

NARRATOR: In the remote mountain fastness of the the State of Sonora in Mexico Mark Trail and Scotty are out horseback riding in the early dawn with their host Walter Redrock, A wealthy Mexican Indian.

(HOOFBEATS IN BG)

The three ride in silence, their minds and eyes filled with the peaceful beauty of a wilderness slowly awakening and blooming under the warm caress of the sun. Suddenly...

(WAY OFF MIKE THREE SHOTS)

(HOOFBEATS STOP)

MARK: Shots!

WALTER: Who.....

SCOTTY: They came from beyond that ridge up ahead, Mark.

MARK: Sounded like it, Scotty.

WALTER: We'd better investigate.

MARK: Right, Walter. Come on, Scotty.

(HOOFBEATS UP)

(HOOFBEATS HOLD)

(HOOFBEATS STOP)

SCOTTY: Look, Mark. Down there in the valley!

MARK: Two men on horseback chasing another man.

(OFF TWO MORE SHOTS)

WALTER: The first man's been hit.

MARK: Let's take a hand in this. Scotty, you help the man that's been hit. Walt you and I will take out after thee other two. Let 's go!

(HOOFBEATS UP)

MUSIC: - - STINGS

MULEY; (GROANS, COUGHS)

SCOTTY: Easy, Mister.

MULEY: Some water, boy. Water. Thirsty.

SCOTTY: Sure. Wait.

(CANTEEN CAP UNSCREWED)

(LITTLE WATER SPILLED)

MULEY: (COUGHS) Thanks, son. Those varmints....(COUGHS)

(FADE ON HOOFBEATS TO STOP)

(MARK AND WALT DISMOUNT)

(FOOTSTEPS ON)

MARK: How## is he, Scotty?

SCOTTY: ~~##~~Bad, The two men you were.....?

MARK: Got away. Too much of a start. Didn't even get a good look at them.

WALT: Muley!

MARK: You know him?

WALT: Yes.

MULEY: (WEAKLY) That you Walt? (HE HAS SPELL OF COUGHING)

SCOTTY: Easy, Mister. Don't try to talk.

WALT: He's an old time propsector. I stake him every now and then.

MULEY: Found...(COUGHS) something, Walt.

MARK: Try and keep quiet old timer.

MULEY: No. Can't. Must tell, Walt. My bed roll. Things in there.....for him.

SCOTTY: Stay still. I'll get the roll.

MULEY: Not yet.....first turn me on side.

WALT: Muley, don't try to move just.....

MULEY: Got to Walt. Going to check out. Show you place first. Side please.

MARK: Well, Walt?

WALT: All right. Turn him.

MARK: Easy, old timer. There.

MULEY: Thanks. Look, Walt. In dirt draw map. Here. Las Verde Mountains.

WALT: Yes?

MULEY: Go through pass here. Find desert, big. Head south west. Another mountain range. Don't know name. Recognize by twin peaks. Snow.

WALT: Muley, no more. Don't try to.....

MULEY: Must. Cut north, base of range. You'll see pass. Other side of range, end of pass. There's a canyon. Big.... enormous. Never see before. Follow Canyon Rim south. Look for marker. Left it there. Only path down to canyon bottom. You'll find.....(COUGHS)

WALT: Muley!

MARK: Old timer? don't.....

MULEY: (COUGHS, CHOKES, GIVE LAST SIGH)

(PAUSE)

MARK: He's gone.

SCOTTY: (FADE ON) Walt, here's the bed roll he.....Is he?

MARK: Yes, Scotty.

WALT: Old Muley, why any one would want to kill him....I ...I can't understand.

MARK: The answer may be in that bed roll. He said there was something for you.

WALT: Open it, Scotty.

SCOTTY: Sure, thing.

MARK: Careful, Scotty. Don't muss up that map he drew in the dirt.

SCOTTY: Sorry, didn't even see it. I'll roll the blanket out the other way.

(AS BLANKET UNROLLS WE HERE THE GLINK OF
STONE OBJECTS)

SCOTTY: Stones in the blanket.

WALT: Wait. Let me see them.

