

**THUNDERHEART**

Written by

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draft

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Oct.

A DRUM. Beating slow. And deep. Like a heart.

**FADE IN:**

**EXT. THE GREAT PLAINS SOUTH DAKOTA - DAWN**

light,  
undulating  
to  
Sapa  
  
higher.  
and  
like, as  
golden.

Something is rising from the Black Hills. A sphere of  
too red to be the sun. A sphere of contained fire,  
in crimson and ochre, and rising slowly, majestically,  
the pulse. To the DRUM. It is the sun. But it is a Paha  
sunrise. A Black Hills sunrise. And it is spectacular.  
The DRUM, pounds deeper, bigger, as the sun gets  
Stronger. Igniting a vast landscape of gentle slopes  
foothills; throwing shadows on the plains that look  
the Indians say, an old man dancing. The grass is  
And high. The wind moves through it, snakes through it.  
Slowly.

**BEGIN CREDITS.**

Wakan

Voices; a TRADITIONAL INDIAN SONG (Lakota), summoning  
Tanka - The Great Mystery.

head  
SLOW  
INDIAN  
his

And now, rising up over one of the small land waves, a  
comes into view. Shoulders. A man, running in ghostly  
MOTION, his long black hair trailing in the wind. The  
MAN wears only buckskin pants and a bone choker around  
neck.

grace,  
his  
MORE

Legs and arms churning, the man runs with antelope  
backlit by the sunrise, bounding toward us. Running...  
heart pounding. SONG RISING... DRUM POUNDING... FIVE  
VOICES in high-pitched tremolo join the song.

and it  
crimson,  
gunfire  
him.  
quickly

And then the runner soars, like an eagle from a bluff,  
airborne, flying over a small dip, arms outstretched,  
would be a wondrous thing if there were not a fine,  
mist all around him and if slow motion was not suddenly  
overtaken by LIVE SPEED, revealing the brutal force of  
which has slammed the Indian into the air, throwing  
Slamming him hard into the grass. And it is over as  
and violently as a deer shot dead.

LAKOTA SONG ends abruptly.

#### **LONG SHOT - THE GREAT PLAINS**

a  
OWL.

the sun burns like lava at the horizon. DRUM beats like  
heart. And Somewhere off in a distant cottonwood, an  
Then Silence. Deep, disturbing stillness.

#### **EXT. CAPITAL BELTWAY - WASHINGTON. D.C - DAY**

off a  
billboard  
INSURANCE.

ROCK N'ROLL shatters the silence.

Cars -- a multicolored metallic criss-cross reflecting  
building made of mirrors -- races past an electronic  
that blinks in red skyhigh digital: PRUDENTIAL LIFE

7:59. 73 degrees.

distance,  
iron  
is  
the

The D.C. Superhighway. And off behind it, in the Capital Hill holds imposing vigil, the massive cast dome of The Capital, catching the sun. But everything soon smothered by a METRO BUS, hogging the far lane of Beltway, leaning on its HORN.

Good morning.

tempo.

And the rock n'roll is everybody's radio, everybody's

**CARBON MONOXIDE WAVE**

solitary  
Nissan 240

shimmers across the beltway hugging then releasing a vehicle that we stay with... move with... A black SX, hard-waxed.

**INT. 240 SX - TRAVELING**

cropped  
for  
fit. But  
instead  
as a  
insatiable  
threatening  
thirty

Behind the wheel -- an intense young man with close-black hair, eyes hidden by sunglasses. Whatever he does a living, he does in a suit (not expensive but well-we might also note that any extra suit cash has gone into the silver-plated watch on his left wrist). Lean rake, sallow in the cheeks, there is something about him -- a hungry energy that won't let him go.

RAY LEVOI, late 20's, early 30's, pulls out of a traffic jam and races on the narrow right between cars and a cement girder.

**EXT. T STREET - OUTSIDE WEST-CENTRAL**

light-

The black SX has jumped off an exit and has entered the

loading  
cars and  
HIS

industrial section of Washington. It pulls up near a  
dock behind an old gray building and several parked  
vans. Ray steps out, smooths his jacket, locks and SETS

**CAR ALARM.**

suit  
approaches  
and a

Another young man -- chubby, clean-shaven; in a nicer  
than Ray's -- steps out from a parked Miata, and  
Ray. CARL PODJWICK balances a coffee, a U.S.A. Today  
black eel-skin briefcase.

**CARL**

Hey.

**RAY**

Hey. Nice tie.

**CARL**

Don't get too attached.

They start walking briskly toward the loading dock.

**RAY**

Ya got the paper?

They mount steps.

**CARL**

Yeah.

**RAY**

You're my hero, Carl.

**CARL**

Heroes ain't supposed to shake. I'm  
shakin', man, look at me.

**RAY**

Breathe, Carl. Four, nice, deep ones.

breathes.  
for

They stop at the door of a service elevator and Carl  
Expanding his chest, exhaling. Ray adjusts Carl's tie  
him, his collar. He speaks quietly. Quickly.

**RAY**

Anyone stops us going in, we're with  
the Bowen-Hamilton Textile Company.  
We have rug samples.

**CARL**

Rug samples.

**RAY**

We are one-dimensional, boring  
peddlers of fine carpet, Carl.

enters Carl nods. Ray hesitates, adjusts his own collar and  
the service elevator. Carl follows. Door closes.

**BEGIN CREDITS END.**

**INT. GRAY BUILDING - FENCING OPERATION**

boxes, Carl follows Ray into the big sparse room of unfinished  
a sheetrock walls. There is nothing in here but cardboard  
aged and two people; a bearded HISPANIC MAN standing behind  
with a counter, writing on a clipboard. The other is a middle-  
the BLACK MAN in a purple silk shirt sitting in a chair  
newspaper held open. He barely looks over the top of  
Wall Street Journal.

**BLACK MAN**

Hey, look who's here.

**RAY**

Louis, my man, what's happenin'?

Ray sets his briefcase on the counter. Carl lingers, fidgeting.  
open. The Hispanic fence man looks inside, and begins pulling  
out stacks of treasury checks.

**FENCE MAN**

Clean ones?

**RAY**

Immaculate.

briefcase on  
He

Ray gestures to Carl and he nervously sets his  
the counter, fumbles with the first latch. The second.  
flips it open.

Grade A

The fence man casts his eyes down at a neat cache of  
Treasury. A lot of it. Then his eyes rise to Carl.

**FENCE MAN**

What ya got there, seventy-five  
thousand?

**CARL**

A hundred and ten. Count it.

**LOUIS (BLACK MAN)**

Have the girl count it, we can't sit  
around here countin' bonds, we got  
things to do here.

a

The fence man pushes an intercom button and yells into  
speaker.

**FENCE MAN**

**SALLLLY!**

Python

Carl's eyes flit to Ray. Ray's eyes flit to Carl.  
Louis crushes his newspaper down and lifts a big Colt  
from his lap just as --

OFFICERS

A section of sheetrock kicks open and THREE FEDERAL  
bust out, each clutching a handgun, SHOUTING inaudibly.

**LOUIS**

F.B.I.! Get your face on the fuckin'  
floor! MOVE!

one  
slapping  
down by  
white

Carl startled, does an almost effeminate dip down to  
knee, but that knee is swept out from under him,  
him flat onto plywood where he is instantly frisked  
the fence man who is wielding a 9 mm handgun. But the  
collar criminal is more stunned by the fact that --

pockets  
milk.  
Sweet

Ray is walking across the floor with his hands in his  
over to the Mr. Coffee. He pours one, and adds some  
Turns and watches the bust while opening a packet of  
n'Low.

**RAY**

Slam dunk.

**LOUIS**

Beauty. Beauty...

a  
man and  
shocked.  
Ray rests his weight against the coffee station, takes  
careful sip. Carl is yanked to his feet by the fence  
he stands there, looking at Ray, baffled. Completely

**CARL**

Jesus Christ, Larry, what the fu--  
Larry. That's not even your name, is  
it? What's your real name, you fucking  
scumbag?

**RAY**

Don't have one, Carl. I have a number,  
man. Just like the numbers on those  
treasury checks. You stole from your  
own country, Carl. Shame on you.

Coffee in hand, Ray walks briskly toward the door.

**LOUIS**

Sugar Ray.

his  
Ray turns. Louis takes a few steps toward him, putting  
gun back in his waistband.

**LOUIS**

They want ya Home. Upstairs wants to  
see ya.

what  
Ray stands frozen, holding the door knob, and digesting  
are apparently influential words.

**LOUIS**

Make sure ya spell my name right.

door. Ray just stares for a moment. Then hurries out the

like Carl, being arm-gripped by two agents and photographed  
a trout, gazes bewildered at the door.

**CARL**

(incredulous)

We just spent four months together...  
I thought he was my friend... what  
the fuck, man?

(even more incredulous)

He had dinner at my mother's.

striking a CAMERA FLASHES at him, an agent on either side,  
natural pose.

**EXT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY**

bordered The huge, imposing, mausoleum-like Hoover building,  
Turning by artificial turf, hemmed by cherry trees in blossom.  
out to be a nice day on Pennsylvania Avenue.

**INT. FBI DIRECTOR'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

table, 8x10 BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS dealt like cards onto a  
one on top of another.

1 -- an aerial shot of some wasteland.

NASA 2 -- a closer bird's eye of the same, what looks like a  
photo of Mars.

3 -- a vast expanse of the Great Plains.

photo ROBERT F. TULLY, Number-Two-in-Command, deals a fourth  
well- onto the table. He is an understated, fatherly man,  
collar manicured in cotton pencil-striped shirt, white-tab  
the and tie. The photos and maps and files a foot deep on  
huge table are neatly organized.



**INTERCOM**

SA Levoi, Sir.

**TULLY**

Please.

deep  
is  
end  
tight,  
Bureau  
era  
ironic

Seated, at the far end of the table, engrossed in the spread of information, SA (Special Agent) FRANK COUTURE about to break the record for longest single ash on the end of a cigarette and the smoke forces his eyes into concentrating, slits. "COOCH" as they call him in the Bureau has seen thirty years in some rough "provinces". He has survived the Hoover era and is a legend in the Sessions but survival has honed an edge. An edge with a touch of cop humor.

Ray enters, walks into a firm shake.

**TULLY**

Ray...

**RAY**

Mister Tully.

**TULLY**

Do you want a coffee?

**RAY**

No. No, no. Thank you.

the  
glasses  
doesn't

Ray sits nervously across from Cooch who looks up from photos and studies the younger man through reading and cigarette smoke, and he looks at him like he know who the hell he is or why he's sitting there.

**TULLY**

Levoi, Cooch. Raymond Levoi, Criminal Division.

**COOCH**

Oh, yeah -- right.

with his Cooch sticks his cigarette in his left hand, shakes right.

**TULLY**

Ray this is --

**RAY / TULLY**

Frank Couture.

**TULLY**

That's right.

**COUTURE**

Hello, Ray.

at Agent The handshake is still locked. Cooch is still squinting the younger agent. Ray obviously knows something about Couture.

**RAY**

It's an honor.

casually. Tully leans back in his chair, crosses his legs

**TULLY**

Ray, we're taking you off the street.  
We need you out in South Dakota.

Ray's enthusiasm suddenly deflates.

**RAY**

South Dakota...  
(confused)  
Did I do something unsatisfactory,  
Sir?

**COOCH**

No, Ray. You're gonna have to blame  
that on your grandmother.

Cooch Ray looks completely baffled now, swinging a look from to Tully.

**TULLY**

Interesting bloodline you have, Ray.  
(scanning file)

French, Scots-Irish, Italian, ...and  
one-eighth American Indian.

**COOCH**

Sioux Indian, right?

**RAY**

I'm not that sure. Yeah, I think --

**TULLY**

-- yes, Teton Sioux. Father's side.

Ray nods, looks from Tully to Cooch. What's going on  
here?

**TULLY**

Ray, there's been a homicide out in  
an area known as The Badlands. Indian  
Reservation.

**COOCH**

It's not the first. There's been  
several. And our field office in  
Rapid City is getting a lot of heat...  
none of the investigations have turned  
up jack shit.

**TULLY**

The main problem is, Ray, these people  
are extremely distrustful of  
outsiders, non-Indians. Relations  
have not been amicable.

