



Our Garden Guest Home

SAMUEL

(whispering)

Evidently he's not out to hurt us. Let's pack it in,
and get goin'.

TOM

(whispering)

You've got a point there,
Times a wastin'! Move slow
and easy, so as not to give him
reason to become rebellious.

SAMUEL

I am a wall of masonry.

The young buffalo watches them closely. . . When all is put
away, the men slowly eat into the boat, the beast follows
em' from the river's edge, the buffalo watches their every
move, while keeping pace with the men.

EXT. B&B/VERANDA - Day 1800'S

The food, and refreshments are replenished. . .

MR. HAYNES

Tom, and my grandfather felt very
safe in Indian Territory with a
white buffalo next to their side.
They were feeling quite comfortable when all of a sudden
and doesn't it always happen like this?

DAISY

What happened?

Rose put a finger to her lips to imply a hush.

EXT. DAISY'S IMAGINATION - RIVER MONTAGE NOON 1700'S

Tom is fishing: Samuel is finishing picking berries.

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White buffalo SNORTS as Indian approaches.

MR. HAYNES (O.S.)

An Indian approaches the two men,
he is intrigued, because he has
never seen such a sight. When my
Grandfather told him how the
white buffalo came to him.
The Indian offered lunch to my grandfather, and Tom