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The White Buffalo

By Richard Sale

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What the hell is going on?

I had a dream.

If there'd been anyone in the upper,
you'd have sent him to hell on a shutter!

I'm sorry, Mr. Bixby.

By God, Mr. Otis,

you will stow those damned irons
in your carpetbag,
or I'll stop this train and set you out
in Wyoming on your boots!

In September of 1874,

Wild Bill Hickok came back
to the old west.

I didn't place him then because
he was wearing a different name
and he had a strange bee in his bonnet.

A deadly dream that
was eating out his soul.

A nightmare that he had to hunt down
and face up to before
it turned him into a raving maniac.

I ought to know. I was there.

Morning, Mr. Otis.

Good morning.

I regret the flummery of last night.

Well, at least now

I understand why it happened.

I wish I did.

You don't have to kick chips with me, son.

Time back, you caught yourself

a cold in the pants

that just wouldn't let loose

of you, right?

It's a scar that never heals.

First it gets into your eyes.

They can't stand the daylight,

even the bright moon.

Then it rattlesnakes into your brains.

You start dreaming nightmares.

All bad.

This white buffalo

keeps charging me, real as rain.

Well, son, that dream is safe enough.

The last white spike was put down
by Prairie Dog Dave Morrow last month.
Way the hell and gone on the Cimarron.
Where you headed?
Mr. Otis, a tenderfoot like you
isn't thinking of
staking a claim in the Black Hills?
Says there, "New land of promise."
It don't promise nothing but a quick grave
in a Sioux boneyard.
Jesus, Mary and Joseph!
Where is the Little One?
She's gone to the stars.
Crazy Horse, my son.
It is not fitting
that the war chief of the Oglalas
weeps like a young woman.
Therefore, I take away your true name.
You shall be called "Worm."
Where does her body lie?
At Enchanted Mesa, above the lake.
We placed her far from the Whites
and safe from wolves.
It is time you sought out the holy bull.
The Little One will be forever
tortured in the other world
until you wrap her in his white robe
and cleanse her spirit of its pain.
Hear me, Holy One above!
With a sacred voice, I call you!
With a weeping heart, I ask this.
Help me to find the white buffalo.
My voice is on the smoke.
I thank you, holy grandfather.
Cheyenne!
Ten-minute stop, folks.
Ten minutes!
What's that contraption?
Buff bones.
All that's left of 60 million spikes
that once roamed the coast of Kansas.
My God!
God Almighty!
Hello, Pete.

Sweet Jesus, Bill.
James Otis is the name, Pete.
I heard you were back in Gotham
playacting on the stage
with Billy Cody and making a barrel.
Making a jackass out of myself, you mean.
You! Tinhorn!
There's no open seat in this town!
Back on board.
You scramble-brained son of a bitch!
Are you trying to commit suicide?
You think the Sioux have forgot
how you shot the head off
of Whistler the Peacemaker?
I'm money-bound, Pete.
If you think a new handle and specs
are gonna hide you, you're snaffled.
You're up shit creek without a bullboat.
You're clean out of friends.
That include you, Pete?
That's a hell of a thing to say to me.
You better walk soft in Cheyenne.
Tom Custer and a troop of his toospots
are in town on an Indian scout.
He's made brag he'll turn your lights out
if he ever sees you again.
Well, I'll peel an eye.
Guess I won't see you
this side of again, Pete.
That won't wet my eyes none.
So long, Mr. James Otis, and good luck.
If there's any left.
- Where's Captain Custer?
- Back room, sonny.
Captain Custer, sir.
For Christ's sake,
Corporal Kileen, stand at ease.
Hey, Paddy,
bring us another jug back here.
What is it, Kileen?
Captain, sir, Sergeant Scott
reports that he just saw
Wild Bill Hickok come in
on the Overland Limited.