MARK: They're# not ordinary stones.

WALT: No. They're relics, Indian relics of a very early period. Aztec, I'd say off hand.

MARK: Relics? What interest would a prospector like him have in such things.

WALT: My interests, Mark. That's why I staked him every time he wanted to go out. Any gold he found was his, relics were mine. He never found gold, but he brought me quite a few interesting specimens for my archeological reasearch.

SCOTTY: Are these any good Walt.

WALT: DDefinitely. They're of a period I've nver run across in this part of Mexico.

MARK: Then that map, the canyon he mentioned. That must be the spot where he found them.

SCOTTY: What map, Mark.

MARK: Here on the ground, Scotty. Traced in the dirt.

SCOTT#; Oh, I see. Hey, I could photograph that.

MARK: Goodd idea. Give you something to do with that camera you're always dangling around your neck.

WALT: Mark, Look.

MARK: What?

WALT: This plate, it's all dirt encrusted, but see what's under the dirt.

MARK: Gold.

WALT: Yes. I've never run across anything like this, a gold plate, it must be a relic of a particularly high stage of Aztec civilization.

SCOTTY: Gold plates. Gosh, I'd better photograph that map.

(CLICK OF CAMERA)

MARK: I take it you're going to follow this up, Walt?

WALT: And how, you know my interest in archeology.

MARK: I've got a slight interest in it myself.

WALT: I'd love to have you and Scotty come along.

MARK: That's all the invitation we need, eh Scotty.

SCOTTY: You said it, Mark.

MARK: You'd better round up, Muley's horse, Scotty. We'll need the animal to take him back to town.

SCOTTY: Oh, yeah.

WALT: When we get back there, Mark, I'll make the arrangements about Muley.

MARK: Good.

WALT: Then we'll outfit ourselves, buy some pack animals, hire a man or two, and....

MARK: See if we can find out why the trail Muley took, led to his death.

MUSIC: -- BRIDGE

WALT: Mark, you can pick out the rest of the supplies in this store, eh?

MARK: Sure, Walt. What are you going to do?

WALT: Thought I'd go down street, see if I can pick up the pack burros?

MARK: Good idea. Save time. We'll need about four burros, don't you think?

WALT: Yeah, but I'm going to try and get five. We may have more to pack out from trip, then we do to pack in.

MARK: Okay.

WALT: Be back as soon as I get the animals.

(FOOTSTEPS ON WOOD)

(FOOTSTEPS ON DIRT)

(HOLD)

SPADE: (OFF MIKE) Hey, Mister.

(FOOTSTEPS STOP)

WALT: Yes?

SPADE: (FADING ON) You, Mr. Walt Redrock?

WALT: That's right.

SPADE: My name's Spade Cooley, this is Lance Travers.

LANCE: Howdy.

WALT: What do you want?

SPADE: Feller down at Mead's Corral told us you might be looking fer a couple of hands to take a trip up country with you.

WALT: I might be.

SPADE: Well we're pretty good men, out of a job right now.

WALT: Handle burros?

SPADE: Better'n't a Mexican.

LANCE: Practically sleep with 'em.

WALT: Got referances?

SPADE: Sure thing. Rode herd for the Valdez Hacienda over El Torro way, afore that worked fer the Los Mirros dude Guiding and leading pack trips fer dudes.

LANCE: You want some more?

WALT: They'll be enough. I'll check them and if they're okay you can consider yourselves hired.

SPADE: Well, thank you Mr. Redrock. I'm sure you'll find them okay.

WALT: Guess I will if you say so. Where can I find you when I want you.

SPADE: Well, we're kind of short on money right now.

LANCE: We're sleeping in the hayloft of the barn down at Meads Corral.

WALT: Oh, well if your referances check, I'll get in touch with you there and give you an advance. Be seeing you.

(FOOTSTEPS FADE OFF)

SPADE: (UP) Thanks a heap, Mr. Redrock.

LANCE: That wuz real nice talkin', Spade.

SPADE: Maybe yer gettin' the idea, Lance. You use yer head and your tongue, you git a lat farther than you do with yer gun and yer fist.

