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# The Mountain Men

By Fraser C. Heston

Hold on, hold on!  
It's Frapp, for Christ's sake!  
You damn fool!  
You could have killed my horse!  
What's wrong with you, huh?  
Don't you wanna have fun no more?  
Too old for this, I reckon.  
- Damn you, Henry Frapp!  
- Oh, shit. Damn.  
I thought you lost your hair  
down in the Bayou Sallot.  
Hell, no! I aim to keep my scalp a while.  
Looks like you been trapping.  
Where you been?  
Absaroka, Yellowstone. Where you up from?  
Been back in the settlements.  
I just come from St Louis.  
- See any sign?  
- Heap.  
Whole war party, Blackfoot,  
working right hereabouts.  
No, they're Crow.  
I seen the moccasin tracks.  
They've been trying to steal my horses  
for a week.  
Them are Blackfoot.  
Crow, I reckon.  
Blackfoot! I can read sign, God damn it!  
- What's beaver in St Louis?  
- \$5.  
\$5?  
Be a cold day in hell  
before I sell my plews for \$5.  
- How about in Taos?  
- Same thing.  
Where the hell you been?  
Don't you go to rendezvous no more?  
Not for a couple of winters now.  
- You heading there?  
- You damn right!  
I got to get some whisky.  
If I don't get some whisky soon,  
I'm gonna die!  
Hell.

I've a mind to rendezvous myself,  
if you don't mind the company.  
Glad to have you.  
I need somebody who can shoot centre...  
...in case we got to fight them Blackfoot.  
- Crow!  
- Blackfoot, God damn it!  
- Got any baccy?  
- I guess so.  
- Give us a chaw.  
- Yeah.  
No hard feelings, old coon? Oh, shit!  
Nary a one.  
Son of a bitch!  
Buffalo on the Platte?  
Mighty thin.  
Goddamn Pawnees been  
shooting them again for the hides...  
...leaving the meat out  
there to rot in the sun.  
What's old Bridger doing?  
I heard he was in Santa Fe,  
bushwaying for a bunch of greasers.  
Mr Frapp! Whoa!  
- My God, Mr Frapp!  
- Where you been, asshole?  
I made the assumption  
you had gone downstream.  
You assumed? Well, don't do  
no more goddamn assuming.  
- I thought you got lost again.  
- Haven't you ever been lost?  
Fearsome confused for a month or two,  
but I ain't never been lost.  
This here's Bill Tyler.  
You gonna shoot me with your ramrod?  
Now, that's Nat Wyeth from Massachusetts.  
Says he's a ice merchant.  
Ice?  
Got to take him to the rendezvous.  
I'm travelling to Oregon, Mr Tyler.  
I have a plan to send  
salmon east in barrels.  
Salmon?

Well, let's get to the rendezvous.  
I got a powerful dry on.  
How you gonna get them barrels  
over the Rockies?  
- Wagons, Mr Tyler.  
- Wagons? You can't get wagons over...  
I'm joining a train of immigrants  
at the rendezvous.  
Immigrants, huh?  
Lmmigrants! Lmmigrants!  
It's the promised land, Mr Tyler.  
What in the hell would  
anyone want to go to Oregon for?  
To trade, to build...  
...to till the soil, to farm the land.  
You can't farm nothing in Oregon.  
Won't nothing grow there.  
I could've told you that.  
But he won't listen to me.  
Mark my word, Mr Tyler,  
one day there'll be a wagon road...  
- ... all the way from St Louis to Oregon.  
- Oh, bullshit!  
It's a new empire, virgin and untrammelled.  
- Hey, Henry, give us another chaw, will you?  
- It's a land of...  
- Jesus.  
... limitless opportunity.  
- Shit!  
- What's wrong?  
What's wrong?  
You can see what's wrong, can't you?  
Well, I don't see anything.  
- Well, you don't see it 'cause it ain't there.  
- What ain't there?  
The goddamn rendezvous ain't there,  
God damn it!  
- What's it say?  
- How do I know what it says? You read this.  
"Come on to Popo Agie.  
Plenty whisky and white women."  
Popo Agie? That can't be.  
The hell you say.  
They got white women, ain't they?

Hell and gone the other side of the Divide!