God damn!
He's using a different handle, James Otis,
and hiding behind a pair of dark specs.
Wonder what the hell he's doing here.
Well, sir, the sergeant thinks
he's here after gold
or on the trail of that white buff
we sighted in the Black Hills last August.
I don't give a damn what he's after.
But him and Paddy being old friends,
sure as sun up, sooner or later
he'll head right for here and find me.
By damn! At last I have
that hair-triggered bastard in my sights.
Kileen, get your ass over the depot
and tell Sergeant Scott
to hang on to Hickok's trail.
I wanna know exactly where he goes.
Shake it up!
What's the ruckus, Captain?
Back in Hay City in '69,
he caught and killed my horse
from under me.
He back shot two of my best soldiers.
That's a bucket of hot air.
Bill never back shot nobody,
not in his whole life.
You calling me a liar, Paddy?
I'm saying you were blind drunk.
Since I was bartender that night,
I ought to know.
You're looking to wear a marble hat.
The truth is, it was your two sots
who tried to back shoot Hickok and lost.
Then he killed your nag
to keep it from killing one of us.
What with it jumping up
on the billiard table and all.
You want me as an enemy, Paddy?
You never did give me goose bumps, Tom.
Captain, you're right, sir.
Hickok's coming here now.
He's just outside.
Got him. You hug that bar

and keep your trap shut
unless you want to die like him.
Miles, take Kileen
and jump that son of a bitch
when he comes through the door.
Miles. You and the boys
make him dance before I knock him off.
Yes, Tom. Come on, men,
we're gonna have a little fun.
Let him dance to the tune!
Bill!
Again, Bill!
Tom Custer tried to brace you.
He's lit out hell for hades.
You took a chance, Paddy.
I owed you.
Not that much.
I heard Poker Jenny works here.
She's the widow Schermerhorn now.
Gone north to a wolf roost
called Fetterman
to open her own place.
Well, I happen
to be going that way myself.
Bill, the word is out the Sioux are riding
the Bozeman Trail like Irish banshees.
So keep your pistol cocked.
Thanks, Paddy.
Hit the collars,
you swayback shad bellies!
Giddyap, there, you lazy bastards!
Yes, sir, Mr. Otis, old hard ass Custer
has tossed the bear
into the beehive this time.
You got a case against gold?
Why do you think I'd be bouncing around
in this bone-breaker on my way to that
shitty little rat hole called Fetterman
if I didn't succor after gold, huh?
Well, watch your tongue, Mr. Coxy.
You know, when that boy general done
planted his boot down in the Black Hills,
why he invited those
frigging feather headers

out on the warpath!
And by the time those scalp hunting
sons-of-bitches are through,
there's gonna be a thousand bloody
nightcaps betwixt here and the Missouri.
You have a filthy mouth.
There's a lady at hand.
You mean her?
Any more hard tongue from you,
you'll settle with me.
Taken kindly, Mr. Otis.
You mind your manners, Mr. Coxy.
God damn this shitty weather!
Give me that!
Damn your lazy hides!
I'm getting just as wet as you are!
What in hades hell is that?
Yeah, green.
Green from horn to hooks.
I wouldn't try it on, Coxy.
Oh, God, no, man!
You wouldn't push me out
on Red Cloud's big open.
For the love of heaven, no, you wouldn't!
No!
Otis! Otis!
Otis, not here!
Otis! Otis!
Otis, wait for me!
You wait! Wait!
Don't leave me alone out here!
You can't maroon a white man
in this country!
You can't!
I told him.
You're about as green as snow.
Come on, old boy.
Come on around.
Hey, dude.
Give me a hand!
Help me tie these
chowderheads off to the boot.
We have more important business over here.
Oh, hell!

This one here is Jim Hanley.
The other one's Pokerdeck Baker.
They had a mine up yonder on the hill.
Come on, let's get 'em inside.
Get a hold of old Jim's boots
before he catches his death of cold.
I'll get them horses.
Boy.
Lord Almighty!
You think you got him?
Well, at least ways
you sprinkled a little pepper on him.
Jesus sakes, if you ain't Old Lightning!
And all the time I's a thinking
you didn't know B from bullshit!
This lady's walking the streets of glory.
God damn!
Blue Whistler must have
caught her right in the third eye.
Maybe you'd better ride up
on the box with me.
Doesn't make any sense.
No sane Indian would ride the warpath
in this kind of weather.
No sense at all, not even for a Sioux.
Well, they ain't worried about it none.
Why should you?
Giddyap there, come on.
Giddyap. Come on. Giddyap.
Well, there she is, partner. Fetterman!
Metropolis of the Bozeman Trail!
Prettier than a nine teat sow, ain't she?
Giddyap up there!
Giddyap, there.
...up there, Amos.
What in hades hell you hauling back there?
Couple of buff hunters.
Who beefed them?
Each to other.
After they made glass
out of two quarts of Old Crow.
This one with the grey socks,
said he'd been charged by a white buff,
back in the Black Hills

