



Scripts.com

Flaming Star

By Clair Huffaker

No lights.

-What do you think?

-Too quiet.

Ma?

-Pa?

-Happy birthday!

-We couldnt resist. Even Pacer jumped.

-Where you been?

It sure is a surprise,
since my birthday was last week.

Its the first chance we had
to come out.

Wash up. Supper will be out.

You spent all day working.

We thought youd never come.

Ill take care of the horses.

Eat up!

Well do that.

Will, play us some music.

How about this one?

Hey, Dorothy, never mind those dishes.

May I?

-Suppers ready.

-Supper!

-Sure is a fine-looking cake.

-I could eat a buffalo.

You dance like one.

Supper was great, Mrs. Burton.

Will and me always say. . .

. . .in cooking, no one would guess
you were different from. . .

. . .well, our ma or anybody else.

Im really proud you liked it, Tom.

Just a little more cake?

No, maam.

-What have we here?

-From me.

Well, now, that. . . .

That sure is fine.

What is it?

Well, you hang it on the wall. . .

. . .and you put hot water in here.

Its mostly for a man to shave by,

but you can comb your hair in it. . .

. . .or anything.
It sure is fine.
Roz is trying to civilize Clint
against the day he proposes.
-If he gets around to it.
-You wear the britches. . .
. . .maybe you ought to propose.
Pacer and me can look more presentable
when we come to the Crossing.
I thank you all, for everything.
-More coffee, anyone?
-I think we best be going.
-We can make room here for anyone.
-No, thanks.
We better go too,
10 miles can be long.
Ten? Me and Roz gotta
go clear to the Crossing.
The way she rides,
you'll make good time. . .
. . .if you can keep up with her.
We'll ride along with you a ways.
-Thank you, Mrs. Burton.
-Thank you, ma'am.
-Good night, all.
-Good night.
-See you at our wedding next month.
-You better see me before that.
-Good night! Good night!
-Good night!
Take good care of her.
We better go or we won't get home
by morning.
Thanks again.
-Good night, Clint.
-Good night.
-Good night, Roz.
-Night, Pacer.
-What's that look for?
-Just thinking.
With that fancy gadget to primp,
you'll be the prettiest fella in Texas.
Will you be quiet?
No use waking everybody up.

-lll put up the rig.
-lll get us some coffee.
Quiet!
Will, l tell you. . .
. . .you gotta stop
all this fooling around.
Making all this noise, l tell you,
the old mans gonna be--
See him?
Hunter?
lts hot out there.
Indian came up on that hill just now.
Pacer says hes no hunter.
Tie up the horses.
-What is it, Sam?
-Not sure yet.
He looked like he was trying
to figure something out.
Nobody said anything about trouble
at the party the other night.
No, sir.
A lot of things can happen
in three days.
Neddy, last time you saw your sister,
you hear anything?
No, it was just about like always.
Didnt you think so, Pacer?
lf trouble starts, wholl hit us
first, your folks or Mas?
Shame on you, Clint. lts more likely
neither will bother us.
That aint been my experience
about people in the middle.
Maybe its the new chief.
-What new chief?
-The Kiowas got a new chief.
-Since when?
-Maybe a month.
-What about old Lame Crow?
-Hes the old man of the tribe now.
-How long you known this?
-Since it happened.
-Dont you ever tell anybody anything?
-Not if they dont ask.

Sometimes I think you're
more than half Indian.

-He told me.

-Maybe you're the other half.

Maybe your ma was Indian too
and didn't let me know it.

One horse.

-Are you my brother beyond the wall?

-Yes.

Then why light go out

when friend come in peace?

Why does a friend who comes in peace
wait until the sun is gone?

Warrior ride when stars are alive.

-Only against his enemies.

-In the world of white men. . .

. . .there are men who are not enemies
nor friends.

-That is why I come to talk.

-Without giving your name?

I am known from one end
of earth to the other.

I have the strongest magic,
and I lead many, many warriors.

I am Buffalo Horn.

Buffalo Horn!

We cannot be enemies to the Kiowas
without being enemies to ourselves.

-Buffalo Horn should know that.

-I must see your eyes when you tell me.

-Do you come out, or do I come in?

-Neither.

We will talk to our brother
only in the sunlight.

