

# START

LEDYARD (cont'd)

The beauty I told you about. A shiny new seven-pronged cultivator. That's the best buy I've toted this haul. It handles so easy even the boy here will be using it before long.

JOE

That's what I've been wanting. But when you start talking too much that means big money.

LEDYARD

You might think it a bit steep. I don't. Not for a new beauty like this. You'll make up the difference in no time with the work you'll save with that.

JOE

What's the price?

LEDYARD

Tell you what, amigo, I'll shave the price, I'll let you have it for forty dollars

SHANE

Let you have it? There was one like that in a store in Cheyenne. List price: fifteen dollars.

LEDYARD

Did anyone ask you to push in on this?

SHANE

No, I reckon no one did.

LEDYARD

Forget what he says, Starrett.

JOE

Why would I do that?

LEDYARD

He's just a stray wandering through, probably chased out of some town and hunting for cover.

JOE

I don't appreciate your speculation.

LEDYARD

Heard of him half a dozen times along the road here. No one knows him. No one can figure him out. I'm surprised you'd let him hang around you and your family.

JOE

You might be surprised by a lot of things about me. Now give it to me straight on the price.

LEDYARD

I said: forty. Maybe that one is mixed up about what he saw.

*(LEDYARD eyes SHANE)*

SHANE

I'm not mixed up about anything.

LEDYARD

Starrett! How long have you known me?

JOE

Long enough.

LEDYARD

And are you going to take this stranger's word over mine? Let him call me a liar? Look at him! Look at his clothes! ~~He's just a no good little n~~

END

*(The mood completely changes. From hot to cold menace. SHANE takes a big step forward into LEDYARD's grill).*

OLDER BOB.

*(Whispers)* I felt a chill I had never felt before; Intangible and terrifying. Shane stood there, not moving, his face hard- his eyes shining with a wildness that I did not understand

*(LEDYARD and BOBBY take a big step back. JOE takes one forward)*

SHANE

What were you about to call me?

JOE

Shane is my guest. I'll take his word over yours any day of God's whole year.

LEDYARD

Are you crazy, Joe?

JOE

Fifteen is the price. Add five for fair profit even if you probably got it wholesale. Adding another five for hauling it here. That tallies to twenty-five. Take it or leave it.

LEDYARD

Where's your money?

## SCENE 4: FLETCHER'S PLAN

**START** *(Next morning. Shane is packing his bunk to leave. Bobby is watching.)*

SHANE

I know you're there, Bobby. Come on out.

*(Bobby takes a step forward)*

Good morning.

BOBBY

Why do you want to leave?

SHANE

Because I don't want to be any trouble for you all.

BOBBY

You aren't any trouble. I wish you'd stay.

SHANE

I can't. But I'm really happy I met you Bobby.

BOBBY

Is that the gun you wouldn't let me see?

SHANE

Yes.

BOBBY

Why do you hide it? Are you no good at shooting?

SHANE

Oh.

*(Beat, he flips the gun)*

I'm good at shooting.

BOBBY

I would wear my gun if I had one! Most men around here wear theirs.

SHANE

Not your father.

BOBBY

My father's just a farmer.

SHANE

I want to be more like him.

BOBBY

Can I hold it? Can I shoot it?

SHANE

No!

END

*(Bobby is visibly disappointed and rattled. Shane softens.)*

SHANE

But, son, I could use your help. Roll up that blanket.

*(Bobby loves getting these instructions.)*

BOBBY

Is this good?

SHANE

Are you sure you haven't been a regiment soldier before?

BOBBY

I'm sure.

SHANE

There are generals who can't wrap things as tight as you have. Good job.

# START

JOE

What do you want, Fletcher?

FLETCHER

I want to buy your homestead.

(Everyone reacts)

JOE

Oh, so now you want to buy our land instead of driving us off?

FLETCHER

I know we haven't always seen eye to eye, Joe, but the time for squabbling is over. I'm about to bring in a big contract with the Federal Government, and I need to expand my operation. Real money is on the table.

JOE

Except our land isn't for sale, Fletcher.

FLETCHER

You haven't heard my offer yet. I will give you a fair price.

MARIAN

What kind of fair price?

FLETCHER

Enough so you can invest in a new homestead somewhere in Montana or Oklahoma. Enough money in your pocket to start over.

