much acquainted with the good angels of his nature.

REID

Any idea where he might be?

Latham takes off his hat, wipes his brow.

ANGLE - ROOFTOP, where a gunman puts Reid in the sights of his rifle (Latham taking off his hat was a signal).

LATHAM

Indian Territories, maybe, to the north. That's where outlaws go, trying to beat the law.

Martin takes a few steps away, examines the train engine.

MARTIN

You're gonna need tracks, eventually.

LATHAM

See, there, I'm an optimist. Someday the line's gonna connect up, and we'll be ready and waiting.

NAVARRO

Is that the plan.

LATHAM

Aw, the truth? Won that monstrosity in a poker game in El Paso. Five black puppy feet beat out a grub slinger pining his hopes on three ladies. Not sure what to do with it.

REID

So you just carry it with you.

LATHAM

Yep.



Latham smiles. Reid waits for him to say more, but nothing is forthcoming.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

So, then, you boys will be on your way then, right?

REID

Most likely.

Reid and the other Rangers turn away. Mount their horses. Latham puts his hat back on --

ON THE ROOFTOP, the gunman withdraws his rifle.

At the Blacksmith shop, the Rangers mount up.

REID (CONT'D)

I get the feeling they want us to be on our way.

NAVARRO

Yep. Where's that ex-Ranger you were talking about?

As they ride out of town, they pass --

A BULLETIN BOARD with very faded WANTED POSTERS nailed. They show the faces of each person they spoke to ... the Bartender, the Blacksmith, Billy Yang ... all wanted for MURDER.

EXT. TEXAS - DESERT - DAY

The Ranger posse rides in the V-formation of birds in flight, along an overgrown, wagon-rut road.

On the side of the road, a young boy, DAN REID JR., about ten years old, looks up from his work, setting a post-and-rail fence along the property line.

The horses thunder past, toward the hacienda-style home in the distance. Dan Jr. races after them --

EXT. TEXAS - RANCH - DAY

MOVING with the posse, coming upon the main house, where a woman stands waiting.

This is REBECCA REID. Her pose is formal, standing very straight, both hands behind her back. Stern expression, but the pretty wife still can be found beneath weatherworn skin and weatherworn clothes.

REBECCA

Welcome, gentlemen.

REVERSE ANGLE -- behind Rebecca, we see she holds a six-shooter behind her back. Surreptitiously she cocks the hammer.

Awkward silence. John Reid hangs back, his hat low.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

What can I do you for?

Reid spurs his horse forward. Lifts his head. A look of recognition from Rebecca.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

John Reid. And you brought trouble with you, by the looks of it.

REID

Hello Rebecca.

Behind her back, Rebecca uncocks the hammer.

REBECCA

When Dan and I got married, he had one rule for me. That I never speak to you.

REID

I need to see him.

REBECCA

And I had one rule for Dan. That he not speak to you, either.

REID

He's my brother.

REBECCA

He's my husband.

REID

That makes it your call.

Dan Jr. arrives, slides to a stop, out of breath.

DANNY

John!

REID

Hello Danny.

REBECCA

Dan Junior, those horses need water. Get to it.

DANNY

Yes, ma'am.

REID  
Appreciate it.

Dan Jr. smiles at John, hurries into the barn. Rebecca sighs, relents.

REBECCA  
You leave your gunbelt on your saddle.  
We don't go much for firearms around  
here. He's out back.

EXT. TEXAS - RANCH - FIELD - DAY

The hacienda deep in the background as Reid walks across a vast plowed field, toward --

DAN REID, as he wraps chains around a tree stump, the chains tied to a team of horses. A sunburned face, black vest, Dan is eight hard years older than his brother.

Reid arrives, picks up a shovel, helps to pry out the stump.

DAN  
Trouble?

REID  
Trouble.

Dan shrugs, picks up his ax.

DAN  
Coming at you or you chasing it?

REID  
Cavendish.

Dan stops.

DAN  
Aw, hell.

REID  
Yeah.

Dan chops his ax down, hard, leaves it imbedded in the stump. He steps away, pulls out a homemade cigarette, lights up.

DAN  
So. You still got yours?

REID  
Yeah.

DAN  
Let me see.

Reid reaches into a belt pouch, pulls out -- a silver bullet.

DAN (CONT'D)  
What was it dad said?

REID  
You didn't forget.

DAN  
'Every life is valuable, so every shot is valuable. I want there to be a cost to killing a man.'

REID  
And you? Still got it?

DAN  
Nah. Lost track of it somewhere.

Reid regards his brother.

REID  
Dan. Cavendish is not a forgiving man.

DAN  
Nope. I expect you came hoping for help.

REID  
No. You take Rebecca, and your son, and get out of here.

DAN  
I could say the same to you, John. Leave this fight. Walk away.

REID  
Can't do that.

Dan nods, he expected as much.

DAN  
That's dad all over again. A short life of honor's better than a long life of regret.

REID  
You don't regret leaving the Rangers.

Dan glances back at the hacienda.

DAN  
No. Not one bit.

EXT. RANCH - HACIENDA - DAY

Reid, at his saddle, straps his gunbelt back on. Dan Jr. holds a bucket of water for his horse.

Dan appears suddenly from the side of the Hacienda.

DAN  
Danny. Saddle up my horse.

REBECCA  
No.

DAN  
Now.  
(to Reid)  
I'm going.

Wide-eyed, Dan Jr. runs to the barn. Rebecca moves toward her husband.

REBECCA  
Dan. You promised.

DAN  
To protect you. That's what I'm doing.

REBECCA  
I won't build a home behind a gun,  
Dan. I told you that.

DAN  
John is still doing Dad's work. I  
should be, too. I sure as hell ain't  
gonna run.

Dan pushes past Rebecca, goes into the Hacienda. She turns on Reid.

REBECCA  
You.

She steps close to him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
You know why I chose Dan.

REID  
He's a good man.

REBECCA  
He was a good man willing to give up  
being a Ranger.

And John wasn't, that's the implication. There is a lot of history in those words.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Now I love him. More and more each day. You let this happen, John, I lose twice over.

Reid understands. But --

REID

That was your call. This is his.

Dan reappears from the house, strapping on his belt gun. And he carries a rifle.

DAN

I'm sorry, Rebecca. He's my brother.

Rebecca stares at the rifle.

REBECCA

Hand it over.

Dan looks at her, gauging her.

DAN

I want you to head into town. Doc Drummond'll take you in, he's a good man.

REBECCA

Hand it over.

He hands her the rifle. She cocks it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

I ain't going into town. I'll be right here, waiting for you.

DAN

Can't promise I'll be back.

Dan Jr. is there with the horse. Dan mounts up, joining the posse. Wheels his horse toward Rebecca.

DAN (CONT'D)

But I'll be back.

He spurs his horse, and the posse rides away. Rebecca and Dan Jr. watch, increasingly small in the vast open land.

EXT. TEXAS - FOOTHILLS - DAY

A hawk floats on the wind high in the sky. Below, the Texas Ranger posse rides north --

EXT. TEXAS - WOODS - AFTERNOON

The posse winds its way through a sparse woods in the foothills of a canyon ahead.

Reid rides alongside Dan. Something catches Reid's eye, he looks over --

A tall WHITE HORSE paces the group. Wild, no saddle or reins. Moving in and out of the trees.

REID

Dan. Over there.

DAN

What?

REID

Horse, in the woods.

Dan leans forward in his saddle to see past Reid, looks -- but the horse is gone.

REID (CONT'D)

It was just there. Tall white horse.

DAN

Huh. Better watch out. The Indians 'round here, they have a belief, when you die, a white horse comes to carry you on to the other world.

Dan spurs his horse ahead. Reid nods, looks over --

-- and now there is an ENTIRE HERD of white horses, moving through the trees, pacing them.

Reid watches, entranced by their strength and beauty, as they move in and out of the shadows ...

Foreboding and strange ...

Reid passes a stand of trees, and suddenly the horses are gone, faded into the woods. As if they were never there.

Reid looks ahead, thoughtful. Spurs his horse to catch up with the others --

EXT. TEXAS - BRYANT'S GAP - AFTERNOON

The posse climbs toward a narrow canyon. Reid pulls up, examines the way ahead.

DAN  
See something?

REID  
I don't like it.

COLLINS  
Bryant's Gap. Fastest way to the  
Indian Territories.

MARTIN  
Avoids a full-day's ride'n either  
direction.

DAN  
You want to scout it, higher ground?

REID  
(nods)  
Don't wait. I'll catch up.

EXT. BRYANT'S GAP - RIDGE - DAY

Reid's horse picks its way along the ridge. They come upon a high, sheer rock wall, and the horse pulls up, whinnies.

REID  
Aw Dusty. It's not that steep. With  
a running start?

Dusty looks up at the climb. Yeah, right. Reid smiles, climbs onto the saddle and stands, balancing on the horse's back --

REID (CONT'D)  
All right. Steady, now ...

Reid gathers himself and leaps, grabs onto an overhanging rock. Grips it, swings himself up --

EXT. BRYANT'S GAP - EDGE OF RIDGE - DAY

Reid climbs. Tilts his head. Did he hear something? He stops, and listens --

Nothing.

Continues on. He creeps through the rocks, toward the edge of the ridge --



Emerges from the shadow of a large boulder, just as, several feet away, a Native American WARRIOR also appears, also creeping forward, on the far side of the boulder.

Each man becomes aware of the other at the EXACT SAME TIME --

Faster than the eye can follow, Reid draws his gun and the warrior notches an arrow and draws his bow --

VERY CLOSE ON: the arrow's SILVER ARROWHEAD glinting in the sunlight. Sharp, bright, rock steady, PULL FOCUS from the arrowhead TO REVEAL:

TONTO.

Bold face paint. Muscles tense in their deadly coil. No craziness in the eyes, instead a dark sanity, eyes that have stared unflinching into the vast empty places of the world.

Tonto wears clothing, jewelry and feathers from many tribes. Black war paint asymmetrical across his face. And above his head glitter the dozen silver arrowheads of the arrows in his quiver, a kind of bright halo.

Reid's body is tense, his eyes intense, but his voice relaxed and casual. He manually cocks the double-action colt.

REID

A bullet travels quicker than an arrow.

Tonto gives that a second's thought --

TONTO

A fast death is easier to face than a slow one.

Reid is surprised at Tonto's eloquence.

REID

Death is death, either way.

TONTO

That depends on the life you have led.

A quick smile from Reid at that.

REID

Ease the bow.

TONTO

A dead hand lets fly an arrow, but a dead hand cannot pull a trigger.

Reid allows his eyes to leave Tonto for just a second, as he takes in the surroundings.

REID  
You're alone -- or I wouldn't still  
be talking.

TONTO  
You need not fear me. You need fear  
the men I follow.

REID  
Ease the bow.

TONTO  
I track those who ambush you.  
Cavendish. And his gang.

Reid hesitates at the mention of Cavendish. Tonto regards Reid ... then slowly moves his bow to one side -- releases --  
-- the arrow flies --

And HITS, dead center, on a small tree next to Reid. Actually dead center in a knot in the center of the tree.

Reid glances at it, impressed.

Tonto holds his bow out away from his body.

TONTO (CONT'D)  
Choose the life you will lead.

Reid keeps his gun level -- and then, in the distance, SHOTS are fired, ECHOING in the canyon --

TONTO (CONT'D)  
There is still time.

Reid aims at Tonto and FIRES --

-- Tonto's bow SPLINTERS in his hand. Tonto does not flinch.

The echo of more SHOTS, and cries of pain, and Reid is already racing away, toward the sounds --

Tonto watches Reid closely. Tosses the bow away --

EXT. BRYANT'S GAP - DAY

Reid drops from the ridge onto a boulder, scrambles out to the edge and sees --

BELOW, in the riverbed, the Rangers scatter for cover as SHOTS are fired, horses flee, Navarro already lies dead from their unseen assailants --

There is no way down.

So Reid LEAPS --

-- lands on the cliff wall and TUMBLES, an avalanche of dirt and stone with him as he drops in a barely-controlled fall --

EXT. BRYANT'S GAP - DRY RIVERBED - DAY

Bullets whiz by, bullets kick up dirt, bullets ricochet off rocks as Reid races for the safety of an oak tree. He dives, rolls, slams up against the trunk, next to Dan.

DAN

Martin and Navarro are down. I don't see Clayton.

REID

Jim?

DAN

Made it to cover, past that rock there. Might be hit.

Bullets slam into the tree. Reid rises quickly and FIRES --

-- at a boulder far away; his bullet ricochets and hits one of the hidden assailants, who cries out.

REID

Retreat. Back the way I came.

Dan yells toward the other side of the riverbed --

DAN

Jim! This way! We got you covered!

Reid lets loose a flurry of shots, and for a moment the rain of bullets from above lessens.

They watch, listen. No response.

DAN (CONT'D)

Jim! You hurt?

Then they see -- to the side of large boulder, past the riverbed, Jim's tall white hat waves weakly back and forth.

DAN (CONT'D)

He's hurt. All right, all right ...

There aren't many options.

DAN (CONT'D)

So you and I get out of here, go for help.

REID

We leave him behind, he's dead.

DAN

It's a good thirty yards.

REID

Forty. Mostly sand.

Dan and Reid share a look.

DAN

I go --

REID

And I'll cover you.

DAN

You go --

REID

And you cover me.

No hesitation. The two brothers roll out into the open, guns BLAZING --

It's the scene from the end of Butch and Sundance we always wanted to see. The two brothers work as one, racing forward, shooting, spinning --

Bullets rain down from all sides, but the brothers roll, stay moving, shooting in front, to the sides, above and behind, a dance of teamwork and bravery --

Among the rocks, two Cavendish gang members stand to shoot, revealing themselves --

Reid FIRES once, twice, splattering the men's hands, their guns flying --

Twenty yards to go, then ten, then five, and the two brothers dive to safety behind the huge rock.

DAN

Made it!

REID

Yeah. Kind of.

Dan looks -- Reid is shot in the chest. Blood blossoms into his shirt. He slumps.

DAN  
No, no, John, no ...

Dan calls over his shoulder.

DAN (CONT'D)  
Jim, over here, John's hit!

No response, and Dan twists to look. Jim lies in the dirt, dead. His head is bare.

BUTCH CAVENDISH steps out from around the boulder -- wearing Jim's white hat at a jaunty angle. Unshaven, a dark unkempt mustache, but eyes that twinkle, delighting in himself.

He tips the hat.

CAVENDISH  
Evening, boys!

Dan stands, draws, aims --

Reid opens his eyes in time to see --

Cavendish shoots Dan, point blank, two shots, killing him.

Reid screams silently, attempts to rise ... and does so, painfully, through sheer force of will. Cavendish watches in fascination as Reid steadies himself against the boulder.

Reid claws for his gun, grips it ... tries to raise it ... but passes out, falls sideways, in a sprawling heap.

Cavendish shrugs. Holsters his gun. He crouches, takes Reid's guns, and tosses them far away.

A moment as the smoke from the ambush clears, and silence settles over the gorge. Then a shaky voice calls out --

COLLINS  
Hello? Collins here. Hello?

More silence, as Cavendish uses his boot to move Dan's head, then stomps his neck violently sideways, making sure he is dead.

Collins emerges from hiding, gun held high.

COLLINS (CONT'D)  
Hello? Collins here. Don't shoot. I brought 'em, just like you asked.

Collins shuffles closer as Cavendish moves to check on Reid. Other GANG MEMBERS appear from the rocks, among them --

BART DOLAN, a smallish man with the quick movements of a hunted creature in perpetual fright.

ZACH SKULL, a pale, bald man, already tilting a whisky flask.

BARRETT, nicknamed the SHERIFF, tall and handsome, with blue Paul Newman eyes, he wears a heavy brown duster.

COLLINS (CONT'D)

You got 'em all?

CAVENDISH

No. One left.

Reid opens his eyes, to see Cavendish looming over him.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

Hey. Ranger. Recognize me?

Reid is barely able to speak.

REID

Hello ... lefty.

Collins barks a laugh. Cavendish shoots him a look.

CAVENDISH

Aw, c'mon Ranger, you remember.

