

# Caracoochee

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## *The Indian's Revenge*

Adapted from the Book  
By Greg Edge

### Characters

Narrator  
Caracoochee  
Chief Red Cloud  
High Horse  
Buffalo Horn  
White Elk  
Laughing Water  
William Sullivan  
Mary Sullivan  
Bear  
George Owens

Narrator: Long, long ago, in the northern parts of what is now North Dakota and Montana, lived a band of Minatree Indians.

(High Horse, Buffalo Horn, and White Elk enter yelling and whooping. They are carrying bags of loot and have scalp locks attached to their belts. Indian women enter and exclaim over the loot, admiring it. Chief Red Cloud enters and all becomes quiet. Caracoochee follows him out of the tipi)

High Horse: Look, O great chief. The hearts of the white man tremble like frightened rabbits before the mighty Minatree. We take many scalps and burn many white man's villages.

Laughing Water: They bring back many beautiful things.

Red Cloud: But where is my son, Gray Wolf? Why is he not with you?

Buffalo Horn: Gray Wolf was murdered by the whites as we crossed an open field. We ran like the deer, but the white man's bullets ran faster.

(William is sitting on steps sharpening a tool and talking to his wife)

William: My, how times flies, Mary. Here it's almost time to cut the hay again. Looks like there's going to be a big hay cop too.

Mary: I'm glad, William.

William: I shore am a lucky feller, the way the Lord's been a blessin' me. Good wife, good land, good crops. Too bad we can't get rid of those pesky Injuns. Everything'd be perfect then.

Mary: Now, William, the Lord loves 'em as much as He loves us. It's just they haven't had the chance to know the Lord as we have.

William: Humph.

Mary: But you're righ husband, we certainly have been blessed by the Lord. ... Oh my! The biscuits! (going into the house) You're not going to think you're so blessed if they turn out burned.

Narrator: As Mary went to check on her precious biscuits, William stayed on the porch. Intent upon his work, he did not notice he approach of an Indian.

(Caracoochee stumbles in)

Caracoochee: Ugh!

(William recoils in chock, grabbing his tool and rising to his feet with a look of contempt in his eyes)

William: You -- you--you startled me, Redskin! What do you mean, coming on my property like this!

Caracoochee: Caracoochee need food from white brother.

William: White man have nothing for heathen Injun dog!

Caracoochee: Long time not eat. Me need food. White man have food for Indian?

William: You'll get nothing from me, dog! (pointing) Go!

Caracoochee: No crust or water? Indian need food.

William: No! And if you want water, drink from the river, savage! Now go!

(As Caracoochee stumblingly makes his way across the clearing, William watches for a few moments, then turns and begins making his way to the barn. As William disappears, Mary hesitatingly opens the door, watches William disappear, and then turns to look for the Indian. She sees

Caracoochee as he slumps to the ground. She disappears into the house for a moment, then hurries across to the Indian)

Mary: Will my red brother have food? (He drinks and eats a little) Here, take this with you.

Caracoochee: (sets food on ground and gets Heron feather) Caracoochee give White Heron Feather , a sign of friendship. Protect white squaw.

Mary: Thank you, Caracoochee. Now you'd better go. William will be back any minute.

(Caracoochee takes the food and exits. Mary goes into the cabin. William enters)

William: (muttering to himself) No good savages. Always tryin' to trick you. Smile to your face and stick a tomahawk in your back. Ignorant savages! Mary! Mary! Come here, will you?

Mary: (opens door) Yes, William?

William: Mary, one of those Injun dogs, a Minataree, was here.

Mary: I know, William. I heard. I heard the way you were treating him.

William: He got better treatment than he deserved. Ignorant heathen. He was tryin' to trick me.

Mary: William! Do you really think he would stoop that low?

William: He's a heath! He'd do anything. You just can't trust 'em farther than you can throw 'em. Devil worshippers! All of 'em! Just make sure the door's bolted when I'm not around. And be careful the next couple of weeks.

Mary: Yes, William