

CRAZY  
HORSE AND  
THREE STARS

*David Wiltse*

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CRAZY HORSE AND THREE STARS

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

David Wiltse is the author of twelve novels and twelve plays. he is the recipient of an N E A grant for SEDITION and has also been awarded the Drama Desk Award for "Most Promising Playwright", and an Edgar Allan Poe Award for other works. Mr Wiltse was formerly the Playwright-in-Residence at the Westport Country Playhouse in Westport, Connecticut.

CRAZY HORSE AND THREE STARS was first produced by Long Wharf Theater (Arvin Brown, Artistic Director; M Edgar Rosenblum, Executive Director), opening on 24 January 1992. The cast and creative contributors were:

CRAZY HORSE ..... Barry Mulholland  
GENERAL CROOK ..... Frank Converse  
LIEUTENANT CLARK ..... James Andreassi  
GRUARD..... Tracy Griswold  
WITNAKE ..... Machisté  
SOLDIER/SPIRIT..... Matthew Burnett  
*Director* ..... Mark Brokaw  
*Unit set design* ..... Hugh Landwehr  
*Set coordination & properties* ..... David Fletcher  
*Costume coordination* ..... Patricia M Risser  
*Lighting*..... Jay Strevey  
*Sound* ..... Brenton Evans  
*Script development* ..... Sari Bodi & James Luse  
*Production stage manager* ..... Ruth M Feldman

## CHARACTERS & SETTING

CRAZY HORSE, *war chief of the Lakota, thirties*

WITNAKE, *his cousin and contemporary*

GENERAL CROOK, *American soldier, late fifties*

LIEUTENANT CLARK, *CROOK's adjutant, thirties*

GRUARD, *American scout, forties*

SOLDIER, *various roles*

SPIRITS, SOLDIERS, *etc, if needed*

*The action takes place in the mountains, woods, and plains of the American West, 1876-77.*

## N B

The scenery of this play is to be representational, relying on lights, projections, scrims, drop-cloths, etc, depending entirely upon availability and the imaginations and conceptions of the director and designer.

Suggestions have been made as to the staging of various scenes, but these are only suggestions and will naturally be altered by the means of production at hand.

Although the production can be starkly simple or very elaborate, the play was conceived and written to be performed on a virtually bare stage, with one scene flowing rapidly into the next.

Neither Indians nor Whites should speak with accents.

## ACT ONE

*(At rise: Music is heard briefly, featuring the feel of atonal Amerindian music, but not literally any of their chants. The overall effect should be one of mystery, an alien culture to European ears, with the hint of threat implied by the unknown.)*

*(CRAZY HORSE is discovered center stage in a trance-like state. He is dressed simply and has just emerged from a sweat lodge. He stands with eyes closed, head tilted backwards as if he were receiving a message from on high.)*

*(Spirit Figures appear behind and above CRAZY HORSE, looking down on him. Spirit Figures represent the Great Powers of the four directions. Their bodies are painted red with black lightning streaks, yellow with black lightning, black with blue lightning and white with red lightning. The Spirits begin a chant, a rhythmic grunting in which no real words are spoken.)*

*(An eagle shrieks, and then is seen flying over CRAZY HORSE. This is CRAZY HORSE's totem, a creature with special powers for him. CRAZY HORSE reaches upwards and makes a brief, ecstatic, wordless sound.)*

*(CRAZY HORSE ascends a rise so that he is level with the Spirit Figures. Still chanting, they approach him. CRAZY HORSE continues to look sightlessly skyward. The figures begin to dress CRAZY HORSE in ceremonial garb, as formally as if they were preparing a priest, or a king for coronation.*

*Among the vestments is a cape made of black and white colt hide.)*

CRAZY HORSE: I am Crazy Horse. The eagle shall lead me, the bear shall be my strength. Join me, Lakotah and Cheyenne! We shall drive the Wasichu from the lands given us by the Great Powers and our fathers' spirits. We shall thrust away the burning cup of alcohol that enfeebles the mind and enslaves the soul with a thirst that can not be quenched. Before the Wasichus came we had no wants that were not fulfilled, we had not need of them and their liquid fire. Now the once feared Red Cloud stands with his hand out, begging for food. The young men lie about the agency, seeking permission to hunt, permission to ride. Our own children need no permission, shall our warriors seek it? Come with me, we shall leave the agency forever. I have been given a vision. No bullet can pierce my flesh. I shall never shake the hand of the Wasichu until he is gone from our land. I shall live for The People and see them through this darkness to the light. Our ways will be ways of the Lakota, the old ways, the sacred ways. We shall return to the Wasichu his blankets and his beads and his beef. And if he comes again within our land, we shall return his bullets! If they raise a hand against us, they shall die!