Reid stares with pure hate. Not going to give him anything.

REID

Uh. Sorry. Poker ... game? Tax collector? Angry ... husband? Need ... a hint.

Cavendish displays his hand to Reid -- it is curled and gnarled, scarred, ugly, nearly useless.

CAVENDISH

You did this. To me. Not so long ago. You had a chance to put an end to this sad, miserable life, but you did not.

(beat)

I crawled. Seven miles I crawled on this, like a dog.

The Sheriff looks up from where he kneels over Jim, taking his silver badge. We see the inside of the Sheriff's long jacket is lined with silver badges -- all the lawmen he has slain over the years.

THE SHERIFF

Gonna kill him?

CAVENDISH

Naw. Sometimes, killing a man is a kindness.

(leans in close to  
Reid)

And I ain't a kind man.

THE SHERIFF

But I get the badge anyway, right?

Cavendish rips the badge off Reid.

CAVENDISH

Hey, Ranger.

Cavendish kicks him, rolling him onto his hands and knees.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

The friendly upstart town of  
Waystation s'about fifty miles that  
way. Think you can make it?

(grins)

Hope so. Cause I'll bet you a Boston  
dollar there's a pretty widow waiting  
there, all alone.

Reid tries to crawl, slumps.

DOLAN

He's good as dead.

COLLINS

Why take the chance?

CAVENDISH

Yes. Good point. Applies to traitors  
as well.

Cavendish draws his gun and SHOOTS Collins, who staggers  
backwards. He looks more thoughtful than surprised, glances  
down at his gut, shrugs, crumples to the ground.

Cavendish holsters his gun.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

Show's over.

He and the gang members move away. Reid blinks through the  
pain, sees --

One of the Ranger's horses, chewing on the leaves of a bush,  
wandering along, a hundred yards off.

Reid starts crawling toward it, slow, painful.

Suddenly a KNIFE stabs down into Reid's back, and Reid screams. Cavendish face is close.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

Insurance.

(beat)

Don't give up, Ranger ... only fifty miles to go.

Cavendish wrenches the knife out, laughs. He watches as Reid struggles ... and then blacks out.

EXT. BRYANT'S GAP - DRY RIVER BED - LATER

Tonto creeps up on the ambush locale, wary, staying low. His quiver of silver-tipped arrows strapped to his back, clutching one arrow in his fist as a weapon.

He looks out past an oak tree, an expression of disappointment and contempt. At least four dead bodies in his line of sight.

Tonto stoops, with his other hand picks up a rock. Heaves it at the nearest body -- one of the Rangers, Martin.

No movement.

Tonto approaches the body, cautious. KICKS it, really hard, jumps back. Watches.

No movement.

Tonto picks up the rock, spies another body, heaves the rock --

CLOSE ON: REID, as the rock hits. No movement. A scraped trail in the dirt shows how far Reid managed to crawl.

Tonto approaches, cautious, KICKS Reid, really hard, jumps back. Watches.

No movement.

Tonto picks up the rock. Spies another body. Heaves the rock --

EXT. BRYANT'S GAP - SIX GRAVES - DAY

Six holes have been dug. Five filled with dead Rangers.

Tonto drags Reid along, past the open graves. He dumps Reid into the open sixth grave.

Returns to the first grave, retrieves a spade-shaped stone. Again, that look of disappointment, and contempt. He digs with the stone, rolling dirt down into the grave --



Tonto hears something. Looks over --

A WHITE HORSE stands in the rocky cliffs, just past the sixth grave. The same magnificent horse Reid saw pacing them in the forest. Not a place a horse would normally be.

Tonto tilts his head.

The horse paws its front leg in the air.

Tonto steps toward the horse ... spooked, it jumps lightly away. Tonto looks down into the sixth grave --

Reid MOANS.

EXT. ARROYO - PATH - LATER

Reid lies on a makeshift stretcher, dragged by Tonto. He is blindfolded by a dark leather vest tied over his eyes.

REID

Dan?

TONTO

We go to a place of healing. Do not try to speak. Rest.

Reid moans, reaches to pull the blindfold off -- Tonto twists, slaps the arm away.

TONTO (CONT'D)

No. Leave it. Rest.

Tonto secures the blindfold. Drags the stretcher. Reid pulls at it again, and Tonto stops him again. Leans close.

TONTO (CONT'D)

There are things in the world you do not want to let see your face.

Reid struggles again with the blindfold -- and Tonto pulls a fist back and SLUGS REID HARD, knocking him out.

TONTO (CONT'D)

Good. Kemosabe rest now.

EXT. ARROYO - WATERFALL - DAY

The THUNDERING of a wide waterfall. Reid lies on a flat stone near a racing stream.

His eyes flutter open --

Reid's DELIRIUM POV: straight above, a hawk wheels across an azure sky.

Reid turns his head -- the hawk is somehow right next to him, clutching a black snake in its talons --

Reid's DELIRIUM POV: Moonlit night. The waterfall is a trickle. Reid rolls over to scoop water from the basin. UNDER THE WATER he sees his own body, dead, wrapped in chains -- or is that his reflection?

Reid's DELIRIUM POV: Daytime. Coming into focus is Dan Reid, smiling ... then Dan is gone, and all that's left is Dan's black vest, hanging on a tree branch. Reid stares at it.

REID

Dan.

TONTO

Your brother is dead. He wore a vest.  
I took it.

Reid is angry, tries to rise.

REID

You kept -- a trophy?

TONTO

No. A gift. Of power.

The vest is somehow in Tonto's hands. There are two bullet holes. Tonto holds it out --

A brief glimpse of Reid's eyes through the bullet holes, then he collapses.

EXT. ARROYO - WATERFALL - DAY

Reid wakes up ... watches Tonto through the slits of half-open eyes. Tense, fearful, without moving, Reid's glance darts sideways --

He sees his belt, holster and gun, a few feet away.

Tonto continues to work, sewing something, working with Dan's black vest. Reid rolls and reaches -- grabs his gun, trains it on Tonto. Tonto looks at him -- and shrugs.

REID

Indian. How long was I sick?

TONTO

Two days.

Reid tries to stand -- and to his surprise, he does so.

REID

I couldn't have recovered in two days.

TONTO

In sleep you walked many paths, not all beneath moon and sun.

REID

Right. Sure. Don't know what that means, but you speak English well.

TONTO

Or, you understand me well.

REID

Do you have a name?

Tonto considers a moment, as if this was vitally important. Then says as if he has just come up with the answer:

TONTO

Tonto.

Reid is not impressed. He struggles to tie on his gun belt while keeping Tonto covered.

REID

John Reid. Pleased to meet you, appreciate you saving my life, you seen my horse?

TONTO

Yes.

Tonto, ignoring the gun, turns, gestures for Reid to follow --

EXT. ARROYO - CLEARING - DAY

Tonto, still under gunpoint, leads Reid to --

IN THE CLEARING, the tall white horse stands, perfectly still, as if waiting. Gorgeous, large steady eyes, focused on Reid.

TONTO

Your spirit horse.

Reid stares, a little amazed. Glances at Tonto.

TONTO (CONT'D)

He came to carry you to the other world, but you did not go. Now he waits. He will be loyal.

REID  
Spirit horse.

TONTO  
Yes.

Reid paces around the horse -- still keeping his gun aimed at Tonto.

REID  
Smells like a horse.  
(a glance down)  
Pisses like a horse. I say it's just  
a horse.

TONTO  
You may say as you will, because you  
do not know.

REID  
Not sure, but I think you just  
insulted me.  
(spies Tonto's horse)  
How about I take this --

Reid approaches Scout -- who rears back, whinnies, fights the air with his forelegs.

REID (CONT'D)  
Saddle. Just the saddle.  
(gestures)  
You. Now.

Reid waves the gun. Tonto moves to take the saddle off his horse. Carries it toward the white horse.

REID (CONT'D)  
This one got a name?

TONTO  
Yes.  
(dead serious)  
You must never use it.

REID  
Ah.

TONTO  
He will come to the name you give  
him.

Reid looks the horse over, first thing that comes to mind --

REID  
Silver.

Tonto shrugs, not impressed at the obvious choice.

REID (CONT'D)  
Is he broke?

TONTO  
He will do what you ask of him.

Reid climbs aboard, is surprised -- no trouble. Leans forward to Silver's ear.

REID  
Listen. Don't you be taking me to any next world unless I specifically ask. Understood?

TONTO  
Ranger. This is yours.

Tonto holds out -- a black mask.

REID  
No thanks.

TONTO  
Wear it. Hide your face. To protect yourself, and those you love.

Reid stares -- then wheels Silver, starts off. Tonto gets in his way --

TONTO (CONT'D)  
It is made of the vest worn by your brother. The eyes cut by the bullets of your enemies.

Reid stops. Tonto moves close.

TONTO (CONT'D)  
There is more happening here than you know.

Reid takes it. Shoves the mask into his pocket. He spurs Silver, who shoots away like a bullet shot from a gun --

Tonto watches him go ... glances up, where the hawk wheels across the sky --

EXT. TEXAS PLAINS - DAY

TILT DOWN from the hawk in the sky, to where Silver gallops at top speed, through the sagebrush --

POV, WITH REID, riding on Silver. SOUND DROPS AWAY to near SILENCE as the landscape passes beneath, smooth and effortless, as this amazing horse glides over the land ...

EXT. TEXAS PLAINS - DAY

Reid reigns in Silver, stands in the saddle to stare ahead --  
SMOKE trails in the sky.

Reid spurs Silver forward --

EXT. TEXAS PLAINS - DAY

Dan Reid's ranch comes into view. Silver slows.

The ranch house has been burned to the ground. The stone fireplace reaches to the sky. All that is left is the blackened frame of the front door --

POV looking out through the door frame, at Reid, who takes in the scene.

The barn is a cinder framework. The pen is open, all the horses gone. Reid turns around, calls --

REID

Rebecca! Danny!

The words disappear into the silence of the land. No answer, save for constant whispering of the wind.

And then, the SOUND of HOOFBEATS --

CUT TO:

EXT. TEXAS - ROAD - EVENING

Night creeps into the sky, the moon rising fat on the horizon.

The HOOFBEATS grow LOUDER, as Reid rides Silver hard along the wagon-rut road. The wrought iron sign WAYSTATION looms overhead, marking the edge of town --

Silver spooks, refusing to pass beneath.

Reid fights to keep his balance. He considers Silver, looks ahead to the town.

Reid pulls out the mask from Tonto, and ties it on.

A whispered word to Silver, and now the horse steps cautiously forward, passing beneath the sign --

EXT. WAYSTATION - NIGHT

The Lone Ranger rides slowly down the main street, incredulous --  
The town is empty.

Abandoned.

Weird. Just days ago, the hotel was at capacity, now the windows stand open and dark. The general store and feed store were crowded, now their doors are boarded shut.

No people, no horses, no light, no sounds.

As the moon rises higher in the sky, it is the classic ghost town -- complete with a tumbleweed rolling past.

A motion catches Reid's eye, and he looks over --

IN THE WINDOW of the surveyor's office, looking out through the glass -- a coyote.

Reid stares.

And the coyote stares back, eyes glittering in the moonlight, calm, like it has every right to be there.

As he rides, Reid looks to the other side of the street, through the open doors of the Blacksmith's barn --

IN THE BARN, five coyotes gather in a circle, as if for a meeting, their heads now turned, interrupted by his arrival.

Reid, riding Silver, continues on. He looks up, notices two coyotes on the roof of the bank building, watching him. And another bold coyote tracks them along the street.

Reid suddenly stops -- and listens.

Very faint, the tin notes of an UPRIGHT PIANO, a jaunty RAGTIME SONG, coming from somewhere up ahead.

That's weird.

Reid dismounts, flips the reins over a hitching post. Moves in the direction of the sound. It seems to be coming from the saloon --

A sudden GROWL, and Reid stops --

A bony, cadaverous COYOTE, bares its teeth, blocks his path.

Reid is more annoyed than scared.

REID  
You. Chihuahua. Move aside.

The coyote's snarl gets LOUDER. Reid sighs. Draws his gun, waves it.

REID (CONT'D)  
Courage, now, that's an admirable trait, but ... little fella ... you're hardly worth the bullet it would take to scare you off.

But the coyote's snarl DEEPENS, as if insulted.

Reid sighs. Tries to step around it -- but the coyote moves sideways, blocking his path, digging in its paws.

Reid shrugs, levels his gun toward the coyote --

There is a sudden RISING TIDE OF SOUND from behind Reid ... he turns slowly, looks --

ANGLE - BEHIND REID, where a HUNDRED COYOTES have snuck up on him, crowding into the street. A hundred mouths drawn back in a hundred snarls, a hundred growls deep in their throats.

Reid gapes. Edges back toward Silver --

REID (CONT'D)  
Silver? Yo. Silver. Horse!  
(Silver looks over)  
All right, just relax, now. Stay right where you are, and don't --

Silver looks the other way, sees the coyotes -- WHINNIES, flips his reigns off the post, and bolts.

REID (CONT'D)  
Thanks for nothing, spirit horse.

The coyotes ignore Silver, stay focused on Reid, edging forward, snarling --

Reid points his gun to the sky and FIRES!

The coyotes yelp, SCATTER back --

Reid races for the nearest structure, the General Store. Slams his back to the wall. The coyotes spring forward, the entire mass of them --

Reid fires, but there are too many. The creatures swarm, some jumping over others, snapping at each other, yelping and howling --



Reid pulls down a lantern hanging next to the door, flings it into the air, and FIRES --

The lantern EXPLODES in flames and falls, driving the coyotes back. Some of them catch fire and BURN --

Reid finds a second lantern. Spies the distance to the saloon.

He flings the lantern into the street, shoots it out of the air, an amazing shot --

The lantern EXPLODES, and he shoots again, hitting it, spinning it toward the saloon, FLAMES spilling across the road, a line of defense against the coyotes --

Reid follows along the burning lantern, shooting it forward as he goes, and races up the steps into the saloon --

INT. SALOON - EVENING

Reid slams the door shut. Tilts over a table and levers it against the door. Turns, sees --

The Bartender at the piano, playing madly.

That's really weird.

Reid approaches him, keeping an eye on doors, windows. The Bartender pays him no notice, focused on the keys.

REID

You okay, mister?

BARTENDER

Music, music's the only thing that keeps 'em away.

Okay, so he's gone mad. Outside, the coyotes begin to HOWL.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Coyotes ain't so bad, I can handle the coyotes. Spiders are worse. You can't stop the spiders.

REID

What happened to the town?

BARTENDER

Gone.

REID

Gone where?

The Bartender points with one hand, keeps the tune going with the other. Reid frowns.

REID (CONT'D)  
Indian territory? That makes no sense.

Reid yanks the man around, away from the keyboard. The sound of the final chord FADES.

REID (CONT'D)  
Was Rebecca with them? Rebecca Reid.  
A young woman, with her boy.

BARTENDER  
I didn't see no woman with no boy.  
(suspicious)  
Why're you wearin' a mask?

Outside, the coyotes suddenly fall silent. Reid races to a side window, looks --

IN THE STREET, a thick ring of coyotes now surrounds the saloon. The coyotes turn their heads, and crowd back, making room for --

A HUGE WOLF stalks out of the shadows from beneath the town water tank, moving with easy confidence. A second WOLF appears, followed by a THIRD. Wild and strong, their eyes filled with cunning and intelligence. They fan out --

INSIDE, Reid's expression turns to anger, as in, what the hell else to I have to deal with?

REID  
Can you handle a gun?

BARTENDER  
Shootin' 'em don't do no good.

Reid moves to behind the bar, finds a rifle --

Suddenly there is a CLATTERING on the roof. Something BIG up there, moving around. Are wolves swarming the entire building?

Reid tosses the rifle to the Bartender --

REID  
Guard the door. Keep 'em back.

Then he moves to the large fireplace.

Steels himself, kneels. Tense, he peers in and upwards, up the chimney shaft --

Far above, looking back down at him, Reid sees, bright in the moonlight --

His horse.

Silver.

Looking down at him.

Silver bares his teeth, and WHINNIES.