near the Elk Mountains.
This one with the moccasins,
allowed as how this one
was a fork tongue lying asshole.
Well, the last white spike
was put in a hole
down on the Cimarron last month.
Amen.
When you get through planting them two,
I got three more customers
for you inside the coach.
And I believe they've got enough money
to pay for their own boxes.
Right kindly of you, Abel.
You better lay 'em out
in the snow till I get back.
Keep 'em fresh.
You think that buff hunter
really did see a white spike?
No! Most likely just Sioux smoke
to keep the whites
from gold hunting in them hills.
Will you look after my plunder
while I find a place to roost?
There's only one place to roost.
Mrs. Schermerhorn's.
God Almighty, the cats!
Hope they're all right.
Yeah. You know, this bad-eyed geezer
gave me ten dollars
to scare up all the stray cats
I could find in Cheyenne.
Would this geezer sporting a bad eye
go calling himself Charlie Zane?
Yeah, that's the bastard. You know him?
I know him.
You can warm your behind at the stove.
Like some coffee?
It's strong enough to float a Colt.
I'd be forever in your debt, ma'am.
Never mind the fancies.
I'm Mrs. Schermerhorn.
My pleasure.
Do I know you?

James Otis, ma'am.
Don't know any Otis.
But you sure as sin remind me of...
Turn around!
Poker Jenny, I believe.
Bill!
You four-flushing son of a bitch!
You cold decked me.
If you ain't a sight for a widow in weeds!
I always could get you
mounted fast, couldn't I?
Such talk!
How long ago was it
when we pleasured in Hays City, huh?
Seems like forever, Cateyes.
It's been that way for me, too, Jen.
Well, tell me, what
brings you up in this neck, huh?
Custer's gold.
Yeah.
Well, there's a heap up
in those Black Hills.
I'm starving you to death, Cateyes.
You wait right here.
Guess you heard about me and Lucas
Schermerhorn getting noosed, huh?
Just about the same time
I heard you were a widow again.
Don't be a bastard.
Lucas was a lucky man, Jen.
Thank you, Cateyes.
Why do you always call me Cateyes?
Ain't you ever seen
those wild eyes of yours
when you're loving it up,
or when you're hitching
your pistols on for a shindy?
I'm a man of comity,
I've always dodged a fight.
Comity? Sure.
You're the most politest shootist
who ever blew a man's brains out.
I'm too done in
to even argue about it, Jen.

Why don't you let me
put you to bed in my room?
Jen, I ain't got the gumption for it.
That'll the day.
Truth.
You just lie still there.
I'll fly the eagle.
No, Jen.
Some time back, one of your
scarlet sisters dosed me proper.
I'm not about to ride the high horse.
Hell, I probably gave it to you myself.
I'll take the chance.
But I won't.
All right, Cateyes.
You take yourself a sound snooze.
But since you're a gambling man,
I'll bet you 6-2 and even
that when you wake up,
I'll talk you into it.
We'll see.
I'll leave the door open,
in case you need anything.
Dear Mother of God!
Dear Mother of God!
It was like you were fighting
Armageddon with Satan himself!
It's all right. It's all right.
But you damned near drowned me!
Where the hell did that thing come from?
When Bill Cody was
shooting meat for the railroad,
they thought it'd be a good stunt to
pass out buff heads to all the nabobs.
And they gave you a white buff head?
You, a doxie? That's worth 2,000 gold.
It ain't real. I mean, I had it painted.
I put in the pink eyes.
Jesus. I'm sorry, Jen.
I'll get it mended.
I don't ever want to see it again!
Well, hell spawn.
If the time's come for neck or nothing,
you've found your man.