*(Music, a fantasy on military marches of the time, is heard. The music is not quite as we know it, but as it would be perceived by a different culture at the time. It is familiar, but not the same. With the music comes a swirl of high winds, lightning, thunder. The stage is semi-dark, lighted by flashes of lightning that come from above, behind, and sometimes almost from the hands of CRAZY HORSE.)*

*(Enter blond general and SOLDIERS, turning, bewildered and confused, blown on by the storm which is not merely a storm. The SOLDIERS wear the U S Army uniforms of the time, the blond general sports long blond hair to his*

*shoulders and wears a buckskin shirt over army pants. The chanting of the Figures continues and becomes more frenzied with the action. The Figures continue to dress CRAZY HORSE and each new adornment brings about an increased intensity in the action.)*

*(Shots and cries. The SOLDIERS realize they are under attack. They look up and see: more Indians appear on the rise on either side of but somewhat lower than CRAZY HORSE and the Figures. The Indians brandish bows and tomahawks and rifles, but do not actually aim them at the Soldiers. The soldiers lift their weapons to fire. The Figures put a beaded vest on the chest of CRAZY HORSE. The SOLDIERS fire but hit no one. CRAZY HORSE now gestures first left and then right, as if directing his men into battle. The Indians respond by gestures of their own towards the Soldiers. WITNAKE is among the Indian warriors. The battle continues briefly until the Figures put the final adornment on CRAZY HORSE, the buffalo helmet. Now fully attired, fully empowered, CRAZY HORSE lifts his arms so they extend over the SOLDIERS. Like a magician, he makes another sound. In one hand he holds a bear claw. In another an eagle's wing. The SOLDIERS and General fall dead. the General going last. The shriek of the eagle is heard again, and once more it flies above CRAZY HORSE.)*

*(The stage has been dimly lighted except for CRAZY HORSE. Now it goes dark except for CRAZY HORSE who stands alone in a spot. The chanting stops, the storm is over, the music gone. CRAZY HORSE stares regally forward, no longer in a trance, but a man very much in command of all his powers.)*

*(The eagle shrieks, the Indians cry out exultantly. Black out)*

*(Martial music, this time funereal in tone. It is muted. Enter GENERAL CROOK, LIEUTENANT CLARK. CLARK carries a campaign chair which he immediately unfolds so that CROOK can sit. CROOK ignores the chair for a moment, although he would love to sit.)*

CROOK: Here?

CLARK: Yes sir, here upon this hill. We found their bodies where they fell, packed so close together they died in each other's arms like true comrades.

CROOK: Each using another's corpse as shield, no doubt.... Were the bodies mutilated?

CLARK: All but three.

CROOK: The squaws are avid in their work. Did Custer keep his hair?

CLARK: He was untouched.

CROOK: A nice gesture. Someone has respect for command... So cramped a place to hold two hundred souls beneath my feet.

CLARK: Surely their souls are in heaven, sir.

CROOK: Do you believe so? Well, they are in heaven, then, and surely grateful to those who sent them there. Custer, was he atop this pile of comrades?

CLARK: No, sir. In the heart.

CROOK: Then perhaps he did not live to see his folly in full.

CLARK: Surely no man was braver, sir.

CROOK: No doubt, and none deader now. War is not about brave men. Courage was served by the cannon—full in the war just past. I have seen valor turn a skirmish—it will not win a war. Give me numbers and weapons that fire and cede the others all the heart in the world. Even the lion hunts in prides; alone, mere hyenas wear him down.

CLARK: Would you care to sit, sir? Are you tired?

CROOK: (*Ruefully*) I am not so infirm as I look.

CLARK: We were told you have a leg....

CROOK: Solicit me if I complain.... Sorry, lad. Five hours astride that mule has worn my manners thin.

CLARK: I just want to say, sir, you came on us so quick we had not time to welcome you formally. We are all so proud to serve with you.... They say you subdued the Paiutes and the Apache.

CROOK: I helped to free those tribes.

CLARK: Free them? Surely they were free before you brought them to reservations.