**COOCH**

Different culture. Hard to penetrate.  
The Indians don't like white cops  
poking around. And that's why we're  
in a position where we have to bring  
in an American Indian agent.

Tully straightens the edges of a bureau memorandum.

**TULLY**

With an Indian representative out  
there, we hope to keep hostilities  
dormant; this is a COINTELPRO,  
Selective Operations Unit, and it'll  
be easier on Agent Couture if you  
can gain the people's trust and maybe --

**RAY**

Woh, excuse me, Sir... I see what

you're saying... I've got a little  
Indian blood, that's true. But --  
(laughing)  
I am not an... an Indian. I can't  
just go in and --

**TULLY**

-- your father was part Sioux.

A beat. Ray lowers his eyes to the photos.

**RAY**

I didn't know him, Sir. He passed  
away when I was six.

**COOCH**

Seven.

lights a  
Ray looks up at Cooch. Another uneasy beat. Cooch  
cigarette as if lighting a cigarette was a science.

**COOCH**

Don't worry about it, Ray. As long  
as the people have proof that we  
sent them one of their own, no one's  
gonna ask you to weave baskets or  
make it rain.

He has  
The  
slaps an  
Ray sits before the files and photos, looking unsure.  
come to garner a promotion but has just been sent to  
Graveyard. Or in the FBI argot, Indian Country.  
Tully pivots his leather chair in a full circle and  
assignment folder down in front of the young agent.

**EXT. THE GREAT PLAINS - SOUTH DAKOTA - DAWN**

land,  
out  
DRUM.  
The very landscape from opening image. Gentle waves of  
rolling out to touch the Black Hills. The sun rises up  
of the distant silhouette like a waking God. HEARTBEAT  
Hypnotic.

and  
And then a car blows by, throwing up gravel and agate  
gypsum. ZOOOOM! Right by us. Gone.

metal  
punched

When a dense screen of red dust clears, an old, bent, sign at roadside becomes visible. It reads, through and rusted bullet holes: "Entering Bear Creek Indian Reservation."

voices of

HEARTBEAT DRUM calls in the high-pitched, mournful LAKOTA SINGERS. The same haunting song.

**INT. LE BARON - MOVING**

desk for  
drive.

Cooch is at the wheel. Ray, passenger. His lap is a several folders, and he works through them as they drive. Both agents eat a sandwich as they travel.

**RAY**

Eight murders in less than a year.  
All of them Indian. All of them  
unsolved. Is the law a non-entity  
out here or what?

his  
some  
us

Cooch opens a folder that sits between them, and taking eyes off the road for a dangerous five seconds, locates photos, and hands them to Ray. Ray's expression tells they are not pretty.

**COOCH**

Those are two agents who went into a reservation a few years ago to serve a warrant. They were executed at close range. That one there is a police officer killed by the Mohawks up in Canada more recently.

**RAY**

Jesus...

**COOCH**

The agents who have worked out here say its like going into Nam. Unfamiliar terrain, foreign language, foreign customs... and you never know when you might walk into a few rounds. They hold a lot of old anger

for the white man out here.

terrain  
Ray...  
Ray considers this as he looks out at the unfamiliar  
while on the RADIO, a D.J. speaks in LAKOTA LANGUAGE.  
back at Cooch, studying his face.

**RAY**

Were you in Nam?

**COOCH**

Airborne. That's where they used to  
get us agents from. Now we get 'em  
from Carnegie-Melon, Ivy League.  
Accountants and computer whiz-kids.  
Yuppies with guns.

(lights a smoke)

That's scary shit.

Ray smiles, sets the AC on high.

**RAY**

Not as scary as a Hoover man with a  
computer.

Cooch throws a quick look Ray's way. And a smile. He  
appreciates the sting of a right off a left.

**COOCH**

Hey, hey, hey. J. Edgar would've  
loved you. He'd love anybody who  
joined the bureau to, what was it?  
"To enforce the laws of my country  
and protect her interests"?

**RAY**

You crashed my file?

**COOCH**

No. I consulted it. We're going into  
Indian Country, I wanna know what  
kind of individual is covering my  
ass. Don't you?

cramming  
Ray has finished his sandwich. He wipes his hands on a  
kerchief while taking in the sight of chalky buttes  
roadside.

**RAY**

You've been in the bureau for thirty

years. You survived The Hoov, the Black Panthers and Abscam. I don't see any bullet holes. That's good enough for me.

he  
partner's  
Cooch looks at Ray, amused. He likes this guy. And then notices a look of growing consternation on his face.

**RAY'S POV - MOVING**

broken  
blocks,  
softly  
as they drive through the first settlement, a little, and scattered community, littered with wrecked cars on and overpopulated with hungry dogs. HEARTBEAT DRUM under.

long  
them  
SIX INDIAN CHILDREN with dirty but beautiful faces and blue black hair run alongside the car, curious. One of YELLS SOMETHING we don't understand.

SIX  
figures,  
PAST the trading post -- a white man's store -- where OGLALA SIOUX -- four men, two women sit like wax only their eyes moving to light on the freshly waxed government car.

satellite  
away  
A little house has a tipi erected beside it. And a dish. The house beside that one has been half chopped to feed the wood stove.

Poverty.

**EXT. BEAR CREEK COMMUNITY - RESERVATION - DAY**

into  
swallowed,  
The federal car drives out of the community and further vast bluffs and strange rock formations where it is leaving the ramshackle village in dust.

A lone dog -- all its ribs showing -- chases, BARKING.

**EXT. BADLANDS - SHORT TIME LATER**

We are on the Moon. Or Israel. But not America. Not any  
of America we've ever seen. A thirty-mile eroded landscape  
Barren. dunes and crevices, soft rock strata and fossils.  
otherworldly And eerie. A LAKOTA DEATH SONG underscores the  
Two SHOES scuff through the gumbo and multi-colored stones.  
loafers. pair of black, spit-shined, lace-ups. Three. Tripping.  
Scuffing. And then a fourth pair. But they are not  
They are Georgio Brutini's and they belong to --  
Ray, as he and Cooch follow two Special Agents from the  
balding. SA regional office. SA MILES is about Cooch's age,  
like SHERMAN is closer to Ray's age but instead of a suit  
South the rest, he favors an army-green jacket. Neither is a  
four Dakota shit-kicker but transplanted field agents. All  
Badlands shield their eyes with dark glasses, and here in the  
craters it is wise because the sun makes dunes shimmy and  
and become faces. It plays mischief on the eye, making Ray  
Sherman nearly trip on --

**A DEAD BODY**

lying face down in the rainbow sand. Dried blood and  
horse flies cover his blown out torso. The agents stand over  
him, breathless from the rugged walk.

**COOCH**

Who found him?

**MILES**

Indian kids. Hunting fossils.

Cooch studies the body from where he stands. Sherman  
hands a file over to Ray.



**COOCH**

Okay. I think Agent Levoi and I can proceed from here. What are your call signals?

**SHERMAN**

PX-10 and 11. Anything we can do to help you out, just radio.

**COOCH**

Good. Thanks, Guys.

already  
nose  
body.

The agents start back through the Badlands. Ray is squatting a safe distance from the body, covering his nose with a kerchief while looking in the file. Cooch takes a bended knee on the other side of the body. Flies buzz on and around the corpse.

**RAY**

Leo Fast Elk... Thirty seven... single... Member of the Tribal Council.

holds a  
over.

Cooch makes a note then slowly circles the body. He hand out to Ray and the younger agent turns the file over.

**COOCH**

Looks like Fast Elk wasn't fast enough to outrun that load. What do you make of the damage?

Ray gets closer, swats at Flies with the folder.

**RAY**

Six rounds. 357.

**COOCH**

That's what it looks like, doesn't it? But that's what a ten gauge, choke-bored, shotgun will look like when it hits your lower back from five feet away.

gingerly,

Ray looks up impressed. Cooch rises and walks off

scanning the surroundings.

**RAY**

Somebody was serious about doing  
this guy, that's for sure.

**COOCH**

Ray.

Ray  
the  
Cooch is standing ten feet away, staring at the ground.  
walks over, carefully. He follows Cooch's frown down at  
twisted layers of earth.

**ON THE GROUND**

the  
straight  
a circle has been etched deep in the soft gumbo, and in  
center of the circle, a white eagle plume sticks  
up, dancing in the wind.

to  
on,  
Cooch and Ray each lower themselves to their haunches  
study the strange sight. Cooch puts his reading glasses  
stares at it. Then lights a cigarette.

starts  
then  
attention.  
Ray hefts up a camera and begins CLICKING off shots. He  
moving around it, taking shots at different angles. And  
the sound of a DISTANT MOTOR draws both agent's

**POV:**

earth, a  
out of  
way out in the bizarre moonscape of eroded rock and  
lone figure on a motorcycle bounces and grinds, born  
a silvery heat mirage. It's fifty yards off but heading  
straight for us. The HEARTBEAT DRUM.

REVERSE - RAY AND COOCH try to make the figure out.

**IN THE BADLANDS**

and  
the archaic mud-caked Harley chugs and stalls, spits

steep  
imposing

choices, and begins an incredible drive straight up the side of this natural wonder. At the throttle is an figure.

thirties  
seems  
Bull  
Faded  
long

WALTER CROW HORSE is a portly Indian in his late- with a black reservation hat worn low over a face that to have been cast from a bust of Sitting Bull. Sitting with aviator shades. Denim jacket over checkered shirt. jeans. Well broken duct-taped boots. His hair is worn in tight duel braids.

stalling  
swings  
looks  
the

The rusted bike bajas up and down slopes, finally out, twenty feet or so from the murder site. Crow Horse his bulk off the bike like dismounting a horse. He around suspiciously then pulls a rolled-up blanket from carrier rack.

#### **LEO LITTLE SKY**

creaking

lies in death. Crow Horse's boots move in stealthily, like saddle leather.

with  
his  
pinches  
body.

He squats and looks at the corpse... then looks around animal alertness. He reaches into the front pocket of jacket and pulls out some Bull Durham tobacco. He some and offers it to the four directions around the

man...  
him,  
other

He then unrolls the blanket, begins to move the dead sense something and wheels to see Cooch standing behind one hand behind his back where his gun must be, and the hand holding up open wallet. The sun hits his badge.

**COOCH**

Good morning.

second  
him,  
Crow Horse hawks his eyes onto a big rock, a full  
before Ray steps out, his .45 drawn but held at ease.  
Crow Horse slowly raises his arms as Ray moves up to  
studying him.

**COOCH**

Taking ol' Leo somewhere?

**CROW HORSE**

Leo's been out here too long, man.  
I'm taking him to ceremonial burial.

**RAY**

This is a restricted area.

**COOCH**

Check him out, Ray.

then  
Ray frisks the Indian, finds an old leather wallet, and  
a gun. A .38.

**COOCH**

Nice piece. You come back here to  
cover your tracks, Geronimo? What's  
your name?

**CROW HORSE**

It ain't Geronimo.

**COOCH**

Who are you?

**CROW HORSE**

I think maybe you guys got off the  
wrong exit, yeah? This is the Bear  
Creek Indian Reservation.

studies  
him.  
Cooch walks around to the front of Crow Horse, and

**COOCH**

I know where I am. I'm on federal  
land, doing a federal investigation,  
and if you don't wanna cooperate you  
can take a ride in a federal car,

and spend the rest of the day in a little room, answering federal questions. It's your call. Who are you?

**CROW HORSE**

I'm a full blood Oglala Sioux, born and raised on this reservation.

**COOCH**

You're a wise-ass. Ray check his wallet.

**RAY**

I did.

**COOCH**

Who the fuck is he?

**RAY**

-- a fucking cop.

Cooch  
revealing

A pause. A long, dead of South Dakota, Badlands pause. turns and looks at Ray who holds up the open wallet, a badge. Like Cooch's it shines in the sun.

**RAY**

Walter Crow Horse. Tribal Police.

steps  
looks

Cooch stands staring at the Indian... then takes a few over to Ray and grabs the wallet. He examines it. Then at Crow Horse and laughs.

**COOCH**

He's a fucking cop.

but  
him.  
and  
his  
agent.