JOE

We don't want to start over. This land is good land. We've been here almost five years. This is our home.

FLETCHER

Starrett, you got your nose so buried in the dirt of this little farm that you can't smell the winds of change. This is big beef country now. Your little vegetable farm can exist anywhere. I'm trying to be good to you, before you're crushed by forces you refuse to see. Take my generous offer, amigo, and get out of your own way. This land belongs to the future.

# END

~~WINONA~~

~~Luke Fletcher, why don't you and Mr. Joe go talk it over outside? The boy doesn't need to hear all this talk about cattle and land and money.~~

Why?

BOBBY

Bobby, you ask too many questions. I'm sorry-

MARIAN

Marian, may I answer his question?

WINONA

Oh, of course.

MARIAN

## START

WINONA

Bobby, listen. Long before you came here, this land provided my people with all we needed. When your government declared a bloody war on us, they drove us off this land and they herded us onto their reservations. The railroads and the ranchers came and massacred ALL of the buffalo, to use our land to feed their business of cattle. The Buffalo are gone! We have nothing to hunt! My people are hungry.

*(\*\*MARIAN goes to get Winona a cup of coffee\*\*)*

That's not fair!

BOBBY

No, Bobby, it's not.

WINONA

So is that why Indians scalp people ?

BOBBY

*(Marian returns)*

ROBERTO!

MARIAN

*(WINONA laughs.)*

Oh my!

WINONA

I'm sorry Miss Winona. I don't know where he hears those stories.

MARIAN

WINONA

Everywhere, I'm sure. I like his honesty. You must be part Indian.

BOBBY

Is Mexican part Indian?

WINONA

Yes.

MARIAN

No.

(Winona gives Marian a sharp look)

MARIAN

*(beat)* Yes.

*(The women look at each other)*

MARIAN

But we were forbidden to talk about that at the Loretto School.

WINONA

Bobby, we have a word in Lakota for a smart, bright eyed boy like you: Ksapela-

BOBBY

Ksapela-

WINONA

It means: Little Wise One. Listen carefully, Bobby. Because this is also part of the story. The men who came from England and France brought scalping to this land. Their armies paid a penny for every Indian scalp their soldiers brought in.

BOBBY

So why do you have a knife then?

WINONA

To protect my son and our tribe. Ever hear of Custer's Last Stand?

BOBBY

Yes!

WINONA

Our Women fought in that battle alongside our men, And we know how that turned out for Custer. We are warriors. We have *akicita*. We don't give up without a fight.

**END**

Mami, are we going to have to fight?

BOBBY

MARIAN

No

WINONA

Yes.

*(The two women look at each other)*

**START**

MARIAN

No. But we will never sell our land to Fletcher.

WINONA

If you don't sell now, he will take everything from you.

MARIAN

No! The deed will be ours soon.

WINONA

He will steal your land from you... Just like you stole this land from us

MARIAN

Miss Winona, we didn't steal land from you. The government gave us this homestead.

WINONA

Marian, I'll speak plainly. Your government is using you to settle our land. You homesteaders are more effective at conquering than the American army. That is, until someone like Luke Fletcher finds a way to take it from *you*.

MARIAN

We want to own this land for our son.

WINONA

Why does anyone need to own this land? Why can't our sons not live and grow up on this land together?

MARIAN

I...I... don't know.

WINONA

Well, I do. Luke Fletcher calls it progress. I call it... greed. .

*(MARIAN is speechless)*

**END**



# START

SHANE

*(Pause)* My mother spoke Spanish.

MARIAN

I wondered.

SHANE

I barely remember her... People say the master went to Cuba and brought her back to the plantation. Her name was Juana...she only spoke to me in Spanish. I figure her people must have hailed from west Africa.

MARIAN

What happened to her?

SHANE

I don't know. One day she was gone. I was all of seven years old and never saw her again.

When I turned thirteen the master - my father - conscripted me as a servant for a colonel in the Confederate army so his older son didn't have to fight. I escaped as soon as I could and fought in the Union Army.

MARIAN

Do you know what happened to your father?

SHANE

*(Beat)* I heard he turned up dead one day. And my brother too.

*(Silence)*

MARIAN

You have lived through some very terrible things.