My answer is honest.

I will return again at a time
when the sun has killed the stars.

-That was him.

-The new chief?

-By himself?

-The others were over the hill.

What do you think?

He was carrying a war spear
with scalps on it.

They wouldnt do anything to us.
Maybe not.
I wouldnt be too sure.
Know what some of them still call you?
A trader said they got a name for you:
The thin woman
who deserted her own people.
-After more than 20 years.
-I dont believe it.
You boys better go to the Crossing
tomorrow for supplies and ammunition.
Thats fine. Fine.
Not so fine.
Wont be any time to dally with Roz.
I want you back by nightfall.
You heard Pa,
no horsing around with Roz.
What do you mean horsing around?
-Aint that what youre doing?
-No, it aint.
-You mean you mean it?
-What if I do?
-With a gal that wears britches?
-Whats wrong with that?
Aint nothing wrong, but. . .
. . .on second thought, you might
look pretty good with skirts on.
Where is everybody?
Anybody here?
Ive been thinking about you, Clint.
-Whats the matter, Angus?
-Ive decided that youre my friend.
But if your half-breed brother
comes here, Ill kill him!
Youre not gonna kill anybody.
You!
-Dont make me shoot you!
-Put it down, Angus, he means it!
You better get out of here,
both of you.
-Are you both crazy?!
-No, were not crazy.
-Maybe just smarter than before.
-What are you talking about?

The Kiowas hit the Howard place
the night of the party.
Of the whole family, you know how much
they found in the ashes?
One hand!
-One of Dorothys!
-Stop it!
Now hes out making a coffin for her.
Just to bury her hand in.
Oh, my God.
-They didnt hit your place, though.
-No.
And youre right out the same way.
I dont know--
Pas out with some men now.
Theyll probably get killed too.
But you dont have to worry about it.
Youll always be safe from them!
Lets go.
No. Not until we get our supplies
and ammunition.
Everything all right?
Nothings all right.
What happened?
Buffalo Horn hit the Howard place.
-Killed them all.
-Dear God!
If you hadnt tended them for fever,
theyd be dead four years ago.
At these times I wonder
if we did the right thing.
We did exactly the right thing.
I wish you wouldnt say such things.
What does everybody want?
Theres a million miles here. . .
. . .room for them, us,
and a million more.
It was their land, Sam.
They dont like anybody else
taking part of it.
It aint anymore.
Weve worked this place for 20 years.
Nobody can tell me it aint ours.
Did those Pierces say something

about us?

-Nothing much.

-Whatever they said, its my fault. . .
. . .for being what I am.

Neddy, now, you listen to me.

I'm speaking for the boys and me.

We don't want to hear
such things again.

Whatever happens,
we'll stick together. . .

. . .and we'll not be swayed.

If we have to live alone or
become a power unto ourselves. . .

. . .we'll resist whoever and whatever
comes against us.

-Hey, Clint!

-Dred Pierce.

We want to talk to you, Clint.

They're not gonna do anything.

What do you want, Dred?

The Kiowas hit the Howard place Monday.

Wiped them out.

We heard about it.

It's a terrible thing.

How'd you hear about it?

Me and Pacer was at the store
this morning.

-The Indians didn't tell you about it?

-I don't want to hear that.

There's gonna be trouble.

Indians coming from everywhere.

More than a hundred already,
I've been told.

We've been tracking the ones
that hit the Howard place. . .

-. . .but we lost them.

-Get to the point.

The point is, if it comes to a showdown,
are you with us or not?

-That's a foolish question.

-Not with your family.

Watch yourself. You might
open your mouth once too often.

-You gonna answer the question?

-It dont need an answer.

-What did I tell you?

-It does.

Yeah, I think we got all the answers already. . .

. . .with all the reds and half-reds in this family.

Hold it!

The first man who tries for his gun will get a buffalo slug.

Come back here, son.

you making out that the death of old friends dont mean anything to us?

-That aint the question.

-Then what is it?

-Well, its a question of loyalty.

-Go on.

you know what I mean.

your wife is Kiowa, full blood.

Pacers half Indian.

Clints the only real white man.

Its gonna be a bad war. Everybody around will be in it sooner or later.

Are you gonna give Clint the chance to consider the situation. . .