Reid pulls back. Did he just see that? His horse ... up on the roof --

Silver WHINNIES again, the sound echoing down the chimney.

Suddenly the main window SHATTERS as a wolf CRASHES through into the saloon, howling --

The Bartender spins, FIRES, misses, then backs away, drops the rifle in fear. Reid aims and FIRES --

The wolf is SLAMMED BACK by the impact of the bullet, but just then, a second wolf CRASHES in through the door, and coyotes, following, pour into the room --

REID (CONT'D)

Upstairs!

Reid retreats to the stairs, FIRING to keep the creatures at bay --

REID (CONT'D)

Come on!

But the Bartender goes the other way, headed back toward the piano. Then Reid stares, incredulous as --

The Wolf he shot stands back up.

It shakes itself, spies the Bartender. Leaps, clamping its jaws down on the Bartender's leg -- he screams --

A second wolf leaps through the coyotes, headed toward Reid --

INT. SALOON - SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

Reid retreats up the stairs, shooting, hitting the second wolf, but that barely slows it down --

EXT. SALOON - NIGHT

Coyotes fill the saloon, some falling out of the windows as they crowd upwards --

An upper window SLAMS OPEN with a kick from Reid. He grabs the upper sill as he leaps through --

EXT. SALOON - ROOF - NIGHT

-- and swings his body up and onto the roof, doing a tumble and rising up face-to-face with --

Silver, who snorts at him.

Reid looks, and sees how the horse made the climb -- there's a wagon at the base of the building, and the roof of the first floor has several crates stacked, creating a sort of stairway --

Reid is quickly up onto Silver, and rides down, Silver fearless as he navigates the crates and wagon --

EXT. WAYSTATION - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Reid on Silver thunders around the corner of the building, suddenly pulls up short --

The town is filled with coyotes.

But they are silent.

Sitting.

Holding still.

Moving among them is like moving among living statues.

The coyotes take no notice of Reid, not even following him with their glittering eyes.

Reid glances to the steps of the saloon --

ON THE BOARDWALK lies the Bartender, dead. His neck ripped open, one leg almost not attached any more.

Reid stares -- then hears a sound.

More MUSIC, coming from the middle of town.

Harmonica music.

Reid looks past the sea of silent, motionless coyotes --

And there stands a Tonto. Alone, in the middle of the street. Hands to his face, playing the harmonica, a solemn tune with a slow cadence.

Reid dismounts, leads Silver carefully through the maze of still coyotes.

He comes upon Tonto, who stops playing.

TONTO  
The mask looks good.

REID  
Thanks.  
(beat)  
You play well.

TONTO  
Aw, you're just saying that to make  
me feel good.

Around them, some of the coyotes grow restless.

REID  
What is this? I've never seen animals  
act this way.

One of the coyotes tilts its head back and HOWLS.

TONTO  
Now may not be the time.

Tonto looks and Reid follows his gaze -- WOLVES start to  
appear. Peeking around corners. Looking down from the  
rooftops. Stepping out of the shadows.

REID  
One could make the argument.

More coyote heads tilt back and HOWL. It is like a chain  
reaction, their voices blending.

The wolves stalk forward, eying each other.

TONTO  
We need a diversion.

REID  
Good idea.

Reid suddenly pulls his gun and FIRES up the street, SIX  
TIMES in quick succession --

Tonto looks -- as six abandoned LANTERNS on different  
buildings suddenly BURST INTO FLAME. Every shot hit its  
target.

Tonto stares, amazed at the shooting.

TONTO  
That's weird.

Reid re-loads as the dry, sun-bleached wooden buildings of  
the town go up in FLAME.

REID

Where's your horse?

TONTO

I was hoping to borrow a ride.

The HOWLING reaches a crescendo. The wolves leap forward --

EXT. WAYSTATION - NIGHT - SECONDS LATER

Smoke billows, lit by FLAMES. Galloping HOOFBEATS, and suddenly Silver APPEARS --

ON ONE SIDE, the Lone Ranger hangs off the saddle and stirrup, guns FIRING. ON THE OTHER SIDE, Tonto hangs off the saddle and stirrup, held in by the reins, shooting his BOW --

Wolves CRY as they're hit by BULLETS and ARROWS --

Ahead is the WAYSTATION town marker. Silver thunders beneath --

And following, the coyotes and wolves slow to a trot, then stop, unwilling to pass beneath.

But still willing to HOWL.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Tonto's horse, Scout, waits patiently as Silver approaches, slows to a trot.

Reid slides down on his side of Silver. Pulls his gun, moves to the other side, raises his gun --

But Tonto is not there.

Reid's eyes glance down --

To see a knife, held by Tonto, at Reid's throat. His eyes shift over -- and Tonto smiles at him.

REID

An entire town doesn't just pick up and disappear.

TONTO

Now, you understand. There is more going on than you know.

Quick as a snake, Reid twists backwards, throws Tonto to the ground, then is on top of him with his gun thrust below Tonto's eye.

REID

Yeah. Let's hear it.

Tonto twists, grabs Reid's gun arm as he coils around behind him. Reid escapes and the two men exchange a series of punches, blocks, counterpunches. Reid spins, then suddenly finds Tonto's knife back at his throat.

Reid holds still -- for the moment.

REID (CONT'D)

Everybody. Gone. Not a trace. No trail, no hoof prints, wagon tracks, nothing.

(beat)

Maybe you're gonna tell me they all traveled to the spirit world.

Tonto smiles.

TONTO

Or, wind blew the tracks away.

REID

I need to find them.

TONTO

Yes. We will help each other --

Suddenly Reid twists violently, pushing Tonto off balance, a quick counter-move and Tonto's knife is out of play, giving Reid the upper hand, his gun in Tonto's face.

REID

Help each other. Work that through for me.

TONTO

You want to kill a man --

REID

Capture.

TONTO

I also want to capture a man --

REID

Kill.

TONTO

No, capture. I will give you Cavendish. In return, you help me capture Latham Cole.

REID

Latham Cole. Why?

TONTO  
Because he cannot be killed.

REID  
That wasn't the question, but I'm  
intrigued by the answer.  
(beat)  
You know where they're headed?

Tonto suddenly twists again out of Reid's grasp. Another series of punches, spins, counterpunches, and Tonto regains control, his knife glinting next to Reid's eye in the moonlight.

TONTO  
You must give me your word.

Reid considers. Tonto smiles, re: the wrestling match.

TONTO (CONT'D)  
Your turn.

REID  
Oh, I got more moves left ... but  
I'm saving them.

TONTO  
I listened to your words when you  
were sick. I know you better than  
you know yourself.  
(beat)  
You will help.

Tonto pulls his knife away. Reid holsters his gun.

REID  
Help you how?

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOT HILL - NIGHT

Wood and iron crosses stand silhouetted against the deep blue of the desert night sky, the moon fat and low on the horizon. A distant FLASH and RUMBLE as a towering thunderstorm roams over the desert.

The SCRAPE of a shovel on dirt. A TORCH is lit and lifted, revealing --

The LONE RANGER, masked. Working with TONTO, unearthing graves. Tonto's blade finds wood; he scrapes away dirt from a pine coffin. Pries it open.



REID  
This must be done? You are certain?

TONTO  
Yes.

In the darkness of the grave, Tonto digs into the corpse. A moment, and then Tonto climbs up, holding in his fingertips --  
-- a spent bullet slug.

REID  
You have enough.

PULL BACK and REVEAL: a dozen graves lie open, some with pine boxes ripped open, others with just bodies.

TONTO  
No. We need more.

Tonto tosses the bullet into a miner's pan, where it joins two dozen others. Moves to the next grave marker.

REID  
Whoever these men were. Whatever they did. They have the right to rest in peace.

TONTO  
Yes. You have much work to do.

Tonto hands Reid a rusted miner's shovel, indicates the open graves. Reid gets in his face.

LONE RANGER  
This is a waste of time.

TONTO  
We gather lead that has killed.

The Lone Ranger gets in his face.

LONE RANGER  
Why.

TONTO  
Then we travel into the empty lands.  
And begin the hunt.

CLOSE ON: the Lone Ranger's eyes through the mask, as he shifts his eyes from Tonto, out toward the vast empty desert --

REID  
What is it you hunt, Tonto?

TONTO  
 The evil spirit of the open places.  
                           (lowered his voice)  
 The Wendigo.  
                           (he looks up)  
 We must finish, before the moon is  
 set.

                          REID  
 Why?

                          TONTO  
 Because then it will be too dark.

Tonto goes back to digging. Reid stares at him.

                          REID  
 Sorry I asked.

EXT.  BOOT HILL - NIGHT

The Lone Ranger swings onto Silver. Hesitates, which way to  
 go -- then wheels him around --

Tonto is there, on Scout.

                          TONTO  
 Other way.

Tonto rides past. The Lone Ranger pulls Silver around, catches  
 up.

                          LONE RANGER  
 So we ride?

                          TONTO  
 So we ride.

With a 'hiya' they each rise in their saddles and spur their  
 horses, and gallop away quickly, into the desert, beneath a  
 star-filled sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.  DESERT - INDIAN TERRITORY - DAY

A vast, endless sky.

Beneath it, a vast, endless desert.

And in the distance, a puff of dust is kicked up by something  
 very tiny, almost too small to see --

A wagon train.

ANGLE - THE WAGON TRAIN, as it rolls along, carts and wagons, a stagecoach, horses, cattle and people parade across the barren land. The town of Waystation on the move.

Bringing up the rear, a surrealistic sight: three large wagons hooked together cradle the locomotive engine, pulled by a team of eight horses.

And in front of it all, Latham Cole, on horseback, leading the way. He raises his arm, and the entire affair comes to a halt.

In front of him, high up on a stone ledge --

A miner's pick, stabbed into a tall boulder. An odd sight out here amid the emptiness.

Latham holds something up, arm's length --

CLOSE ON: A MAP, very rough, held in Latham's hand. There is a pick symbol, and beyond it, not much more than a few scrawled shapes of mesas. He squints at it.

Ahead, past the pick, there are several distant mesas, and they all look pretty much the same.

Many of the SETTLERS take this opportunity to rest. Grim faces, dusty, tired, but hope in their eyes.

DOC DRUMMOND, a stout, sunburned Irishman, picks up on Latham's uncertainty.

DOC

You lost? How can you be lost, you got the map right in front of your face!

LATHAM

A wrong choice here means death to us all.

HIGH ANGLE, looking down at Latham and Doc. From this vantage we see a bleached-white skeleton lies beneath the pick, the blade driven into its back.

DOC

Then get it right!  
(suspicious)  
Eh, you ain't never said, how'd you come by the map anyways?

LATHAM

Won in a poker game, from a hooker with one eye in St. Louis.

Doc looks insulted.

DOC

If you didn't want to say you could've just said.

LATHAM

All right, you got me. It was Wichita, and the sweet darling was missing a leg.

Latham laughs at his own joke, but Doc isn't listening any more. He stares back the way they came.

DOC

We got company.

EXT. DESERT - INDIAN TERRITORY - DAY

A dozen HORSEMEN, riding hard to catch up to the wagon train. It's Cavendish and his gang.

Latham is not much pleased to see them. He steps forward, backed by the settlers, as Cavendish arrives.

CAVENDISH

You folks are hard to find.

LATHAM

That so.

Cavendish dismounts.

CAVENDISH

Rode into town, and you was already gone! Came out here and got all turned around, hotter than a whorehouse on nickel night, it is.

He takes off his hat and wipes his brow.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

Now me, I'm a trusting soul, but the Sheriff there, his feelings get hurt easy, he's thinking you don't want us around.

The Sheriff waves, revealing a glint of hidden silver under his duster.

LATHAM

You brought the Rangers to us. You put us in jeopardy.

CAVENDISH

Ah, well, there you go. You got nothing to worry about on that account.

Cavendish puts his hat back on, grins. Latham notices the bandaged hands, other wounds among Cavendish's gang.

LATHAM

Aw, damn.

CAVENDISH

Just doing what you hired us to do. Protect the town.

REBECCA (O.S.)

Protect?

Rebecca pushes her way forward, through the crowd, Dan Jr. behind her. (REVEAL: Rebecca has joined up with the wagon train!)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

What happened with the Rangers?

CAVENDISH

We're all looking for the promised land, lady. They found theirs a bit sooner than the rest of us.

REBECCA

Killed? You killed them?

Cavendish grins.

Rebecca sinks to her knees. Latham goes to her side, to comfort her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Dan. No.

LATHAM

(to Cavendish)

You had no call.

Cavendish gives Latham a startled look. Glances at Rebecca, back to Latham. It may very well be Cavendish was ordered to do that, but here and now, Latham isn't going to admit it.

CAVENDISH

So that's how it is.

During this, Dan Jr., burning with anger, sneaks a metal branding iron from one of the wagons. Hides it down along his leg. He steps toward Cavendish --

DAN JR.  
You shot my father?

CAVENDISH  
No, no, no ... he just happened to  
get in front of a bullet I sent  
off his general direction, that's  
all.

His men laugh -- and Dan Jr. springs on Cavendish. This is  
no small child flailing his arms at the bad guy. Dan Jr. is  
fast and efficient. One swing with the branding iron behind  
the knees takes Cavendish down, with a cry --

REBECCA  
Danny!

-- and a second swing comes whistling down towards Cavendish's  
face, but Cavendish blocks it with his arm, just in time,  
bites back a scream from the pain.

A click! and Dan Jr's eyes shift over to see -- Cavendish's  
gun shoved into his jaw.

Gang members pull their weapons, rifles suddenly appear among  
the townsfolk, trained on the gang. Latham steps forward ...  
keeps his voice calm.

LATHAM  
Listen. Everyone.  
(turns completely  
around)  
Here, we abide by the law, or we're  
no better than the savages that  
surround us.

REBECCA  
Get that gun away from my boy --

Cavendish looks to Latham.

CAVENDISH  
We want in, Latham. Equal share, me,  
and each of my boys. Whatever you  
find.

LATHAM  
What we find might be nothing.

CAVENDISH  
And might not.

LATHAM  
Drop the gun, as the lady asked.

Cavendish pulls his gun away, but keeps a grip on Dan Jr.

CAVENDISH  
What do you say?

Latham considers.

REBECCA  
He's a criminal. A killer.

LATHAM  
That's true.  
(a glance at Cavendish)  
But I got to also think of you, and  
your boy. Out here, you got to take  
help where it comes.  
(beat)  
You should appreciate that, more  
than anyone.

She stares back. He lowers his voice.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
There will come a time. I promise. A  
time of reckoning.

Rebecca nods slightly. Latham walks past ... then turns.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
(to Cavendish)  
You do what I say, nothing more,  
nothing less.

CAVENDISH  
You're smarter than you look, Latham  
Cole.

Latham nods, stares.

LATHAM  
Everyone. Back to the trail.

Cavendish and his men move to join the procession. Rebecca  
pushes past them, the other way, rushes toward Dan Jr. --

-- and SLAPS him hard across the face. He looks shocked. And  
then she pulls him into her arms.

EXT. INDIAN TERRITORY - DAY

In the far distance, the wagon train moves forward again,  
tiny dots, now with a dozen more men and horses.

PULL BACK to REVEAL: a MOTH, climbing on the fingers of --

NOCONA, a Comanche Warrior. Young, confident, his eyes as fierce as the desert sun.

He is flanked by two other WARRIORS, utterly still in their saddles -- so still, we think maybe they are made of stone.

Nocona interlocks his finger, trapping the moth inside, stares down at the wagon train.

Then he opens his hands, and the moth flies free.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TEXAS DESERT - EVENING

A blazing sunset, the sky on fire.

Reid and Tonto weave through the scrub brush, Reid's mask pulled down around his neck. Tonto hangs low alongside his horse, head close to the ground, following the trail.

REID

What do the tracks of a Wendigo look like?

TONTO

Do not speak its name.

Reid frowns, rebuffed.

REID

We can call it Yankee Doodle for all I care ... but if we're chasing it, I want to know about it.

TONTO

Some say each footstep contains a single drop of blood.

REID

(looks)  
Yeah?

TONTO

No. Not always.