The Indian cop has plenty of time to get up on his own he kneels there, tauntingly, waiting for Ray to help Ray walks over and offers a hand. Crow Horse takes it, pulls himself up, looking square into Ray's sunglasses. Cooch walks over and hands the officer his wallet, and .23. Crow Horse takes the items, eyeing the older

**CROW HORSE**

We got the wire ya was comin'. You're the Indian official, yeah?

**COOCH**

No. No, that's Ray, here. Ray, uh...  
(searching his  
imagination)  
Ray... Little Weasel.

Horse's  
back  
again.  
Ray does a take but quickly recovers, meeting Crow  
scrutinizing gaze. Crow Horse nods to Ray, and Ray nods  
in case it's the Indian thing to do. Crow Horse nods  
Ray nods again.

**CROW HORSE**

Leo's gotta get to burial, Brother.  
He's gotta make the journey.

**COOCH**

What journey?

**CROW HORSE**

Tell him, Ray.

through the  
Badlands.  
Ray stares at Crow Horse, uneasy. The wind sings

**RAY**

Leo has to take the journey, Cooch.

**COOCH**

We'll have to give Leo a refund.  
Because he's gotta go to the M.E. In  
case you don't know, Officer,  
violation of the Major Crimes Act on --

**CROW HORSE**

-- an Indian Reservation is within  
the jurisdiction of the Federal Bureau  
of Intimidation. I know that.

**COOCH**

Good. Thank you.

stares.  
Crow Horse says something in Sioux to Ray. Ray just

**CROW HORSE**

I said when can Leo be taken to ceremony?

**RAY**

After we've completed our investigation.

Crow Horse is staring at Ray.

**CROW HORSE**

That's a nice suit.

Ray looks offended. Cooch puts a hand on Crow Horse's shoulder and walks him toward his beat-up motorcycle.

**COOCH**

Somebody must be doing something somewhere in your jurisdiction, Officer Crow Foot.

**CROW HORSE**

You ain't gonna cut his hands off and send 'em to Washinton, are ya? They done that to one of our girls once. Leo did quillwork, he's gonna need his hands.

Crow Horse turns and looks at Ray. Ray is quick this time.

**RAY**

Leo's gonna need his hands, Cooch. He does quillwork.

**COOCH**

I think Leo's retired from quillwork for the moment.

**CROW HORSE**

Respect the dead, Hoss. Because when --

**COOCH**

-- did you understand me when I said that --

**CROW HORSE**

(walking away)  
-- violation of the Major Crimes Act on an Indian Reservation is within

the jurisdiction of the Federal Bureau  
of Instigation. I know that.

**COOCH**

Goodbye.

suddenly  
man's  
Crow Horse appears to be getting on his bike when  
he moves like a cat and lays his knife to the dead  
head. He cuts away a patch of hair.

**COOCH**

What the hell you doing?!

**CROW HORSE**

His mother needs a piece of his hair.  
It's for the Keeping of the Souls  
Ceremony.

(wrapping lock of  
hair)

Has to be kept for four days.

his  
again.  
Cooch and Ray stand there, watching Crow Horse mount  
bike and push off down a nasty slope back through the  
Badlands. He starts his motor. It dies. Then starts

**COOCH**

Keeping of the souls. Do they still  
burn their dead or something?

**RAY**

Beats the hell outta me.

of  
Ray and Cooch look off across the Badlands, as far out  
their element as they can be.

**CLOSE ON - THE WHITE EAGLE PLUME**

an  
Reservation."  
in the circle in the sand, fluttering in the wind.  
The gold spit-shined Le Baron eases to a crawl, passing  
old wooden sign. "Leaving Bear Creak Indian

with a  
And immediately pulling in front of a squat old bar



"Youuuuuuu-

bleached  
and big  
Indians

town  
pick-up  
around

the  
at

but --

a  
agents  
as the  
toward

burned out neon Miller light. DWIGHT YOAKUM croons  
Got-Your Little-Ways" on the jukebox from inside.  
The Buffalo Butte bar has several cracked and sun-  
buffalo skulls hanging off the edge of its flat roof  
faded white letters painted across the front read: "No  
Allowed."

(This sign actually exists today in the res-line border  
of Scenic, South Dakota). The car pulls up beside a  
and parks. Ray and Cooch step out, careful to walk wide  
a PITBULL in the bed of the truck.

A WHITE LOCAL walks out of the bar and looks askance at  
suits. As the two feds approach the bar, Cooch looks up  
the warning sign. Ray sees it too.

**COOCH**

Sorry, Ray. You're gonna have to  
wait in the car. I'll bring you out  
a cheeseburger.

The young agent smiles, amused, starts to enter the bar

**VOICE (O.S.)**

Hey!

Ray spins quickly, paranoid about entering. But the man  
calling to them is --

An Indian himself. TRIBAL PRESIDENT OLIVER CLEAR MOON,  
small man in his late fifties who peers out at the  
through fat bifocals. He wears a straw cowboy hat, red  
windbreaker and his hair is cut short, or "bobtailed"  
Indians say.

Clear Moon is walking away from a parked pick-up truck,  
the white men, eyeing the two with deep curiosity.

**CLEAR MOON**

(heavy Indian accent)

You made it. Was-te.

the

Cooch discreetly peeks into a folder as he walks toward  
man

**COOCH**

You must be... President Clear Bone.

**CLEAR MOON**

Clear Moon.

(pointing to the sky)

Moon. You must be the Sioux.

He is pointing his long, skinny finger at Cooch.

**COOCH**

No. That's Ray here. Ray...

**RAY**

(quickly)

Ray Levoi, Sir. Pleasure.

smile

hand

almost

Clear Moon beholds the young agent with hopeful eyes, a  
breaking across his flaccid brown skin. He takes Ray's  
in a respectful double-clutch and grips him tightly...  
desperately.

**CLEAR MOON**

It's about time they sent us one of  
our own. Was-te.

great

He keeps pumping Ray's hand, looking into his face with  
admiration. Cooch looks on with amusement.

**CLEAR MOON**

Things are no good here. It is like  
war zone. We need an official who  
understands what is good for the  
Indian people. Who knows Indian way.

to a

Clear Moon has not released Ray's arm as he leads them  
string of seedy motel units across the street.

**RAY**

I thought we were staying on the reservation.

**CLEAR MOON**

Yes. Rooms thirteen and fourteen are on Indian land.

**RAY**

I see.

**CLEAR MOON**

Are you hungry? I have some nice raw kidney in the truck.

**RAY**

Oh, I'm set, Sir. I'm set.

**COOCH**

He's starving, Mr. Clear Moon. Get him some raw kidney. He hasn't had any Indian food in days...

room  
who  
And Clear Moon guides them through the front door of 13. Ray looks over his shoulder threateningly at Cooch winks and pats his back.

**EXT. RESERVATION LINE - NIGHT**

DRUM.  
peeling  
reservation.  
A lone headlight appears out of the black. HEARTBEAT But faster. Relentless. A "res" car, a dented, rusted, old station wagon, drives slowly toward the

MAN  
Then suddenly, someone steps in front of the car. A BIG in cowboy boots and blue jeans.

**INT. MOTEL - ROOM 13 - NIGHT**

a  
photos  
And  
Ray lies in bed. Awake. He is hanging off the bed with a file open on the floor and using the moon to light and memorandums. And then he hears LAUGHTER outside.

**GLASS BREAK.**

putting He gets out of bed quickly, snatching up his pants,  
their on, and going to the window.

**POV - OUT WINDOW:**

aged SEVERAL LOCALS out in front of the bar help a middle-  
INDIAN MAN out of the station wagon.

**WHITE LOCAL**

Where you goin'? Back to the res?

another A young local bends down behind the Indian while  
shoves him, sending him tripping over the bent man and  
onto his back in the dirt.

**WHITE LOCAL**

What ya doin'? You drunk?

MORE LOCALS come out from the bar, beers and drinks and  
interested in what's going on.

**REVERSE - RAY**

connecting at the window, observes. Cooch enters from the  
shares room, puffy-eyed but quickly buttoning his shirt. He  
Ray's view.

**COOCH**

Let's take a walk.

Ray is transfixed.

**EXT. BUFFALO BUTTE BAR - NIGHT**

place. The Indian man, is pushed into a stumble, and caught by  
another white man as a little game of catch takes

hair Cooch, stepping into the circle, shirt half unbuttoned,  
and a mess, looks on. Then steps in front of a big local  
him, catches the Indian as he comes stumbling. He holds onto  
beside looking at the faces that turn his way. Ray steps up  
him, looking tense.

**COOCH**

What's goin' on here?

(a beat)

I can't walk across the goddamn street  
without some breed-ass fallin' all  
over me?

back  
looks  
Ray

And then Cooch shoves the Indian with all his might  
across the road. The locals resume their fun, and Cooch  
at a local man and shares a chattering laugh that makes  
do a serious take.

**COOCH**

Watch out now, he wants a kiss, Ray,  
wants a kiss --

catches  
expression  
happening.  
on  
face.  
drags him

The Indian ends up stumbling back toward Ray, and Ray  
him this time. The man maintains a perfect vacant  
and keeps acting as though nothing of the sort is  
But he is dizzy, and exhausted, and Ray keeps him from  
falling.  
Cooch looks at Ray. Their eyes meet. Ray shoves the man  
forward. This time, instead of catching him, the local  
the receiving end, hauls off and punches him in the  
The Indian drops.  
Cooch runs in, grabs the Indian under the arms and  
back to his car.

**COOCH**

Go ahead, skin, get your ass back on  
your sacred land. Get outta here.

around.  
and

He shoves him behind the wheel as the locals crowd  
They don't see Cooch throw the wheel stick in drive,  
lean into the man's ear.

**COOCH**

Get outta here. Drive.

lurches  
rolls  
Cooch slams the door, and kicks it, and the vehicle forward. A beer can clanks off the rear window, and clanking into the middle of the road.

car  
sticking  
his  
man has  
Ray stands there with the locals as they all watch the drive off across the reservation line. Cooch, belly out of his unbuttoned shirt, and a breathless smile on face, heads to the bar without breaking stride. This done "underground" before.

**INT. BUFFALO BUTTE BAR - NIGHT - SHORT TIME LATER**

strapping  
downright  
Cooch and Ray sit in a booth with DENNIS VAUGHN, a local man, ranch-raised, and gentlemanly. In fact, likeable.

**DENNIS**

So what type of salesmen are you gentlemen anyway?

**RAY**

Liquor. We heard they like their drink on the reservation, and we were gonna see if we couldn't unload some surplus on the way to Nebraska.

**COOCH**

Now keep that between us, Dennis, cuz I don't know what kinda Johnny Law they got here.

**DENNIS**

Hey, Brooks, come over here. I want you to meet a coupla fellas from Denver.

clean  
on  
the  
BROOKS, a small, older man with a feed store cap and a cowboy shirt, comes over with a beer and a pensive look his face. He pulls up a chair and positions himself at end of the booth.

**DENNIS**

Liquor salesmen. Be nice to them, maybe they'll give you a sample of some of that gin you like.

(to Ray)

He likes that Russian shit that --

**BROOKS**

They ain't liquor salesmen. They're **FBI**.

between

Cooch and Ray don't flinch. Dennis does. He looks the two, cautiously.

**COOCH**

Brooks, what's a perceptive fellow like you, doing in a joint like this? Let me buy you a glass of some of that Russian shit you like.

**DENNIS**

FBI? What you investigatin'?

**COOCH**

A murder. On the reservation.

**DENNIS**

Again. Figures, man.

**BROOKS**

You'll never find out who did it.

**COOCH**

You underestimate me, Brooks.

**BROOKS**

No. You underestimate these grass niggers. They're killing each other. That's all they do. Get drunk and kill each other. Then cover for each other. Who gives a damn really as long as they stay on their reservation. You ask me, the government shouldn't care one particle.

**DENNIS**

You know how in your big cities, you got your niggers and you got your Puerto Ricans? Well out here we got

Indians. That's just the way it is.

**COOCH**

The only good Indian is a dead Indian,  
does that old adage still hold true  
out here?

looks  
Cooch laughs good-naturedly. Ray smiles. But Brooks  
offended.

**BROOKS**

That set-to you saw out front, was  
nothin' more than a message we were  
sendin' to the sonsabitches that are  
divertin' water from the river.

**DENNIS**

We got rights. We got a ranch just  
up here.

a  
Ray catches this. Glances a look off Cooch who works on  
cold draught beer.