-. . .and decide what he ought to do?

-I dont need to consider.

I told you we wouldnt get straight answers.

Buffalo Horns our enemy because of what he done to the Howards.

He broke Gods and mans laws.

you know my family is ready to fight our enemies.

-Is that straight enough for you?

-I suppose you mean us too.

Thats up to you, Ben. Were friends with anyone whos friendly with us.

This visit aint been friendly.

Who wants to be friendly with a man with a Kiowa squaw?

Dont shoot! Nobody else shoot!

-How is it?

-Im bad hurt.

-Lucky it wasnt me, youd be dead.
-Bring him in. Maybe I can help.
-I wouldnt let an Indian touch me.
-We got about all the answer we need.
Then get going, all of you!
You shoot too quick?
No, I pulled off. I couldnt
just kill him, just like that.
-What are they doing?
-Stampeding the cattle.
-No use now!
-Theres a couple.
-Stop him, Clint.
-Pacer! Pa dont want you to.
-Why not go after them?
-Because wed be too few out there.
Harms done, anyway.
Come on in.
These are what we call
our white friends, I suppose.
It may take more than a day, so dont
worry if we dont get back tonight.
Stay close, keep everything locked.
What if the fellas from the Crossing
come back?
Think about Ma. Take care of her
regardless of who comes.
Pacer.
Watch up yonder.
-What was it?
-For a second it looked like. . .
. . .like a man on foot, way off,
up there.
-Didnt you see anything?
-No.
If its somebody, he might need help.
Maybe you should go see.
I dont see anything, Ma.
Pa said stay near the house.
You think about what Pierce said,
about joining his crowd?
-I havent paid it any mind.
-Maybe youd better think about it.
I didnt aim to, but I brought you

boys to a bad situation.

It didnt matter when you were young,
but now as men, youll think about it.

So if you want to ride with Dred
and them, Ill try to understand.

youll go with my blessing.

you already said it.

Theres only one side for us. . .

. . .you, and Ma, and Pacer and me.

Oh, no.

-They shot them!

-I shouldve killed Matt Holcum.

We shouldve cut them all down.

Theyre worse than Indians!

An Indian will rob you blind,
but this is waste and meanness.

Its done.

Lets find the rest of the herd.

Pacer, you ought to get
a little sleep at least.

-Ill be all right. Go on back to bed.

-Good night, Pacer.

Ma.

-What is it?

-I dont know yet.

Strangers.

Hey, in there!

yeah?

Can you maybe spare a bite?

-Who are you?

-Were trappers.

-We got chased out of the hills.

-Too much trouble brewing.

Were getting out of this country.

Were half-starved.

Let them in.

-I aint sure.

-We cant turn them away hungry.

Sure mighty neighborly of you.

-Hey, you Indians?

-yeah.

-you two work here?

-This is our home.

How do you like that?

Indians living in a house like this.
-How about getting us supper, red boy?
-Im fixing something.
Is that your ma?
-What are you making, honey?
-Meat stew.
I have to warm it up a little.
Get me another log, Pacer.
You'll sit down at the table.
-Didn't you hear your ma, red boy?
-Whats the matter?
-Nothing.
-Then hurry up and get it.
Wheres the heap big chief?
Your husband, or whoever he is.
Hell be back soon.
But hes not a chief, hes white.
Oh? Thats it, huh?
You like them white?
I like my husband.
That aint all, is it? One man
for a good-looking squaw like you?
Please.
Come on. I know you red babies.
-Please, mister.
-What are you afraid of?
-Joe will watch the door.
-Let me go.
All right, I tell you what.
You just give me one little kiss,
and see if you dont want a few more.
Pa and Clint are back.
Theyll be in, in a minute.
These men cant wait.
Theyre leaving now.
Pacer.
If it hadnt been for that kid--
All right. Get off your horses.
Did you hear what I said?
Drop your gun belts.
Come on, hurry it up.
If youre aiming to rob us,
youre wasting your time.
We aint got anything.