LANCE: Ain't saying yer not right to being with, Spade, but there's times when you need a gun.

SPADE: You always, pick the wrong time, Lance. I told you not to shoot at that prospector when we was chasing him.

LANCE: I admitted I done wrong, didn't I.

SPADE: Jest want to git that real clear, so you don't make no moves on this job without my sayso, understand that?

LANCE: Your the boss, Spade.

SPADE: Good, and don't get impatient, cause when the time comes to git rid of Mr. Redrock and his friends, I'll give the word, Then you can go into action.

MUSIC: _ _ TO COMMERCIAL

NARRATOR: Well, Walt Redrock has hired the very men who killed Old Muley the prospector. Looks like trouble ahead for Mark and Scotty. Now....(COMMERCIAL)

NARRATOR: Now back to Mark Trail. Mark and Scotty, together with Walter Redrock, an Indian, devoted to research in the history of his ancestors, the Aztecs, are riding across a Desert in the State of Sonora in Mexico. They are following a route that they hope will lead them to new and undiscovered Indian ruins at the bottom of a mysterious canyon somewhere to the southwest of them. They have been on the trail five days.

(WALKING HOOFBEATS)

SCOTTY: Isn't there ever a cloud in this sky, Mark.

MARK: Doesn't seem like it, Scotty.

WALT: This is even hotter than your Death Valley in California.

SCOTTY: And how. If only those clouds that seem to be forever ahead of us would drift back and give us a little shade.

MARK: I wouldn't count on that Scotty.

WALT: This heat. (UP) How are you doing back there, Spade.

SPADE: (OFF) All right, Mr. Redrock. Mite warm. Heat makes the burrow balk a bit but we'll keep them moving.

WALT: Good. (DOWN) Good men those two.

MARK: Seem to be. Keep quiet and do their work, that's all....

SCOTTY: Mark! Look!

MARK: What, Scotty?

SCOTTY: There was a break in them. I could swear I saw twin ~~###~~ mountain peaks....snow capped.

MARK: Where, Scotty, that may be.....

WALT: I see them, Mark. There. Look.

MARK: Yes!

SCOTTY: That's them all right. I've got the picture of the map Muley drew.

WALT: Let's see it, Scotty. Yeah. It's at the base of those peaks we cut north and look for the pass.

MARK: I'm glad we sighted them. I was beginning to think Old Muley might have been....well.

WALT: Me to, but now we know part of his story is true anyway.

MARK: Yes. I think if we step up our pace a bit we can reach the base of those peaks tonight.

SCOTTY: I hopes so. There should be some shade there.

MARK: Then we can start out fresh# in the morning and search for the pass to Old Muley's mysterious canyon.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

(HOOFBEATS MILLING AROUND)

(FOOTSTEPS FADE ON)

SPADE: Who's.....

LANCE: (FADING ON) It's me, Spade.

SPADE: Oh, Lance.

LANCE: Animals standing easy?

SPADE: Yeah. (PAUSE) What's on yer mind, Lance.

LANCE: Nothin'.

SPADE: Don't give me that. You didn't come over here to check on the animals.

LANCE: No, I didn't.

SPADE: Well out with it.

LANCE: The three of them are back there around the campfire looking at some sort of map.

SPADE: So?

LANCE: Be a right nice time to take care of them, Spade. Ain't suspectin' nothin and we'd have the map.

SPADE: I told you, don't think with your gun before you think with your head.

LANCE: I'm using my head.

SPADE: Like a rock. We don't know what we're headin' into and how much gold there is. You saw that plate the prospector carried.

LANCE: Sure.

SPADE: Well suppose there's a hundered such lik that an more besides. Them three pair of hands around that campfire will come in mighty handy.

LANCE: Suppose so.

SPADE: I know so. No, Lance, we ain't going to make our move till whatever gold there is is pack and loaded on the back of them burros. That'll be time enough to take final care of the three of them.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

(HOBBEATS WALKING)

SCOTTY: Seems like this pass through the mountains is endless, Mark.

MARK: Patience, Scotty.