**RAY**

Did any of you gentlemen know Leo  
Fast Elk?

Both men shake their heads. Get quiet.

**BROOKS**

You fellas are here to investigate a  
Indian crime, you should keep to  
Indian land, and talk to them, not  
us. But you wanna drink here and  
shoot stick here, that's your right,  
and we respect that.

(to Dennis)

Come on, Son, we're up on the table.

**DENNIS**

You fellas wanna play doubles?

leave,  
curious.  
Cooch shakes his head, distracted, and the two locals  
enroute for the pool table. Ray watches them go,

**EXT. BUFFALO BUTTE BAR - NIGHT**



is

Ray and Cooch, cross the street back to the motel. It  
black and chillingly still.

**RAY**

Water. Worth killing for out here,  
I'd think.

**COOCH**

Get the plate numbers off everyone  
of these cars.

**RAY**

I already did.

Cooch looks at Ray, impressed.

**RAY**

Couldn't sleep.

**COOCH**

Good.

small  
recorder

They stop in front of their rooms and Cooch pulls a  
tape recorder from his waistband. A micro-cassette  
that he examines in the dim door light.

**RECORDER**

(locals)

-- out here we got our Indians. And  
that's the way it is.

Cooch shuts it off.

**COOCH**

By the time you get to the main  
village, sun'll be up. I want you to  
fraternize. Socialize. Penetrate.  
Infiltrate. Eat some raw kidney, and  
get these Indians talking. I'm gonna  
Powwow with Big Chief Clear Moon and  
find out more about Leo.

He hands Ray the recorder.

**RAY**

Done.

country

Cooch starts for his room but in a long, exaggerated

all  
go,

step as he breaks into the HANK WILLIAMS tune that has  
but driven him insane inside the joint. Ray watches him  
and cracks a laugh.

**INT. LE BARON - TRAVELING - SUNRISE**

vast  
sphere  
reading

Ray's at the wheel, looks intense as he studies the  
expanse of slopes and rock formations and the rising  
of flame that lights the road in strange color. He is  
a name list that he traps against the wheel.

**RAY**

Hobert Standing-Buffalo-That-Walks-  
Dreamer.

(a dry run)

Hello, I'm looking for Hobert Standing-  
Buffalo-That-Walks... Dreamer.

Ray pulls up a long dirt drive and parks.

**EXT. OLD TRAILER - ACROSS FROM BADLANDS - SUNRISE**

is  
here.  
huge

Ray walks to the front door of a war-torn trailer that  
halfway swallowed by weeds and plants. It is static out  
Dead still. Ray approaches the front door. There is a  
hole in it. He knocks above the hole.

weather-beaten

After a moment, the door opens a crack. A dark,  
face barely shows.

**RAY**

Good morning. I'm looking for Hobert-  
Buffalo-Dreaming...

(cheat sheet)

Hobert Standing-Buffalo-That-Walks--

The door closes. Locks.

**RAY**

--Dreamer.

look

Ray stands there for a moment then lowers himself to

through the huge hole in the door.

**RAY**

Sir?

the  
can  
dirt  
again.  
hurrying

A tattered chair is pushed against the door, covering hole. Ray stands up, turns on the steps. And before he let out a flustered sigh, he spots something across the road. Something that makes him remove his shades, look Whatever it is, it doesn't make him happy, and he is across the road.

**EXT. BADLANDS - DAY**

We've  
looking at

A motorcycle, parked between the road and the badlands. seen the ancient bike before. Ray walks past it, it.

looks

He pushes his shades up on the bridge of his nose and down into the moonscape.

them.

Walter Crow Horse is down there, on his haunches, "feel tracking", laying his fingers inside tracks and reading He doesn't even look up at the sound of the FBI agent's footsteps.

**CROW HORSE**

Ray Little Weasel. FBI. I like the way ya sneaked up on me. Must be Indian.

Crow

The wind whistles and moans through the Badlands as Horse continues feel tracking.

**RAY**

What are you --

**CROW HORSE**

Watch out!

Ray draws back.

**RAY**

What?!

**CROW HORSE**

You're steppin' on sign.

Crow Horse lowers his face to the ground and blows some scattered dust out of a print. Lightly lays his fingers

inside

**RAY**

Hey.

(ignored)

Hey, you, listen up --

**CROW HORSE**

-- Leo wasn't killed here. He was dumped here. Out of a vehicle. Bald tread. Muffler held on with baling wire.

Crow Horse checks out another track.

**CROW HORSE**

The man you want... stepped outta the car, dragged Leo out, laid him down. Then walked over here and made a circle in the earth with a stick. I can't find the stick. He stuck an eagle plume in the circle, got back in his car, dustin' his own prints with a pine bough for about six feet, but he missed a print, right here, see. He got in his car and went Hell-bent-for-Holy-Sunday outta here. He ditched that pine bough three miles across the flat, in the Little Bear River, it floated down to Thundershield Gap. The car hit paved road, and was outta here.

Crow Horse rises, points down the road.

**CROW HORSE**

The killin' was done where Leo's mother lives. But he was driven here into these Badlands.

Ray is frowning at the big Indian, trying to get a fix

on

this

**CROW HORSE**

Big sonuvabuck. Based on the depth of that print, pressure releases... I'd say he goes two-ten, two-fifteen --

**RAY**

Bullshit.

**CROW HORSE**

-- Well, maybe two-seventeen.

**RAY**

You're trying to tell me you can read all that from a track?

**CROW HORSE**

No. Not just a track. You gotta listen to the trees, man. To the leaves. To this sand, you FBI's kicked all up. You gotta listen to the earth.

**RAY**

Is that right? Well, listen to this: drag your ass. This is a restricted area.

**CROW HORSE**

No, this is the home of the Oglala Sioux and I want the dog-fucker who killed Leo. Whether you get him or I get him, I just want him. Shit's been goin' on too long.

**RAY**

You've got no jurisdiction.

**CROW HORSE**

You got no know-how. About Indian Way. Or about Jack Shit for that matter.

**RAY**

Maybe you're not aware of this, Crow Horse, but I just flew in from a place called the Twentieth Century where we have such things as electrostatic tracking methods, psycholinguistics, DNA fingerprinting; I don't have to crawl around with the scorpions and talk to the fucking trees to get answers. Leo was killed right here.

**CROW HORSE**

Go back to the M.E., take a look inside Leo's exit wounds and tell me how chicken feed got in there. Trust me, there ain't chickens in the Badlands. His mother's place is --

**RAY**

-- his mother never lived here. She was from up in North Dakota.

**CROW HORSE**

I'm talkin' his spiritual mother. Maisy Blue Legs.

**RAY**

His spiritual mother...

**CROW HORSE**

To us Indians, our spiritual relatives are as close as family. I've got seven mothers on this reservation. Sisters. Brothers. You ain't one of them.

**RAY**

Thank God. Now listen to me, asshole. I'm giving you a break. But if my partner finds out you're here, you're gonna be reading rat tracks in Sioux Falls Maximum Security.

**CROW HORSE**

Easy. Easy... I'm goin'.

Crow Horse walks back up toward the road.

begins

Ray lets him leave then crouches where Crow Horse was, looking at tracks.

**CROW HORSE (O.S.)**

Hey, Little Weasel.

- the

Ray turns, and sees Crow Horse perched on a high bank - one Ray came down -- and he's in a tracking stance.

**CROW HORSE**

You weigh one sixty-three, yeah? Not a beer drinker. You're one of these

tofu and pilaf characters. Pack your gun, under your coat -- left shoulder. But you got backup; a little .32, .38 maybe, in a ankle holster that gives you a right foot drag, Shoes are too tight at the toe but, man, they look cool. And that's what counts.

dusting Ray just stands frozen, blown away. Crow Horse rises, off his hands, and heading to his vehicle.

**RAY**

Crow Horse.

The Indian turns. The wind moans. Ray scrutinizes him, deliberating.

**RAY**

Fuck you.

Crow Horse grins and waves, and ambles away. DOWN IN

**THE BADLANDS**

sure if Ray stands, sweating under his suit jacket, and not he's amazed or pissed off.

**EXT MAISY BLUE LEGS HOUSE - BLACK TAIL DISTRICT - DAY**

There A trailer sits off from the river in beaten solitude. are two junked cars and one burned black.

slowly Wind blows across deep bald tire tracks. Ray walks they beside them, surveying, following them to a place where outhouse. become puckers and skids next to a dilapidated it, There is a shotgun blast in the side of it. Ray studies earth enters the outhouse. Exits, and walks the rutted gumbo stands to where it meets rolling hills of golden grass. He here, mesmerized.

CHICKENS scratch around in the dirt.

place.  
metallic

Like so many far-off res homesteads, this is a haunting  
Made more so by a persistent SQUEAKING, a rusty,  
squeal coming from --

**A WATER PUMP**

works  
under  
tries  
sees

across the yard, where MAISY BLUE LEGS, a Sioux elder,  
the handle. She wears thick bifocals and keeps her hair  
a bandanna. No water comes forth from the pump, and she  
again and again until she breaks a sweat. And then she  
the waal'cu standing out there.

an

Urgently, she turns and starts back to her trailer with  
empty coffee can.

Ray starts after her.

**RAY**

Mrs... Blue Legs? Can I ask you a  
few questions --

**MAISY**

(1/3 res speed)  
-- go away. Leave us alone...

**RAY**

Ma'am, Please --

a  
not

She mounts the metal steps. Ray is losing her. He gets  
foot on the bottom step, and attempts something he does  
want to do.

**RAY**

Mrs. Blue Legs. I'm Indian.

at the

Halfway through the screendoor, Maisy turns and looks  
young man in suit and shades.

**RAY**

I'm Sioux.



slaps  
folds

Maisy lowers her bifocals, studies him. Then walks in,  
the door shut, and locks it. A towel hung as a shade  
down.

Ray lingers at the bottom of the steps.

**RAY**

Yeah, right.

the  
and  
look.  
mud.  
mud.  
back  
tense,  
water  
boot

And he walks around the side of the trailer, looking at  
ground. In the gaping space between the trailer blocks,  
the grass, there is much junk stored, and Ray kneels to  
He is drawn to a pair of cowboy boots, caked with dried  
He picks up a boot, looks at the sole, then touches the  
His fingers break through the hardened crust and come  
moist and blue. He looks at this sniffs it. There is a  
water-torture like tempo coming from the old pump where  
barely drips onto a hub cap in the dirt. Ray sets the  
down. Goes to grab the other boot and --

of  
three-  
slapping  
he  
even

a WESTERN DIAMOND BACK RATTLER coils out from the shade  
the boot, RATTLING and HISSING from white mouth and  
inch fangs, and Ray has done a backflip and roll,  
his shoulder holster and pulling lead and BLAM! BLAAAM!  
unloads two, and the reptile is so dead, there's not  
enough snake left to make a truck-stop key chain.

breath and  
Badlands  
trailer, he

He kneels there, flushed in the face, holding his  
double-clutching his gun. The SHOTS ECHO through the  
like the aftermath of dynamite. From inside the  
can hear CRYING. A low moaning. Praying softly.

**RAY**

Shit. Mrs. Blue Legs! It's okay!

Then his RADIO CRACKS IN.

**RADIO (COOCH)**

X21, give me a 20.

**RAY**

(yelling)

Black Tail District, X22. You ready for this? Leo wasn't killed in the Badlands. I... I found the location.

**COOCH**

Maisy Blue Legs place?

**RAY**

How'd you know?

**COOCH**

I got one up on ya.

**RAY**

Go ahead.

**COOCH**

I've got the doer. I know who he is.

Ray looks relieved.

**COOCH**

Meet me at base. Over.

**RAY**

Cooch. You're my hero.

and Ray looks down at the dead snake, still rushed from it, he hurries out of there.

**IN THE SHADE OF THE TRAILER**

with the snake's RATTLE moves spasmodically, still kicking reflex.

**EXT. LOOKS TWICE HOUSE - BEAR CREEK RES - NIGHT**

wind. CLOSE ON an AMERICAN FLAG, flapping in the hot night hung But something is wrong about the image. The flag is

upside lit by --

that  
Three  
creaks  
BARKS

A full moon that also illuminates an overgrown field fronts a small, one-level house where the flag hangs. old cars decorate the front yard. A busted screendoor in the wind, and somewhere off in the hills, a DOG away his boredom.

