

is heard from out that opaque blackness that dimly speaks of prairie and bog. With a wild scream the two dash into the house, banging the door and barricading it with chairs and tables. Buck in surprise turns from the old organ where he has been amusing himself:

"Wh\*what was that?" screams Birdie.

"What?"

"That inhuman cry. Someone is being murdered out there!"

The cry is repeated, and a look of enlightenment breaks over Buck's face.

"That! Pshaw! That aint nothin' but a coyote. They been hangin' round this shack ever since old Rube died".

"Coyote! Rube!"

"Yep. Rube was an old gelding the boss was fond of. GOT A BUNCH of them old veterans he never can git no the heart to kill off, and they drop off themselves from old age genrally. Rube's been dead more'n two weeks now, though you would'nt suspect it from the lingering smell of him, or the way them coyotes hang about his bones".

Birdie collapses into a chair and covers her face with her hands. Dickie sinks into chair at table and spraeuls out his arms, burying his face upon them.

(The screen should show a coyote, out in the dusky night, nose raised to the moon)

After a while Dick reaches out his hand and pats Birdie's arm.

"D'don't be afraid, old scout!"