

CONTINUED: (2)

Young Montford, exhausted, slumps. He wipes the filmy quicksand off his shirt and trousers -- he pulls out his gold pocket watch, makes sure it stayed dry.

YOUNG MONTFORD  
I didn't think anyone would hear me.

YOUNG RISING WOLF  
*Maheo'o* heard you... I don't hunt here, but today I followed a deer right to this very spot.

YOUNG MONTFORD  
(in Cheyenne)  
*Are you Cheyenne?*

YOUNG RISING WOLF  
(in Cheyenne)  
*Yes.*

Young Montford stands.

YOUNG MONTFORD  
Montford Johnson. Chickasaw.

RISING WOLF  
(in Cheyenne)  
*Ho'neeme' ehne.*  
(in English)  
Rising Wolf.

Montford offers his hand to Young Rising Wolf who's confused.

YOUNG MONTFORD  
It's one of the ways we say, "Thank you." I owe you my life, and will pay you back some day.

He takes Young Rising Wolf's hand and shakes it.

YOUNG MONTFORD  
Count on it.

The two grin and walk off.

INT. MONTFORD'S CABIN - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Montford's eyes open -- he hears a cow mooing. Then rustling. Montford leaps out of bed faster than you can imagine.

MONTFORD  
Wolves!