WALT: I know how the boy feels. Not knowing how near we are to.....

MARK: Low bridge. Walt, Scotty.....Overhanging ledge ahead just in front of that turn.

SCOTTY: We've been in this pass for three hours at least.

MARK: Nothing we can do about it, Scotty. Even if it's three hours more we.....(STOP)

SCOTTY: What's the matter, Mark? Is anything wrong. Why did you.....(STOP)

WALT: Well, such silence. For you Scotty that's.....(STOP)

(HOLD DEAD PAUSE A MOMENT)

MARK: I don't think I've ever beheld such a sight before!

SCOTTY: It's the Grand Canyon all over again.

WALT: Wrong, Scotty. It's a thousand times more beautiful.

MARK: Look at the vegetaion. It's lush and green. Like a valley carved out of emeralds.

SPADE: (FADING ON) Anything wrong, Mr. Redrock. The holdup... Well by the great.....

WALT: Nothing's wrong, Spade. We're just where we wanted to be. Right, Mark.

MARK: Looks like it.

SPADE: I never seed anythin' like this.

SCOTTY: We have to get down there yet, Mark.

SPADE: How are you going to do it. The sides are as stright as a beer glass.

MARK: Not quite, look over there to the right.

WALT: A path....I think.

MARK: Yes and right at the head of it on the rim of the Canyon is the marker Muley left.....a tree chopped down.

WALT: You're right, Mark.

MARK: Well, let's get over there and see what kind of a job it's going to be to get down.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

MARK: It's a bath alright.

WALT: Just about.

SCOTTY: Can you get an idea of where it goes?

MARK: Well, it winds around that ledge down there. Then we lose it for a while and it comes into view about three hundred feet below. See.

WALT: Yes.

SCOTTY: Then it seems to go into some kind of tunnel, doesn't it, Mark?

MARK: That's right, Scotty.

WALT: And it comes into view again about a hundred feet lower.

MARK: And we lose sight of it around that turn.

SCOTTY: Well, when do we start down?

WALT: Right, now I say.

MARK: We'd better scout it first. You two stay here until lance and Spade come up. I'll dismount and start down it.

WALT: Looks wide enough for a horse, Mark.

MARK: Perhaps, but I'd rather be leading him than riding him if anything goes wrong. Keep your eye on me. If everything's all right I'll signal you to come ahead.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

(WAY OFF SLOW HOOFBEATS)

WALT: Seems an easy enough, Path, Scotty.

SCOTTY: Yeah, Mark's making it all right.

WALT: Look, he's going to round that ledge now.

SCOTTY: Yeah.

WALT: Check your clock, Scotty. See how long it takes him before he comes into view down below.

SCOTTY: Right.

(WAY OFF HORSE WHINNEYS)

WALT: The horse!

SCOTTY: Something's wrong!

(OFF HORSE WHINNEY)

(OFF MILLING HOOFBEATS)

(OFF HORSE SHRILKS)

SCOTTY: Walt, can you see.....

(ONE HORSE FALLS, CRASHING OF ROCKS)

WALT: My g.....Look. The horse fell!

(OFF TWO ECHOING SHOTS)

SCOTTY: Mark! Mark, what's wrong! Mark, answer me!

MUSIC: - - STING

SCOTTY: Come on, Walt, lets.....

WALT: Wait! Look, coming around the ledge.

SCOTTY: Mark! Mark, are you....

MARK: (OFF) I'm all right, Scotty. Stay up there. I'll be right up there.

MUSIC: - - BRIDGE:

(FOOTSTEPS SCRAMBLING UP PATH)

SCOTTY: Mark, what happened?

WALT: When we saw that horse, we.....

MARK: (BREATHLESS) Just a minute. Let me....catch my breath.

(FOOSTEBS FADE ON)

SPADE: (REDE ON) Mr. Redrock, Lance #### and me heard shots. What.....

WALT: Wait a second, Spade.

MARK: Ah. There. That's better.

SCOTTY: Now Mark, what was it.

MARK: A rattlesnake. The horse saw him. Reared. I tried to keep the animal under control but.....