Well, you don't expect them...

...to go dragging them white women  
all the way across the Rockies, do you?

Traders been coming to the mountains  
for rendezvous for 10 years.

Now they got white women,  
they won't leave the prairie. Shit.

Before long, they'll have us  
packing our plews clean back to St Louis.

Listen, what do you plan to do  
about them Blackfoot...

...that's been following us all day long?

- Crow.

- Blackfoot, God damn it!

I know Blackfoot.

I can smell them a mile off.

Well, you don't know hog jowls  
from horseshit, 'cause they're Crow.

They won't bother us none.

However, keep an eye on the horses.

Crow ain't so bad.

I spent a couple of winters with them  
in the Absaroka.

You trust their honour,  
you'll be safe enough.

You trust their honesty,  
you're gonna lose your long johns, too.

Hey, Henry!

I hear you got into the money end  
of this miserable business.

Yeah. I packed in supplies from St Louis...

...watered down the whisky,  
jacked up the prices...

...and went to trading for beaver.

- Yeah? What happened?

- Lost my ass.

Turned around  
and sold everything to Fontenelle.

Well, beaver will shine again.

Look at these here plews of mine.

It took you two years  
to get them, too, didn't it?

I mind the time you get

that many beaver in one fall hunt.  
And wait till you see  
what Fontenelle's gonna give you for them...  
...when you get to the rendezvous.  
Well, damn Fontenelle!  
I'm a free trapper, by God.  
I trade my plews  
to the highest bidder, cash money.  
Well, then you're shit out of luck, son...  
...'cause Fontenelle's the only bidder  
you got this year.  
Stand clear!  
What was that?  
- What was what?  
- I heard something.  
You've been hearing something  
all the way from Missouri.  
- You hear something, Tyler?  
- I told you.  
Shut up! Hear that?  
I'm telling you, there  
is something out there.  
Of course there's something out there.  
There's always something out there.  
Why, there's rabbits and coons  
and mule deer...  
...and sometimes  
there's just your own horses.  
That's it again!  
Set down, flatlander.  
- Blackfoot! Mind your scalp!  
- They're Crow.  
You mind your own scalp.  
- What the hell are you doing, Tyler?  
- Is he just gonna lie there?  
You want to get us killed?  
Them goddamn Blackfoot  
is trying to steal my mules!  
Strikes me they're doing you a favour.  
Now, looky here.  
Them Crow put the sneak on us  
half an hour ago.  
There's at least 20 of them out there.  
Shit! I mind the time when

10-to-1 was good odds for mountain men.

- 7-to-1.

- You don't count!

God damn it, I ain't gonna lay here  
and let them sons of bitches...

You go out there now, you'll lose  
half the horses and all your hair.

I aim to keep them both.

- Come on.

- What the hell?

Roll out, roll out.

There's your cayuse.

Saddle him and let's ride.

- Well, how'd you get them back?

- I stole them back.

Come on, we ain't got all day.

That's Cross Otter.

Damnedest pirate you ever saw.

Blackfeet?

No. He told you they was Crow,  
didn't he, you goddamn idiot?

What's he want?

He wants the goddamn horses back.

What the hell you think he want?

He says, "Smoke pipe friendly, go away".

My ass.

Come on in, Cross Otter!

- What should I do?

- Just keep your hand on that scattergun.

Don't take your eyes off them,  
that's what you do.

Jesus.

Well, speak your piece, Cross Otter.

Tyler...

...your heart is black.

Damn it, you stole them horses first,  
and you know it.

I have many men in my camp.

Strong. Young.

Maybe they kill you.

You keep ahold of your young men,  
or I'll lift their hair.

But you stole our horses in the winter.

Well, you stole them from me last fall.