Bill. Has that sickness gone to your head?
This damn dream, Jen,
hangs on like a low water leech.
If I don't kill this buff,
the dream will kill me.
It's like my own fate
was chasing me into the grave.
You have to turn away from it, Bill.
I got to call it out.
Call out a dream?
The only way.
But don't worry, Jen,
I'll be gone in the morning.
Frozen Dog's a hellhole.
Keep a wall at your back.
You're alone up there.
I'm used to that.
Bill.
I lost my bet.
No, Jen. I did.
Now be gentlemen.
Now give the ladies some room here.
It's ten dollars for one minute, gents.
One golden eagle for sixty seconds!
And then ride that horse
for just as long as you can pay
or there'll be a short funeral at sunup!
Come on, boys, line up over here.
All right, come on, let's get
over there, you silly peckerwood.
Now be gentlemen.
Give the ladies some room.
Now don't fret about it, Charlie.
Come on back when you got
some iron in your barrel,
and it'll be my treat.
Yeah. Well, thank you kindly, Frieda.
Jim, you in good luck today 'cause
you gonna meet my beautiful Frieda!
To the Republic.
Well, old timer.
All curried and tame?
Name's James Otis.
Old timer, I'm looking for

a glass-eyed goose hisser
named Charlie Zane.
Princely fellow.
This fella Zane wears a snow white mane,
which got that way
'cause he's scared of redskins.
He's been known to puddle his britches
at a Kiowa war whoop.
You old fiddlefoot!
Charlie, you sure Custer
found gold up there
and not a field of dandelions?
He struck it.
Then what's a backshooting
claim jumper like you
doing here instead of there?
You need gear to dig a mine.
I had to raise a bankroll.
The cats!
All right, gents, come now.
Line up for the...
Place your bets.
You figuring on marshaling
in this one-dog town?
No, I'll never wear the tin again.
I know why you're here.
You're on a scout for the white buffalo.
Old timer, I thought
you were too ripe for fairy tales.
Well, would you believe it
from an eyewitness?
Depends which eye.
Don't cornhole me, young sass!
I was with General Custer when we hit
the nuggets at French Creek
and that lollygagger of a buff
challenged the whole goddamn
Seventh Cavalry to a showdown!
It's all coming true.
What're you prattling about?
Old timer.
Straight tongue.
You really saw a white spike?
Saw him?

Son-of-a-bitch threw
half a mountain down on me.
Barkeep! Two stiff horns of gin.
And mind you,
none of that pig pee
you spigot out to these swill bellies.
I only sell the fizz, friend.
I don't make it.
Five dollars a bottle.
You insinuating
we're shortshirks in this camp, Mr...
Brady is the name.
There was a defalcating son-of-a-bitch
down in the nations named Brady.
He sold six barrels to Chief Mo-Wi
and his Comanches.
And after them stinking redskins
got lubricated up,
they made a little war
and wiped out half of my outfit.
That's a hell of a thing, Mr...
Kileen.
Whistling Jack Kileen?
Well, now, look, Mr. Kileen.
The name Brady's as common
as hen shit back in the old country.
I ain't your man.
I'm only an old damn harp
out from the States
trying to make a roll.
And to show you the good faith,
gin is on the house.
That's mighty generous.
Maybe too damn generous.
All right, you jaspers,
you've had my table long enough.
- Skedaddle.
- Yeah, you don't say.
I just did.
- Aaron!
- Yup!
Watch those hide hunters.
Sure enough.
Mr. Otis, I'll pay you 500 in gold

if you'll back me
in any play made here tonight.
Who are they?
Where?
Behind your glass eye.
The long bean is Whistling Jack Kileen.
He's the meanest son-of-a-bitch alive.
I was in Julesburg when I saw him
cut an Indian trader into 300 pieces
for selling a Winchester to Roman Nose.
And the sprag's name is Kid Jelly.
A grease spot,
and I mean hot grease.
No, thanks, Mr. Brady.
It's not my fight.
Well, it damn well might be
if Kileen knows who you really are.
Hey, what kind of tattle
you talking about?
I'm talking about what happened
down in Cheyenne City
two days ago!
You're talking yourself to death.
Tom Custer and some of his larrigans
tried to brace me at Paddy Welch's.
Kileen's kid was one of them.
How'll it go?
Brady'll send the kid over with a couple
of free bottles of "Oh Be Joyful."
When he gets there,
he'll drop the word like a buffalo chip.
I just heard the plop.
Keep your shitty boots
outta my way, old man,
unless you wanna be buried in 'em!
Now, now, sonny boy.
Didn't your ma never tell you
your mouth wasn't made for breaking wind?
.36 is my caliber.
I was brought up bad.
You crazy son-of-a-bitch.
Nine's the winner.
Pay the nine.
Place your bets.