**COOCH (O.S.)**

Jimmy Looks Twice.

**INT. LE BARON**

this  
the

SA Couture and SA Levoi sit inside the car, staking out little place far down a dirt road on the outskirts of settlement.

Cooch has the suspect's file on his knee.

**RAY**

Who is he?

**COOCH**

One of the leaders of the Warriors of All Red Nations. Militant organization.

He hands an open file over to Ray.

haired,

CLOSE ON - FILE PHOTO: a raging fire and six long-fist-raising Indians, yelling at the camera.

**COOCH (O.S.)**

The progressive Indians don't like them because they want everybody to go back to the old Indian ways, and the old way Indians don't like them because they use violence to get attention.

**RAY SHUFFLES TO**

rifle.

PHOTO 2 -- a big Indian in a wheel chair, holding a He is shirtless under a vest and on his muscular right

with

shoulder there is a clearly defined tattoo of a circle  
an eagle feather through it.

PHOTO 3 -- a Close Up of the tattoo.

and  
eagle

PHOTO 4 -- a propaganda flyer with the letters W.A.R.N.  
the same symbol -- perfect circle, pierced by a white  
feather.

**RAY**

White eagle feather through the  
circle. That's their symbol.

**COOCH**

That's right.

Ray shuffles through more of the same with great  
interest.

**RAY**

They obviously wanted it to be known  
that they offed Leo. Some kind of  
statement.

**COOCH**

Jimmy Looks Twice put Leo's head  
through a glass door of the tribal  
offices three months ago. And  
threatened him several times since.  
President Clear Moon and the regional  
FBI feel he made good on that threat.

his

Cooch takes a long, tight breath then turns around in  
seat, coming up with an M-16. Ray lifts one of his own.

He

looks out the car window.

**RAY**

I'd just like five minutes alone  
with the motherfucker who hung that  
flag upside down.

**COOCH**

Easy, Cowboy. No vendettas on my  
ship. Now: remember what I told you  
about Nam? Watch the grass, watch  
the trees, watch the shit house, be  
on your toes, and if we get committed,

don't hesitate to empty that sucker.

**RAY**

Alright. Alright.

in Cooch whacks a top clip into the M-16. Ray slams a clip  
his.

**COOCH**

It's show time.

Car doors open in skillful silence.

**LOOKS TWICE HOUSE - CLOSER - NIGHT**

gets and Ray maneuver toward the house, rifles ready. Cooch  
follows under the picture window, sneaks a look. Nothing. He  
Ray around the side.

**POV:**

hut off in a backfield, lit by a hot fire, a small round  
are covered in patchwork quilts, canvas and buffalo hide. A  
SOUNDS. strange mist floats around it, and from inside, voices  
thing? heard -- A DRUMMING AND CHANTING in LAKOTA. And EAGLE  
Dozens of shrill whistles. Are there birds inside this

**REVERSE - RAY**

more and Cooch, kneeling in the weeds, look dumbfounded. And  
than a little unnerved.

**RAY**

(whispering)

What the hell is that?

**NEAR THE INIPI LODGE**

falling An INDIAN YOUTH DOOR TENDER with shoulder length hair  
fire. over a T-shirt, steps out of the dark and walks to the  
He prods it with a broken pitch fork.

M-16,

He turns to get some more wood and walks right into an  
trained chest level. Ray stares him down.

**RAY**

On the ground.

The boy drops boot camp fast.

at  
canvas  
look

Cooch moves up on the sweat lodge, looking quizzically  
it, trying to figure out how to open it. He grabs a  
flap at the front and after a moment's hesitation and a  
at Ray, he tears the flap away.

dances

A BLAST OF 200 DEGREE STEAM explodes forth and Cooch  
back, throwing up his rifle.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

(inside lodge)

Mitakue Oyasin!

appears  
doorway,

GRANDPA SAMUEL REACHES, a rail-thin Sioux elder,  
through the steam like a vision. Bent in the tiny  
he searches out the interruption.

Cooch aims the M-16 at the old man.

**COOCH**

This is the FBI! Come on out of there  
nice and slow. Let's move it! Hands  
on your head!

on  
forth

Grandpa Reaches crawls out first, ignoring the "Hands  
your head" order from Cooch. His eyes move back and  
between the two agents.

confused.

FIVE MORE INDIANS, from 16-45 come out, looking

The  
steps

Cooch makes the towel-wrapped men spread out in a line.  
old man is speaking to the others in LAKOTA, and Ray  
up to him, cuts him off.

**RAY**

Hands on your head, Sir. Come on,  
come on...

walk  
old  
them on

The archaic figure just looks through him. Starts to  
away. Ray takes his thin arm. He locks eyes with the  
man. Slowly, he obeys, raising his hands and laying  
his head.

reborn  
mid-  
lean. His  
but at

From the lodge, the last man emerges. It's Crazy Horse  
out of the burning sage. JIMMY LOOKS TWICE is in his  
thirties -- big, well over two-hundred pounds. But  
braids fall nearly to his hips. His face is handsome  
the moment, twisted in a full-blood's scowl.

**LOOKS TWICE**

(outraged)  
What are you doing?

**COOCH**

James Looks Twice?

**LOOKS TWICE**

That's right. What are you doing  
here? This is a religious ceremony  
you're desecrating.

Looks Twice shoots hawk-like black eyes onto Ray.

**RAY**

We're FBI, James. We just need to  
ask you a few questions.

**LOOKS TWICE**

We are in the middle of a sweat lodge  
ceremony. Do you drag people out of  
your churches when they're in the  
middle of prayer?

**COOCH**

Let's take a walk, Jimmy. Come on.

Looks

Cooch takes a careful step behind Jimmy and cuffs him.  
Twice speaks to the others in LAKOTA, and they disband,

Ray  
halfway to  
eyes

heading to a shade arbor where their clothes hang.  
As Cooch starts marching Looks Twice toward the house,  
keeps an eye on the departing. One of them stops  
the fence and turns. Grandpa Reaches looks at Ray with  
that have seen one hundred and one hard years in Indian  
Country.

**RAY**

Go ahead. You can all go home.

And he follows Cooch and the cuffed Jimmy to the house.

**COOCH**

We just wanna take a look around  
your place, Jimmy. We're not here to  
bust your balls.

**AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE**

Cooch

Cooch leads the half-naked suspect to the backdoor.

show: a warrant, tries the door but it is locked.

**LOOKS TWICE**

What's this about?

**COOCH**

Your good friend Leo Fast Elk.

**LOOKS TWICE**

You think I killed him? Cuz he was  
an apple? Well, let me tell you  
something about Leo, Man --

**COOCH**

-- don't "man" me, Jimmy. Where's  
the key?

Cooch's

Jimmy doesn't answer. He glares with hatred into  
eyes.

**COOCH**

Ray, use the federal master key.

door.

Ray steps up, gets ready to throw a frontkick at the



**LOOKS TWICE**

No. Don't do that. Don't deface the property, man. The key's in there.

a  
quickly  
With his hands cuffed, he can only jerk his head toward  
big hole in the wall down near the foundation. Cooch  
drops to a knee and checks out the hole.

**LOOKS TWICE**

Inside... in the coffee can.

Cooch reaches in, probes.

**COOCH**

There's no coffee can in --

to  
Something horrifying happens so fast, Cooch has no time  
react.

his  
Dakota  
glimpse  
shirt.  
Whatever has taken his arm has done so with such force,  
body jolts like he's touched raw voltage. The South  
BADGER rips through his leather jacket -- we get a  
of its striped face and yellowed teeth -- through his

COOCH  
Through flesh, and deeper, GROWLING insanely while  
HOLLERS in shock tries to pull free and --

skillfully  
the  
Jimmy Looks Twice spins from the porch with a  
executed back kick, knocking Ray off the step and to  
ground. The Indian bolts like a deer into the darkness.

hesitates.  
corner  
Jimmy.  
Ray rolls in the grass, throwing his M-16 up. He  
But only for a moment before FIRING and decimating the  
gutter, a junked car, several trees. But no sign of

been  
Cooch falls back in the grass badly mauled. His arm has  
ripped open down to the bone.

**COOCH**

Jesus... Jesus...

Ray starts toward Cooch.

**COOCH**

Get him...

wading  
He  
sage.  
But as

Ray takes off, crashing through weeds, into a stream,  
through mud. He throws his flashlight left and right.  
crosses the river, shines the light in a field of wild  
Nothing. He runs like a sprinter, looking everywhere.  
he enters an --

**OPEN FIELD**

around  
Ray  
taking  
Heavy.

all he finds is Jimmy's towel. He picks it up and looks  
the area, breathing heavily.  
And then suddenly, something leaps up out of the grass.  
swings his M-16 up, ready to blast. But it is a DEER,  
off into a mystical blue night. THE DRUM. Beating fast.

**TURTLESHELL RATTLE. EAGLE BONE WHISTLES.**

**IN THE YARD**

stanch the  
trying to

Cooch traps his bleeding arm between his knees to  
blood. He speaks quietly but firm into his radio,  
stay in control.

**COOCH**

(into radio)

Assault on federal officers. Suspect  
has left the area. One officer down.  
Issue a Fugitive Alert immediately.  
Over.

**RADIO**

Has the officer been shot, X-22?

**COOCH**

No, the officer's been bitten by a

fucking badger, okay? Get a Fugitive  
Alert fucking now! Over.

**EXT. BEAR CREEK RESERVATION - LANDSCAPE - SUNRISE**

mesa.  
federal  
PULLING BACK slowly to the dirt road where a line of  
aerials high, enter Indian Country.

pulse  
HEARTBEAT DRUM. But a fast heartbeat. A relentless  
throughout --

**AN FBI SATURATION SEARCH**

up and  
MAN,  
FOUR AGENTS surround a little tar-paper shack, rifles  
ready. Two go in, and flush out an OLD WOMAN, an OLD  
and some TEN CHILDREN. DOGS.

and  
FEDERAL  
DOGS  
A SMALL TRAILER that has thirty junked cars in its yard  
serves as a reservation parts store is crawling with  
MARSHALS; car doors are being opened, trunks. TRACKING  
run through the cars. WARPATH DRUMS...

the  
swings  
street  
-- A BELL UH 1-B "HUEY" HELICOPTER chutters low over  
grasslands, over the Badlands, flattening wheat. It  
down over the main settlement. CHILDREN gather in the  
to look up at it but then run when --

by --  
-- SIX FEDERAL CARS come down the main road. They pass

stands,  
but  
-- THE FRONT PORCH OF THE TRADING POST where Ray  
talking to the elders. A few of the same from earlier  
several new ones.

He is  
And  
He is sweat-drenched, and has shed his jacket and tie.  
showing them photos of Jimmy but getting no response.

ENGINE,  
corner,

then, for a little iodine on top of that, a MOTORCYCLE  
spitting and choking and coughing comes around the  
Walter Crow Horse, manning the handlebars.  
He pulls up to Ray and just looks at him. DRUMS FADE.

**CROW HORSE**

You're an easy man to track, Ray. Ya  
walk like a penguin with a hard-on.

**RAY**

Is that right? What are the trees  
saying today?

**CROW HORSE**

They're sayin' that nobody's gonna  
talk to you cuz they don't give away  
one of their own. But they did say  
there's somebody way across the Little  
Walking River who wants to talk to  
you.

on

Ray soaks sweat off his forehead as he eyes the Indian  
this one. He sees himself in the polaroid shades.

**CROW HORSE**

He sent me to find ya. He says he's  
got information.

**RAY**

Let's go.

Ray quickly leaves the porch.

**DAY**

**EXT. GRANDPA SAM REACHES TRAILER - OUTSIDE SETTLEMENT -**

filled  
sage  
stands

Silent. The unnerving silence of the Great Plains  
only by FLYS, big horseflies, buzzing around drying  
that hangs from the rafters of a shade arbor. A GOAT  
under it, just gazing across --

curtains.

the vast spread of grass and dry land where an ancient  
Airstream trailer sits lop-sided. Sheets are hung as

to  
dry  
that  
Crow

Six old cars -- two from the early 50'a -- sit stripped  
the hubs on blocks in the overgrown grass. The air is  
and heavy and the only sound is --  
FLYS. Ray swats at them as he steps over a truck seat  
lies in the grass, stuffing and springs hanging out.  
Horse walk. a few steps ahead, toward the trailer.