CROOK: They were, as beasts are free, which is shackled by unyielding custom, each man doomed to live the same life as his father, each woman doomed to worse. I brought them civilization and freed them from the cage of history.

CLARK: The mounts and deserts of Arizona are such a long way from here.

CROOK: It is a land God made in anger and the people there do thrive on spite.

CLARK: (*Admiringly*) They tell us you knew the Apache chief, Geronimo.

CROOK: A sour man, a malcontent, little loved among his people. He was no leader, only a bandit.

CLARK: They say Geronimo...

CROOK: Too much is made of the man!

CLARK: Yes, sir.

CROOK: The Apaches are a thousand miles from here, let us leave them there. In my saddlebag is a copy of Gibbon. fetch it for me. We have much to do and must depart within the hour—yet stolen moments are most precious... And my head scout—how is he called?

CLARK: Gruard.

CROOK: Fetch him first.

CLARK: Sir...if I may.

(CROOK *nods assent.*)

CLARK: I would be wary of the man. He shows little respect and holds nothing dear, save his own life.

CROOK: He sounds a man of the times.

CLARK: The subject of fornication seems much on his mind, though at the oddest times; and even that he treats as comedy.

CROOK: (*Amused*) That is oft the safest way.

CLARK: He will not meet my gaze at times and yet again he will stare overlong as if all candor lies within his eyes.

CROOK: (*Amused*) You have made a study of the man. Does he also scout awhile?

CLARK: He is an excellent scout. They say he has lived among the Sioux—with a squaw for wife.

CROOK: A sensible arrangement. Fetch him, then let us speak alone awhile.

(*CLARK exits. Only now that he's alone does CROOK allow himself to sit, easing down with caution and some pain, stretching one leg out in front of him. This sciatic leg will bother him throughout the play; although he will try not to give in to it he must eventually rub it, shift weight from it, etc, in unavailing efforts to ease the ache.*)

CROOK: I know the man the Spaniards call Geronimo...

Three thousand Apache now till the land because of me. They do not raid, they do not kill, they practice honest husbandry—and one roams free. Three thousand for civility, one who will not bend—and men speak only of him. I have the numbers, he the name.... I know Geronimo. I know him as the Indian knows the buffalo for I have stalked and studied him, smelled his scent from afar. I have sweltered with him in the

summer sun and frozen with him in the desert night as chill as an ice house. I have held his horse's dung between my fingers to gauge the hour of his passing and I have caught his musk on the downwind breeze. I have felt his fear as the hunter closed in and sensed his taunting laughter tinkling like birdsong when he eluded me. I have slept at night when the sweat of chasing him had dried to a crust of salt that cut my skin.

I have carved no image of Geronimo but I have painted him on the skins of my mind as clearly as the Apache draws in sand his favored prey, with respect, with reverence, with the keen blood lust of a man yearning for the feast. Hate him? Man, I would kill him with my teeth.

*(During this speech, CLARK enters with book and stands apart, out of earshot of CROOK. FRANK GRUARD, the scout, enters and stands with CLARK, regarding CROOK. GRUARD is dressed in a motley of old, serviceable garments. His boots are Indian.)*

GRUARD: Is this the man the Lakota call Three Stars and the Apaches named Grey Wolf? Old Dog, more like. What do you make of him?

CLARK: He seems troubled. Still, they say he made gardeners of the Apaches. He tamed Geronimo.

GRUARD: Tamed him? He escorted him in. and when the heathen wished, he left again. Crook could not keep the devil chained.

CLARK: I'm sure he's a great man. Everyone says...But I saw Custer. He wore glory like epaulettes upon his shoulders and when he rode amongst the heathen the very luster of the man was enough to fright the savage. Yet this man thinks him a fool.

GRUARD: Never choose your heroes among the living, they may live to disappoint.

CLARK: He would read of the fall of Rome while Custer's wounds cry out for vengeance. I would our hands were scarlet to the elbows now.

GRUARD: Boy, your energy fatigues me. Go at a woman like that and you'll be spent before she knows you started. You must pace yourself with slow reserve and let matters build as they will or she'll be left to battle on alone.

CLARK: I was speaking not of women, I know how to deal with women well enough.

GRUARD: You're heard about it, have you?

CLARK: I have some knowledge—I have not made it my life's work.

GRUARD: It is the work of life, old son. I know no better way to procreate than with a woman and a favoring moon, but as with anything, you have to like the work for its own sake.