You're lucky  
I didn't take your whole remuda.  
You give us presents, we go in peace.  
You can go in dog shit, dingleballs.  
Had about enough out of you.  
Or we take, we take horses!  
Well, that'll be after the fight.  
You speak with your tongue,  
like young girls.  
You eat dung of white cows!  
Shit!  
I assume now there's going to be a fight.  
I told you there was Blackfoot hereabouts.  
God damn it!  
You might be right.  
Open your eyes, son.  
Come on, son, load!  
Load, damn it!  
After one or two of them bastards  
gets killed...  
...they sure lose  
their stomach for fighting.  
Crow dogs,  
I crap on the graves of your fathers!  
Crow and Blackfeet don't get along,  
it seems.  
Blackfoot don't get along with nobody.  
I've seen them take off a man's skin  
a strip at a time.  
Blackfoot, come out and fight!  
Send me your men!  
Cross Otter, why don't you  
quit your cussing and send for your braves?  
Men without balls!  
Now, that's something now, greenhorn.  
- I just took an arrow.  
- I can see that.  
- Here, hold still.  
- No! No!  
I ain't gonna hurt you, damn it!  
Good thing it weren't in too deep.  
- Crow warriors!  
- Right on time, huh, shithead?  
Yeah! Crow strong warriors.



You ought to stick to stealing horses.  
Horse will carry you, at least.  
- Did you kill her?  
- She damn near killed me.  
You got yourself a heap of trouble  
is what you done.  
Yeah? What was I supposed to do?  
Let Cross Otter cut her up for wolf bait?  
She's dead, Mr Tyler.  
Oh, shit.  
If you want to run,  
show some sense, for Christ's sake!  
Run the other way!  
Before you know it, Cross Otter will be  
back here with a fistful of bloody scalps.  
He won't make no bones  
about cutting your fine long locks, neither.  
Excuse me.  
Oh, yeah. Heap of trouble.  
How many more will you kill?  
We have always fought the Crow.  
Not over squaw.  
Let the girl go. She means nothing to you.  
She is my woman.  
You treat her like a coyote bitch.  
It is not the girl for what she is.  
It is the long knives...  
...the hair-faces...  
...more and more of them.  
If they are not stopped...  
...there will be no food to hunt...  
...no lands left for us.  
Then why not try  
and make peace with them, trade with them?  
They spit on our land...  
...destroy our buffalo herd...  
...trap our beaver.  
The hair-face...  
...big one...  
he opens the path for others.  
But he will not have her...  
...or one more thing belonging to my people.  
You're a Blackfoot, ain't you?  
I come from another village.

My father sold me to Heavy Eagle.

One horse, one gun.

- Slave?

- Wife.

- The same.

- Heavy Eagle.

He beat you some, huh?

Where'd you learn American?

Fort McKenzie.

In the summer we trade beaver there.

You learned good.

I go with you.

No.

You go your own way.

I cannot go back to Heavy Eagle.

Hell!

You can come to rendezvous...

...but, looky here,

after that you got to clear out.

I packed a squaw along before.

Six year.

Damnedest slut as ever cried for foofaraw.

Always wanting vermilion...

...and blue beads and mirrors and such.

Bedding down with every buck

that come her way.

She was pretty, though.

- What's your name?

- Running Moon.

You'll clear out if I tell you.

Whisky!

Whisky!

I'm a mountain man, by God!

I can whip any 10 of you niggers!

I'm sorry. Mistake. Accident.

I was weaned on rattlesnake blood!

My mammy was a wolf,

and my pa was a gore grizzly!

- \$3.

- \$3?

God damn it, Fontenelle, you know that  
this beaver's worth a heap more than \$3.

- This here is prime fur.

- \$3.

This here's a \$5 plew if there ever was one.  
\$3 seems fair enough... What are you doing?  
\$3. I don't go no higher.  
You got buffalo robes?  
I give you \$20 apiece for them.  
I never thought I'd see the day  
when buffalo brought more than beaver.  
You're robbing him blind, Fontenelle.  
I never traded cutthroat like that.  
Take it while you can, boys.  
Next year you may not be able  
to sell beaver at all.  
The way things are going,  
this may be your last rendezvous.  
- What d'you mean?  
- Silk.  
- What's that?  
- Silk hats.  
They're not making them  
out of beaver no more, Bill.  
Silk's the fashion now in London.  
A heap of fat meat can't shine forever.  
- I seen it coming.  
- Beaver'll shine again, Henry.  
Actually, it seems reasonable  
that if there's no demand...  
Silk. What the hell is silk?  
Don't you know nothing?  
Silk. Made out of worms.  
Injuns coming! Injuns coming!  
- Asshole. Shit.  
- Blackfeet.  
Blackfeet? They found us.  
No, them are Crow, for Christ's sake.  
Ain't we learned you nothing?  
That's Iron Belly's village.  
Sure do make a spectacle, don't they?  
Who in goddamn is that?  
God damn, that's Medicine Wolf!  
He come west with me in '23.  
We raised hell  
from South Forks to Three Pass, we did.  
Hey, Medicine Wolf!  
Let me through there.