**CROW HORSE**

(with reverence)

Grandpa Samuel Reaches. Heavy duty  
medicine.

**RAY**

Medicine. As in medicine man?

serious

Crow Horse nods slowly, looking at Ray in a very  
manner

**RAY**

Why does he wanna see me?

**CROW HORSE**

Good question. Hardly sees anybody  
anymore. Hasn't left this place in  
twenty years. Did you bring some  
tobacco?

Crow Horse stops walking, making Ray do the same.

**CROW HORSE**

When you go see an elder, you always  
bring some tobacco as a gift.

of  
They

Ray reaches into his shirt pocket and fishes out a pack  
Marlboro. Crow Horse glances at it, and shrug-nods.  
continue on toward the trailer.

**INT. GRANDPA REACHES TRAILER**

easy  
We

Grandpa Samuel Reaches sits in a taped and tuckered  
chair, his alert black eyes moving from side to side.

Twice'  
more  
Badlands.

recognize him from the sweat lodge ceremony at Looks  
although today he wears a straw cowboy hat giving him a  
youthful look despite a face like a map of the

slacks, old

He wears a vest over a western shirt, baggy work  
cowboy boots.

Marlboro

His brown wrinkled hands run over the top of the  
pack as if he's reading braille.

on one  
three  
with  
Street

Crow Horse sits across from him on a stool. Ray leans  
of the plain green walls, looking uncomfortable. A  
foot adhesive fly strip hangs from the ceiling, thick  
dead ones. There is a black and white TV with Sesame  
wailing, honking and guffawing through static.

a  
deep  
focusing

Grandpa fixes his eyes on Ray for only split seconds at  
time but one gets the feeling he's doing an incredibly  
reading of the young man. Slowly, he sits up --  
intensely on Ray.

LAKOTA,  
he  
intrigued.

He begins to speak. A hoarse, strained, string of  
spoken like it used to be, gesturing toward Ray. When  
finishes, he sits back in his chair. Ray looks

**RAY**

What did he say?

**CROW HORSE**

He wants to know if you ever watch  
the Cookie Monster. He says the Cookie  
Monster is not to be trusted -- a  
trickster.

Grandpa

Ray looks puzzled. Crow Horse laughs bull-wild as

The old

takes up a fly swatter and takes out a big horsefly.  
man begins speaking Indian again.

**CROW HORSE**

He says there's something wrong with  
Big Bird -- he's crazy,  
(stops laughing)  
He says you stopped the Inipi ceremony  
last night...?

Crow Horse turns a questioning look at Ray. Ray doesn't  
flinch.

**CROW HORSE**

But he is not unhappy with you because  
he knows you.

**RAY**

He knows me?

**CROW HORSE**

He says he saw you in a vision some  
time ago.

old

ASKS

but the

Grandpa,

Crow Horse stops translating suddenly even though the  
man continues speaking. Crow Horse looks concerned, and  
A QUESTION IN LAKOTA. We don't know what he's asking  
tone is absolute amazement.

This question triggers an exchange between he and  
the old one getting angry. Grandpa wins.

**CROW HORSE**

I guess he had this vision some time  
ago, in the Moon of the Popping Trees --  
uh, back in the winter. He says you  
come from Wasi'cu city in the East  
but that your people... way back...  
are of the Minniconjou Sioux. But  
you yourself don't know that.

Indian,

ferverently

the

Ray's brow is drawn tense as he stares at the old  
absorbing the translation. Grandpa speaks more  
now, incorporating Indian sign. Each time Grandpa does

hard Sioux HAND SLAP, Ray blinks.

**CROW HORSE**

He says he knew you'd be coming to Bear Creek. He was told. It is the will of Tunkasilia -- the grandfather that you come here. He says let's smoke the caanunpa the sacred pipe, symbol of truth. So that there will be no lies between us.

stone  
then  
Directions.  
The old man has taken a long wooden stem and a red bowl from a beaded pipe bag. He joins the two together begins offering a pinch of tobacco to the Four Directions. While this goes on, Ray fidgets.

**RAY**

What's he smoke in that?

**CROW HORSE**

Sacred herbs. Tobacco. Don't worry, we don't smoke no Mexican agriculture in The Pipe. That's a white man's myth. This is a sacrament.

The old man is offering the pipe to Ray.

**GRANDPA**

Mltaku Oyasin.

again.  
Ray looks at Grandpa. The old man offers the pipe

**CROW HORSE**

You don't smoke with him, it means you're hiding something.

Crow  
long  
smoking.  
Ray takes the pipe, looks at it... then passes it to Horse. The big Indian takes it from Ray, giving him a eye, then offering the pipe to The Directions before

releases  
old  
Crow Horse puffs hard, eyes closed, then slowly some smoke upward. Ray watches it climb and fade. The



speaks. man then takes up an old turtle shell rattle. He

**CROW HORSE**

He says Wakan. Sacred. Five hundred year old turtleshell rattle, passed down from the Grandfathers. Heavy duty.

of He shakes the rattle very slightly, moving it in front Ray. He speaks just above a whisper.

**CROW HORSE**

He says, it is good. The Spirits are here. The Spirits want to know what you're doing here?

Ray smirks.

**RAY**

Tell him I'm trying to find the man who murdered Leo Fast Elk. Ask him if he knows where he is.

pipe Crow Horse asks the old man in Lakota. No answer. The is back to grandpa, and he offers it to the Directions, to the Earth then upward before smoking himself. He begins to speak again.

sign, Passionately. In long glottal Sioux sentences, adding there, fingers crossing, brushing an arm, a slap here and

keeps He is working himself into an excited state, and Ray looking at Crow Horse, very interested in the old man's answer.

he Finally Grandpa's breath comes up short and wheezing, ends his oratory with a solid hand slap.

**RAY**

What did he say?

**CROW HORSE**

He said he doesn't know.

**RAY**

He just did the Gettysburg Address  
in Sioux. What did he say?

Crow Horse ignores him. Grandpa speaks again. More hand  
language.

Horse. The old man is staring at Ray while whispering to Crow  
He strokes his badger claw necklace.

this Crow Horse looks at Ray and seems hesitant to translate  
new piece of information.

**CROW HORSE**

Uh... Grandpa likes to trade; no one  
stops by here without gettin' stuck  
in the old Indian barter. He, uh...  
he likes your shades.

glasses Grandpa smiles toothlessly. Ray who has his driving  
as in hand, lifts them to say "these?" but Grandpa sees it  
holds an accepted deal, and swiftly removes his necklace. He  
it out.

takes Ray slowly, hesitantly surrenders his sunglasses, and  
does the necklace. Crow Horse bursts into laughter and so  
the Grandpa, enjoying a good trade. He draws a hand through  
deal. air in a sort of horizontal karate chop, meaning done  
shades. Ray looks confused. Out of his element. And out of his

Another fly gets snagged on sticky tape.

**EXT. GRANDPA REACHES TRAILER**

Crow Horse is hurrying toward his bike, Ray with him.

**RAY**

What was he saying?

**CROW HORSE**

Why should I tell you.

**RAY**

Because he was talking to me.

Crow Horse keeps walking.

**RAY**

Does he know something?

Crow Horse stops walking and eyes Ray, deliberating.

**CROW HORSE**

The old man saw an owl. Over there  
in the dry wash. Last week.

**RAY**

And...

**CROW HORSE**

He saw an owl.

missing  
A silent moment. Ray tries to figure out what he's  
here.

**RAY**

So what?

**CROW HORSE**

The owl is a messenger. When one  
shows itself to a Sioux... it means  
someone's gonna die. The owl told  
him about Leo.

Ray stares vacantly.

**RAY**

The owl told him about Leo. That's  
incredible. I guess we just broke  
the back of this investigation, didn't  
we? Evidence doesn't get any harder  
than that -- not for my money. Is  
there anyway we can seduce this owl  
into Federal Court?

**CROW HORSE**

He also said "listen to the water."

**RAY**

Listen to the water. Listen to the  
owl. He also said, don't trust the  
fucking Cookie Monster.

**CROW HORSE**

Go back to your DNA finger-printin'.

drive Crow Horse KICK STARTS his bike and burns off down the

the Ray feels the presence of the old man, standing behind  
busted screen door. Just watching.

**SCREAM OVER THIS, A SCREAMING. A HIGH-PITCHED, CHILLING,**

that takes us straight into --

**SLACK TAIL POWWOW GROUNDS - RES - LATER**

and CLOSE ON A TERRIFYING FACE -- painted in blazing red  
along yellow, black around the eyes. A ridge of feathers high  
the hairline, and a mouth open, tongue trilling --  
SCREAMING.

**A WACIPI**

is going down. A Powow. Held in the center of a huge  
arbor.

This DANCER, a traditional Kit Fox dancer, is dressed  
in authentic costume and is dancing with TEN OTHERS  
dressed in various traditional garb and paints.

Under the arbor, TWO HUNDRED INDIANS in modern clothing  
sit on blankets or in lawn chairs, watching the dancing. A  
group of SINGERS sit around a big drum, beating on it, and  
wailing the song that keeps the dancers hopping.

SIXTY CARS (res beaters) are parked off around the  
arbor, less interested kids sitting on them, smoking  
cigarettes. A few actually have MTV hair-cuts.

Drifting through the cars and people are Special Agents  
Couture, Miles, Sherman and Levoi. They stroll through,  
incongruously, checking out faces. Vehicles.

Ray slows his step and takes in --

**THE POWWOW CIRCLE**

big  
a  
as the dance ends. WEAK APPLAUSE. The POWWOW CALLER, a  
Sioux with a crew-cut and cowboy shirt, speaks through  
scratchy P.A. system.

**CALLER**

Was-te Yelo! Let's have five more  
veterans. Five more veterans. Hoka  
Hey!

cowboy  
VFW  
rises,  
An OLD-INDIAN MAN sitting in a lawn chair, removes his  
hat and reaches down toward a blanket. He brings up his  
hat, adorned with medals and puts it on. Slowly, he  
and shuffles out to the center pole along with --

there,  
out  
together,  
FOUR OTHER VETERANS who have exchanged cowboy hats for  
veteran's caps. There is even a traditional dancer in  
wearing a veteran cap. As a mournful WAR SONG is banged  
by the singers, a flag is unrolled by the veterans. An  
American Flag. Unrolled, and set on the mast. And  
all five Indian men, hoist --

**THE AMERICAN FLAG**

South  
high. Slowly it climbs. Proudly. It blows in the hot  
Dakota wind.

**OUTSIDE THE ARBOR**

loud,  
Ray stands, watching this. And then the SONG ENDS. A  
angry voice breaks across the P.A.

**AT THE CROW'S NEST (CALLER'S BOOTH)**

and  
W.A.R.N.  
ANDERSON CHASING HAWK, a young Indian in ribbon shirt  
long hair has taken possession of the microphone. SIX

MEMBERS stand behind him. He speaks loud, firm, with  
the sharp gestures of an old way Chief.

**CHASING HAWK**

What is that that you honor there,  
uncles? After all the Wasi'cu country  
has done to you, after all he still  
does to you, you honor that flag?!  
That flag has been desecrated by the  
United States, because they have not  
honored what that flag represents!

The veterans just stand under the flag, solemn, looking  
at Chasing Hawk. The flag undulates soundlessly.

**CHASING HAWK (O.S.)**

To them, we are the Bank of America.  
Whenever they get into a little  
difficulty, they go to The Bank,  
withdraw a little land, withdraw a  
little oil --

**OUTSIDE THE ARBOR**

the four FBI agents stand, watching.

**MILES**

Okay. Here we go.

**COOCH**

Who's this guy?

**SHERMAN**

Anderson Chasing Hawk. Second in  
command behind Jimmy.

**AT THE CROW'S NEST**

Chasing Hawk hands the mic over to another Warrior.  
MAGGIE  
even  
black  
hair  
boots.  
EAGLE BEAR would be the most beautiful woman Ray has  
seen if she was not the meanest-looking. Her thick  
hair falls over a denim jacket down below her horse-  
belt. Her faded jeans are stuffed into worn cowboy  
And she is full of fire. She begins speaking in LAKOTA.  
Fluently. And with hand sign, like the old man.