Tonto spots what he was looking for.

TONTO (CONT'D)

In this case, the tracks greatly resemble a wagon train.

REID

Ah.



They turn, following the new trail. Tonto regards Reid.

TONTO  
You have heard the whispering of the  
prairie.

Reid is silent.

TONTO (CONT'D)  
You have.

REID  
That's just the wind.

TONTO  
Is it? Have you ever listened closely?

Reid shrugs. Tonto nods, as if they already agree.

TONTO (CONT'D)  
There is a spirit of the lands, the  
empty places, that can abide in a  
man. Force him to do evil deeds ...  
then leave him dead, or insane, and  
move on to another.  
(low)  
That is the Wendigo.

REID  
Men do bad things all on their own.  
Not sure they need any help.

TONTO  
Your preachers, do they not warn you  
of the devil? The tempter of man.

REID  
A man can say no to the devil. No  
evil can happen to a good man. That  
is what I believe.

TONTO  
You use that word. Believe. We do  
not understand it. To the people,  
there is knowing, and not knowing.

REID  
Believing is ... knowing, without  
proof, without evidence.

TONTO  
We call that not knowing.

REID  
That is what you believe.

Tonto shoots a look at Reid -- and then bursts out LAUGHING.  
And rides on.

Reid stares at Tonto, certain he is riding with a mad man.

EXT. TEXAS DESERT - CAMPFIRE - NIGHT

Reid tends the fire. Tonto, his face lit by the flames, works carving a new bow.

TONTO

Long ago, the people found silver in  
the caves. The mine brought riches,  
but always the people wanted more.  
They dug deeper. Into the belly of  
the mesa, where what waits should  
not be disturbed. And in their greed,  
they dug too deep.

Reid listens, flames dancing in his eyes.

TONTO (CONT'D)

There was betrayal, and killing, and  
sadness. The people sealed the mine,  
and so the creature that preyed upon  
them was trapped, imprisoned by  
silver.

Tonto looks away from the fire, out to the darkness.

TONTO (CONT'D)

But silver calls to men, and men  
came, and so the spirit of the Wendigo  
was set free. It roams the land. It  
kills. Eats. And moves on.

REID

How long have you been chasing it?

TONTO

A young warrior, fourteen years old,  
I returned from a raid, to find my  
family, my tribe, consumed.

REID

Killed?

TONTO

Consumed. I vowed revenge.

(beat)

I slayed a dozen men before I knew  
it could not be slain. Before I knew  
it could possess anyone.

Reid looks sharply at Tonto.

REID

Anyone?

Tonto shifts his eyes to Reid. A grim look. He nods.

TONTO

Anyone.

Reid regards Tonto, taken aback. Tonto stares back with eyes of infinite sadness.

TONTO (CONT'D)

It always wanted more, and always looked like it was starving.

REID

Now this evil spirit inhabits Latham Cole.

TONTO

Yes.

REID

Or, he's just a greedy bastard who wants a lot of silver.

TONTO

He does the will of the creature. He has been ...

Tonto is suddenly silent. Reid frowns, completes the sentence --

REID

Possessed?

TONTO

Quiet.  
(beat)  
Listen.

Tonto listens hard. Reid listens harder.

The wind has died. All the animal sounds have stopped. The silence is broken only by the snap and pop of the fire --

Tonto stands. Reid joins him.

TONTO (CONT'D)

We should not have spoken its name.

REID

I thought you said the spirit had taken over --

TONTO

On this night, it roams free.

Reid tilts his head -- he hears a strange sound, in the distance. A rumble, like a soft, continuous thunder ...

Reid draws his gun. But Tonto shakes his head. The soft thunder grows louder -- louder still, then --

Suddenly, dozens, hundreds of jackrabbits appear in the firelight, racing through their camp, wave after wave. Darting, stumbling, knocking into each other in their desperate flight --

Then just as suddenly, they're gone. Silence.

REID

Is it gone?

TONTO

No. Can you not feel it?

They hear another sound in the distance, growing louder. Different. A massive HISSING sound, scraping, cracking, growing louder -- then --

Dozens, hundreds of tumbleweeds blast through their camp. Reid and Tonto dodge them, raise their arms to ward them off --

Weirdly, none of the tumbleweeds go through the fire; either they bounce high, or seem to swerve at the last second.

REID

Tonto. There's no wind.

Then just as quickly as they came, they're gone.

REID (CONT'D)

What's next?

Tonto listens ... shakes his head.

TONTO

Nothing.

REID

How do you know?

TONTO

Listen, kemosabe. Listen to the whisperings of the night.

REID

I don't hear any --

TONTO  
Stop believing what you think you  
know, or do not know, and listen.

Reid listens. Listens hard.

                          REID  
It has gone.

Tonto smiles.

                          TONTO  
Yes.

He sits back down. Then stretches out, curls up to sleep.

Reid stares at him. Then looks out over the moonlit desert.  
There will be no sleep for him tonight.

Reid pulls out his mask ... and ties it on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WAGON TRAIN - EARLY MORNING

The wagons have been circled.

Cavendish wakes suddenly -- to a knife at his throat. He is  
pulled to his feet.

He is surrounded by settlers with rifles.

NEARBY, Latham Cole leans over a bowl of water, finishes  
shaving using his knife. He wipes off his face, walks over  
to where Cavendish is held.

                          CAVENDISH  
You're sure of yourself on this?

                          LATHAM  
(nods)  
The others too.

The settlers rouse Dolan, Zach, the Sheriff. Latham gestures  
for them to be taken away.

Doc leans down, shakes a gang member who doesn't respond.  
Doc pulls a blanket back -- and averts his gaze.

                          DOC  
Latham. Over here.

Latham looks --

Blood everywhere. The man has been gutted. A gruesome expression of pain on what is left of his face.

Cavendish looks around, aghast --

CAVENDISH

What happened?

The other members of the gang are uncovered, and revealed to be in the same condition.

Dead.

Latham pokes with his knife, examines the wounds.

LATHAM

Looks like they're set to be tried by a higher court.

CAVENDISH

Bastard.

LATHAM

Indians in these parts, you know. Savages. Ruthless.

DOC

There's teeth marks here.

(looks up)

Indians don't bite much, mostly. And there's pieces missing. Looks like its been ate.

Cavendish stares at Latham.

CAVENDISH

You're right, Doc. It wasn't Indians.

LATHAM

What, then?

Cavendish's expression turns to horror as --

Latham licks the blood off his knife, sheaths it. Grins, then shoves Cavendish along --

EXT. INDIAN TERRITORIES - WAGON TRAIN - DAY

The settlers are gathered around --

Cavendish, tied to a wooden chair, hands roped behind his back. Settlers hold the remaining gang members at gunpoint, huddled to one side.

Rebecca stands directly opposite Cavendish. Her eyes fixed on him.

Latham Cole sits on a barrel, paging through a Holy Bible.

LATHAM

For the common good and with the approvation of the peoples here present, I declare this court in session, empowered to administer justice and dispense punishment, in accordance with the statutes of Texas law and common sense.

(holds up the book)

Plus, I got a Bible right here, in case we get stuck.

Someone shouts 'amen!' from the crowd. Latham stands.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Folks, a lot of you have been whispering, loud enough for me to hear, it makes no sense to drag a locomotive out into nowhere, we should be starting with ties and tracks and tools.

(smiles)

Well and good. But I tell you, that locomotive means something. It stands for our community. It's a symbol of faith.

(beat)

As we travel these barren, godless lands, and hell if I'm not the bastard that led us here, I am struck that community is a fragile thing.

(beat)

Community requires faith, that the good shall be rewarded, and those who put themselves above the law, shall be brought to justice.

He turns to Cavendish, stares into his eyes.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

This man, Butch Cavendish, put himself above the law, and brought trouble down upon us all.

Rebecca speaks low but clear.

REBECCA

The man you hired.

LATHAM

(points)

Yes, and damn my soul! I did hire  
this man -- to protect us. Our town.  
Our secret.

Latham opens the Bible, pulls out the map, raises it over  
his head.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You came here. You listened. You  
believed. You left your pasts behind,  
and let's be fair, most of those  
pasts deserved leaving behind. But  
you came, and you forgave the sins  
of your neighbors and their pasts,  
as they forgave yours.

(a smile)

You joined me in a dream. A dream  
that glitters with silver, my friends,  
fellow citizens, a dream of riches  
for all. A dream we agreed to keep  
... confidential. But --

Latham turns and faces Cavendish.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Cavendish. One of your men fled, and  
tried to sell us out. Eh?

CAVENDISH

I tracked him down and killed him.

LATHAM

You were caught.

CAVENDISH

I escaped.

LATHAM

And brought the Texas Rangers down  
upon us.

CAVENDISH

And killed 'em.

LATHAM

The court hereby accepts your plea  
of guilty.

(back to the crowd)

Six Texas Rangers, dead, and when  
they come for us, as they surely  
will, what will we say? That we  
harbored a fugitive? No.

(MORE)



LATHAM (CONT'D)

(beat)

We will say justice was swift.

Latham lays aside the Bible.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

The court sentences the accused,  
Butch Cavendish, to death. Sentence  
to be carried out by a member of the  
community.

Latham draws his gun ... holds it out to Rebecca.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You, ma'am, suffered the greatest  
loss.

Rebecca takes the gun. Regards Cavendish.

CAVENDISH

Steady, darling. Make it nice and  
clean.

REBECCA

No.

She lets the gun drop to her side.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

There should be a trial. A real trial.

LATHAM

You think he deserves it?

REBECCA

No. But we do.

The gun is suddenly pulled from her. She looks, is surprised  
to see --

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Danny!

Dan Jr. holds the gun on Cavendish. Rebecca moves toward  
him, but Latham holds her back.

LATHAM

Careful!

(to Danny)

You up to this, son?

DANNY

Not sure just yet.

But he doesn't lower the gun.

LATHAM

Ever shot a man?

DANNY

No. But the day is young.

LATHAM

Funny thing about pulling a trigger. Easy to do. 'Cept when you're pointing that black-eyed Susan at a flesh and blood man with a heart beating fast and fear in his eyes. When pulling that trigger means taking a life. It gets ... sticky.

(low)

And when you do fire on a man and the bullet leaves the barrel, I'll tell you ... You can tell a shot that misses, you can tell a shot that wounds, or a shot that kills. You feel it in your gut, right when it goes, it's like that bullet rips out a little bit of yourself on its way.

(beat)

You ready for that?

Dan keeps his eyes on Cavendish.

DAN JR.

My father. You killed him.

CAVENDISH

No, no, no, he just happened to get in the way of a bullet I sent off his general direction.

DANNY

Latham. You're right. It is hard, to kill a man.

Dan Jr. lowers the gun a little.

DANNY (CONT'D)

But not an animal.

Danny aims, turns his head away, builds up the courage to fire --

Just then, with a WHOOSH-THUNK an ARROW slams into the back of Cavendish's chair and STICKS there, quivering.

A moment, as everyone stares at it, as it seemed to appear from nowhere.

DOC  
Indians!

BLACKSMITH  
Where are they?

Latham looks up at a wagon, where a SCOUT keeps watch.

LATHAM  
Where are they! How many?

SCOUT  
Nothing. Wait.  
(points)  
There!

Latham moves toward an opening between two wagons. The settlers back away, revealing --

TWO FIGURES walk slowly toward the camp, wavering in the heat rising from the desert floor --

One is an INDIAN. Tonto. He holds a gun to the head of --

A MASKED MAN. The Lone Ranger.

LATHAM  
What manner of bothahrayshun is this.  
(yells)  
Hold your fire!

Tonto and the Lone Ranger approach. They stop a few dozen feet beyond the circled wagons -- a nest of guns, all trained on Tonto.

The faces of the settlers are tense. Seeing an Indian in Indian territory is near a death sentence.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Indian. You have the gun, that makes it your show.

TONTO  
Me, Tonto. Me seek ... Butch Cavendish.

Reid glances over with his eyes, he can't believe Tonto is doing the Indian-can't-speak-English-very-well dialect.

But Tonto's expression, demeanor, is dead serious.

Latham is surprised at the mention of Cavendish. But he goes with it.

LATHAM

You're in luck! I happen to have a  
Butch Cavendish, right over here.  
(to Yang)  
Get Cavendish.

Yang moves away.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Say, you fellows didn't happen to  
see a stray cat anywhere out there?  
Calico, bad hind left leg?

Tonto tilts his head -- is this guy crazier than he is?

TONTO

No. No cat.

The Lone Ranger shakes his head, him neither.

TONTO (CONT'D)

Me trade Ranger, for Butch Cavendish.  
Butch Cavendish face justice.

LATHAM

Ah, so that's your play.

Cavendish is brought forward.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Butch, you're having one bad day  
today. This brave here wants you to  
face justice. What is it you done  
now?

CAVENDISH

I ain't never seen that Indian in my  
life.

Latham turns his attention to Reid.

LATHAM

And who might you be?

TONTO

Lone Ranger.

LATHAM

Ranger. Texas Ranger?  
(considers)  
Suppos'n I have no use for a Texas  
Ranger?

Tonto steps forward, stares at Latham. So intense, we get the idea he is looking into the man's soul.

Latham stares back, sensing Tonto's hatred. For a moment, it is just those two in the world, nothing else exists.

TONTO

Latham Cole not stupid. Latham Cole surrounded by warriors.

(a threat)

Tonto not stupid, Tonto also have many warriors. You give Cavendish, or --

Something catches Tonto's eye. He breaks character.

TONTO (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

He drops the gun that was pointed at Reid.

LONE RANGER

What?

Tonto suddenly speaks perfectly normal English.

TONTO

There. And over there. Comanche attack party. Headed this way, fast.

LATHAM

What?

LONE RANGER

Latham. Prepare your defenses.

TONTO

A hundred warriors. Maybe more.

LATHAM

Well, call 'em off! Here, I'll give you Cavendish --

TONTO

Sorry, that won't help.

LATHAM

But you said --

LONE RANGER

Ah, that was a ruse. There are only two of us.

TONTO

We were outnumbered. Had to come up  
with something.

LATHAM

You lied. How do I know you're not  
lying now?

Suddenly a half-dozen ARROWS hit a nearby wagon, and shouts  
of the WARRIORS can be heard.

TONTO

(nods)  
Comanche.

LATHAM

(yells)  
Indian attack! Tilt the wagons! Aim  
for the lead horsemen!

EXT. DESERT - CIRCLED WAGONS - DAY

MOVING WITH the Comanche WARRIORS, on horseback, as they  
race over the desert floor, come quickly upon the circled  
wagons --

Nocona rides ahead, rising up on his horse, leading the charge --

A FULL ON ATTACK, circling around the wagon train, firing  
rifles and bows, bullets whistling past --

EXT. DESERT - WAGON TRAIN - DAY

The townsfolk defend as the Comanche circle on horseback,  
firing into the camp --

Latham races along the perimeter, shouts --

LATHAM

Stagger your shots! Women and  
children, re-load the rifles!

Suddenly an ARROW grows out of Latham's chest. He is thrown  
backwards, against a wagon. But only for an instant. Latham  
grabs the arrow, wrenches it free.

Blood flows down the front of his shirt.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Cavendish! Where are you?

Latham staggers on, comes upon Dolan, the Sheriff, other  
members of the Cavendish gang, tied up. Cavendish too.

CAVENDISH

Bet you're glad you didn't kill me.

LATHAM

We need you to fight.

CAVENDISH

Sure. But first we put to rest this madness of a trial. Full pardon. Your honor.

LATHAM

So ordered.

Latham cuts away the ropes. SHOTS land among them, and Latham ducks down, FIRES back --

Cavendish recovers his guns. Raises a rifle ... swings around and SHOTS at Latham --

Latham dives out of the way, is hit, fires back --

LATHAM (CONT'D)

Bastard!

Everyone dives for cover. Cavendish shoots again --

LATHAM (CONT'D)

That make you feel better?

CAVENDISH

A little bit, yeah. But I could feel a whole lot more.

Cavendish FIRES again.

LATHAM

Fool! We fight this out now, we all die!