No. Come on, let me through. Here.  
Let him through! Let him through!  
Let him through!  
Medicine Wolf, how the hell are you?  
God damn!  
Here, old horse, have a drink.  
God damn!  
Mean as if he had a red-hot poker  
up his asshole.  
- Well, listen.  
- I'm a mad dog!  
Maybe Iron Belly help you.  
He knows the beaver like his own children.  
Christ, I thought he was dead.  
He outlive seven squaws.  
Last winter he had a son.  
- Say, what the hell is that stuff?  
- Kinnikinnick.  
- It tastes like buffalo shit.  
- It is.  
- You should've heard him howl!  
- Oh, that's good!  
- I don't care if it's true or not!  
- Iron Belly?  
Iron Belly, it's me, Tyler.  
- How the hell old is he?  
- 110.  
Look at that.  
That's Spanish armour.  
Iron Belly.  
Iron Belly, it's Bill Tyler.  
- Bill Tyler?  
- Yeah. It's me.  
- Bill Tyler?  
- The same.  
I thought you were dead.  
He Who Runs With the Wind,  
speak your heart.  
Beaver's getting mighty scarce, Iron Belly.  
That damn Fontenelle's paying  
next to nothing for the plews.  
- Ought to fight him.  
- Outfits are going sky-high.  
Vermilion and beads and scalping knives

and such are mighty dear these days.  
Some say fur is down for good...  
...beaver won't never shine again.  
I am old, Bill Tyler.  
Beaver gone. Soon I gone, too.  
Damn it, Iron Belly,  
it can't all be trapped out.  
In the mountains of the River of Wind...  
...there is a valley.  
The Wind River Range?  
It's the land of our enemies, the Blackfeet.  
Their hearts are bad,  
their eyes red with blood.  
And it's chock-full of beaver, ain't it?  
- Ain't it?  
- No.  
Has to be.  
Blackfeet been keeping  
everybody out of there for years.  
It must be so full of beaver...  
...you don't even have to trap them,  
just club them on the bank.  
Sure.  
Iron Belly.  
Higher in the mountains there is a valley.  
It is guarded fiercely by the Blackfeet  
for there are beaver there...  
...as many as the stars in the sky.  
You said that already.  
Wind Rivers is a big range.  
Can you narrow it down some?  
I have no more words.  
Iron Belly.  
You will know when you find it.  
Damn your eyes, Running Moon.  
I left you possibles to get you home,  
didn't I?  
Well, damn it!  
Voil! You're sober now,  
huh, Billy Tyler?  
Sure you can take her?  
Better watch out, Billy,  
she's gonna lift your hair!  
- What'd you do that for?

- You lied to me!  
- You said you'd go when I asked you.  
- But you have not said so.  
Running Moon, why don't you go home?  
I have no home.  
Oh, for Christ's sake!  
It is the custom of my people.  
I go with you.  
Tribal custom? Sacre dame!  
She's trs pumpkin, Billy Tyler.  
I never heard of no such tribal custom.  
If Tyler does not want the squaw...  
...I take the squaw.  
That's my tribal custom. Huh?  
What d'you wanna latch on to me for?  
I have nowhere to go.  
Hey, Tyler,  
you give me that Crow of a bitch, huh?  
I'm not afraid of her. She won't hurt me.  
Excuse me.  
You don't wanna get him riled, froggy.  
He might have you for lunch. There you go.  
Well, I thank you.  
Why don't you learn trapping?  
Take up a decent trade, instead of  
latching on to that damn wagon string.  
Train. Wagon train.  
Come on.  
We're going clear to Oregon, Mr Tyler.  
You won't get past the Snake!  
You can't get wagons  
through the mountains!  
Damn pilgrim!  
Dumb asshole.  
Reckon you're gonna keep her?  
You reckon I got any choice?  
I don't know. Got sand in her, she does.  
Hell.  
Kicked the shit out of you.  
Christ. Sand.  
You ain't gonna catch nothing up here  
except rheumatism, Tyler.  
We'd best move on in the morning.  
This sure Lord ain't the place.