**OUTSIDE THE ARBOR**

the agents stand. Cooch is writing into a small notebook.

**SHERMAN**

Magedelana Eagle Bear. Eagle's claws and a bear's balls.

**MILES**

She keeps an AR-15 assault rifle in her truck. And she'll use it.

As Ray watches her, someone approaches in a less hostile manner. It is President Clear Moon, looking very upset. He holds the hand of a LITTLE GIRL, dressed in traditional dancing garb.

He approaches Ray.

**RAY**

Mr. Clear Moon.

**CLEAR MOON**

Our police are afraid of them. Please get them out of here.

Clear Moon gestures for the little girl to run off. He leans in close to Ray.

**CLEAR MOON**

They're going to kill me next. That's what I hear. These new Indians are destroying everything. Our people are a quiet people.

**RAY**

They can lead us to Jimmy. Just let them go. We're tightening the net on him. We know he's on the reservation.

Clear Moon is looking past Ray at the Warriors. They are approaching the agents, and Clear Moon looks at Ray with great concern.

**CLEAR MOON**

Help us.

And he slowly retreats to his lawn chair under the arbor.

Chasing Hawk, Maggie and the other Warriors strut up to the agents. All but one who is bound to a wheelchair. We've seen RICHARD YELLOW BIRD, the big Cheyenne who wears a Red Power baseball cap, an earring, and thick bifocals -- in one of the file photos. His arms are plastered with tattoos.

**AGENT SHERMAN**

Where's Jimmy? We thought he'd be dancing today.

The warriors make a show of not acknowledging the FBI presence. They have walked over here just to walk by them.

That is there statement. But Yellow Bird stops cranking the wheels of his chair and stop: long enough to look up at Ray.

**YELLOW BIRD**

Are you the Washington Redskin?

Even the agents crack grins at this bit of Indian wit. All but Ray who just stands there, arms folded across his chest, considering the crippled activist.

**AGENT MILES**

Say hello to Richard Yellow Bird, Ray.

Yellow Bird sits there, staring up at him through thick glasses. But then Maggie Eagle Bear takes the handles of Bird's wheel chair. She looks at Ray with eyes that are cherry black, eyes that look right through him. He returns the glare. And then she pushes Yellowbird forward and leaves the feds alone.

Ray turns to Cooch who is lighting a cigarette, and



wander  
up.  
concentrating on the movements of this group as they  
under the arbor, visiting people. LAKOTA SINGERS start

**COOCH**

Ray, get to Jimmy's place and keep  
it tight. I'm gonna get a tail on  
his Warriors.

**IN THE POWWOW CENTER**

INDIAN  
the under ten year-old "fancy dance" -- TWENTY-FIVE  
CHILDREN, whirling and stomping and dancing.

**JIMMY LOOKS TWICE HOUSE - NIGHT**

upside  
The battered old house sits under a full moon. The  
down flag moves slightly in the cross winds.

**ACROSS THE ROAD**

van  
its  
several junked cars. Among them a black, rusted out VW  
with a smashed windshield. A PACK OF RES DOGS sniff at  
tires.

**INT. JIMMY'S VAN**

the  
black  
In the dim light, a boot. A black cowboy boot. Up on  
dash. Bluejeans. T-shirt. Second hand leather. And a  
cowboy hat. Ray is staking out Jimmy's house.

On  
hears  
Across the passenger seat and console is an M-16 rifle.  
his belt, a .357 Red Hawk. He yawns. From outside, he  
a sound.

and  
POV: down below the van, a small, patchy RES DOG with a  
missing leg is looking up at him with his tongue long  
salivating.

him  
RAY breaks off a piece of sandwich and drops it down to

low,  
just as -- HEADLIGHTS catch his face. He slides down  
watching an old pick-up truck creak onto the dirt road,  
leading to Jimmy's.

Indian.  
POV: the truck parks. Someone jumps out, gracefully.  
Long braid. Quick steps. Front door. Inside.  
RAY lifts his radio.

**RAY**

X22. Read.

**RADIO**

Go ahead, Ray.

**RAY**

I have a pick-up truck. No plates.  
Subject -- Indian -- entering  
suspect's house. Over.

**RADIO**

Okay, Ray. I'm coming in. If he starts  
to leave the area, move in. And hold  
him. Over.

his  
Ray sets his radio down, unclips the leather guard on  
handgun. Picks up the Big Mac.

**EXT. LOOKS TWICE HOUSE - NIGHT**

out.  
The front door creaks open, and the subject dashes back  
In the dark we cannot latch onto features.

road,  
the  
Suddenly the junker van comes alive, guns onto the dirt  
racing toward the running Indian who gets the door of  
truck open but freezes in the van's highbeams as --  
Ray leaps out, M-16 in hand.

**RAY**

FBI, freeze, Motherfucker -- drop  
it, drop it!

the  
Ray maneuvers in Quantico fashion, keeping the rifle on

turns  
Powwow.  
braided.

Indian's back. The Indian drops what he's holding. And  
around. It's not a he. We've seen her before. At the  
Maggie Eagle Bear. Her hair is pulled back tight,

Ray moves in toward her, surprised at first, but still  
cautious

**RAY**

Turn around, put your hands on the  
roof of the truck.

notices  
out

She does what he tells her. As Ray moves in on her, he  
an INDIAN CHILD sitting in the passenger seat, looking  
into the highbeams, frightened.

handed,

Ray toes Maggie's legs out wider, frisks her one-  
pats down her boots.

**MAGGIE**

You're the Indian FBI.

**RAY**

That's right. Turn around.

self-

Maggie turns around, looks Ray in the eye. He looks  
conscious in the cowboy hat.

**MAGGIE**

The people are glad they sent you.  
They usually send in guys who come  
at ya with highbeams, screamin' "drop  
it, Motherfucker", stick a gun in  
your face, frisk ya down. Even if ya  
got a child with ya. No, it's good  
to have ya. It's gonna be was-te  
times on the res.

in

Ray is looking down at what she dropped. A bundle lying  
the grass. He bends down, starts to untie it.

**MAGGIE**

I was gonna warn ya about messin'  
with somebody's medicine bundle but  
I forgot you know all about that

stuff.

sweet  
IN THE BUNDLE -- an eagle skull, tobacco strings, sage,  
grass, and several white eagle feathers.

**RAY**

This Jimmy's?

**MAGGIE**

You're not gonna catch him. He can  
shape-shift into different animals.  
Bear. Elk. Porcupine.

**RAY**

Is that like an hereditary thing,  
Magdelana, or can one take classes?

**MAGGIE**

Jimmy didn't kill Leo. Why do you  
wanna do this?

**RAY**

He tried to kill him twice before.  
That's a good place to start don't  
ya think? Leo was on the other side,  
wasn't he?

**MAGGIE**

-- Leo was an apple, that's right.  
Red on the outside, white on the  
inside. And Jimmy hated him. Kicked  
his ass a coupla times. But he didn't  
kill him.

**RAY**

Who did?

**MAGGIE**

You're the FBI. That's your job,  
isn't it? Ya know how many of our  
Warrior brothers got killed out here?  
I never saw any investigating then.  
Why now? What's going down here?

**RAY**

A Fugitive Alert for a murder suspect.  
Before somebody else gets a shotgun  
blast in the spine.

**MAGGIE**

Try the Fort Laramie Treaty. All

over again.

bullshit is Ray doesn't have a clue as to what this radical about.

**RAY**

Look. You and I can stand here in a culture clash til the sun comes up, talking about what's right and what's wrong. You're from the reservation. It's a different world.

**MAGGIE**

I'm from Minneapolis. Fifth Street. I did four years at Dartmouth before I ever set foot on this res. So I know about the other world, Ray.

first If this information doesn't throw Ray, the use of his name does.

**MAGGIE**

Are you gonna keep that medicine bundle or are you gonna respect its power?

then Ray is holding the medicine bundle. He deliberates, a hands it over. She takes it with careful hands, casting somewhat surprised look up at him.

**MAGGIE**

Thank you.

**RAY**

When you see Jimmy, tell him the sooner he turns himself back into a human being and gives himself in... the sooner we back off this reservation. Okay?

at Maggie gets in the truck, starts it up. She looks out are him, studying him. Trying to figure him out. HEADLIGHTS coming fast from down the main road.

**MAGGIE**

Grandpa Reaches says you come from

heavy Indian blood. I used to think  
Grandpa was gettin' senile. Now I  
know he is.

**RAY**

Move it, Magdelana.

wagon  
before,  
Maggie drives forward, turning down another little  
road, and bumping into the black night only moments  
Cooch's Le Baron pulls in.

regional  
SA Miles and Sherman's vehicle pull in behind it. The  
feds fall in behind Cooch, everyone, packing rifles.

**COOCH**

Ray, you alright?

windbreakers  
Ray turns, nodding. An FBI van pulls in from the other  
direction and FOUR AGENTS empty out, wearing FBI  
and heavily-armed.

**AGENT SHERMAN**

What do we got, Ray?

**RAY**

It was just Eagle Bear. I questioned  
and released her.

**COOCH**

What'd she say?

**RAY**

She talks a lot of shit. We're not  
doing our job. Jimmy's innocent.  
"What's the FBI really doing here."  
Some shit about the Fort Laramie  
Treaty.

upside  
Cooch nods. The agents form a tight unit out below the  
down flag.

**RAY**

She took something from the house.  
What she called a medicine bundle.  
Most likely Jimmy's.

**COOCH**

Let's see it.

**RAY**

I gave it back to her.

**AGENT SHERMAN**

Why?

**RAY**

If it is Jimmy's, she's taking it to him. We'll have a runner. But I borrowed a little mojo...

and  
tucks  
Ray reaches inside his pant leg, down around his boot carefully removes a white eagle feather. He gingerly it in a plastic bag.

**COOCH**

Way to go, Raymond. Miles, take that to lab. Sherman, I want you to go back to base and produce some written material. Something that indicates that our girl Maggie is leaking information to us. And make sure that material finds its way into the hands of the Warrior Movement.

master of  
Sherman and Miles, take off. Cooch, an impressive COINTELPRO, now turns to the van squad.

**COOCH**

You gentlemen missed that medicine basket. Go back through the house, and make sure you missed nothing else. And lay some wire, too. Let's do it.

Ray  
The van squad moves toward the house, leaving Cooch and alone in the highbeams that light the yard.

**COOCH**

That's good goddamn work, Ray. Let the salmon run. Let 'em run Upriver.

**RAY**

Why we setting Eagle Bear up as an informant?

**COOCH**

Her own people start to suspect her,  
it creates discord from within. The  
Warriors don't know who to trust,  
they start infighting, and Jimmy  
loses his support.

Ray nods, impressed.

Cooch bends down near the road, touches the dirt.

**COOCH**

Her oil pan is shot.

**RAY**

Cooch. What's the Fort Laramie Treaty?

**COOCH**

Jesus, I don't know. You tell me.  
You're the Indian.

smiling  
sort

Cooch wipes the oil on a handkerchief as he rises,  
playfully at Ray. He starts back toward his car. Some  
of bird is COOING in the night.

**COOCH**

Get a tail on her, Ray.

Cooch

Ray looks up at the upside down flag. Then watches  
walking way.

**RAY**

Cooch.  
(a quiet, tired laugh)  
Where the fuck did they send us?

**COOCH**

A long way from home. You be careful  
out there.

arm

Cooch, standing there with his glasses on and his right  
bandaged, looks tired, too. He gets in his car.

trying to  
to the

In the yard, Ray starts for the van, the res dog,  
follow. He chases it away. And then as he gets closer  
van, he looks up to investigate the COOING SOUND.



**AT THE TOP OF THE FLAG POLE**

just there is a shadow. What looks to be a large bird. It hovers. In the shadows.

**DOWN BELOW**

Ray looks up at the pole, watching. Then walking on.

**EXT. BEAR CREEK RES - SUNRISE**

lodge-pole Mind-blowing sunrise of airbrush red. Clusters of pine. The spectacular mesa. PAINT HORSES graze in a field, a few out in the center of the road.

