

EXT. MONTFORD'S HOMESTEAD - NIGHT

A dozen tents litter the yard. Jesse, Chub, Jack, TWO AFRICAN AMERICAN COWBOYS, and EIGHT CHICKASAW COWBOYS mingle.

Montford sits on the porch, rubs his hands together as he nervously eyes the group of men before him. Mary enters and sits next to Montford, senses his unease. She takes Montford's hand and holds it.

MONTFORD

It's most of our cattle and there's no guarantee.

MARY ELIZABETH

We've been down to one, skinny little cow before.

MONTFORD

True.

MARY ELIZABETH

So, I'm not worried.

Edward Bryant exits the house. He moves over to his father and sits on his knee.

MONTFORD

You're the man of the house now. I want you to take care of your mother, you got that.

Edward smiles and nods.

MONTFORD

I want you to know, even though I'm far away, I'll always be there...

Montford slowly catches himself, recalling his father's words.

MONTFORD

(slowly)
Shining down.

EDWARD BRYANT

Like the stars.

Montford looks at Mary with worried eyes. Edward pulls out a piece of carved wood from his pocket.

EDWARD BRYANT

Don't worry Papa. I want you to have this.

Edward gives his father a roughly carved J. He turns and stares at Montford.

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EDWARD BRYANT

In case you get lost you'll know
where home is and who you belong
too.

Montford smiles. He places his forehead on Edward's -- they
have a quiet moment together.

MONTFORD

This is my compass.

END

EXT. HILLSIDE - MORNING

The rising sun paints the sky with vibrant colors.

Montford crests the hill on Sam followed by 1500 cattle
flanked by Jack, Jesse and the cowboys in a loose formation.
Behind them, Chub teamsters a large wagon packed with
supplies.

EXT. CHISHOLM TRAIL - INDIAN TERRITORY - DAY

A steady stream of cattle kicks up the dust as they cross a
dry stream bed.

EXT. CHISHOLM TRAIL - INDIAN TERRITORY - DAY

Montford herds a few stray steers back to the main herd. He
SPOTS -- Rising Wolf watching from a nearby hilltop.

Montford rides over to greet him.

Rising Wolf urges his beautiful new horse forward to meet
Montford. Sam and Rising Wolf's new horse inspect one
another.

Rising Wolf grins to his old friend, then looks out over the
valley at the hundreds of Montford's cattle passing through.

RISING WOLF

You have thrived in barren lands.

MONTFORD

I could use another hand. Why don't
you come with us?

RISING WOLF

Montford... you know me. I am a
common man among my people. Your
path is not my path... mine is in
service to my own.

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