WALT: I know. We saw.

MARK: So when the horse went, I shot the rattler.

SPADE: How's the path, Mr. Trail?

MARK: Not too bad, but I don't think we'd better take the horses.

WALT: Oh?

MARK: It's pretty tricky footing for them. The burros should be able to navigate it, but....

SPADE: Them animals could walk a tight rope across this canyon.

LANCE: You said it, Spade.

MARK: I hope so.

WALT: What'll we do about the horses then.

MARK: Well there's enough forage up here for them for quite a while. About the only thing we can do is hobble them, and leave them up here.

LANCE: Good idea, Mr. Trail.

SPADE: Tell you what?

MARK: Yes?

SPADE: Me an Lance could go back ###, cut some trees and put a fence across that pass we came through. Wouldn't like to loose them horse this side of the desert.

MARK: Good idea. Come on, Scotty, Walt....we'll hobble the horses and then go down and find out what's at the bottom of that canyon.

MUSIC: _ _ _ BRIDGE

(VERY SLOW HOOFBEATS)

MARK: Well, this is it. Rock bottom.

SCOTTY: My gosh, Mark. Look back there where we came from.

MARK: High, eh?

SCOTTY: And how.

MARK: Trail wasn't so bad though.

SCOTTY: I wouldn't recommend it for a sunday school outing.

WALT: Neither would I Scotty. I'M glad there were a few flat spots where we could rest.

MARK: Well, let's.....

WALT: Mark, look over there. Under that cliff.

SCOTTY: Gosh, buildings....carved out of the cliff.

WALT: Ruins you mean. This is it, Mark. This is what Muley was talking about.

MARK: Guess so, Walt.

WALT: (UP) Spade, Lance.....

SPADE: Yes, Mr. Redrock.

WALT: Here's where we pitch camp/ Okay by you, Mark.

MARK: As good a spot as any.

WALT: Unload the burros, open the packs, break out the digging tools and dynamite. ##### We're going to work.

MUSIC: _ _ UP AND THEN UNDER

(SOUND OF PICKAXE)

WALT: Look at this Mark. A goblet, gold. At least three hundred years old.

MUSIC: _ _ UP AND THEN UNDER

(SOUND OF DIGGING)

SCOTTY: Hey, Walt....how about this round stone. It's got some carving on the side.

WALT: That's a real find Scotty. Some kind of sacrificial stone.

MUSIC: _ _ UP AND THEN UNDER

LANCE: When that boy said work, Spade, he meant it.

(SOUND OF PICKAXE)

SPADE: Patience, Lance, Patience. Just think of all the beautiful yellow stuff we're turning up.

MUSIC: _ _ UP AND THEN OUT

(FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERBRUSH)

SCOTTY: Mark.

MARK: (OFF SLIGHTLY) What is it, Scotty?

SCOTTY: I want to show you something.

MARK: (FADE DN) Yes.

SCOTTY: This. I found it back in the brush about half a mile, while I was taking some pictures.

MARK: An arrow.

SCOTTY: And it's no relic. That wooden shaft isn't very old.

MARK: You're right, Scotty.

SCOTTY: What do you make of it?

MARK: It could explain that prickling sensation I've been getting in the back of the neck every now and then.

SCOTTY: You've felt it too? Like we're being watched?

MARK: Yes, you?

SCOTTY: Same thing, only I thought I was having a case of too much imagination. I don't like it, Mark.

MARK: Neither do I, but let's keep this between ourselves. No point in alarming the others, just before we're ready to leave.

SCOTTY: You think Walt's collected enough relics to make him happy.

MARK: No, but he's got about all the burros will be able to carry. That's what will set the limit.

SCOTTY: Then I'll keep this arrow hidden.

MARK: Yes. We've been here a week and haven't been bothered.

SCOTTY: Yeah, maybe whoever's watching will just let us be as long as we don't let on we're aware of them.

MARK: Maybe, Scotty. Or maybe they're just playing cat to our mouse.

MUSIC: - - BRIDGE

MARK: There you are, Walt. The last pack strapped in place.

WALT: You sure these burros couldn't carry a little more, Mark.