I might kill you, but I
ain't gonna rob you.
-We've had enough trouble with Indians.
-All he asked for was a little kiss.
I'm telling you, now, boy.
That's a little better, red boy.
Please, I'm done!
Stop!
-Yes?
-It's me!
Pacer!
-I wanted to make sure they went away.
-That's all?
You're bleeding.
I tripped in the dark.
You landed awful hard
on your knuckles.
Inside, Ma! Inside, come on!
Two Moons is with them.
-Kiowa Pacer!
-Yes?
It is a new time. The sun has killed
the stars. Come out and talk!
I will not come out
among your warriors.
I'm your friend. Nothing will happen
to you if you come out.
Nothing will happen to me
if I stay behind my walls either.
Now you come out?
Wait a minute!
Give me your rifle. Put this on!
If anything happens, bolt the door.
This is how men talk, with their eyes
seeing if words are true or false.
-You talk, I will listen.
-I need many, many more warriors.
The white man is thick from
the rising sun to the setting sun.
We have no place to go.
We have to fight, or we die.
You understand?
This is the great war our gods
have spoken to us in our dreams.

Soon we will have the power
to take whole white villages!
y ou say you are not our enemy.
Then you must be friend.
Will you ride with us?
y ou have many warriors.
One more warrior is not important.
y ou are of the greatest
importance to me.
For if a half-white leaves his fathers
people for his mothers people. . .
. . .itll make the strongest magic
l can have.
lf l say no?
Not being my friend,
you will be my enemy.
And this house and all in it will die!
For l will not have
a half-Kiowa against me!
-Come in here a minute, Pacer.
-l must talk to my mother.
-Well go back with him.
-Back where?
To their camp.
lll talk this over with Lame Crow.
-y ou mean, about me?
-The whole thing, war and everything.
Lame Crows my uncle,
maybe he can stop it.
They wouldnt care
about what you said.
lll try it anyway.
l cant see all these people being
killed without trying to stop it.
-Write Pa where were going.
-Ma, wait and talk to Pa first.
No, hed lock me up or something.
Tell him well be back by midnight.
l cant let you do it, Ma.
lts too dangerous.
But they wouldnt hurt us, Pacer.
Theyre our own people.
They aint my people. Truthfully,
l dont know whos my people.

Maybe I aint got any.
I couldnt ride with those guys,
burning and killing.
I know, Pacer.
-Thats what hes asking me to do, Ma!
-y ou can say no.
I can say no here. What if he asks
me there, in the middle of them?
But he wouldnt do that.
y oud be his guest.
y ou havent seen his eyes
when he talks about this war.
Hell ask me, all right, guest or not.
And if I dont say yes. . . .
Then I dont think you ought
to go either. I'll go alone.
This is so important, my mother thinks
we should talk to her family.
-y oull come to the safety of our camp?
-y es.
y our mother is wise.
We will ride with you.
-What do you think about this war?
-Buffalo Horn say it got to be.
He say if we wait any longer
it will be too late.
It must be harder for you,
half white, half Indian.
It is not easy.
-White men treat you well?
-My father and brother do.
If anything starts,
take my horse and ride out.
Welcome, Neddee-pahs.
-I come to you with love, and gifts.
-Show me.
Take her to Lame Crow.
She wants to talk to him.
Come.
Sit.
Pacer is brother.
We make him welcome. Speak, anyone.
Kiowa Pacer, is true Earth round
like ball? White man live all sides?

That is true.
Tell me, why man
on bottom not fall off?
I've never been there. Maybe they do.
Dear Pa and Clint,
Ma took a notion to see her sister.
I told her not, but you know Ma.
I think we will be back by midnight.
I tried to make her not go,
but you know Ma.
Respectfully yours, Pacer.
Now, why do you reckon
she wanted to do that?
-Well go after them.
-Wait a minute.
Ten o'clock. We'd better wait
the two hours. . .
. . .rather than miss them in the dark.
Then we'll go after them
with the scatterguns.
If they do anything to Ma and Pacer,
scatterguns can make an awful mess.
Many moon back, I see white man book.
In it was great mountain lion
with stripe painted on fur.
Speak me this, Kiowa Pacer. Why white
man paint stripe on mountain lion?
That was a great animal
called a tiger.
They didn't paint the stripes on it.
Could be then,
this great tiger paint on own stripes.
Which make tiger brother
to my Kiowa warriors.
We didn't speak about the thing
I came to talk about.
Yes. My spirit reached out
and touched you. . .
. . .and I knew it was not good
to speak of it now.
It will be hard for you to come back
to us. You are not yet ready.
If I asked you now to say yes or no,
you might say no.