SHANE

Yes. And I've done some terrible things too.

MARIAN

This cruel world forces us to...

SHANE

I don't want to be the man I am anymore.

MARIAN

So you want to be a farmer like Joe?

SHANE

I want to be a good man, like Joe.

MARIAN

I thought this was empty wild land before we came here. But Winona and her people lived here before they were driven away . I'm doing to her family what the government did to my family after the War of the United States Against Mexico. *(beat)* I never wanted to harm anybody. I want a home for my family. How do I explain all of this to Bobby?

SHANE

You tell him the truth.

MARIAN

Bobby can't change the past.

SHANE

No, he can't.

MARIAN

And neither can you.

*(They stare at one another - there is tenderness between them.)*

**END**

SHANE

You are a very wise woman, Marian. Bobby is lucky to have you and Joe as his parents.

MARIAN

Gracias, Shane. Buenas noches.

SHANE

Buenas noches.

BOBBY *(Sleepily)*

Buenas noches, Shane

*(Shane sits in a chair.)*

OLDER BOB

That night, I laid in bed thinking of our visitor. It scarcely seemed possible he was the same man I had first seen, stern and chilling in the dark solitude. Something in my father and my mother, something not of words or of actions but of the essential substance of the human spirit had spoken to Shane and he replied to it by unlocking a part of himself to us.

*(Shane puts his face in his hands)*

*(MOVEMENT SEQUENCE: They wait in a choreographed way. Time passes SHANE returns...he looks at everyone. He has a bottle of soda pop. He slams it on the table.)*

	SHANE
Bobby, this soda pop is for you.	
	JOE
Is everything alright?	
	MARIAN
Shane?	
	BOBBY
Shane, what did you do?	
	SHANE
(Distressed) I took care of Chris. He'll not bother any of you any more again.	
	<i>(SHANE exits . JOE and MARIAN watch him go with dread.)</i>
	MARIAN
Oh, no.	

**START** *(ERNIE runs in)*

ERNIE

Joe. I've never seen anything like it. Shane walks into the saloon and says loudly "Grafton, two bottles of soda pop, if you please." Chris is there sneering, and Shane turns to him and says "Chris-let's talk, man to man." And he hands Chris one of his sodas. Shane takes a sip of his. Chris looks at Shane, takes a drink and spits soda all on Shane's face, then breaks the bottle and lunges for Shane. Shane, faster than a cat, sidesteps Chris, grabs his wrist, twists and flips him so fast, the kid flies up in the air and lands on the wood floor, with a thud. The kid is out cold, his arm dangling at a bad angle.

And then Shane looks at Chris crumpled on the floor, and a world of weariness crosses his face. Shane bends down, and picks up Chris, almost cradling him like a child, and gently places him on top of the bar. And says out loud "Fletcher, if you can hear me, you'd better tote him home and get his arm fixed. Take right good care of him. " And then, to Chris, he says "There's only one thing wrong with you, Chris. You're young . And that's the one thing time can always cure. You have the makings of a good man." And then Shane walked out.

**END** *(Beat)*

Maybe.

*(BOBBY runs out)*

WINONA

WINONA

You were leaving the last time I was here. What happened?

SHANE

I changed my mind.

WINONA

Luke Fletcher asked a lot about you in Cheyenne. There's some interesting speculation about you. Folks say you can shoot a button off a man's shirt. You can stop a man's heart with a bullet before he reaches for his gun. You killed three men outside a bar in Laramie over a woman. You are a dangerous, violent man, they say.

SHANE

She was twelve years old. Those men were dragging her off the street to do her harm. I stopped them.

WINONA

There's a lot of other stories about you.

SHANE

You know the stories about people like you and me grow crueller in the retelling.

WINONA

*(Beat )* Shane, there's trouble coming. Outside Laramie, Fletcher and I saw two homesteaders strung up from a tree. A white man and his wife.

SHANE

They lynched a woman?

WINONA

The ranchers lynched their own people, Shane. For cattle rustling. But that was just an excuse. Story is the cattle ranchers made an example out of her and strung her up first...while she screamed and pleaded and her husband watched. The ranchers took over their homestead and now there's cattle grazing on their land...like that couple never existed.