Latham steps out, stands, despite his wounds. Blood pools beneath him. Dolan stares.

DOLAN

How's he even standing? That aint natural.

CAVENDISH

Or he's just the meanest sonofabitch this world has ever seen.

LATHAM

Kill me. Or fight.

Cavendish turns his rifle, aims at their attackers. Latham FIRES at the Comanches, and the others follow --

ELSEWHERE, Tonto and Lone Ranger crouch behind a wagon, duck arrows and bullets coming their way.

                  TONTO  
Which side are you on?

                  LONE RANGER  
Not sure. You?

                  TONTO  
I think it goes bad for me no matter  
who wins.

Lone Ranger FIRES toward the circling warriors.

                  TONTO (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

                  LONE RANGER  
Shooting arrows.

He FIRES and we FOLLOW the bullet as it SNAPS! an arrow in two, mid-flight.

                  TONTO  
You can do that?

Reid FIRES again -- and an arrow hits, RIGHT NEXT TO TONTO.

                  LONE RANGER  
Not every time.

There are SCREAMS from another section of the camp -- Tonto and the Lone Ranger, turn, race toward --

EXT. DESERT - WAGON TRAIN - DAY

Warriors have broken through the defenses, and attack the settlers.

Dan Jr. holds the gun that he had aimed at Cavendish. He turns, as a Warrior comes at him, screaming --

BANG! Dan Jr. has pulled the trigger, and shot the Warrior, wounding him. He stares, shocked --

-- and is SWEPT AWAY by the WARRIOR, carried off, outside the camp --

Rebecca, firing a rifle, sees her son taken --



REBECCA

Danny!

She FIRES the rifle again, then fights her way to where several horses are kept --

The Lone Ranger and Tonto see Danny carried off -- and then must dodge out of the way as Rebecca goes thundering past on horseback.

LONE RANGER

Horses! Fast!

EXT. DESERT - BOULDERS - LATER

A maze of boulders. Some bigger than a house, others small, many piled on top of each other.

The Lone Ranger and Tonto leap from their horses, clamber over the rocks, searching. Back toward the wagon train, the occasional shot can still be heard.

EXT. DESERT - BOULDERS - LATER

In a NARROW CREVICE below them they come upon --

Rebecca.

Crouched behind a boulder, her dress bloody, incredibly, with Dan Jr. at her side. She aims her rifle, FIRES, faced off against --

Four COMANCHE WARRIORS, including Nocona, the warrior chief, who kneels on the ground clutching his bloody arm. Nocona leads them forward, going for position --

LONE RANGER

Go. I'll cover you.

Tonto starts, then stops, looks at Reid.

TONTO

You go. I'll cover you.

LONE RANGER

I'm the better shot.

TONTO

Debatable.

(Rebecca fires again)

At a later date.

Tonto breaks cover, scans the area below -- Rebecca fires another shot.

LONE RANGER

Go! Hurry!

Tonto gestures to across the chasm, to a wall of boulders --

TONTO

Boulder, rock, stone, pebble.

Reid looks, but before he can respond, Tonto is gone --

EXT. BOULDERS - CREVICE - DAY

Tonto drops, leaping from boulder-to-boulder, lands ingloriously on the ground --

-- directly between Rebecca and the Comanche warriors.

All react with amazement.

Tonto dusts himself off and stands up. With outstretched arms, he raises an open palm to each side. To stand there, unarmed, between the warring factions, he must either be a god in human form, or absolutely crazy.

With a confident sweep of his right arm, Tonto gestures for the Comanches to step back. Such is the force of his will that they glance at each other -- and move back.

With a sweep of his left arm, Tonto gestures for Rebecca and Dan Jr. to step back. Confused, Rebecca shrugs, scrambles back to new cover.

Tonto smiles. Draws his hands in from toward the sunset, as if gathering power, then with a twisting, dancing movement he points at a boulder above --

Reid looks at the boulder, expectant. Nothing happens. Suddenly he gets it, draws his gun --

Tonto grimaces. Dances, sweeps, points again --

A CRACK of gunfire -- or it could be THUNDER -- and a small PEBBLE disappears in a PUFF OF DUST --

The stone the pebble held slips away, and the rock above the stone tumbles, freeing the boulder above to grind down --

Reid smiles -- he hit his target. Aims again --

-- another CRACK of THUNDER -- another pebble is shot, another section of the crevice starts to fall --

Tonto jumps back from the ROCK AVALANCHE --

When the DUST CLEARS ...

... the crevice is totally blocked by fallen stone, the Comanches on the other side.

Rebecca helps Dan Jr. to his feet. Tonto races past --

                  TONTO  
With me. Follow!

EXT. BOULDERS - DAY

Tonto, Rebecca and Dan Jr. scramble through boulders, staying low and out of sight. Rebecca limps on her injured leg. They reach a short expanse of open sand.

They crouch down. Rebecca takes a moment to catch her breath, looks back --

Amid the boulders, a dozen Warriors climb toward them.

                  REBECCA  
What do they want?

                  TONTO  
Hostages. Comanche trade them back  
to their enemies, for a price.

Rebecca gazes across the open area.

                  REBECCA  
Can we cross?

Tonto glances at her wounded leg, the Comanches, the distance.

                  TONTO  
We make a stand, here.

Rebecca considers the situation. There is a 'click' and Tonto turns -- Rebecca has her rifle leveled at him.

                  REBECCA  
They want a hostage. Take Dan Jr.,  
and leave me.

                  TONTO  
No.

She FIRES the rifle.

                  TONTO (CONT'D)  
Yes.

                  DANNY  
Ma, no --

Rebecca stands, in clear view of the Comanches, arms raised, holding the rifle high.

She walks backwards towards them. Heaves the rifle away.

Tonto grabs Dan Jr. and races off, across the expanse of sand, toward the far boulders.

ON REBECCA, as she watches, tears in her eyes, as the Comanche Warriors surround her. Nocona grabs her, and pulls backwards --

EXT. DESERT - BOULDERS - DAY

Tonto and Dan Jr. climb through the boulders, come upon --

The Lone Ranger, his gun out, pointed at Tonto.

TONTO

Go ahead. Shoot. Everyone else has.

LONE RANGER

Where's Rebecca?

Tonto shrugs -- how can he explain? Looks out, points --

IN THE DISTANCE, the Comanche warriors move across the plains, away from the wagon train. Rebecca among them.

BACK TO SCENE

LONE RANGER (CONT'D)

You lost her?

TONTO

I guess I wasn't thinking.

LONE RANGER

Can you track them?

TONTO

Yes.

The Lone Ranger scoops Danny up into his saddle.

LONE RANGER

Go! I will catch up!

He wheels away, riding Danny back toward the wagon train.

Tonto climbs onto Scout, turns toward the departing Comanches ... and stops.

He doesn't pursue.

Tonto and Scout are a statue, perfectly still, waiting. In the distance, the Comanches disappear from sight.

Still Tonto waits.

EXT. DESERT - WAGON TRAIN - DAY

Doc Drummond tends to a wounded man outside the wagon train. The Lone Ranger races up, lowers Dan Jr. onto the ground.

LONE RANGER  
They've got Rebecca.

DANNY  
No! I'm going with you --

LONE RANGER  
I think you will. In five or six years. Not now.

He wheels Silver away --

EXT. DESERT - BOULDERS - DAY

Still Tonto waits, still as a statue.

The sound of HOOFBEATS, and the Lone Ranger reappears. He pulls up next to Tonto -- angry.

LONE RANGER  
What happened? Why didn't you follow?

TONTO  
There are very many of them.

LONE RANGER  
Coward --

TONTO  
If we pursue, their sentries will see us, and kill us.

LONE RANGER  
Well what then?

TONTO  
We must go where they are going before they get there.

Tonto spurs Scout -- toward the rocky slope, not the desert plains.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - INDIAN TERRITORY - DAY

The Lone Ranger and Tonto climb uphill, weaving through a barren, rocky landscape. The going is slow.

TONTO

Don't white men know about men who  
turn into beasts?

REID

Possesses a man, turns him into a  
beast. Sounds like a werewolf.

TONTO

Wait, what's that?

REID

Tall tale if you ask me.

TONTO

And they feed on other people?

REID

That sounds like a vampire. But those  
are just stories.

TONTO

Stories shape the world.

REID

No, the world is the world, and  
stories are poor versions of it.

TONTO

If I come to you, and tell you a  
story of a bear that lives past the  
mountain, that it is hungry and it  
kills people. And then, one day, you  
travel past the mountain ... tell  
me. Do you act like there is a bear,  
or don't you?

Reid considers his answer as they ride.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - CANYON - NIGHT

A campfire burns low; the embers yield a reddish light.

Tonto has a saddlebag open: inside there are dozens, hundreds  
of spent lead bullets. One by one, Tonto carefully adds the  
new bullets into the bag.

REID

I imagine you have some use for those.

TONTO

Yes.

But he isn't saying.

REID  
You believe in evil spirits.

TONTO  
There is that word again. Believe.  
Do not use it.

REID  
Why?

TONTO  
It makes you weak.

REID  
Is that so.

TONTO  
Yes. You hide behind it. It allows  
you to be uncertain, as if there is  
a world that may or may not be true.  
Me, I know the way of the world. I  
am certain.

REID  
We have a word for that.

TONTO  
Yes?

REID  
Faith.

TONTO  
Ah. Is that what you lack?

The Lone Ranger jerks his head, stares.

TONTO (CONT'D)  
I see Latham Cole as he is. You could  
too, if you were not timid.

REID  
Timid.

TONTO  
Yes.

REID  
I have been called many things, my  
friend. Never timid.

TONTO

You are timid because you believe you have time. To bring your enemies to justice. To justify your life. You do not have time. The truth of the world is, each and every moment you live may be your last.

REID

I know that.

TONTO

No.

(smiles)

You believe that. If you knew it, then you could see.

REID

See what?

TONTO

Latham Cole, for what he is. And, your death, out there.

Tonto waves his hand toward the dark, endless desert.

REID

My death is out there?

TONTO

Yes. Stalking you. Sometimes closer, sometimes farther away. Always stalking.

Reid glances around, over his shoulder. Not quite believing, but curious. He can't help but ask.

REID

What's it look like? My death.

Tonto glances over Reid's shoulder, as if looking at something that is right there.

TONTO

Confident.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. INDIAN TERRITORY - BOX CANYON - DAY

The Lone Ranger and Tonto arrive at the looming cliffs.



REID

Hah. No.

Reid starts to turn away --

TONTO

This is the path.

REID

There is no path.

TONTO

You must cover your eyes. Trust  
Silver.

REID

No.

TONTO

Yes.

REID

Blind.

TONTO

Silver can find the way, if you do  
not distract him.

Reid sighs. Takes his mask, pulls it down, covering his eyes --

P.O.V., REID, as the mask becomes a BLINDFOLD, and there is  
nothing but BLACK.There is the SOUND of hoofbeats. Rocks falling. A bee buzzes  
past. Still in BLACKNESS.

REID (O.S.)

I apologize.

TONTO (O.S.)

Why?

REID (O.S.)

When I first met you, I thought you  
were crazy.

TONTO (O.S.)

And now?

REID (O.S.)

Now I know that I'm crazy.

More BLACK, then ... the lower part of the blindfold edges  
upwards. Reid is peeking --

BELOW, a steep CLIFF FACE, hundreds of feet down --

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Silver, and the Lone Ranger, and Tonto, riding Scout, stand on one of those tall stone canyon pillars -- an absolutely impossible place to get to, or get away from.

TONTO

Fool! Blindfold! Now!

Reid hastily pulls down the blindfold --

Back into BLACKNESS. The sound of RUNNING WATER. More rocks fall. An eagle's cry. Then --

Tonto pulls the blindfold off. They have reached the other side of the mountains.

Reid look around. Shakes his head.

REID

I don't believe it --

He cuts himself off as Tonto laughs.

TONTO

When you learn to see, you may do it without the blindfold.

Silver NEIGHS. Tonto spurs his horse. Reid follows ...

EXT. CANYON - DRY RIVERBED - DAY

The wagon train has come to a stop.

Settlers push on the rear longbed that bears the locomotive; wheels stuck in the sand. Horses pull from the front. Foreman Yang oversees the operation, shouting orders.

Cavendish is not happy.

CAVENDISH

Madness. Leave it behind. We've no use for it.

LATHAM

We're close.

CAVENDISH

I believed that when you said it yesterday, and the day before.

Latham turns to answer -- notices something odd.

Up ahead, Dan Jr., unmoving. Staring at the canyon wall.

Latham moves to join him -- and as he does, he can see more and more around a bend in the riverbed --

Latham stops, grins. Takes off his hat, tosses it high in the air, turns back to the wagon train, puts his fingers to his mouth and WHISTLES --

ANGLE - on the settlers, hurrying forward ... as they come around the bend, and join Latham to see ...

REVEAL: Anasazi ruins. A spectacular stone cliff-village built of layered sandstones, carved out of the canyon walls. Rising above them impossibly high.

Cavendish cranes his neck backwards.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch.

EXT. CANYON - ANASAZI RUINS - DAY

The ruins are abandoned, empty, eerie. Settlers clamber up the ancient wood ladders. Swarm into the narrow streets, up and down the steps into the different structures --

EXT. CANYON - ANASAZI RUINS - MINE ENTRANCE - DAY

Dan Jr. climbs away from the others. Notices steps, to a boarded-up opening. He investigates, looking in through the slits between the boards, into the darkness.

Turns and calls out --

DANNY

Over here! Look!

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - LATER

Settles, including Yang and the Blacksmith, hurry toward where Cavendish rips down the boards, covering a dark opening.

Danny and Latham watch.

A final board comes down, revealing a man-made tunnel, plunging straight into the heart of the mesa.

The mine entrance has been found. People cheer.

Latham grins, soaking in the victory. The Blacksmith pounds him on the back --

BLACKSMITH

Damn you Latham! There is a mine!

DOLAN

Throws a man off when a liar tells  
the truth.

CAVENDISH

I ain't seen any silver yet.  
(yells)  
Torches!

INT. ANASAZI RUINS - MINE SHAFT - DAY

A line of TORCHES light the narrow shaft, Cavendish in the lead, Latham close behind, followed by settlers.

In the rear are Cavendish's gang members, including Dolan and the Sheriff.

In the middle of the line, the Blacksmith pauses, raises his torch, examines the columns and rafters. Frowns.

Doc Drummond notices.

DOC

Something? What?

BLACKSMITH

Incline shaft, cut to the size of  
standard mining block. Timber caissons  
down to bedrock. Injuns didn't make  
this.

The two men share a look, move on. A moment, then Dan Jr. appears, following in the near darkness.

INT. RUINS - MAIN CHAMBER - DAY

The group emerges out into --

A giant cavern, shadows leaping and dancing from the firelight. Developed. Stalactites hang down through massive beams and rafters. Walls are shorn up by timber columns. And down the center of it all --

A railroad track, that dives into darkness on one end, on the other end is covered by a CAVE IN. Off the rails, tilted to one side, a battered passenger car, half buried in dirt.

It is a working mine, with winches and mine cars, pickaxes and ore buckets. But that's not what catches everyone's attention --

There are bodies everywhere.

At least two dozen men lie sprawled, dead. The results of a massacre.

LATHAM

We're in luck, boys. Someone's been here ahead of us, and done most of the work!

CAVENDISH

Luck? Don't think so. I see a lot of dead bodies. And not one glint of silver.

The settlers fan out, distressed at the horrific sight. Doc Drummond nudges a body that lies at his feet.

DOC

Dead. Less than a year, I reckon.

BLACKSMITH

This mine ain't old. Not near as old as those ruins. These are modern excavation techniques.

All eyes turn to Latham.

DOC

Who are these people?

BLACKSMITH

To hell with that, what killed them?

Doc kicks over a body. It's been torn to shreds.

DOC

Don't know. Could be animals came after, and et into the bodies. Or, couldn've been animals from the start.

LATHAM

Quiet.

All are quiet. Listening.

In the shadows back toward the tunnel, Dan Jr. peeks out, eyes wide. Listening.