MARK: Don't push your luck, Walt.

SCOTTY: They've got a long climb ahead of them. Besides I'll be glad to get out of here. It's like being in another world.

WALT: A wonderful world. Have you seen Spade and Lance?

MARK: They're around some where.

SCOTTY: I'll call them.

WALT: Mark, I'll bet you this is the greatest archeological treasure ever discovered in Mexico.

SCOTTY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Spade!. Lance!

MARK: It's not bad as straight treasure with all those gold ornaments and plates.

SPADE: (FADE ON) That's jest what we was thinking, Mr. Trail.

MARK: What...!

WALT: Spade!

SPADE: Now I wouldn't make any sudden moves. Dance has got a right anxious trigger finger.

LANCER: You bet I have. Sonny, you git over there beside yore friends.

SCOTTY: I....

MARK: Scotty.

SPADE: That's the way, boy.

MARK: So the temptation of the gold is too much for.

SPADE: Temptation, Mr. Trail we came along jest for the gold.

WALT: But how did you.....

SPADE: We was the fellers that took care of that prospector friend of yours.

LANCÉ: Come on, Spade, let's.....

MARÁ: Now I suppose yOu intend# to take care of us.

SPADE: That's right, Mr. Trail, but more gentile like. Keep 'em covered Lance while I git some rope. We'll leave 'em all trussed up. Nice easy picking's for the vultures.

MUSIC: _ _ BRIDGE

SPADE: There. That's the last one. Hope the rope ain't cuttin off the circulation in your hands too much?

LANCÉ: You've done enough talking, Spade.

WALT: You won't get away with this.

SPADE: Don't see nothing as is going to stop us.....

LANCÉ: Spade....

SPDAE: Sorry, My partner's a real impatient feller. Well, goodbye, gentelmen. Give my regards to the buzzards.

MUSIC: _ _ TO CURTAIN

NARRATOR: Mark and his friands tied hand and foot and left to starve in the bottom of a lost canyon. How will they escape. We'll learn in a moment when we return to Mark Trail, but first....(Commercial)

NARRATOR: Now back to Mark Trail. Mark, Scotty and Walt, tied hand and foot watch Spade Cooley and Lance Travers, driving the gold laden burros ahead of them, slowly disappear up the trail to the rim of the canyon. As the two men vanish from sight, Scotty and Walt immediately ~~begin~~ begin straining at their bonds. Mark sits quite still.

SCOTTY: The dirty....!

WALT: We'll.....

MARK: Stop it, both of you. Conserve your strength.

SCOTTY: But, Mark....

MARK: You'll never loosen these ropes. Spade knows his business.

WALT: We're not just going to sit here and starve!

MARK: By no means. We'll get loose.

SCOTTY: Not if we don't try.

MARK: Easy, Scotty. The way to get loose is right around your neck.

SCOTTY: My neck?

WALT: His camera?

MARK: Yes. Roll over and get it off your neck, Scotty..

SCOTTY: But....

MARK: When it's on the ground open the case and unscrew the lens from the ~~the~~ camera. You can do that with your hands behind you.

SCOTTY: Sure thing.

WALT: But how....

MARK: When he's done that Walt he'll edge over to me and hold the lens so that it focuses the sun right on ~~the~~ rope around my hands.

SCOTTY: Hey, that's a ~~ke~~ keen idea, Mark.

MARK: When, Scotty get's too tired holding it you'll take over for him Walt. Now get busy. Get the lens out of that camera.

MUSIC - - BRIDGE

SCOTTY: How are we doing Walt?

WALT: The rope's smoking. It's been smoldering for a couple of minutes now.

SCOTTY: Mark...

MARK: Don't worry about me. Just keep that lens focused.

WALT: It's breaking into flame. I'll put it out.

MARK: Leave it alone, Walt.

WALT: You'll burn your hands.

MARK: (THROUGH HIS TEETH) Leave it ~~alone!~~

SCOTTY: No, Mark, don't let....

Mark; Ah. There!

WALT: You broke it.

