

CHICKASAW  
OPEN CALL

"Lt. RICHARD PRATT"

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Montford then pats the Sergeant on the shoulder -- Sgt. Richter flinches with pain.

Montford can see buckshot marks outside of the bandage, points to it.

MONTFORD  
Look's like my wife's brand.

Sgt. Richter likewise notices Montford bandaged wound on his arm --

SGT. RICHTER  
And who branded you?

Lt. Pratt examines the button.

JACK  
We found it in the rustler's camp.

LT. PRATT  
You have an explanation, Sergeant?

SGT. RICHTER  
Yes, sir. I was tracking a Comanche raiding party, made contact and we exchanged fire. I lost the button and got hit in the skirmish, it's detailed in my last report, sir.

Jack chuckles and shakes his head.

LT. PRATT  
There you go, Mr. Johnson. Simple explanation.

MONTFORD  
Past two years white men have been rustling stock all over the Territory, making it look like Indians did it. Create enough bad blood between the farmers, ranchers, and Indians so the tribes'll be forced on reservations.

LT. PRATT  
If that is the case I certainly don't approve of the means, but you must admit the ends do render a safer United States. The Indian does need to be civilized.

MONTFORD  
By trying to starve them into submission?

LT. PRATT  
I do believe, Mister Johnson, if we kill the savage, we save the man.

MONTFORD  
What you call savage, I call a man.

START

END