Out of the darkness, a NOISE is heard. Soft, but distinctive breathing. And then a heavy scraping sound.

CAVENDISH

Over there --

Torches are raised toward the sound of the noise, the firelight reaches --

A side tunnel. Inside, black as ink.

The sounds grow louder. Alternating. BREATHING ... SCRAPING.  
BREATHING ... SCRAPING.

Guns are raised. Hammers cocked. Dolan pushes forward, eyes wide with fear --

DOLAN

The stories. They're true. Stories  
the Indians tell --  
(a whisper)  
The Wendigo.

All eyes are focused on the passageway ... and then, low to the ground, a SHAPE comes into view --

A large rock.

Then, a human shape. A man. Crawling. Gaunt, his eyes scarred and unseeing, dirty, clothes ripped and stained with blood --

This is CHARLIE LOOMIS.

CHARLIE

Who's there? I know someone's there,  
I heard you talking!

Charlie lifts, drags the rock forward. Roughly oval-shaped, about forty pounds, it scrapes along the cavern floor.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Who's there? One two three, five,  
eight, I know there are at least  
eight!

CAVENDISH

Relax, old-timer. We ain't gonna to  
hurt you.

Charlie's head jerks at the sound.

CHARLIE

You came back. Lord, Lord, Lord. I  
told myself you would.

He drops to his knees. Doc examines him.

DOC

Blind.

SHERIFF

Yeah. Didn't you notice?  
(kicks a corpse)  
Half the bodies here've got their  
eyes scraped out.

The head lolls back. Sure enough, where the eyes should be, two long ugly scars. Doc tries to take Charlie's arm.

DOC  
Can you stand?

CHARLIE  
Get off me! You can't have it!

Charlie pulls away, clutches at his rock, as if it is the most precious item in the world.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Leave me alone, it's mine! Latham!  
You here? Make him go away!

Cavendish looks at Latham, incredulous.

CAVENDISH  
How is it this poor soul knows your name?

Latham shrugs.

LATHAM  
I'm here, Charlie.

CHARLIE  
I took care of the place, like you asked. Told myself I would.

LATHAM  
You did.

CAVENDISH  
Latham, what the hell?

BLACKSMITH  
He's been here before.

The Blacksmith steps forward, faces off against Latham.

BLACKSMITH (CONT'D)  
He lied. He knows all about this place. Played us for fools.

Latham shrugs.

LATHAM  
I may have been part of an earlier operation, true. Wasn't being run the way it should.

BLACKSMITH  
Meaning not with you in charge.

DOC

You wiped 'em out. Brought us here,  
to take their place.

Latham indicates the large rockslide that blocks the railroad tracks.

LATHAM

The silver is that way. Past the  
rock slide. Just need a little help  
to clear the way.

BLACKSMITH

Slaves.

(beat)

No thank you. No thank you.

The Blacksmith turns, strides off, back the way they came.

LATHAM

Butch?

Cavendish thinks it over, then gestures. Zach grabs the  
Blacksmith. Dolan slams his rifle into his head.

Above, Dan Jr. flinches back. He turns away, scared, breathing  
hard.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

All right. There's a lot of work to  
do. Yang, check to the south, see  
where those tracks exit, an' whether  
we can reach 'em with the locomotive.  
Dolan, put together a detail, these  
folk be walking the paths of glory,  
no need to leave their bodies smelling  
up the place.

Cavendish indicates the Blacksmith.

CAVENDISH

What about him? Kill him?

LATHAM

Naw. Gonna need him. Can't afford to  
kill anyone.

CAVENDISH

How you gonna stop him from running  
off?

Latham answers like the answer is obvious:

LATHAM

Cut out his eyes.

(MORE)



LATHAM (CONT'D)

(smiles)

He doesn't need to see, to work in  
the dark.

EXT. DESERT - INDIAN TERRITORY - DAY

A rattlesnake coils over the sand, fleeing the path just  
before --

Lone Ranger and Tonto pass by on horseback, weaving their  
way through the forest of intricate rock formations, eroded  
pillars, twisted and surreal.

REID

Been meaning to ask.

TONTO

Yes.

REID

In Spanish, 'Tonto' means 'stupid.'  
Why is that your name? If it is your  
name.

TONTO

In the spirit world, you must never  
speak your true name, in case your  
enemies search for you, or wish to  
cast a spell against you.

(nods)

Better to pick a name the opposite  
of the truth. Throw them off.

REID

Ah, so you picked Tonto because ...  
got it. So, what does 'kemosabe'  
mean?

TONTO

'Trusted friend.'

REID

So what that really means is ... Ah.  
Hah! Got it.

Tonto reigns Scout to a stop. Dismounts. He unhooks his bow  
and arrow quiver, lowers them to the ground.

Reid dismounts and stares at him.

TONTO

Lay down your weapons.

REID

Why?

TONTO

We're surrounded. Lay down your weapons and they may let us live.

Reid does a slow turn, checking out their surroundings.

The WIND whistles gently through the completely empty landscape.

Reid comes back around to Tonto, looks at him with disbelief.

Tonto stares back with a look of certainty.

Reid glances around again -- and his eyes fall upon a particular rock formation.

Reid regards at it, suspicious. About six foot tall ... if you look at it just right, it might be the size and shape of a human figure ... there are many others like it ...

Reid reaches out -- and pokes it. Of course it doesn't react, it's just a rock formation. He pokes at it again.

Reid turns back to Tonto --

Behind Tonto, where before the area was empty, now stand about a dozen Comanche WARRIORS.

Reid jumps. Glances back at the rock formation -- and beyond it, where before the area was empty, there have emerged a dozen more Comanche WARRIORS.

EXT. DESERT - INDIAN TERRITORY - TRAVELING - DAY

The Lone Ranger and Tonto ride along, surrounded by Warriors on horseback, heavily armed, before and after.

A warrior behind them carries their weapons. But they are not tied up.

REID

Are we captured?

TONTO

Make a run for it. If you find an arrow in your back, we're captured.

REID

Seems to me, an Indian should be able to tell we're surrounded before we're surrounded.

TONTO  
They're very good.

REID  
You snuck up on me.

TONTO  
Like stalking a dead cactus.

REID  
Appreciate that.

TONTO  
Besides, we wanted to get caught.

REID  
We did?

TONTO  
Yes.

REID  
Isn't that something you would normally mention to the person you're riding with, before you get captured?

TONTO  
We need their help.

REID  
For Rebecca.

TONTO  
To finish my chain.

REID  
They don't look helpful. What chain?

TONTO  
Made from lead that has killed.

REID  
Ah.  
(beat)  
You can talk them into that?

TONTO  
I am a medicine man, adversary of the Wendigo, known to all tribes, welcomed by all, so they should help us. Although ...

REID  
Although.

One of the Warriors rides up, puts a hand over his mouth and makes a throat cutting gesture. Basically 'shut up or die.'

Tonto lowers his voice:

                          TONTO  
Others say I am harbinger of  
misfortune.

                          REID  
No.

Tonto's expression is grim.

                          TONTO  
The warrior seldom arrives in times  
of peace.

EXT.  COMANCHE VILLAGE - DAY

Low adobe dwellings. Wood drying racks with strips of meat. A maze of tall wood frames, buffalo skins stretched across.

Seated on buffalo skins are three chiefs: YAVAPAI, the youngest. MOEMA, the eldest, a woman. And JUMANO, the most angry.

Warriors gather around as the Lone Ranger and Tonto are brought forth, blades pressed into their backs.

                          YAVAPAI  
Medicine man, Potawatomi warrior. By  
what name do you travel?

                          TONTO  
Tonto.

The Warriors look at each other, shrug. Not much of a name. Yavapai is not impressed, but goes with it.

                          YAVAPAI  
Tonto. There are those who honor  
you. And those who would see you  
die.

Jumano, clearly of the latter group, stands.

                          JUMANO  
Why do you ride with mask man?

                          TONTO  
He is faithful companion.

The Lone Ranger looks a little injured at that.

JUMANO  
Wagon train ride to *to'guas-se-tivo*,  
evil place.

TONTO  
Yes. We will stop them. But you must  
do us a favor in return.

The three chiefs are surprised at Tonto's audacity.

YAVAPAI  
What do you seek?

TONTO  
You must return the woman you have  
captured.

JUMANO  
We have no woman.

TONTO  
You will, when your warriors return.

YAVAPAI  
How can you know such a thing?

Tonto stares at him.

TONTO  
You would question me?

As if on cue, the sound of HOOFBEATS, many horses riding  
hard -- the raiding party, returning.

In the lead is Nocona, and on a horse close behind him, wrists  
tied in front of her -- Rebecca. She sees the Lone Ranger.

REBECCA  
My son! Danny --

LONE RANGER  
He's safe.

Rebecca is pulled backwards, a bandanna wrapped around her  
mouth, tight, gagging her.

Nocona pulls up, shocked to see Tonto and Reid. He dismounts,  
strides up to Tonto.

NOCONA  
Witch! Phantom!  
(to Yavapai)  
*To'guas-se-tivo!*

Yavapai takes in the scene. Turns to Tonto.

YAVAPAI  
Why do you desire this woman?

TONTO  
She is a warrior. As is the masked  
man. Together ... we stalk the  
Wendigo.

The silence is suddenly heavy with fear. Yavapai gestures to Reid.

YAVAPAI  
We will speak to this man alone.

Tonto is taken aside. Yavapai steps forward, raises his own knife to Reid's neck.

YAVAPAI (CONT'D)  
So. What is truth here?

Reid regards the knife.

REID  
As Tonto said. We go to stalk the  
Wendigo.

YAVAPAI  
You know he's crazy.

REID  
You don't believe him?

YAVAPAI  
You do?

REID  
He can be very convincing.

YAVAPAI  
We honor him, give him food and water,  
and send him on his way. We try not  
to listen to the stories.

JUMANO  
The Potawatomi medicine man brings  
death.

YAVAPAI  
Or, he stalks death.

REID  
He has always been truthful to me.

Yavapai considers, sheaths his knife. Turns to Tonto.

YAVAPAI

What do you ask?

Tonto turns to the chief who has not spoken -- the elderly woman, with skin like leather.

TONTO

Moema.

Tonto kneels before her.

TONTO (CONT'D)

Eldest. *Cha-hin'a-supanat*. You have the skill. You will forge the Tseena-Mua chain. Made from bullets that have killed.

Tonto pulls his saddle bag free ... turns it upside down. Bullets pour out, hundreds of them, into a pile.

Moema regards him. Grins, showing her missing teeth. Dismisses him with a wave.

MOEMA

(in Comanche)

You are weak. You cannot fight Wendigo.

Tonto nods, stands. Steps close to Reid.

TONTO

Do something. Make it good.

All eyes go to Reid. He is on the spot. Shrugs.

Steps forward, moves through the crowd ... takes a whiskey bottle out of the hands of one of the braves.

Offers it to Moema ... who grins, and drinks it down. Hands the empty bottle back.

Reid suddenly throws the bottle high in the air --

All eyes follow --

Quicker than the eye can see, Reid draws his gun from his gunbelt, held by one of the warriors --

Without little apparent concentration or effort, he FIRES --

The bottle JUMPS in the air, but does not appear to break.

Tonto winces. Reid must have missed.

Jumano catches the bottle. Holds it up, turns it --

The bottom of the bottle has been BLOWN AWAY. The only way that could happen ... would be if Reid's bullet traveled exactly down through the neck of the bottle.

Tonto looks at Reid, impressed.

Moema nods. Looks at Tonto, as if to say, 'you're next.'

He nods. A warrior hands him his bow, and one arrow.

Moema stoops, picks up a leather war shield. She carries it, places it against a rock ... directly behind Reid.

MOEMA

(in Comanche)

From where you stand.

Tonto is screwed. Reid is exactly in the way. If he tries to hit the target, then Reid will be killed.

Tonto notches an arrow, raises his bow, draws back the string ... then points his bow straight into the air, releases.

THWANG! The arrow shoots away, high into the sky. It's gone.

Reid shakes his head -- it's like Tonto gave up.

REID

So. What now?

TONTO

Faith.

A slow smile crosses the face of Moema. She nods. Kneels down. Puts her face right next to the war shield. Waits --

There is a WHISTLING SOUND, approaching, then --

THWACK!

The arrow drops down from the sky, hits dead center to the war shield target, inches away from Moema's face.

Moema nods.

MOEMA

We will help.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Blacksmiths use FLAMES to MELT down the lead bullets. They POUR the melted lead into link molds.

Moema's ancient hands TAP and POUND the links together ...



Slowly, a CHAIN is formed ...

INT. ADOBE DWELLING - DAY

Reid, masked, is led into the one room dwelling. Rebecca sits in a corner, hugging her knees. She looks up.

REBECCA

You came for me.

LONE RANGER

Yes.

REBECCA

That's no repayment for what you took.

LONE RANGER

I owe a debt to no one.

REBECCA

John. I know it's you.

LONE RANGER

No. John Reid is dead.

REBECCA

My husband is dead.

(beat)

I didn't leave right away, you know. I waited. For two days. Alone, with a rifle on my lap.

(beat)

It was evening when Latham Cole came. He said the whole town was leaving. He's got them believing some story of a silver mine --

(cuts herself off)

Even then, I stayed. Then -- the coyotes came. Danny fought them, with fire. I had to get him out of there. That's when we joined the wagon train.

The Lone Ranger nods, understanding.

LONE RANGER

Rebecca. Your husband. He was a good man.

REBECCA

Good is not exactly a survival trait out here, have you noticed? What matters is strong.

LONE RANGER  
And Latham Cole is strong.

REBECCA  
Yes.

LONE RANGER  
Stronger than the law?

REBECCA  
Five Texas Rangers rode away from  
our home with my husband. Don't talk  
to me about the law.  
(beat)  
God grants us life. Those who are  
strong get to keep it. God doesn't  
care how.

The Lone Ranger looks at her -- then looks away.

EXT. DESERT - COMANCHE VILLAGE - DAY

At the edge of the village, Tonto's horse has been brought  
forth, and outfitted for travel. Yavapai approaches, backed  
by many warriors, including Nocona.

YAVAPAI  
Your weapon.

He presents: the forged chains. Then gestures at the Lone  
Ranger and Rebecca.

YAVAPAI (CONT'D)  
Or the hostages. You may choose.

REID  
What? No.

YAVAPAI  
This was agreed.

Reid snaps a look at Tonto.

REID  
What? No.

Tonto nods. Gestures.

TONTO  
The chains.

REID  
What? No!

Tonto takes them. Slings them over his shoulder. Reid exchanges a look with Rebecca. Steps close to Tonto.

TONTO  
They will not free us all. This is  
the only way.

REID  
There aren't that many. We can take  
them.

Tonto looks -- they are hundreds of Comanche warriors.

TONTO  
What do you mean 'we', kemosabe?  
(laughs, then)  
Do not miss the moonrise tonight.

Reid looks at Tonto -- and gets it. There is a plan in the works. Tonto takes Reid's guns. Turns to Yavapai.

TONTO (CONT'D)  
I have one more request.  
(beat)  
The Silver horse.

REID  
What? No!

EXT. COMANCHE VILLAGE - DAY

Tonto, riding Silver, races away from the village.

EXT. DESERT - RIDGE - DAY

Looking down, as Tonto winds his way along the canyon path, then disappears from sight.

PULL BACK to REVEAL, two Comanche WARRIORS, hidden, watching Tonto. One of them nods to the other. They pick their way down the ridge, following him.

PULL BACK MORE to REVEAL, Tonto, behind the Warriors, watching them. Impossibly, he has outmaneuvered them.

Tonto heads back in the opposite direction --

DISSOLVE TO:

THE MOON,

peeks out over a ridge.

EXT. COMANCHE VILLAGE - NIGHT

The Lone Ranger sits on slab of stone, watching the moon. He glances around him --

Four WARRIORS, each at a point of the compass, crouch down, guarding him, holding spears. He might be able to take them --

WIDEN TO REVEAL: A circle of another twenty WARRIORS a little further out, with bow and arrows, on guard. There still might be a chance --

WIDEN AGAIN TO REVEAL: Beyond the archers are a dozen more WARRIORS on horseback, circling, vigilant.