*(GRUARD starts towards CROOK, CLARK stops him, gives him the copy of Gibbon.)*

CLARK: His Gibbon.

*(CLARK exits; GRUARD crosses to CROOK.)*

GRUARD: You fetched me?

CROOK: *(Surprised)* You move quietly, Gruard. *(He gets to his feet, not to be seen as infirm.)* We're standing in an abbatoir. I wanted the company of someone experienced with burying men.

GRUARD: I have some.

CROOK: You have the look. My lieutenant has only heard of death from a far place and the rumor has gained finery in its passage. He finds some glint of glory in it. He may resent that I do not offer a lance to hurl himself upon. I do not trust glorious men, Gruard. Are you eager to die?

GRUARD: I have a terrible fear of dying. I've seen too many men who didn't care for it. On the other hand, I've heard no complaints about being dead.

CROOK: I have heard of a Gruard from New York State. He had a squaw and a half-breed child and lived with the Sioux for many years. Are you that Gruard?

GRUARD: I was that man. The squaw and the child are gone—and that man with them.

CROOK: I am sorry.

GRUARD: A trifling matter—a squaw and a breed and fifteen years of life. (*Pause; lightly*) It is past.

CROOK: ...What is this place?

GRUARD: The People know that stream as Greasy Grass.

CROOK: Who were they who did this?

GRUARD: They call themselves The People, which makes the rest of us not quite up to the mark. I find that a mite insulting, but I never told one to his face.

CROOK: A common arrogance. The Apache named themselves Tinneh, the Human Beings. Their neighbors called them Apache, which means "the enemy". Both were apt.

GRUARD: These were Lakotah, different bands, Hunkpapa, Minniconjou, Oglalla, and a sprinkling of Cheyenne, happy to add their bit of vengeance. They were led by Sitting Bull and Gall and a saint they call Crazy Horse.

CROOK: A saint? Religion is thick in the air.

GRUARD: They say no bullet can tear his flesh. And they believe it.

CROOK: Do you believe, scout?

GRUARD: I believe none can until it does, but pay no heed to me. I might have said the other one did not walk on water except in deepest winter.

CROOK: You are blasphemous, Scout.

GRUARD: Only when asked, sir.

CROOK: ...We will start with Crazy Horse, then. One wild stallion can tempt the docile herd. We shall bring this saint into the fold, Gruard.

GRUARD: We can try. They may hold a different opinion. I guess them to be twenty thousand strong.

CROOK: The Sioux have doomed themselves, Scout. This battle was their death knell.

GRUARD: We lost two hundred and twenty-five men, General. The Sioux lost three, or so they boast. It will take some time to whittle down twenty thousand, three at a go.

CROOK: Do you know your recent history, Scout? In the insurrection just past brilliant, brassy Bobby Lee took all his battles. And poor Grant, dull and plodding, lost and bled until he won the war. The Sioux have massed themselves, Gruard. They will not survive it. They lack the supplies, they lack the fodder, the food, the weapons. The Indian is a warrior, not a soldier. He knows how to fight, not wage war. I will bring him a kind of contest he has not seen and will not comprehend. This is his summer, his time of glory. He lives in plenty, and we will not challenge him direct, but: we will dog him. When the weather turns and the grass for his ponies grows sere and he splits into bands—we will be there. Let him exult now—but let him fear the winter.... Give me the status of our scouts, their tribe and strength.

GRUARD: We have Crow warriors, some hundred or two, who were born in hatred of the Sioux.

CROOK: It will not do. I want Lakotah scouts. I need the Sioux to fight the Sioux.

GRUARD: The Crow will kill them as dead.

CROOK: I do not come to kill the Sioux, Gruard. I come to pacify him. He wars against the inevitable and spends his energy in profligate hate of progress. A new world awaits the Indian and we are but the shadow that precedes it. He flees from shadows now but must be taught to recognize the substance that casts them forth. First comes peace, then education, then participation. He has both courage and spirit; I do not seek to break them but to give them new direction. For this purpose I need scouts who know him best.

GRUARD: The Sioux will not scout for you against his own.

CROOK: He will.

GRUARD: None that I know. He is too proud. Why should he?

CROOK: It will be in his own interests. Ultimately every man serves his own needs—if he's thinking rightly. We will show the Sioux a new way to think.

GRUARD: You want me to find a traitor.