Or you might lie to me and say yes.
But I would know that you lie,
and I'd have to kill you.
We are close in spirit now.
I want you to come back
to your people.
-you think about it?
-I will.
Think of this too. Whose land is this?
Who has lived here
since the beginning of time?
Do we go out to take their land?
No, they come against us!
Forever cutting deeper into our land.
Forever taking! Forever pushing!
We will speak of it again soon.
I hope your blood
will be one with ours.
Two Moons.
Take me to Lone Crow.
I will ride part of the way
back with you.
Ready, Ma?
I go in goodwill.
It's all right, Ma.
They wouldn't even listen to me.
None of them.
They said I wasn't Kiowa anymore,
nor white either.
My own sister said I was nothing!
You done the best you could, Ma.
Kill them!
Will!
It's Will Howard!
Ma?
Ma?
-Pacer, I'm dying.
-No, Ma.
I can feel, close to me,
the flaming star of death.
Stop talking like that, Ma.
I don't think it's too bad.
It'll be all right.
-Who is it?

-lts me and Clint, Pacer!
Ma is hurt!
-lt was Will Howard that done it.
-Will Howard?
-Two Moons tried to stop him.
-Honey?
Neddy, honey!
Lets put her in the back.
-Clint.
-Were all here. y oull be all right.
Were going home, honey.
Thats all we can do for her now.
-Tell me what happened.
-Will jumped up and started shooting.
He must have been wandering
since the raid.
-y ou think he knew what he was doing?
-He thought he saw three Indians.
He must have been crazy with pain. . .
. . .after what happened to his family.
-y ou making excuses for him?
-Had you not killed him, we would have.
-We need a doctor.
-lll get Doc Phillips.
What if he dont want to come?
He wont have a choice.
Those folks are mad.
ld better go too.
Try not to have any trouble,
but get him.
Well get him.
Dred, theyre coming!
Theyre here, Ben!
-Dont worry about shooting our cattle.
-Dont come no closer!
We dont want
to see you boys here again.
We need Doc Phillips.
y ou dont need him any more
than we do. y ou know what l mean!
We need him right away!
-Whats wrong?
-Mas hurt.
Go inside.

-What happened?
-Will Howard shot her.
-What? Will Howards dead.
-Hes dead now, but he shot Ma first.
-Now, if hes just dead, who killed him?
-Me.

Hold it! Everybody hold it!

Just keep them covered!

If shooting starts, Ill kill you.

Will Howards been dead for nearly
a week and everybody knows it.

Will wasnt far from dead,
but he was alive enough to shoot Ma.

Pa, we gotta help her!

Hes just lying, honey.

The both of them!

Hey, doc! Doc Phillips!

All right, come out, doc!

Aint nobody gonna do anything to you.

Ma needs you, doc.

-y ou know I want to help her, but--

-Its a free country, doc.

If you cant decide,

maybe we can help you.

-Lets vote, everybody! I vote no!

-And I go along with Dred!

-I say dont go!

-I say no!

-I vote doc dont go!

-I speak the same!

I say no too. But I can give you some

advice:

-Cover me, Ill get him.

-Two dead men are worth nothing.

y ou see how it is, Clint.

-Clint!

-Come on.

-What are you doing?

-I got an idea. Dont look back!

y ou saw that kid playing back
at docs house?

I can do it.

As soon as you make it,

l'll come in fast.
Well have a tea party. How many
lumps of sugar would you like?
-Dorothy, dont get dirty.
-l wont, its clean dirt.
Would you like some cream?
Okay, l want some cream.
Heres some cream for you, baby.
My babys been sick.
Shes got a temperature.
l dont know
what lm gonna do with her.
-l'll probably--
-lts just me. Well play a game, okay?
Sure, Pacer. But you scared me.
-y our pa will play too.
-He dont play good.
Hey, doc! Doc Phillips!
Leave her alone!
-Get your horse and bag! Make it fast!
-Dont hurt her!
Go on, do like he says!
lf you hurt her,
l'll get you, savage!
Stay where you are, Pierce!
Indian, any harm comes
to that girl and youre dead!
Just keep talking, Ford,
youll be dead now!
Adults cant play, eh?
This is funny playing, Pacer.
l dont like it much.
l wont hurt you, Dottie.
Docs gonna come with us.
Oh, my baby!
lf anybody follows us,
therell be pure hell to pay!
Sorry. l wanted to come
with you from the start.
Shut up!
-They following us?
-Just one. Come on, this way!
Keep quiet, now.
Can l help you with her, Clint?

