

REPORTER #1

Oh, I see you're still here, boy. I don't know what you said to the General but when he left here he was screaming mad. First he threatened to court martial half the officers because nobody knows when or how you got in here. Then he put everybody on full alert saying he'll personally shoot anyone who lets those Savages in there escape. Now he's thinking about having you arrested and hung out here tonight. Never seen the man so agitated before and sure don't know why he doesn't just have you hung right now. Something is very strange about this whole affair.

(SCREAMING ONE & REPORTER #1
just look at each other -
SCREAMING ONE cold, tense and
nervous. REPORTER #1 warm,
relaxed, well fed and smoking
his cigar)

REPORTER #1

Why don't you just tell me what's REALLY going on here, boy?

SCREAMING ONE

(clutches the blanket tighter
around himself trying and
failing to get warm)

Why should I tell you what's REALLY going on?

REPORTER #1

Sometimes a man's got to look out for his own neck and yours seems awfully exposed right now. You might need a friend in the right place before this night is over, boy. Self preservation must mean something, even to you... You look cold, boy.

SCREAMING ONE

I'm alright.

REPORTER #1

You look hungry too.

SCREAMING ONE

I don't need to eat.

REPORTER #1

Don't need to eat huh? Never met a man before who didn't need to eat.

(REPORTER #1 pulls up the
chair tht has been by the
table and sits down. He then
reaches into an inside coat

pocket and pulls out a cigar.
In all his movements he shows
no need to hurry in
anything.)

How about a smoke then, nothing bonds men together like a good smoke.

SCREAMING ONE

I don't smoke.

REPORTER #1

(REPORTER #1 looks at the
cigar and then carefully puts
it back into his coat pocket.
He seems slightly amused by
all of this like it is a game
that he is used to playing
and it is a game that he
likes.)

Don't smoke, huh? Never met a man before who don't smoke. Well,
that's alright. Maybe even understandable, how can a man have a good
after dinner smoke if he doesn't eat in the first place.

(sighs)

Well, that's alright. But I know something big is getting ready to
happen. I can smell it, I can taste it in the air. I can do
everything but see it. Maybe you know what's about to happen, boy.
And you can help me see it so I can get a jump on the story.

SCREAMING ONE

I can't see nothin'

REPORTER #1

(Sits thoughtfully, smoking
his cigar and studying
SCREAMING ONE)

You're just too tense, boy. All this talk about hanging you must
have made you a little uptight. But don't worry, you help me, I'll
help you. You got my word on it.

(Reaches into another one of
his coat pockets and pulls
out a pint of whisky. Out of
still another pocket he pulls
out two shot glasses, one
nested in the other)

REPORTER CONTD.

Nothing relaxes a man like a few shots of good whisky. Might even
warm you up a little.

(With an odd mixture of

ceremony and casualness he
pours out a shot of whisky
and holds it out to SCREAMING
ONE. The two glasses are
still nested as he expects
SCREAMING ONE to take the
full glass and leave the
empty one still in his hand
so that he can fill that one
for himself)

SCREAMING ONE

I Just quit drinkin'.

REPORTER #1

(REPORTER #1 slowly puts the
glass to his own mouth, never
taking his eyes off SCREAMING
ONE, and quickly drinks the
shot in one clean gulp.)

You're smarter than I thought, boy. Give me the cold, hard cash I
always say. Then I can buy the clothes, food, cigars, women and
whisky that I like and share them with whoever I want and whenever I
want.

(Carefully puts the bottle
and the glass back in the
pockets they came from)

So, name your price.

(Reaches into another pocket
and pulls out several gold
coins.)

Tell me what its worth. I get the story, you get the cash.