This one's found his mark.
And here comes the kid. Jiggers.
Mind the Texan.
Make your play, you glass-eyed gasbag!
Cover my back, old timer.
This is your night, Hickok.
But there's gonna be another time.
Don't let me see you again.
I hope you don't think
I had anything to do...
You peached.
I swear by Sweet Jesus I didn't.
You swear yourself to Hell!
It's Wild Bill Hickok himself!
He got 'em both with one shot.
He got 'em both with one shot!
Well, Captain,
your new name didn't last long.
You sure used this town up fast.
We'd best show a heel in these parts.
Question is, which way?
New camp forming up north.
Place called Deadwood Gulch.
Charlie,
you know what I hate more
than anything else in this world?
More than Indians?
Even more than dying.
What?
Being afraid.
What, you mean in there?
I mean out there.
Easterly?
That's Sioux land.
There's nothing out there
but the Big Open and the Black Hills.
And the white buffalo.
How many men you rubbed out, Captain?
Mostly Indians.
You really got no gut for Indians, do you?
Like Phil Sheridan said,
"I ain't never seen a good Indian
that wasn't dead."
Take it easy, old timer.

He's out of range.
Looks like he's on his own.
We'd best get out of here.
Use the long gun.
I'll take the Winchester.
Rein up, Captain. Ain't our fight.
Look down below.
It's an Indian hullabaloo.
But she's a daisy!
Troop of Absarokes chasing
one flea-bit Sioux egg-sucker.
What are Crows doing in Sioux country?
Yeah. Probably heard about the white buff
on the Moccasin telegraph.
Fifteen, I count.
Listen to that red nigger take on!
He's madder than a wet mouse
and don't scare worth a hiccup!
No chance, though.
Fifteen to one.
Fifteen to three.
You're gonna take a hand?
I'm gonna flank them.
Peel an eye, Captain.
Hello, White-eye.
My heart is good.
I thank you for helping me
kill my enemies.
Friend. You are very brave.
Come to my council.
It cannot be done.
Father sun climbs high.
And it's far to the lodges of my people.
But I will not forget you, White-eye.
Want I should splat him, Captain?
Nervy rooster, ain't he?
You must be wearing hard bark to turn
your back on that scratch cat.
You know damn well
brave men don't back shoot.
And that redskin's all sand.
You gonna let him march out
and raise troops?
You're prating like a farmer, Charlie!

He's after the white buff, same as us.
Well, let me finish him now.
- Then we'd never find out.
- What?
Whether or not he knows
where that white spike is.
Indians?
No. Thought I heard buffalo.
Wait. I got a peeper.
By heaven!
Old timer, shake out a round!
I see him!
I see him!
What the hell!
He walked into solid rock!
No, there's a cave up there.
That's where we'll camp tonight.
What about old Nicodemus?
He won't hang around.
You damn sure?
It's not in my nightmare.
Break out some tallow.
Make some more of these, Charlie.
You really going in that
Black Hole of Calcut?
I've got a friend.
Hell spawn's gone.
There's another hole back there.
He knows his way back.
It's not in my dream.
There has to be snow.
Heavy snow.
I sure as hell wish you hadn't said that.
Mare broke loose.
That scurvy spike has killed the mare.
He's hightailed it
to the other side of the mountain.
For God's sake, Captain, wait up!
Charlie!
Keep your noodle down!
This is between Hickok and us.
Hickok!
Here I am, Hickok!
Go ahead, take a couple of shots!

If you think your short guns
will reach that far!
Well, come on!
What's the matter, Hickok?
Hey! Here I am up here!
Well, come on!
What're you waiting for, Hickok?
Come on!
Damn you, Hickok!
Make your move! I don't wanna have to
put a bullet in a frozen carcass.
Hang on, Captain! I'll get you home!
Stay put, Charlie!
Gyp, where's Ben?
He's gone to hell in a hurry!
All right, then, you make your move
before the storm gives Hickok cover!
For God's sake, Captain, put down roots!
The Colts will never cut it!
There's snow on the wind. Wait it out!
Get out of here, you damn lobo,
before I skin you alive!
By heaven!
The red dandy's joined the Brigade.
Captain.
You want I should foreclose
on his mortgage?
Wasichu! The demon is dead.
My thanks to you!
What are you whites doing in this land?
This is Pa Sappa,
the country of the Lacotas.
These mountains belong to me!
Now
the thunderbird
is eating the sky.
Soon, plenty of snow.
Come to my council, my brother.
We will make good medicine.
Wahi cola! I am coming, my friend.
Pretty slick, Captain.
What?
The way you suckered him.
You try hanging a wooden suit