SHANE

Greed makes people do terrible things, Winona.

START

WINONA

Fletcher looks at the blistering bodies hanging from the tree and he says "if this is what it takes to get these damned homesteaders off the land ... this is what it takes." (*WINONA spits on the floor*) And they call my people savages.

SHANE

I don't figure Fletcher to be the type of man to get his hands dirty like that,.

WINONA

No. (*Beat*) But you are.

SHANE

I am not that type of man any more.

WINONA

Oh! So all those stories I heard about you are true.

SHANE

(*pause*) Miss Winona-I don't want...

WINONA

Shane, I know a warrior when I see one. You are the only man in this valley that has a chance of stopping Luke Fletcher. And he knows that. He's going to do everything he can to run you outta here. You might want to go ahead and get out .

SHANE

I have to see it through. Joe and Marian can't beat Fletcher. I don't have a choice, Miss Winona

**END**

WINONA

Shane, I won't come to your funeral,

(*Shane smiles.*)

(*BOBBY and MARIAN enter*)

MARIAN

Miss Winona. Bienvenida. Welcome.

WINONA

Hello Marian.

(*BOBBY does a trick or somersault*)

BOBBY

Can your boy do this too?

**SCENE 9: SHANE ASK TO STAY**

*(SHANE is at the kitchen table, He unwraps his gun and looks at it. He proceeds to start cleaning it. \*\*BOBBY is listening. And watching\*\*)*

Shane- MARIAN

Yes. SHANE

I've been wanting to talk to you when Joe wasn't around. MARIAN

*(Softly)* Si, Marian. SHANE

**START**

MARIAN  
You've been worrying, haven't you, about this Fletcher business? You thought you were just helping us through a bad time. But. it's getting worse isn't it?

SHANE  
You're a discerning woman, Marian.

MARIAN  
Shane, you must go.

SHANE  
Joe needs my help.

MARIAN  
Please. For your own sake.

*(SHANE says nothing.)*

MARIAN  
Helping us is not a reason for you to stay. You said you didn't want to pick up your gun again. I am afraid you will do something you'll regret if you stay.

*(He looks at her for a long time. We feel his sadness and wistful loneliness. He slowly wraps up his gun with the cloth)*

SHANE

*(matter of fact)* My life could have been so different if I had been lucky and fallen in love with a woman like you.

MARIAN

(Moved) You would have never allowed yourself to fall in love.

OLDER BOB

Mother looked so beautiful in the sunlight...and for reasons I couldn't quite understand at the time, my heart hurt for Shane.

MARIAN

This is not your fight, Shane.

SHANE

Now, it is. Marian, let me stay. Let me help you .

MARIAN

You know what that might mean for you ?

SHANE

I do. Of course, I do.

**END**

MARIAN

Shane, I wouldn't be able to live with myself if you...

*(MARIAN impulsively almost grasps his hands or touches his chest. There's electricity. She pulls back. She and they look at one another in silence. She turns and walks away.)*

SHANE

Marian, you, Bobby and Joe are the only family I have.

MARIAN

Gracias, Shane.

*(MARIAN exits.)*

**Scene 14: EPILOGUE**

*(The world disappears. OLDER BOB is alone on stage.)*

OLDER BOB

I guess that's all there is to tell. The folks in town and the kids in school liked to talk about Shane ...to spin big tales about him. That there were sightings of him in Arkansas and Texas. But I didn't say anything.. No matter how outlandish the legends became, I never talked about Shane to anyone.

We stayed and we farmed. And every summer, Mami, Papi and I would go up to Pine Ridge to visit with Winona and Chaske on their farm where she raised cattle for her people.

My mother and father are buried over there, exactly where they hoped to rest.

*(A huge root system reveals itself from where the stump used to be, encompassing the entire stage.)*

They are here...in the roots of this place...around us, with us always. We are a part of this land. This beautiful land that holds all of our stories, good and bad.

My mind still goes back to the last time I saw Shane, tall and terrible in the moonlight, going down to kill or be killed, and how he helped a little boy live out his childhood and grow into a man who tries to do good.

He was a man who rode into our little valley out of the heart of the great glowing West and when his work was done rode back from whence he had come.

*(We see Shane or an outline of Shane)*

And he was Shane.

THE END