MARK: Now to untie you two and we'll go after Spade and Lance. They've only got about an hour and ~~##~~ a half start on us.

MUSIC: - - BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS)

WALT: Mark, I don't see a sign of them on the trail ahead.

SCOTTY: They must have reached the rim of the canyon.

MARK: They can't have, Scotty. It took us almost three hours to get down here.

WALT: Well we shoul ~~have~~ seen them at least once on the trail where it's visible from down here.

MARK: I can't figure it.

SCOTTY: Mark, I think I saw something just ahead there.

MARK: Come on.

(FOOTSTEPS RUN)

WALT: Spade....Lance.....they're tied to that tree.

SCOTTY: Tied, but....

SEABE: (OFF) Save us, Trail....Save us!

WALT: Save, what the.....

MARK: Don't move. Either of you.

WALT: What....

MARK: Look, around you.

SCOTTY: Indians.

WALT: Who...what....

SCOTTY: The arrow, I found.###

MARK: Right, Scotty. Be careful, they're all around us with drawn bows.

WALT: Mark, the ornaments they're wearing. The decorations. Aztec, I.....my people.

MARK: I don't think they know that Walt.

SCOTTY: Look, one of them is coming forward, his headdress, he must be.....

MARK: His palms outraised. The sign of peace.

WALT: Am I dreaming. This is 1951 isn't it.

CHIEF: How.

WALT: He speaks English.

CHIEF: This I do. There is always one of each generation in our ### tribe who does.

MARK: Then other men have been here?

CHIEF: Never any such as you. Only in our legends and the tales told by old men have we known of men with the color of your skin. Of their greed and cruelty.

WALT: This is.....

CHIEF: It is written that never should such as you enter our land. We have seen that it is written well. We observed these two betray you.

MARK: They did and we'll take them off your hands and see that they are punished.

CHIEF: That cannot be, none who enter our land can leave it.

SCOTTY: Mark.....

MARK: Quiet, Scotty.

CHIEF: My people have never shed blood in anger or fear, but now it must be.

MARK: Hear me, Chief. To take a life does not finish the deed. It leaves a poison behind that can never be stilled.

CHIEF: Our legends say this is true, it has always been so with the white man and those who have had to do with them.

MARK: I can make it certain that there will be no other white men to follow us.

CHIEF: Ho can this be?

MARK: You have heard and seen the thunder we have used to make big holes in the land.

CHIEF: We have.

MARK: With this thunder we can seal forever the whole through which this trail passes.

WALT: Mark/.....

MARK: In that way none will be able to enter your emerald canyon after we have left.

CHIEF: This would be true.

MARK: And your land would not be soiled with blood spilled in fear or anger.

CHIEF: Your way is a good way if it does not mean betrayal.

MARK: Your people can observe us as we work, their arrows ready for the first sign of betrayal.

CHIEF: This is true. All right. Take these two and then work your thunder magic on the trail that leads to the sorrow of the men such as you. I and my people will watch that you do not betray us.

MUSIC: - - BRIDGE

(FOOTSTEPS)

MARK: All right, Walt. The charge is all set.

WALT: It seems a ~~###~~ shame Mark. What research I could do....

MARK: I gave, My word, Walt.

WALT: Of course.

MARK: Those two behaving themselves, Scotty?

SCOTTY: (SLIGHTLY OFF) You bet, Mark. I've got them tied tighter than a drum.

MARK: Wait'll I warn the chief back from the mouth of the tunnel Walt. Then push the detonator.

WALT: Right.

MARK: (UP) Hear me, Chief. Move back from the ~~###~~ trail for the thunder is mighty and could harm many people.

(DOWN) They're moving back, Walt.

WALT: You give the word.

MARK: All right. Ready. Set. Let her go!

(BIG BLAST ON MIKE)

WALT: And so we seal off without an end the most fascinating story of a lost tribe I've ever run across. An actual existing lost tribe.

MARK: Yes.

WALT: No regrets, Mark?

MARK: None. When I look at those two specimens of our civilization, the world we're going back to, my only thought is that we may have been on the wrong side of that blast.

MUSIC: -- CURTAIN