on that child, you'll answer to me!
That snow ossify your brain?
I gave him my word.
Your word to a redskin? Come on, Captain.
That's like shoveling fleas in a barn.
Just get the hell back there,
grow a fire and make some grub.
- Washtay.
- Welcome, friend.
Are you the wasichu
we Sioux call Okute, the Shooter?
The one who killed
Whistler the Peacemaker?
What kind of a question
is that between friends?
Are you the murderer called Hickok?
The Cheyenne call me Pahaska.
Longhair?
Longhair.
Come on back when you're ready.
Let me tell you something, sonny.
Trusting Jehovah himself
can be a touchy business.
But when you start betting your poke
on that red cat-skinner,
you are drawing to an inside straight.
Something about him.
Just another buck on the warpath.
No, he's not.
He's not just an ordinary buck.
Can't you see the way
he wears that eagle feather?
Like a chief!
Jiggers!
Washtay.
Come in. Come in.
Longhair.
I saw that you do not own a long gun.
This I took from the demon.
It is yours.
Many thanks.
But the long gun
my friend's been shooting,
this one belongs to me.

He doesn't own one.
Dognition!
Well, thanks, sonny, but the fact is
I ain't got nothing
good enough to swap you.
You give me shelter
and you share your food.
That ain't foofaraw. Wait.
But wait! Hanging up!
I got a proper geegaw!
What do they call you?
Nadonnaissioux myeyelo.
I am small snake.
I don't think so.
You are
Little Snake?
Worm? Worm.
Worm. Yes. I am called Worm.
How is the old one called?
The Cheyenne call him Ochinee.
One Eye?
The same.
The great white warrior of Sand Creek?
You speak crookedly.
This cannot be true.
He thinks your glass eye is real.
Watch.
Who says I'm not Ochinee, eh?
Who says I'm not the great One-Eye?
That's enough, Charlie!
My friend's a clown. There's no magic.
This is glass, like beads.
It's not real.
But is he truly Ochinee?
He's truly One-Eye.
Fix the grub.
I'm gonna fix us up
a real pea warmer of a breakfast.
Buff steaks and flapjacks.
When it comes to belly cheating,
I really shine.
Start shining because I have a feeling
our friend Worm has a wolf in his belly.
Longhair, we must make

our water on these stones.
I don't figure that white buffalo's
gonna turn tail
at a little sprinkling of pee.
It is the way brother wolf
marks his hunting grounds.
And the buffalo respects the wolf.
Tatanka!
Sing your death song!
Soon I will slay you
as you slew the Little One.
Soon I will wrap her in your holy robe!
These are my words!
This buffalo is mine!
The hell you say!
The buffalo will belong
to the hunter who kills him.
Mine, alone!
Well, Captain,
seems like we found ourselves
a porcupine to play with.
Just ride easy, Charlie.
Let's fix that wall.
Longhair.
Why are you whites in my country?
We did not ask the whites to come here.
The Great Spirits
gave us these hills as a home.
You say, why do not we become civilized?
We do not want your civilization.
You've spoken red truth.
Tell me then white truth, Longhair.
In the first place, the Great Spirit
did not give you these hills.
You took this land by force.
You took it from the Cheyenne,
the Shoshone and the Arapaho.
You took it with the lance and tomahawk.
And now the white man makes war on you.
What's the difference?
The whites have no honor.
Where white man walks,
death comes out of season.
That's a thing called progress.

It's a thing called greed.
Tell me this.
Am I evil because my skin is red?
Is it a wicked thing that I was born
where my father was born?
Is it a bad thing
that I would die for my people?
It's still red truth and not real truth.
Tell me this true truth, then.
Give Red John the word!
Tell the little rooster he's extinct!
Worm.
When Sitting Bull was a boy,
the Sioux could throw
10,000 warriors into battle.
Today it's the white man's turn.
Those that you have seen
on these hills and on the plains
are like a handful of beads.
There are many!
They are more than the blades
of spring grass,
more than the buffalo
when they smothered the earth
in their great herds.
There's no way to stand
against the white man!
Their weapons are terrible!
They have the power!
You will bend
to the long knives or be broken.
You will live as they say,
or die on their bayonets.
That was straight tongue, Captain.
If such is the true truth,
then I will sing my death song.
No. I'll not have your death.
Why not? You are white.
First, I am your brother and your friend.
Longhair. Between us...
There shall be no war.
Bullshit.
Jesus!
Charlie, light a torch.