-y ou need her, doc?
-Shes helped me before.
All right, lets go.
Neddy?
Neddy!
Neddy!
Neddy, honey!
Answer me!
Honey!
Neddy, honey!
Neddy, why did you do it?
Sam. . . .
I saw the flaming star of death.
Oh, no!
No, honey!
No!
One thing from the Bible she liked:
And Adam called
his wifes name Eve. . .
. . .as she was the mother
of all living.
To me, Neddy, you were the mother
of all the living.
y ou were life itself.
God. . .
. . .just one thing.
Take care of this woman.
Amen.
Why dont you two eat
before everything gets cold?
Im gonna wait for Pa.
He wouldnt want you to wait.
y ou know who done it, dont you?
y ou!
That wont do any good.
Wasting all that time.
y ou and them other people!
I couldnt have done anything.
I saw that wound--
-Nobody wanted to do anything!
-Thats not true.
-And you neither!
-Stop that.
But you saw him! Arguing and stalling,

all the time Mas dying!
Keeping us more than an hour!
Five minutes before we arrived,
she died!
If we'd gotten here a little bit
sooner she might be alive!
You know it's his fault.
-Put it down!
-Get out of the way!
They let her die!
I couldn't have saved her.
The woman was bleeding internally!
The woman?
-She's got a name, like whites!
-Pacer!
Well, I meant Mrs. Burton.
See? All she was
to all of them was a squaw.
This won't bring Ma back.
A white man shot her. . .
. . .and a white man let her die!
Drop it!
Please, Pacer, drop it.
Please.
-You all right?
-You're both crazy!
You ought to have let me kill him.
No good could be done.
It wouldn't help.
People that held us
up at the Crossing. . . .
I want to see every one of them dead.
You're talking foolish.
You sound like a--
A Kiowa?
-I wasn't gonna say that.
-That's what I am.
That's what Ma was and why she's dead.
That's what I'm gonna be from now on.
You know I didn't mean it that way.
You don't feel it like
I do about Mas death.
I'm Indian.
I won't forget whites killed

her because of it!
-Will was dying, he was crazy!
-I dont want no more excuses for him.
All whites ever gave me and Ma
was mean looks and insults.
Thats not true!
y ou were the worst.
y ou made me feel it the worst.
When I was little, I liked you a lot.
y ou were the only girl
I liked a whole lot.
Since you been old enough, you never
looked at me without thinking:
Hes Kiowa.
Clints all right,
but watch out for Pacer.
Oh, I didnt know!
I didnt know it either.
Nobody knew but Ma and me.
Where you going?
-To join up with Buffalo Horn.
-y oure a civilized man!
-Folks at the Crossing are civilized.
-y ou cant go.
Now, look, we already had one fight.
The first one we ever had.
I wont lose this one!
This aint to be fought with fists.
Im changing my life.
Put that gun down.
All right.
If you can draw
that gun and cock it. . .
. . .then get out.
And to hell with you!
Just dont come after me.
Is this goodbye?
y es, sir.
-Back to Mas folks?
-Im sorry.
So am I, but I understand.
It never come to my mind it would be
like this when I married Neddy.
I guess folks aint

never been fair with you.
They take a man for what
he ought to be, not what he is.
-I aint blaming you.
-I know. y oure a good boy.
Ive always been proud of you.
Do what you must do. . .
. . .with my blessings. No matter
where you go, whatever happens.
Goodbye, son.
Bye, Pa.
Funny how things turn out.
When I got here, all I had was you
and me. y ou were just a baby.
Then I gave Neddys father a shotgun
and a pound of black powder for her.
What a pretty
little thing she was too!
The day we got married there
wasnt a prettier girl in Texas.
I cant tell you how much
I came to love her.
After all these years, and another
little baby and all our work. . .
. . .to make a home
and get us a herd. . . .
Were right back where we started.
Just you and me again.
I will fight in his place.
-Who did this?
-A white man.
He also killed Neddee-pahs, the
woman who was my mother.
My words are dust.
But my heart is with you.
One thing you must know.
I will never fight my father
nor my brother.
y our father, your brother,
and your home. . .
. . .will be safe from attack,
as our own people.
When we fight, I will think
of my mother. . .