CROOK: Find a man who's wise enough to know which way the wind is blowing...It is a fair wind for him, Scout. In the long run.

*(CROOK and GRUARD exit. A swirl of music, the scenery changes, and we are in a Sioux encampment. CRAZY HORSE stands in a kind of trance with spirit figures. Enter WITNAKE. CRAZY HORSE is startled by his approach and grabs a lance and threatens WITNAKE before realizing who he is. Spirits vanish.)*

WITNAKE: Cousin!

CRAZY HORSE: (*Coming to himself*) Forgive me. I thought you were a demon.

WITNAKE: A demon? I?

CRAZY HORSE: I see them often. Do you not?

WITNAKE: No.

CRAZY HORSE: It is not given to every man to know them. Like women, the spirits have their favorites, no man knows why.

WITNAKE: Perhaps they find the purer souls.

CRAZY HORSE: Perhaps.

WITNAKE: I would be afrighted by such visitors.

CRAZY HORSE: I am accustomed to terror, Witnake. It is a price I must pay to keep these demons from the People.

WITNAKE: You are too much alone. You should join your people. This is a time of joy, come rejoice with us, don't keep yourself always so much apart, cousin. You set your lodge too far from the others.

CRAZY HORSE: Is it for you to judge my purpose? I am solitary that the demons can find only me... Why do you visit me?

WITNAKE: I have brought you a demon of a different kind. You know this one's name. He is Yugata who calls himself Frank Guard. He scouts now for the Wasichu with three stars on his shoulder. He comes to us with this Three Stars's offer of "peace." He must be crazy.

CRAZY HORSE: They are all crazy who scout for the soldiers. The insolent Crow now take Wasichu beef and blankets to hunt us...

WITNAKE: But the Crow have always been our enemies. We have destroyed many Crow together, and will again.

CRAZY HORSE: Not in the company of soldiers. We will not ask the Wasichu to kill for us.

WITNAKE: (*Shrugs*) I despise the Crow, but not more because they scout for Three Stars.

CRAZY HORSE: You are forgiving.

WITNAKE: No man hates them more! ...But it is their nature to fight us. I do not blame a thing for following its nature. And if he receives blankets and beef and rifles for his nature...he is a sensible man.

CRAZY HORSE: You are too practical for my liking. Do you not blame a thing for betraying its own kind?

WITNAKE: Its own kind? The Crow is not of my kind! They say they sleep with their mothers, they say they eat their own young. I have hated the Crow all my life, as have you, we were born to hate them, it is in the order of things.

CRAZY HORSE: Would you scout for the Wasichu against the Crow?

WITNAKE: To kill a Crow and take his ponies I would even scout for your demons.

CRAZY HORSE: Do not speak lightly of my demons until you have faced them, cousin. The Crow seek but to kill us; the Wasichu to change our ways. That is the greater fear.... Bring in Yugata.

(WITNAKE *exits.*)

CRAZY HORSE: (*Chanting to four directions*) Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey! Hear me Grandfathers! Why do you send me such dreams? Why do you torment me with these demons? What shall I do? The People are brave, but weak in understanding, like an infant who shakes his

fist and yells at the ravening wolf, his courage fed by ignorance. He does not know what he faces. They can not see the waste you have shown me. the People cast down and broken in heart while all around them the Wasichus crawl upon the land like ants upon a corpse. Why have you shown me the horror of a time when the Lakota are no longer the People but only men, when the sacred ways have become forgotten and all live half-lives without meaning? What shall I do? You have shown me these things, Grandfathers, but I am not strong enough, I am not worthy. Who would lead in such a time? I am frightened but I must show no fear, I am weak but I must seem strong. I must be all-knowing when I know nothing. Like the powerless frog, I must frighten my enemies and embolden my people with an empty roar. They lean upon me as an old man upon a staff, but I am but a reed, trembling and hollow. What must I do? Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!

*(Enter WITNAKE and GRUARD, standing apart from CRAZY HORSE.)*

WITNAKE: His spirit is greatly troubled with the burdens of his people. He carries them all with him into the other world. Take care you do not bring him back too quickly. He may kill you for it.

GRUARD: I am beset by men with torments. Three Stars wrestles in his mind with old enemies, too.

CRAZY HORSE: I see you, Yugata.

GRUARD: I see you, Tasunke Witco.