Yes, sir,  
whole valley swarming with beaver...  
...fighting to get into your trap.  
- "Take me, take me," they say.  
- God damn it, Henry.  
A place like that ain't gonna be  
easy to find, it stands to reason.  
You see any sign?  
Sure as shit ain't no sign of beaver.  
I don't mean beaver sign.  
Oh, maybe. I can smell Blackfoot a mile off.  
No offence, Running Moon.  
This child smells Blackfoot, too.  
Nothing particular, just a feeling.  
My people come here many times.  
- You've been here before?  
- Many times.  
- Why in the hell didn't you say so?  
- You did not ask.  
You know about this valley  
all full of beaver?  
My people kept it a secret  
from the other tribes.  
They say it was rich in fur,  
thick and sleek.  
- Where in the hell is it?  
- I don't know. I don't remember.  
What do you mean, you don't remember?  
- You was raised here, for Christ's sake...  
- Henry!  
She says she don't know.  
It's only a legend.  
Well...  
- Where you been?  
- Trapping.  
- Any Injun sign?  
- Oh, some.  
- Do you reckon they'll be back?  
- Not the ones that tangled with me.  
You look all tuckered out, Bill.  
I think you're getting too old  
for the mountains.  
- Losing your wind.  
- Could be, Henry.

Could be.

Injuns!

Injuns, God damn it!

Damn Blackfoot stealing my mules.

If I was you, I'd let them keep them.

Anyways, you was guarding the stock.

They snuck up on me, God damn it.

That's what Injuns do for a living.

Heavy Eagle.

- Him?

- No.

Do you reckon he saw you?

Looks like they crossed here.

Must be halfway to Three Forks.

Running Moon!

Running...

I thought you'd gone under.

Heavy Eagle will hunt us.

His blood burns. He will...

Where's Frapp?

Where's my shirt?

Damn it. Running Moon, where's my shirt?

You promised to mend it.

Damn thing's plumb wore out anyways.

Well, what'd...

Well, now, then.

That shines. That...

That truly shines.

The woman is of our nation. She's mine.

- Go on, get!

- I stay with you.

- You'll go under if you do.

- I stay!

Running Moon!

Running...

Where's Running Moon?

Is the long knife a swift runner?

What do you mean, run?

It was not for me to decide.

The council of elders are like squaws.

The white man's medicine makes us weak.

We die like flies at Fort McKenzie.

You mean the pox?

We trade at the fort,



and our faces rot and fall off.  
Even the wolves will not touch us.  
This is strange, evil medicine.  
And we can do nothing about it.  
But you and I are the same.  
A few passing suns will see us no more.  
Our bones will bleach in the sun  
with the bones of the buffalo.  
But we shall be remembered.  
Tomorrow, you'll see your last sunrise.  
Where is Running Moon?  
She is dead.  
Run.  
He cannot be found.  
You hunt for him still?  
No man can live in that water.  
Not the Gros Ventre.  
- He is dead.  
- I survived.  
When his scalp...  
...hangs from my lodge...  
...when his head sits on my spear...  
...then he will be dead.  
It will be winter soon.  
Running Moon, go. Bring us wood.  
We have little to eat.  
We must move the village.  
When the snow fall, it will hide his tracks.  
We need no tracks.  
We will move the village  
before the snow come.  
Then we will hunt.  
There is only one place  
he can survive the winter.  
In the village of Iron Belly, the Crow.  
Git!  
Go on!  
- You black your face for a hunt?  
- For this hunt.  
Christ.  
I am dying.  
There is no more.  
I am hungry, too.  
I am Medicine Wolf.

I will not die like a slave.

Medicine Wolf?

You know Bill Tyler? He spoke of you.

- Bill Tyler is my friend.

- When did you see him?

- Was he not in your village?

- No.

He escaped from Heavy Eagle  
before the winter.