The Lone Ranger sighs.

He turns back to watching the moon, not even sure what he is looking for.

The he sees something -- stands --

ON THE HORIZON, a silhouette in front of the moon. A horse. Silver.

The horse rears up, and fights the air with its front legs. Reid frowns. Has Silver come to the rescue?

Then a distant SOUND. A deep, low, RUMBLE.

The Warriors look scared. They glance around. What is it?

The sound gets LOUDER, a ROLLING THUNDER --

ON THE HORIZON, hundreds of WILD HORSES appear, and swarm around Silver, rumbling toward the Comanche Village --

A STAMPEDE.

The warriors see the approaching danger, scatter --

WARRIORS

*To'quas puc! To'quas puc!*

They rush through the village as the stampede hits --

Fences are crushed. Warriors, trying to control their horses, are thrown to the ground. Wagons are ripped apart. Men, women and children flee for the refuge of the adobe huts --

Goats and chickens are trampled. Horses break free of their pens and join the fray --

The Lone Ranger racing along, dodging the horses, searching for Rebecca.

He hears a cry for help. Races toward the sound. Several horses crash through buffalo skins, stretched on frames, and the Lone Ranger sees --

Rebecca, spread-eagled, tied to one of the empty frames. Nocona, the Comanche Warrior, races toward her, cuts her down, and continues on --

-- just before several wild horses barrel through the frame. The Lone Ranger stares -- the Comanche just saved her life --

A horse comes at the Lone Ranger from behind, he turns, ready to dodge --

It is Silver.

The Lone Ranger leaps onto him as he passes --

Rebecca lays on the ground. She undoes her other roped hand and stands --

Just in time for the Lone Ranger, on Silver, to sweep her up, and away --

EXT. DESERT - RIDGE - NIGHT

Looking down on the commotion in the Comanche village, as the seemingly endless herd of wild horses continues to pour through.

The Lone Ranger and Rebecca, atop Silver, climb away, and come upon --

Tonto, riding Scout.

TONTO

Hurry. They will follow.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The Lone Ranger and Rebecca on Silver, Tonto on Scout, race across the land.

Ahead, the Lone Ranger sees a THICK GROUND MIST creeping over the desert floor.

Silver slows to a trot. Tonto notices.

TONTO

Do not stop.

LONE RANGER  
The fog. Too dangerous.

TONTO  
Trust Silver.

Tonto spurs Scout, into the low-lying fog. The Lone Ranger follows --

ANGLE - ON THE LONE RANGER, riding Silver over a sea of white fog, the horse's legs lost in the mist, as if he is not running at all, just a statue flying over the land, although the POUNDING of his hoofs can still be heard.

Rebecca has her arms around the Lone Ranger, her face pressed into his shoulder; she closes her eyes and the SOUND FADES, and it truly seems as if she is flying amid the clouds ...

EXT. DESERT - ANASAZI RUINS - DAY

Billy Yang scrambles along the cliffs, searching. He drops down into a sandy clearing. Kneels to the ground. Brushes away the sand, discovers --

Train tracks.

Yang follows them with his eyes, looks up --

Carved into the sandstone the cliff wall is an archway, spanned by a huge WOOD GATE. The doors are barricaded with a long, heavy wood beam.

Yang smiles --

EXT. DESERT - TRAIN TUNNEL - DAY

Settlers, working under the eye of Yang and the lash of Dolan, push and pull the train locomotive up a low embankment --

DOLAN  
Put your backs in it! Pull!  
(fires his gun in the  
air)  
PULL!

Above the locomotive, the TRAIN TRACKS have been cleared of sand, revealing a rough wooden turnaround. The tracks reach from the turnaround straight to the tunnel gates.

BEYOND DOLAN, the doors to the gate are slowly pushed OPEN, revealing inky blackness beyond.

PUSH INTO the tunnel:

INT. MAIN CAVERN - DAY

Torchlight illumines the rock pile, covering the train tracks. Townspeople, tired and frightened, struggle to lever out and move the largest boulders.

The bodies have been removed.

ON DANNY as he scrambles out of the way of a falling five hundred pound stone.

He wipes grime off his face, glances over at --

Charlie, who moves past, crawling up the embankment, half-carrying, half pushing his rock, making slow progress.

Above him, Cavendish confronts Latham.

CAVENDISH  
Been checking the supplies.

LATHAM  
Have you now.

CAVENDISH  
You didn't stock enough food or water.

LATHAM  
Didn't I now.

CAVENDISH  
Not for any sort of long haul.

LATHAM  
We don't need these folk for any sort of long haul.

Cavendish gets it. Glances down, notices Charlie approaching.

CAVENDISH  
Been meaning to ask.

LATHAM  
Charlie? One night, it was after he took blind, we were messing around. He was sitting on this rock eating grub, and we said, hey, Charlie, that rock you're sitting on, that's pure goddamn silver! You found yourself a silver nugget! Told him he was a gonna be a rich man, and the ladies would swoon. Now he thinks that hunk of granite is his fortune, won't let it out of his ... you know.

Charlie arrives, holds out a round canteen to Latham.

CHARLIE  
Brought some water for you, Mister  
Cole.

LATHAM  
Much obliged, Charlie.

Latham takes it, drinks. Cavendish takes the opportunity to shove Charlie's rock aside.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Charlie, all the time you was down  
in that pit ... you didn't happen to  
run across an old stray cat, did  
you?

CHARLIE  
Sorry, Mister Cole.

Charlie turns, reaches for his stone, can't find it --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Where is it?

CAVENDISH  
Right there.

CHARLIE  
You took it!

CAVENDISH  
Look how pretty it is, all glittering.

CHARLIE  
Where? Where?

At the rockpile, Danny and the Blacksmith (eyes covered in a bloody bandage) pull a boulder loose, causing a mini-cave-in. Workers scramble out of the way.

The dust clears, and Zach peers in, turns.

ZACH  
We broke through!

Latham and Cavendish grin.

At their feet, Charlie comes across the rock, jealously feels the contours. Raises his blind eyes to Cavendish.

CHARLIE  
It's coming for you, next.



Charlie pushes his rock away, down the embankment. Cavendish glances at Latham, who stares at the tunnel opening.

CAVENDISH

What the hell did that mean?

LATHAM

Eh. Crazy talk from a blind man.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANASAZI RUINS - NIGHT

In a pool of light formed by a lantern, a sentry -- the Sheriff -- looks out over the moonlit canyon, keeping watch.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: The Lone Ranger, Tonto and Rebecca, crouched behind an adobe wall. Tonto starts to rise --

LONE RANGER

What's your plan?

TONTO

Capture that man, torture him, make him lead us to the entrance to the mine.

(beat)

You?

The Lone Ranger and Rebecca look at each other, shrug.

REBECCA

Works for me.

LONE RANGER

Yep.

EXT. ANASAZI RUINS - NIGHT

CLOSER to the Sheriff, a dozen yards away. The Lone Ranger and Tonto creep through the shadows, Rebecca holding back --

The Lone Ranger checks his gun. --

TONTO

The silver bullet you carry.

LONE RANGER

How do you know about that?

Tonto just gives him a look.

TONTO

Be ready to use it. Only silver can kill the creature we face.

The Lone Ranger stares at him, not sure whether to believe him. He shrugs. Takes the silver bullet from his belt. Slides it into one of the chambers.

Tonto pulls out his knife.

LONE RANGER

Ready?

Tonto nods --

DANNY (O.S.)

There are three other guards.

They turn -- Dan Jr. is there.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Positioned on the rooftops.

REBECCA

Danny!

Rebecca sweeps Dan Jr. up in her arms. But he's grown up a lot in the last few days, and is not going to give in to his emotions.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Are you alright? Danny?

He stares at her, a long way from alright.

DANNY

They made us all slaves.

INT. ANASAZI RUINS - CAVERN - NIGHT

MOVING ALONG a tunnel with the sound of STEAM ... we emerge out into --

The main cavern. REVERSE TO REVEAL: the locomotive, on the tracks, engine running, pumping out steam. It rolls to a stop.

It's a bizarre image, to see a full-sized train amid the stalagmites and stalactites. The locomotive has a main engine, a coal car, flat bed, and passenger car.

IN THE CAB, Latham slaps Charlie on the back.

LATHAM

Charlie, that's a right smart bit of work.

CHARLIE

I can do it. You just watch, Mister Cole.

Latham jumps down. He is haggard-looking, bandaged, bleeding, but his forceful demeanor is unchanged.

Ahead, the rockpile is cleared. The townspeople WORKERS are held under guard to one side.

LATHAM

All right. Get those folk on board. Let's get gaited.

INT. ANASAZI RUINS - CAVERN - NIGHT

Charlie switches off the forward break. Steam hisses. Engines chug, and the train lurches forward.

Latham gazes forward into the darkness, as the walls of the tunnel pass by.

He flips on the forward light -- Latham looks ahead --

IN THE LIGHT, ahead of them, on the tracks --

Two black silhouettes.

LATHAM

Brakes!

Charlie slams on the brakes and the train screeches to a stop. Cavendish and his men drop down, swarm forward --

In the light is: Rebecca, dirty, disheveled, rifle pointed at a figure. The figure is Tonto, wrapped in chains.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

You.

REBECCA

Leave me alone. I got a job to do.

Latham gets in her way, stops her.

LATHAM

What job?

REBECCA

Kill this man.

She looks around, takes in the others.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
 You should leave this place. It is  
 evil.

Her words have the desired effect. Everybody looks scared,  
 Dolan, the Sheriff ... especially Cavendish.

CAVENDISH  
 Evil, you say.

LATHAM  
 Him. What has he done?

Rebecca laughs.

REBECCA  
 You wouldn't believe me if I told.

She pushes past Latham, gun barrel in Tonto's back. Cavendish  
 FIRES his revolver. It ECHOES in the tunnel.

CAVENDISH  
 Try us.  
 (beat)  
 Start with them chains.

He stares at Tonto. Tonto stares back. Rebecca regards him.

REBECCA  
 Cavendish. Have you heard of the  
 Wendigo, Cavendish?  
 (he has)

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
 A spirit, that takes over a man,  
 turns him into a cannibal an' makes  
 him do things you couldn't stomach,  
 things to make your misdeeds look  
 like child's play.

Despite himself, Cavendish looks scared. He glances back at  
 Tonto. Rebecca leans in close.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
 The chains keep it trapped, Cavendish.

LATHAM  
 Sounds like a load of schecoonery to  
 me.

CAVENDISH  
 (to Rebecca)  
 Where you taking him?

REBECCA

Gotta shoot him. Can't do it here.

DOLAN

That's right. I heard the stories. You can't shoot 'em, or the spirit will flee, find someone else.

CAVENDISH

That true?

REBECCA

Not if he's surrounded by silver.

LATHAM

Ah.

REBECCA

You don't believe me?

LATHAM

I think you might be stretching the blanket a bit.

CAVENDISH

I don't think we can take that chance, Latham.

There is a 'click', Latham looks down, finds himself staring down the barrel of a gun.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

I'm standing underground in front of a locomotive in a haunted Indian mesa, and something tore into those people and tore apart my men.

Latham considers his options. Looks at Rebecca.

LATHAM

We kill 'em both, then.

STEAM HISSES, WHEELS TURN, and the train shudders forward. It picks up speed, moving along, into the DARKNESS --

INT. PASSENGER CAR - UNDERGROUND

Rebecca is alone in the car as it shakes and rattles down the tracks. Latham enters.

REBECCA

So. This is it. Your vision. The promised land. A place of slavery.

LATHAM  
Hello, Rebecca.

REBECCA  
You promised to keep us safe.

LATHAM  
I promised to keep you safe.

REBECCA  
Not doing a very good job of it.

He approaches her. Reaches out, caresses her hair.

LATHAM  
A kind heart might grant a man a  
second chance.

She pulls back.

REBECCA  
Not. Likely.

LATHAM  
See, once a man gets a glimpse of  
paradise, you can't just snatch it  
back. You and I ain't over, not by a  
long shot.  
(whispers)  
It's going to be good.

REBECCA  
Touch me and I'll gouge your eyes  
out.

LATHAM  
(grins)  
That's what's gonna make it good.

She spins away from him.

LATHAM (CONT'D)  
Hah. Where you gonna run, Rebecca?

EXT. TRAIN - PASSENGER CAR - REAR DECK

Rebecca looks from the rail, Latham behind her. And the train  
rumbles on --

PAN DOWN to REVEAL -- clinging to the undercarriage of the  
train, riding along is -- the Lone Ranger.

INT. RUINS - CAVERN - NIGHT

BLACKNESS.

But there is a SOUND, growing louder. The distinctive CHUG of a locomotive. Gradually, the darkness lifts as the train approaches --

Shadows grow and leap away as the train arrives, covered like a Christmas tree with lanterns, rolling underground past huge stalactites and stalagmites, this giant mechanical beast rollicking ahead through the dark, a phantasmagorical sight, and then just as it arrived it starts to fade, the light dwindling, the sound receding, until again all is --

BLACK.

INT. TRAIN - CAB - MOVING

Latham climbs into the cab, joining Cavendish, with blind Charlie at the controls. Cavendish clutches the handrail, pale with fear, as he peers ahead --

The approaching tracks fall off quickly into DARKNESS, they are flying into the void BLIND.

CAVENDISH

Does it have to go so fast?

LATHAM

What, you want to live forever?

He laughs. Suddenly, the tracks ahead turn, and bend downhill.

CAVENDISH

What's happening --

LATHAM

Those Injuns was greedy, Cavendish.  
Almost as greedy as you. They dug  
deep. Way deep --

INT. WIDE CAVERN - UNDERGROUND

The train has emerged out into --

A wide, vast cavern. The train tracks corkscrew down and around trestles constructed along the cavern walls, a steep angle into darkness below --

-- where there waits a silver glow --

At the bottom of the corkscrew, the train plunges into a tunnel -- we FOLLOW --

INT. SILVER MINE - UNDERGROUND

-- the train EMERGES from the tunnel and reaches its destination --

An entire cavern of silver.

It glitters. And shines.

Silver ceiling, silver stalactites and stalagmites, silver boulders and stones. Silver dust suspended in the air.

Like no cavern ever seen before.

The train slows. Ahead, the tracks end at another wood base turnaround.

Beyond the turnaround, a wrecked locomotive. Tumbled onto its side, crumpled, broken. Several train cars lie on their sides, many bars of SILVER strewn about. Large iron kilns and other smelting equipment, this is where the silver was processed.

The train pulls to a hissing stop. Cavendish stares out at the ceiling, the walls.

LATHAM

That enough silver for you?

For once, Cavendish is speechless. He hops down --

CRUNCH.

Cavendish looks down --

Bones. Everywhere. Human bones. The entire cavern floor is covered with bones.

Latham jumps down, starts giving orders.

LATHAM (CONT'D)

To work! Everyone! Turn this engine around, re-load that silver. Let's have some more torches lit!

ON THE TURNTABLE, the locomotive is already being moved, reversing its direction on the tracks, supervised by Yang. A side track allows the cars to be reconnected --

Meanwhile, Cavendish's gang supervises loading of the silver bars onto the flat car, bucket-brigade style --

BEYOND THE TRAIN, the Lone Ranger appears in the rocks, amid the shadows. FOLLOW as he moves, angling for a better vantage point --

The Sheriff indicates his prisoner, Tonto.



SHERIFF

I'd feel better if we got this over with.

LATHAM

Ayep. Bring him down.

The Sheriff nods. CAMERA swings back over -- where Tonto was just a moment before -- empty!

All that are left are the chains.

SHERIFF

Hey. Hey!

LATHAM

What?

SHERIFF

He's gone!

LATHAM

How?

SHERIFF

I don't know. He was right there!

Sheriff lifts up the chains. Cavendish turns to Rebecca.

CAVENDISH

I thought the chains were supposed to hold him.

REBECCA

You lost him. Not me.  
 (playing into their  
 fear)  
 We're dead.

Sheriff flings the chains away, looks around. The cavern is filled with shadows. The silver is beautiful, but menacing.

CAVENDISH

He could be anywhere.