*(GRUARD extends his left arm to shake but CRAZY HORSE pointedly refuses it.)*

CRAZY HORSE: I will not shake the hand of a Washichu. You are a Washichu now aren't you, "Guard"?

GRUARD: I am what I have always been—what you see.

CRAZY HORSE: I see a man who lived among the People then fled to the Wasichus when we took the path of war. I see a fool who knows the way of the Lakota but chooses to live in the service of an old man astride a mule.

GRUARD: Then you see me but dimly. I am a man who knows both peoples and seeks peace for all.

WITNAKE: (*Derisively*) Tell Crazy Horse of Three Stars and his plan for "peace".

GRUARD: I am sent to say he bids you return to the agency and the great chief Red Cloud and the others of your brethren who bide peacefully there. It is a safe place and secure and once there he promises you the manifold blessings of civilization.

CRAZY HORSE: These are not your words, Gruard.

GRUARD: It is a pretty speech I have by rote. I say it well.

WITNAKE: Tell us of the other offer, the one you make at the agency.

GRUARD: (*Pause*) He wants Lakota scouts. He offers a new rifle, ponies, a uniform if you wish, and an annuity for every man who volunteers and serves faithfully.

WITNAKE: An annuity?

GRUARD: A sum of money every year for the rest of your life.

WITNAKE: (*Laughs*) He is insane. You are led by this fool? What good is your money?

GRUARD: It has much use in the white world.

CRAZY HORSE: It has but one purpose for a Lakota. To buy the whisky that enslaves us. Is that what Three Stars offers us, Gruard? A chance to earn our own

enslavement? You are fortunate that no one has killed you yet.

WITNAKE: He is not important enough. We could not count coup on a coward.

CRAZY HORSE: You are not a coward, are you, Guard? You come among us still smelling of the soldier's tent. You know that many despise and some might slay you because your odor offends. And yet you came. You are not a coward. What are you?

GRUARD: I'm just a messenger.

CRAZY HORSE: Your work is perilous, but there is no honor in it. This Three Stars must hold strong magic to make you risk yourself this way. What is he like?

GRUARD: Crazy Horse is a great leader, a great warrior, a great chief...

WITNAKE: He is greater than Red Cloud. His valor shadows Spotted Tail.

GRUARD: ...but Three Stars, too, has proven himself in battle.

CRAZY HORSE: (*Proudly, angrily*) I have counted eighty-six coup! I have scalped Pawnee and Shoshone and I have killed a Crow and his wife and his child within his own tent. I have stolen thousands of horses and won battles against all my enemies.

GRUARD: General Crook has taken the lance from the hands of the Apache.

WITNAKE: What is an Apache?

GRUARD: A tribe from the arid South called Arizona. They live many days' ride from here in the desert.

WITNAKE: (*Sneers*) An Apache is not one of the People. What does it mean to take an Apache lance?

GRUARD: Many lives. It is Crook's great accomplishment.

CRAZY HORSE: I know nothing of what you call Apache. I am Lakota and Three Stars snaps at my heels all summer like an impudent dog. When I turn to face him he flees. Should I fear such a man?

GRUARD: As the wise man fears the wolf. He will hound you, and when you are weary, he will bite.

CRAZY HORSE: We have destroyed yellow haired Custer, why should we dread this tired old man?

GRUARD: Custer wanted just to kill you; Three Stars sees farther. He has not Custer's glory nor bluster, but this wise and reasoned old man would scare me far worse. He's got the devil's mind.

WITNAKE: He loses men in every skirmish! Soon there will be none left.

GRUARD: There are more Wasichu than a man can count in his lifetime.

WITNAKE: We will fight a lifetime and count the dead at its end. If there are so many Wasichu, then we must reclaim our arrows and use them twice. I hope they come to us as thick as buffalo that even a child can shoot and hit an enemy. Bring them in their masses, I have a son not yet with teeth, I will arm him and give him practice at a large target.

GRUARD: There are more of them than there are buffalo.

WITNAKE: There is no number greater than the buffalo! He is a liar and a fool to come here. No Lakota will ever serve as scout! Tell him, cousin.

CRAZY HORSE: I am no Wasichu. I do not set rules for others. Each man is free to be what he will.

WITNAKE: No Lakota will serve as scout! We have none so base. This request makes mockery of council.

CRAZY HORSE: Leave us awhile to speak alone, cousin.

WITNAKE: (*Saving face*) I need hear no more from this man. (*He exits.*)