- Maybe he go under.

- No.

I know that he's alive.

Maybe he go north.

Yellowstone country.

Many trappers winter on the Madison River.

I am Tyler's woman.

I will bring you more.

What the hell took you, Tyler?

Henry?

Sit your ass down and have a cup of coffee.

Oh, that's good, man.

That's mighty good.

Look here, Henry.

If I'd a knowed...

You was laying there scalped.

If I'd a knowed you weren't dead...

I never would've left you, not for nothing.

You don't have to tell me that,  
for Christ's sake. I know that.

Well, I was laying there.

Come to all by my lonesome.

Them Blackfeet was so busy  
taking off after you...

...they even forgot to take my rifle.

I got back to camp, I seen you was gone.

Just walked the hell out of there.

Takes a lot more than a scalping knife  
to put this child under.

It sure must've smarted some, though.

Well, I guess.

Ain't that the shits?

I tell you, it felt mighty queersome.

Hey, where in the hell's Running Moon?

She's gone under, Henry...

...when Heavy Eagle stove her head in.  
Oh, shit.  
God damn!  
She was some pumpkin, too.  
Well...  
Say, you ever find that valley?  
The one that's  
always swarming with the beavers?  
Where they run up on the banks  
and fight one another to get in your trap?  
Hollering, "Take me, Bill Tyler! Take me!"  
Beaver, many as stars in the sky.  
- There's an old horse outside.  
- What?  
There's an old horse outside.  
You are only a slave.  
They will not go after you.  
Find Tyler. Tell him I wait.  
Go.  
Before I got there, he'd burnt it out.  
Killed the old man,  
and the squaws and the young ones, too.  
Left me between a rock and a hard place.  
All I could do was try for the Flathead  
countries, see if they'd take me in.  
I worked across the Yellowstone.  
Yeah, you got the hair of the bear on you,  
Tyler, that's for damn sure.  
I seed the back door to hell, Henry.  
Yeah, look at her. There she is.  
You little rascal. Go on, get out.  
Traded a good pinto for her.  
Course, I stole him from her pappy first.  
The old son of a bitch got so goddamn  
many horses, he didn't recognise his own...  
...when I brung him back.  
She don't know a damn word of English...  
...but she can be mighty comforting  
on a night like this one.  
I do miss my mules, though.  
Hey, Tyler, where's your squaw?  
Oh, I know. You get too old, huh?  
Gros Ventre bitch. Big melons.  
What'd you pay for her?

I bet she hump you good, huh?  
Shut up, shit for brains.  
I like red meat, huh?  
I said, shut up,  
you goddamn pork-eating frog turd!  
"I said, shut up. I said, shut up," huh?  
I can't stand that nasty-talking bastard.  
You know, it's goddamn lonesome out here.  
It took you 20 years  
to figure that one out, huh?  
I'm getting long in the tooth for this.  
- That ain't a elk.  
- I reckon not.  
No presents now, Tyler, you hear?  
No damn meat either.  
Watch yourself, Bill, God damn it.  
He's liable to have the pox.  
He ain't got the pox.  
The whole tribe caught it  
over to Port Union last fall, God damn it.  
What the hell!  
- I am Medicine Wolf.  
- I know who you are, damn it.  
What happened?  
Medicine Wolf hunting. They take prisoner.  
All die.  
- Hungry.  
- Yeah...  
...you'll eat just as soon as  
we get you back to camp.  
How'd you get away?  
Running Moon.  
- What?  
- Running Moon.  
She help Medicine Wolf. Give horse.  
- She says...  
- She's alive?  
...she waits.  
What'd he say? What'd he say?  
He says he's hungry.  
God.  
For Christ's sakes,  
tell him we ain't got no meat to spare.  
We can't go feeding every starving-ass

Indian comes wandering into...

Oh, Jesus.

I don't reckon he'll eat much, Henry.

You fellers ever find that valley  
you was hunting?

The one Iron Belly told you about?

There ain't no valley, Joe.

- I hear Iron Belly tell you different.

- Iron Belly's an old man.

He was just yarning me.

It didn't make no never mind to him.

Maybe he tell you the truth.

Which way might you be heading,  
come break-up?

North.