. . .and of how Two Moons
tried to help her.
And I will be strong.
Very strong.
-I'll be back to see you, Pa.
-You do that, Roz.
-We'll do the best we can anyway.
-We'll sure try.
That bay is still limping.
I'm giving you the sorrel.
We'll give your horse back later.
-Bye, Pa.
-Bye.
Don't go too far.
-Let the herd take care of itself.
-I'll be all right.
I won't say what Pacer had in mind.
Hell be back.
I don't know.
He's been pushed a long way.
-I wonder if you'll be back.
-I said I would, didn't I?
It's plain hate now.
Everybody's ready to kill
anybody who isn't just like them.
I'll be back, all right.
-Get down and into the house!
-Don't talk like that.
-I'm no girl, I'm a woman.
-Want me to pull you down?
I don't.
-You know Neddy died?
-I know a lot of things.
I know Pacer went at Doc with a knife.
I know the Thomases died last night.
All four of them.
Nothing left but ashes!
-I'm sorry to hear that.
-Yeah, I'll bet.
You know that Phil Thomas
was my best friend.
Then why didn't you warn him?
Goodbye, Roz.
Wait, Dred!

y ou got room for us?
Well make room for you!
Thats the fifth wagon in
this morning.
Theyre all scared to death. But l
guess you got nothing to worry about.
He is alone. Let us kill him.
Maybe its best if we find
Buffalo Horn before fighting.
The gods are making
us a gift of this enemy.
Hang on, Clint!
l thought you were so tough!
Feels like youre trying
to torture me to death.
y ou damn savage!
Can you hear me?
-We have to get out of here.
-y ou go. lm too tired.
We still got about
an hour before daylight.
What are you doing?
lm gonna try and draw them
the other way. Theyd recognize this.
Crazy.
-Maybe in the dark lll look Indian.
-y our hairs too short.
lf were not out of here by sunup,
itll be a lot shorter.
Were never gonna get
a better time than this.
-Think you can hold on again?
-l can make it.
Come on. Watch your head.
They still coming?
y eah, but theyre in no hurry anymore.
Why?
They know who we are now,
and where to find us.
Hey, Pa!
Pa!
Pas dead.
Kiowas.
-Were all the family we got left now.

-Thats right.

We got to get in the house
and get ready.

Pacer?

Pacer!

Come on.

-Whats the idea?

-y oure gonna take a ride.

What are you talking about? Im going
in the house. We got to get ready.

-What are you doing?

-Hell take you to the Crossing.

-Are you coming with me?

-Nope.

-Thats crazy. There are too many.

-l know it.

But if its gonna be like this
the rest of my life, to hell with it!

Let me meet them with you.

Thats the way l feel.

y oull be doing good

to make it to the Crossing.

Pacer!

-How long have l been here?

-Since last night.

-Get me a horse.

-Doc says you shouldnt move.

-Im not staying here.

-y ou cant ride in your condition.

-Get me that horse!

-l cant--

-y ou feeling better?

-Never mind, lll get it myself.

-Now, look here, Clint.

-y ou want to get shot?

Rider coming in!

Looks like hes bad hurt.

Dont come no closer.

l wanted to make sure
youre all right.

Dont try to help me, Clint.

lve been killed already.

Im just stubborn about dying.

-Let me get the doc.

-Too late.

Too late.

The only thing to do now is to die.

Pacer! For Gods sake!

y ou live for me, Clint.

Maybe someday. . .

. . .somewhere, people will

understand folks like us.

Oh, youll be all right.

When l was fighting

off the other Kiowas. . .

. . .l saw the flaming star of death.

l gotta last long enough

to go into the hills and die.

lll trust you

not to follow me, Clint.

Pacer!

Hey, Pacer!

Pacer!

idem

ENGLlSH