DOLAN

He could be anyone.

LATHAM

You don't buy into all them skeersome tales, doya?

DOLAN  
 (stomps his foot)  
 I believe in a great big pile of  
 bones! I want out of here.

Cavendish searches the cavern, genuinely scared.

CAVENDISH  
 Yeah. Good idea.  
 (yells)  
 Get that train hitched, and ready to  
 go!

Bars of silver are dropped. The flatbed, is re-hooked to the locomotive.

Latham is not happy.

LATHAM  
 Cavendish. There's more silver.

CAVENDISH  
 I don't care.

LATHAM  
 I care --

Latham raises a pistol, points it at him --

AMID THE ROCKS, the Lone Ranger aims his gun at Latham, prepares to shoot --

Suddenly, a VOICE from the darkness.

TONTO (O.S.)  
 And so it starts.  
 (beat)  
 The killing. The slaughter.

Eyes turn -- and Tonto steps forward, out of the shadows. Such is his presence, and power, all present are compelled to listen.

TONTO (CONT'D)  
 You think any of you will leave this  
 place alive? Rich men? No.

Cavendish exchanges glances with his gang members.

TONTO (CONT'D)  
The silver never leaves. Does it,  
 Latham Cole?  
 (MORE)

TONTO (CONT'D)  
                   (steps fully into the  
                   light)  
 How many times have people come for  
 it, how many massacres have there  
 been? A dozen?  
                   (kicks the bones)  
 A hundred?

Cavendish glances doubtfully at Latham.

                  TONTO (CONT'D)  
 Don't you see, Cavendish? Lust. Greed.  
 Betrayal. And death. Always the same.  
                   (points)  
 Already, the spirit is strong in  
 him. Here, the place where he was  
 born --

Latham raises up. He steps forward, and here in the cave, he is suddenly a tall, dark, commanding presence, with his own power, his own will. His black eyes glitter.

                  LATHAM  
 You would cross me?

                  TONTO  
 Look at him. See him for what he  
 really is.

Cavendish stares.

                  CAVENDISH  
 My god.

                  TONTO  
 The chains. Bring them. We have to --

Suddenly Latham's body JUMPS as bullets pound into him --  
 BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! -- three shots, into the torso --

                  TONTO (CONT'D)  
 No!

Latham falls. Behind him stands Cavendish, his gun smoking.  
 Latham is dead --

PULL BACK from Latham, in a BLUR, fast, toward Rebecca ...  
 the implication is that the Wendigo spirit has fled.

Tonto follows it with his eyes --

                  CAVENDISH  
 Get that train moving! Load up,  
 everybody --  
                   (MORE)

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)  
 (a glance at Tonto)  
 As for you --

Cavendish raises his gun to shoot --

A SHOT rings out, and Cavendish's gun flies from his hand.  
 Cavendish looks over --

The Lone Ranger steps forward into the light.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)  
 Kill them. Both!

But another SHOT from the Lone Ranger rings out, and Dolan's  
 gun flies from his hand --

Another SHOT --

-- and Yang's gun flies into the air; another SHOT hits the  
 gun in the air and it pings away --

Tonto dives for cover as all hell breaks loose --

Rebecca sweeps up one of the rifles, takes position, starts  
 shooting --

The train starts moving, out of the cavern, townspeople racing  
 to jump on, along with Cavendish and his gang members --

More SHOTS, as the Lone Ranger takes out every gun in sight --

ON THE TRAIN, Cavendish confronts Charlie.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)  
 Faster! Get us out of here!

CHARLIE  
 My rock. Can't find it.

CAVENDISH  
 Aw, Jesus, Charlie --

Cavendish throws him out of the cab --

IN THE ROCKS, the Lone Ranger is pinned down by gunfire,  
 coming from the train. Tonto joins him.

TONTO  
 The creature.

LONE RANGER  
 What?

TONTO

The Wendigo.

He indicates, and the Lone Ranger looks -- at Rebecca, positioned in the silvery boulders, a hundred feet away. She fires her rifle --

The Lone Ranger shakes his head. He stands.

LONE RANGER

Rebecca! Over here --

Rebecca looks at him with cold eyes. Swings her rifle around and FIRES -- the Lone Ranger dives down. SPARKS fly off the silver rocks.

LONE RANGER (CONT'D)

She's gone mad.

Tonto stares at him.

TONTO

The silver bullet.

LONE RANGER

No.

TONTO

What is the next bullet in the chamber?

Lone Ranger checks the chamber. CLOSE ON: the last bullet left is silver. He sighs.

LONE RANGER

Time to start acting like there is a bear.

Once he has made his decision, there is no hesitation. The Lone Ranger turns and FIRES --

-- FOLLOW the bullet as it flies at Rebecca --

And HITS her in the shoulder -- blood blossoms -- she glances down ... and then SCREAMS an otherworldly SCREAM --

PULL BACK from Rebecca, in a BLUR, fast, toward Rebecca ... the implication is that the Wendigo spirit has fled ...

TRAVEL across the cavern floor, toward Latham ...

Who opens his eyes.

The Lone Ranger and Tonto break cover, the Lone Ranger FIRING, as they race toward Rebecca.

She clutches her shoulder -- wounded, but all right.

LONE RANGER (CONT'D)

The train.

Sure enough, the train is headed out, picking up steam. Soon they won't be able to catch it.

They race toward it, shooting --

Latham -- impossibly -- sits up, then stands. Bloodied, wounded, he turns, starts toward the train. Hears a sound --

Latham turns -- and there -- surprise -- is Dan Jr., holding Charlie's rock over his head. (Dan Jr. must have stowed away on the train.) Dan Jr. screams as he slams the rock down onto Latham's head --

DAN JR.

Bastard!

Rebecca turns.

REBECCA

Danny!

The rock hits, and Latham crumples to the ground -- onto the chains.

The rock rolls away ... to Charlie's feet. He feels it, picks it up, and races toward the train --

-- passing Rebecca, coming the other way --

Danny drops down, starts wrapping the chains around Latham --

Rebecca, favoring her bleeding shoulder, grabs Dan Jr. as Latham opens his eyes --

Rebecca pulls Dan Jr. away -- hesitates when she notices -- the chains seems to be tightening, twisting themselves around Latham --

LONE RANGER

Rebecca!

Rebecca turns away; she and Danny race toward the train. Tonto leaps aboard, the Lone Ranger fires, giving him cover.

The Lone Ranger hands Dan Jr. up to Tonto. Leaps aboard, firing ahead, as Tonto pulls Rebecca up --

Just as the train plunges into the tunnel.

INT. CAVERN - TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

The train struggles up the corkscrew inclined tracks.

ON THE TRACKS, Latham emerges, draped in chains. He spies a support beam to the tracks, where the train must circle around --

Latham scrambles up the structure, quickly, like a spider. Despite his wounds, he moves with speed, with purpose, with seeming endless reserves of strength.

ON THE TRAIN, the Lone Ranger and Tonto -- on the passenger car, shoot it out with Cavendish, and his gang, on the far side of the flatbed car.

Bullets SPARK off of the bars of silver. The Sheriff tries a shot -- and his hit, falls. His coat splays open, revealing the lining of lawmen badges.

The Lone Ranger and Tonto stalk forward.

CAVENDISH

(calls out)

Ranger. I got no beef with you.

But then he sees an opening, and FIRES.

CAVENDISH (CONT'D)

But I got to know.

(ducks a shot)

Your name. It's John Reid. Ain't I right?

LONE RANGER

That so?

CAVENDISH

No. It can't be.

LONE RANGER

You'd be surprised how far a man can crawl.

Cavendish goes pale with fear. He is distracted, just long enough for Tonto to charge at him from the side --

And get a knife to his throat. Cavendish holds out his gun.

CAVENDISH

I ain't going to jail.

LONE RANGER

Drop the gun.

CAVENDISH  
Shoot me. After all I've done.

LONE RANGER  
Jail. Or death.

Cavendish drops the gun.

CAVENDISH  
You can still shoot me. No one would  
ever know.

LONE RANGER  
I would.

CAVENDISH  
You're a cruel man.

LONE RANGER  
Not cruel. Just.  
(beat)  
I said drop the gun.

Tonto and Cavendish look at him. The gun is already dropped.

The Lone Ranger FIRES --

Hitting Cavendish in his one good hand, destroying it. He  
screams, crumples to the ground.

TONTO  
Lone Ranger. Look.

The Lone Ranger turns, sees --

Behind them, on the flatbed car, closest to the locomotive,  
stands Latham Cole, holding Dan Jr.

The chains draped on Latham clink and clank with the swaying  
of the train. He is bleeding from his wounds, and his skin  
is pale, he looks dead already.

There is no possible way for him to be there.

LONE RANGER  
Is he a ghost?

TONTO  
Does it matter?

The Lone Ranger raises his gun.

LONE RANGER  
Let him go.



LATHAM

Give up, Ranger. Or he comes with me  
... over the side.

LONE RANGER

Let him go. Or I shoot.

Dan Jr. struggles, trying to get free, but Latham holds him  
with an iron grip. Dan Jr. looks up at him --

DANNY

What are you?

LATHAM

Just a bad man. Nothing more.

Latham grins. Pulls Dan Jr. to the edge, swaying as the train  
climbs higher, nearing the top --

REBECCA

John.

Rebecca holds out -- a silver bullet.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

It was Dan's. From your father. He  
gave it to me.

The Lone Ranger takes the bullet.

LATHAM

Give up, Ranger. Now.

TONTO

Shoot. Not to wound. To kill.

The Lone Ranger loads the bullet.

LONE RANGER

Not in cold blood.

TONTO

He is not a man. You cannot kill  
him. Look at him, John Reid. See  
him, for what he truly is.

CLOSE ON: the Lone Ranger's eyes, beyond the mask, as they  
widen slightly --

Whatever he sees, he squeezes the trigger --

SOUND DROPS AWAY

The train seems to be floating up the tracks --

The gun FIRES, smoke and a SILVER BULLET exit the barrel --  
 EXTREME SLOW MOTION of the bullet traveling toward Latham --  
 ... growing larger in frame, spinning slowly ... it is a  
 silver bullet, so Latham's reflection appears, growing as  
 the bullet moves closer to its target ...

LATHAM'S true appearance is revealed by the reflection in  
 the silver bullet as it moves past, filling the frame now  
 ... and the REFLECTION is not Latham, it is the creature,  
the beast that possesses him --

The Wendigo.

Holding Dan Jr.

We FOLLOW the bullet as it passes by, headed toward Latham,  
 and now he looks like normal man, when he is not in the  
 reflection -- the bullet SLAMS into his chest, knocking him  
 back, dancing along the edge --

Latham teeters, grabs at his new wound, and falls. For a  
 moment there is an infinite sadness in his eyes.

LATHAM

Wonder where that damn cat got off  
 to ...

Tonto rushes forward -- holding the Sheriff's coat. He wraps  
 it around Latham quickly --

Just as Latham suddenly LEAPS UP, a marionette now as the  
 Wendigo spirit struggles inside him, trapped ... he dances  
 on the deck of the car --

-- until Tonto SHOVES HIM, and he topples over the edge,  
 tumbles down into the pit --

-- as the train reaches the top of spiral cavern, and plunges  
 into the tunnel --

EXT. ANASAZI RUINS - GATEWAY - DAY

First the sound, then the sight of the train emerging, out  
 of the darkness; it SCREECHES to a hard grinding stop. Many  
 of the townspeople are there to greet it --

TONTO

The doors! Quickly.

The doors are pushed shut. The barricade beam lifted, and  
 locked in place, with a low, satisfying BOOM!

The Lone Ranger and Tonto wait. And listen.

Silence.

LONE RANGER  
Latham could still be alive in there.

TONTO  
He may not be dead. That does not  
mean he is still alive.

And then, a sound, very soft: tap-tap-tap. Tap-tap-tap.

LONE RANGER  
Do you hear that?

Tonto shakes his head.

TONTO  
I hear the whispering of the wind.  
That is all.

EXT. RUINS - SHANTY TOWN - DAY

Comanche and other tribes work alongside the U.S. Cavalry  
attending to the refugee settlers.

IN THE CAMP, an ASSAYER has set up an outdoor shop. Charlie  
has placed his rock onto a scale, and the Assayer weighs it  
as if it were priceless.

ASSAYER  
Nine thousand three hundred and twenty  
two US dollars.

Charlie lets out a WHOOP!

The Assayer exchanges a knowing glance with --

The Lone Ranger, who tips his hat, carrying his own leather  
saddlebags heavy with ore. He passes Doc Drummond.

DOC DRUMMOND  
I dunno. Silver from that mine, maybe  
best it never gets spent.

LONE RANGER  
I have other plans for the silver.

Doc nods. Moves on, as the Lone Ranger loads the saddlebags  
onto Silver, ties them down.

He turns -- and Rebecca is there. Bright and radiant, despite  
her arm in a sling.

REBECCA  
Goodbye, lawman.

The Lone Ranger looks past her, sees a wagon, packed for travel. Dan Jr. holds the reins in his hands.

LONE RANGER  
You're headed back east.

REBECCA  
No. San Francisco.

The Lone Ranger looks at her, surprised, impressed. She steps close to him.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
What sort of future is there for a man who wears a mask?

LONE RANGER  
I am a lawman. Nothing can change that.

REBECCA  
Leaving no room for anything else.

She stares into his eyes. The mask can't hide his desire.

LONE RANGER  
You can't build a home behind a gun.

If there was any doubt as to Rebecca knowing the Lone Ranger's identity, it's gone now. She looks at him with yearning.

REBECCA  
Why do you value the law over what the law protects?

LONE RANGER  
If we don't value the law over what it protects, there is nothing left to protect.

Rebecca nods. A quick smile.

REBECCA  
Goodbye, lawman.

The Lone Ranger forces himself to turn away, and it costs him. He climbs onto Silver, and rides, not looking back.

EXT. CANYON - BRYANT'S GAP - SIX GRAVES - DAY

Back to the scene of the ambush. Five crosses, five graves. Five Texas Rangers laid to rest, including Reid's brother.

At the end of the line, Tonto looks on as Reid regards the sixth grave, his grave -- empty.

REID  
 We fill in the grave. Add a sixth  
 cross.  
 (beat)  
 John Reid is dead.

Reid looks at Tonto, and smiles.

REID (CONT'D)  
 From this day on --

EXT. MESA - EVENING - LATER

The evening sky is on fire. John Reid, in silhouette on Silver, ties on the Lone Ranger mask.

REID  
 (softly)  
 I have no name. From this day, I  
 ride as ... the Lone Ranger.

Tonto, riding Scout, pulls up alongside him. CAMERA ROTATES to REVEAL:

In the distance, evening falls on Waystation, once again a bustling frontier town.

THE LONE RANGER rides forward, regards the town through masked eyes.

LONE RANGER  
 When the story gets told, do you  
 think anyone will believe it?

TONTO  
 Time passes, and what will they  
 remember? A bad man did bad things,  
 then a man with a mask, riding a  
 silver horse, came to help them.

LONE RANGER  
 Then let's make sure they remember  
 at least that!

With a cry, the Lone Ranger spurs Silver, and races down the slope --

EXT. WAYSTATION - EVENING

The silver horse THUNDERS into the center of town, drawing stares. Doc Drummond emerges from his office. Dan Jr. hurries out from the stables.

The Lone Ranger rears up on Silver -- and TOSSES something to Danny, who catches it.

Silver rears up again, even higher --

LONE RANGER  
Hiyo silver -- away!

-- and then the mighty horse wheels off, the Lone Ranger  
racing back through town --

DOC  
Who was that masked man?

DANNY  
I don't know, but ...

Danny holds up an object that GLITTERS -- he doesn't have to  
say the words -- the evening sky inflames the bright surface  
of a SILVER BULLET --

PUSH IN on the bullet, the sunset FILLS THE FRAME --

EXT. TEXAS DESERT - SUNSET

TRACKING the Lone Ranger and Tonto, riding hard, quickly  
outdistancing the camera ...

... and we fall behind, we can only watch as the pair rides  
off, into the sunset --

FADE OUT

THE END