Drop on over Kicking Horse Pass,  
trap the wolf.

Maybe the Peace River.

It's British territory.

Hudson's Bay ain't gonna be too happy  
to hear you trapping their ground.

If the Blackfeet couldn't lift my hair,  
I reckon I can stay ahead of the Britishers.  
Coyotes?

Remember the first time we saw the Tetons?  
Standing tall and white as a woman's breast.

Whole country so new it made a man think...  
...he was the first one to set foot on it.

You could walk for a year  
in any direction with just your rifle.

Live good and easy.

Never say "sir" to nobody.

- What made you change your mind?

- What do you mean by that?

I mean, Running Moon ain't dead, is she?

Well, no more than I am.

So I don't reckon

you're heading for no Peace River, are you?

No, she ain't dead.

Bastard Heavy Eagle lied to me.

- There ain't no valley, Henry.

- I wasn't thinking about that.

There ain't no beaver up there, God damn it!

I just thought you might need some help

stealing Running Moon back, that's all.  
I don't need no help.  
Don't reckon I need any help.  
Heavy Eagle might have  
something to say about that.  
Maybe.  
Well, I was only trying to help you,  
you contrary old fart.  
I know it.  
Good luck to you.  
Good luck to you, too, Henry.  
Well, somebody's gotta look after you.  
What happened to your squaw?  
I traded her back to her pappy  
for the pinto.  
You ain't riding it.  
The old fart stole him back again,  
goddamn thieving redskin.  
Tyler.  
Didn't figure on meeting you two up here.  
Wind River's a long ways  
from Kicking Horse Pass.  
I changed my mind.  
Yeah, I can see that.  
You're free trappers.  
You hunt where you want.  
But I'm telling you,  
there ain't no valley up here...  
...and there ain't no beaver.  
No? So why you here, then?  
You boys are on your own hook.  
Stay out of my way.  
Why...  
...you forsake your people?  
I have no people.  
I am the people.  
They will not die while I live.  
You cannot leave, Running Moon.  
He will come...  
...as I did.  
And he will die.  
That wasn't here this morning.  
Two, three hours old.  
Six, seven of them. War party.

Don't try to teach me my business, Henry.  
Travelling too fast for hunters.  
Maybe they was in a hurry.  
Where the hell do you think they're going?  
Church social?  
You'd best get back on to camp,  
check up on them two chichacos.  
I'll scout around some.  
That crap Walker don't come in by now,  
he don't come in.  
Quit worrying.  
You've been out longer yourself.  
Sacre merde!  
I think you one goddamn Injun.  
If I was an Injun, you'd be dead.  
- I thought you was hunting with Walker.  
- Oui?  
- You bury him.  
- Bullshit! You'll kill us all, Tyler.  
And then take all the beaver for yourself!  
Maybe you kill my friend.  
- Then maybe you kill me, huh?  
- That ain't a bad idea, frog ass.  
Sale con!  
I seen the village, Henry.  
I got close enough to spit on it.  
Running Moon up there?  
It's near empty.  
The braves are out hunting us.  
- Only a bunch of old men and boys...  
- Is Running Moon up there?  
- Sure, she's there.  
- Well?  
- Figured how to get her out of there?  
- Walk in and take her.  
Take her? Christ's sakes, Tyler, take her?  
They'll be just down to the end  
of that valley.  
We ride into the valley from the east,  
then we work up a side canyon.  
I know they're watching us all the time,  
so I'm certain they'll go after us.  
Go after us? You tetched?  
Go after... Jesus Christ.

Once we draw off Heavy Eagle and his boys,  
we put the sneak on them.  
We work past them in the thick country...  
...and walk into that village  
as slick as you please.  
Who in the hell  
d'you think you're messing with?  
- Them boys kill for a living, you know?  
- No!  
By the time they get wind of where we're at,  
we'll be long gone.  
Hey, wake up, you old fart.  
La Bont lit out on us, did he?  
Yeah, took the pack stock with him, too.  
Asshole.  
Well, you was guarding the horses.  
The hell you say!  
It was your turn, God damn it!  
My turn? My turn? You old bastard!  
Well, it's never your turn  
to guard the goddamn horses!  
- Every goddamn time we lose the horses...  
- Oh, shut up!  
...it's my turn to guard them, ain't it?  
Yeah? Well, what about the time  
the Rees snuck off...  
...with old Gabe's mules  
down on the Bighorn, huh?  
- You was guarding the stock.  
- I was guarding the stock?  
Bullshit I was guarding the stock!  
What about that time  
down on the Seedska-dee...  
...when the Sioux jumped your ass, huh?  
- You was...  
- What the hell?  
Oh, balls.  
He's leading them right back to us!  
Asshole!  
Damn. They nearly got me.  
Where the hell's my horses?  
What do you think?  
The goddamn Indians get them.  
What the hell'd you come back here for...