So goddamn dark in here, couldn't find
my own pizzle if I had to pee.
Is he in?
He's gone.
Jesus Christ!
Well, Captain,
snow's stopped, Wind's done,
and our cock-a-doodle
was holding aces behind his knee.
Friend Worm has seen fit
to ride off on the scout without...
...cutting our throats,
which was mighty white
of the red ragamuffin.
Yeah. Didn't even leave
a mouse sign to point the way.
For a moment there was a chance,
just a chance,
maybe one more day.
Hell, I guess there never
will be an answer.
Well, it all depends on the question,
Captain. Come on, let's go.
It's Worm telling us to clear off.
Well, I sure as hell can't wait
to argue that point with him.
What is it?
Take a whiff.
Yeah, that's buffalo, by God!
Coming from right down there.
Yeah. Yeah, it's gonna go dark fast.
Better find ourselves a stand.
By heaven!
Charlie, this is the place!
This is Armageddon.
This is the place in my nightmare.
The place where I fought
the white buffalo.
I'll be a Dutchman!
First time I ever saw hokum come true.
We'd better fort up in that piney grove
and keep the trees at our back.
Captain, you sure
you wanna play this hand?

You wanna make tracks, Charlie?
Two thousand dollars
don't much pleasure a dead man.
Hell or heaven,
if this is the night I was born for,
so be it.
Amen.
Better take the Winchester.
You only got one shot in that.
All it takes.
Don't freeze.
Colder than a hooker's heart.
I'll back you up from here.
Captain!
Captain!
Captain, you awake?
There to your left!
It's a wolf!
It's Worm.
You want I should rub him?
No, the sharp might scare away the spike.
Maybe that demon horned bag
of tricks has flimflammed us.
He's here.
I know he's here.
Jesus sake's, Captain, put him down!
Shoot! Shoot!
Captain!
Pteska!
Captain, for the love of God, peel an eye!
He's on the charge again!
Captain!
Worm, use the gun!
Captain! Captain!
Captain, for the love of Jesus,
what are you doing?
Captain!
Use the gun!
You all right?
Is the wanagi dead?
Hell, no, he's run off.
He's clear to Christmas by now.
Why didn't you use your gun?
I am war chief of the Oglalas.

I could not use the white man's iron.
This bull had to be taken in the old way.
Until I slew this bull in the old way,
I could not wear my own name again.
You're Crazy Horse.
Pahaska, my friend,
truly we have suckled at the same mother.
Truly we are brothers
born from the same belly.
Will you look
at that mountain of meat, huh?
Who got him?
Cahoots.
He'll never even know he's dead.
The robe belongs to Worm.
God damn you, Hickok!
Damn you and your red rooster!
You can't do it!
You can't throw \$2,000 gold
on a maggot meal papoose!
Charlie, I'll make it up you in Cheyenne.
So you went and got yourself
some red religion, huh?
Well, you can tell your blood brother
to shove it up his ass!
We're quits.
Don't try it on, old timer.
Stop scaring me, Captain.
I only got one clean pair of drawers left.
You sanctimonious son-of-a-bitch!
You have lost a friend.
So it seems.
And found one.
Is everything done?
It is done.
When I cover the Little One with the robe,
she will be healed and well
and whole in the other world.
Will you have the right
to wear your own name again?
Then I'll be saying goodbye, Crazy Horse.
Hickok.
You heard One-Eye call my name.
Yes.

You are Okute the Shooter.
The one who killed
Whistler the Peacemaker.
That was another time
when I was young and headstrong.
It was a bad thing.
Can't be undone.
I will tell no others.
But, Longhair,
though you and I are brothers,
we must never meet again.
Hear me, my friend. These are my words.
We must never cross paths in the tomorrow.
For if we do,
I will see only a white enemy.
And you will see only an Indian.
And we will both solve the Great Mystery.
Ohinyan, Longhair.
Ohinyan
forever.