...you goddamn ignorant,  
foreign goddamn shithead frog?  
We sure put the sneak on them.  
Yes, sir. Sure fooled them.  
Nobody guarding this village.  
Yes, sirree.  
All we got to do is...  
...give them the slip  
in the thick country...  
...and then whip right up there  
and rescue good old Running Moon...  
slick as you please.  
You got any ideas?  
Well, maybe if we can hold them off  
till dark...  
...get our asses out of here  
and up to that village before sunup.  
'Cause you know Heavy Eagle ain't gonna  
try to butcher us until daybreak.  
By then,  
we could be halfway to Yellowstone.  
What makes you think  
he won't butcher us at night?  
Blackfeet don't fight at night.  
You know that.  
Henry, you ain't got the brains  
God give geese.  
Hey, what d'you think?  
Maybe we make deal?  
We give them horses, they let us go, no?  
I've been down that trail before.  
He wants parley. We give it to him, no?  
You suit yourself.  
I got nothing to say to him.  
- He's way out of range.  
- I know it. I just don't like him.  
- Don't miss.  
- I never miss.  
Say, Henry...  
...ain't no need for you  
to fight your way into that village.  
- We could join up...  
- I ever tell you about the time...  
...the Arapahos chased me up a canyon

over in the Big Lost?  
No. I reckon you're gonna tell me.  
Well, it was over on the Horse Prairie.  
This band of Arapahos  
has been chasing me three days.  
So I seen this canyon. I figured, well,  
I'll whip in there, and then I'll slip out.  
The trouble was that there was a way in,  
but there weren't no way out at all.  
Nothing but cliffs half a mile high  
all the way around.  
A whole damn tribe  
of Blackfoot down there...  
...just madder than turpentine wildcats.  
So I holed up behind some rocks,  
but that didn't do no good...  
...because they just kept on a-coming,  
entire Sioux nation.  
Me out of powder, out of lead.  
God damn, I was one scared nigger.  
- Thought you said they was Arapaho.  
- No, God damn it! They was Pawnee.  
Well, what happened to you?  
- Well, I got killed, of course.  
- You got killed, of course.  
Say, did you see anything of Heavy Eagle  
after La Bont got killed?  
Reckon not.  
You're getting too old for Injun-fighting,  
Henry.  
You're losing your wind.  
You call this fighting?  
Jesus.  
I told you,  
you needed somebody to look after you.  
Now you...  
You just lay quiet there a spell,  
and I'll have you out of here.  
Oh, bullshit. Going under, ain't I?  
Son of a bitch!  
Well, we trapped a heap, didn't we?  
The country was ours for the taking  
and, by God, we reached out and took it.  
Yeah, them was shining times.

You and Running Moon gotta move fast.  
Get the hell up in the high country.  
Injuns don't like it up there.  
- You can have my pack mule.  
- You ain't got no pack mule.  
Look, don't talk so damn much.  
Oh, Christ's sakes, I'm bleeding to death.  
I'm gonna talk all I damn want.  
Listen, you old son of a bitch.  
You tell me the truth.  
That valley's up there.  
You and Running Moon found it,  
didn't you?  
It's up there, ain't it? Ain't it?  
Yeah, Henry.  
Yeah, it's up there.  
A whole valley full of prime beaver.  
A man could live easy the rest of his days.  
- Was they like stars in the sky?  
- Yeah.  
Did they holler, "Take me, take me"?  
Like it was in the Ashley days...  
...when we was free trappers.  
Oh, God damn it.  
God damn you, Henry Frapp.