**AT GRANDPA REACHES TRAILER**

clusters the old man comes down the front steps in a frail walk, toward carrying a paper plate. He steps down into the sage that grow just off his trailer, and offers the plate up the sky.

muffin, He then stoops, and scrapes a half-eaten English neat some potato chips and half a banana onto the Earth in a pile.

again, and He straightens his back the best he can, looks up prays softly.

**THE BADLANDS**

maze of possess an otherworldly beauty at this magic hour, a shadows and rainbows. In the distance we cannot mistake the frame of Walter Crow Horse. He's out there, long hair blowing against the white bluffs. Stalking. Tracking.

**ON THE VILLAGE ROAD**

bumps a puppy chases a hen in a klutzy, innocent manner then

doghood, he  
coffee  
have

into the tire of a parked car. Taking a shot at  
hikes his leg, squirts a hubcap belonging to --  
Cooch's Le Baron. Cooch leans on the hood, drinking a  
from a foam-plastic cup, and supervising SIX G-MEN who  
a map spread out over the hood and are discussing it.

**MAGGIE EAGLE BEAR'S HOUSE**

home,  
rushing  
Maggie's

is way out in a remote corner of the res, a little  
trailer and tipi right on the river. The river is  
hard this morning, catching the light of the sun.  
truck is parked in front.

and  
hauling

Out at the river, Maggie, her hair long and unbrushed,  
wearing an extra large T-shirt and nothing else is  
water in buckets from the river.

the  
chickens,

THREE INDIAN CHILDREN are with her, helping her. Near  
house, an OLD WOMAN in bifocal glasses, feeds some  
and a cat that gathers with the chickens and eats feed.

**INT. OLD VAN - NEAR MAGGIE'S**

binoculars on  
some.  
three  
some  
so  
his

Ray, still in his field clothes sits, training  
the distant house. He opens a carton of milk, drinks  
Then hears a whimpering. In the passenger seat sits the  
legged res dog. Ray has taken him with him. He drinks  
milk, then opens the carton up fully and sticks it out  
the dog can lap it up. Ray laughs in disbelief, shaking  
head.

**RAY**

For all I know, you're Jimmy. And  
you're just waiting for a shot at my  
jugular. Drink, Jimmy. Milk is good

for you --

ROARING. The dog is lapping the milk, desperately. And then a

A motorcycle.

of the IN THE SIDE MIRROR: Crow Horse, racing up on the left  
motorcycle van. Ray pulls his hat down low, and sits back. The  
can passes on the left, slowing enough so that Crow Horse  
the flip Ray the middle finger. Then he races on, far down  
road.

Bullshit. Ray sits there, shaking his head. He'll let it go.

He starts the car.

**EXT. TRIBAL POLICE SHOOTING RANGE - DAWN**

low Crow Horse guns in, sliding in dirt up to the run-down,  
sticks, budget shooting range -- six plastic milk jugs on  
jammed in the mud.

out. A moment later, the van hammers in. Parks. Ray gets  
Crow He's removed his hat so as not to invite any crap from  
Horse.

**CROW HORSE**

Don't be mad. That was just an old  
traditional gesture that means hello,  
how are you.

**RAY**

I see. Forgive my cultural ignorance.

Ray executes a hard, slapping, "up your ass" gesture.

**RAY**

Have a nice day.

laugh. Crow Horse bursts into laughter in his raspy, staccato  
pitches He walks off a few steps, picks up a spent shell and  
it. His laughter simmers and he gets serious.

**CROW HORSE**

Jimmy didn't do it, Ray. I checked it out. You can stop taggin' my sister.

**RAY**

She's your sister?

**RAY AND CROW HORSE**

Spiritual sister.

**RAY**

Gotchya. We just nailed a genetic match between the eagle feather left at the murder site and one in Jimmy's medicine bundle. It came from a white eagle. Same bird.

hat  
Crow Horse fingers an eagle feather that hangs from his band.

**CROW HORSE**

So did this one. Wambli is a rare and sacred creature. When someone finds a dead one, the feathers get around the res. We share everything. A lot of power in the eagle feathers. But you think that's bullshit too, don't --

**RAY**

(ala Crow Horse)

-- Leo Fast Elk was sitting in the outhouse at Maisey Blue Legs when a car pulled into the yard. He came out, approached the vehicle then saw that the man behind the wheel was Jimmy. He tried to get back into the trailer, but the car came highballing at him. He started running for the open grass. With the car moving, Jimmy hung his shotgun out the window, took aim -- missed once, hitting the shitter -- fired again, and severed Leo's spine. Leo fell, rolled, and came to a stop in the grass. And some chicken feed. Stale chicken feed with four days mold.

(a beat)

Electromagnetic printing.

Crow Horse stares, a little surprised.

**CROW HORSE**

Was-te. 'Cept for one thing. Jimmy Looks Twice was nowhere near there. Ya see, when Jimmy was twelve years old, his mother and father was killed in a car wreck right down there near Elk Mountain.

**RAY**

I don't see the connection.

**CROW HORSE**

The connection is, it did a head number on him. He's petrified of cars. Won't drive. I've known him all my life, and he's never gotten behind the wheel of a vehicle. He rides passenger and he rides horses, and that's it. The man that shot Leo down was behind the wheel of a moving car.

Ray absorbs this with great interest.

**RAY**

That's not solid.

**CROW HORSE**

You want solid? That one, single, print he left in the Badlands -- the one the FBI missed and then stepped all over -- it belongs to a man who walks heels first. Like a white man. Jimmy has a serious Ind'n walk -- ball of the foot first. The man who murdered Leo walked like a Wasi'cu.

Ray lets a pent-up sigh escape.

**RAY**

You're saying a white guy did it...

Crow Horse chews this over, unable to hide a nagging frustration. He shakes his head.

**CROW HORSE**

When Leo was dumped out there in the Badlands, he was dropped on his back. Our man made an effort to turn him

over, onto his face. It's an old Ind'n belief that if a dead man is turned face down, his spirit won't leave. And in the killer's case, it won't come back and jump all over his shit. That's an Ind'n thing a white man wouldn't know.

takes  
away,  
The two of them stand there, thinking this over. Ray  
out his notebook and starts writing. Crow Horse walks  
turns to face the propped up targets.

**CROW HORSE**

And that's the way it is. Write it  
down.

and  
A  
Starts  
targets  
To punctuate, Crow Horse slaps leather, draws his .38,  
begins blasting at the milk bottles. He hits the bank.  
tree. One of the posts. But not a single target.  
When he is done, he looks over his gun, disappointed.  
reloading. Ray starts laughing, looking at the missed

**CROW HORSE**

You laugh all you want, Breed. Sunset  
tonight, I get my man.

follows  
Ray looks at Crow Horse, sees that he's serious, and  
him toward his motorcycle.

**RAY**

Alright, Crow Horse. I'm listening.  
I'm listening to the trees, to the  
stones. Who is it?

dramatic  
Crow Horse turns toward Ray, and creates a long  
pause.

**CROW HORSE**

Damned if I know.

And he hauls his bulk onto his motorbike.

**CROW HORSE**

But the Old One. He did a Yuwipi ceremony last night.

no  
Crow Horse winks at Ray as he slams the kickstart. To  
avail.

**RAY**

The old man? He's gonna tell you who killed Leo?

**CROW HORSE**

Go catch Jimmy, Ray. Really. He's gettin' away. Go ahead, go get him. I'm late.

**RAY**

Hey. Hey, those are my sunglasses you're wearing.

**CROW HORSE**

Grandpa traded with me.  
(flips the bird)  
Goodbye.

alive  
and  
and  
And Crow Horse nails his kick start. The BIKE ROARS  
and the Indian works the throttle hard, leaving gravel  
black exhaust. Ray stands there, drifting between logic  
instinct. He looks at his watch, then starts at a slow,  
thoughtful shuffle toward his car.

**EXT. GRANDPA REACHES TRAILER - SHORT TIME LATER**

driveway,  
dismounts  
The dust-buzzard broncs and bounces down Grandpa's  
coming to a stop near the wrecked cars. Crow Horse  
and unhooks a carton of smokes from the back.

shaking.  
A moment later, the junker van pulls in, bouncing and

hidden  
because --  
Crow Horse stares at the approaching vehicle, his eyes  
behind Ray's former shades. He cracks a slow smile

packs  
Ray is stepping quickly from the van, and carrying two

of Marlboros.

**INT. GRANDPA REACHES TRAILER**

smoothly  
giving  
  
The  
chair  
window  
not  
stem,  
  
Grandpa sits in his chair, his black eyes moving from side to side. Smoke enshrouds his ancient face, the sense of another time and place. He speaks LAKOTA. Crow Horse, sitting on a stool across from him, holds Pipe. He passes it to Ray who sits in a busted lawn next to him. The room is dark as the sun sets out the in red and purple. Ray looks at the pipe. Grandpa will speak until Ray smokes. And so he does, drawing on the awkwardly.

HEARTBEAT DRUM as Grandpa speaks Indian.

**CROW HORSE**

He says, back behind Red Deer Table, where the Elk-People-used-to-live... there are strange creatures from another world who eat stones... and who will kill anyone who crosses into this place.

lightness.  
blow  
  
Ray looks at Crow Horse, searching for a hint of But there is only great reverence as he watches Ray smoke upward.

**CROW HORSE**

He says, in the Yuwipi ceremony last night, he saw you... going back into the land beyond Red Deer Table. I was with you. But that was all the Spirits let him see so he doesn't know if you were killed or not. But he thinks you probably were.

looks  
then  
  
Ray smirks as he passes the pipe to Grandpa. Crow Horse nervous. Grandpa offers the pipe to the directions and



Crow  
disengages the bowl from the stem. He speaks again.  
Horse translates.

**CROW HORSE**

Go to the land where the Elk-People-used-to-live and you will find the answers you came here looking for. But you must go as two. That is the vision. I have spoken. And this is so.

Lakota.  
Grandpa leans closer to Crow Horse and whispers some

**CROW HORSE**

He wants to trade.  
(a beat)  
He likes your watch.

Ray looks at Crow Horse, nervous.

**RAY**

I can't do that,  
(explaining)  
It's a Rolex.

**CROW HORSE**

A what?

It is  
And Grandpa is already holding out something to offer.  
a cigarette. Grandpa offers it again.

**RAY**

I'm sorry, this is --  
(loud to Grandpa)  
-- this is very, very expensive.  
It's --  
(to Crow Horse)  
Tell him this is an expensive watch.

Crow Horse tells the Old Man. Grandpa speaks Indian.

**CROW HORSE**

He says, you need to go on Indian time. He says your watch is ruining your life anyway.

Horse  
Ray buries his hands in his jacket pocket. No way. Crow

the signs to Grandpa "no." Grandpa gets up, crosses between two young men, up to the TV set. He turns it on.

**WHEEL OF FORTUNE**

SCREAM. explodes in PINGS AND PONGS and a WOMAN'S SHRILL

**EXT. GRANDPA REACHES TRAILER - DAY**

FORTUNE is Crow Horse and Ray walk down the steps. WHEEL OF heard from within.

**CROW HORSE**

Red Deer Table, Ray.

**RAY**

Don't tell me: heavy duty.

**CROW HORSE**

Heavy, heavy duty. Taku Wakan. Wanagi Spirits. It's one of those few places we'd never go to as kids. Still don't. Some of the old people say Crazy Horse is buried back there. We have to go Ray. Together. Like his vision.

Horse They step into the yard and Ray stops, turning to Crow

**RAY**

Walter. When I fill out my 302, do I say that evil spirits are killing everybody on the reservation?

**CROW HORSE**

Ray --

**RAY**

-- no. No offense to the old man. I appreciate you trying to help. But I put my ass on the line coming out here, man.

**CROW HORSE**

What'd you expect to hear?

**RAY**

Not Native American myths and legends. I'm with the FBI, Walter, remember?

Not National Geographic.

**CROW HORSE**

What you call myths, we call our history.

**RAY**

It's not real.

**CROW HORSE**

What's real to you? Wall Street? Capital Hill? Now they are myths.

**RAY**

I can't be dicking around here. That's all I'm saying. I don't carry crystals, I don't wanna come back in another life. I just wanna do my job, and do it right, and get the fuck outta here.

**CROW HORSE**

You ain't no Indian. You're a Sal Mineo Indian.

Ray's  
Horse is  
Crow Horse drives "Indian" home with a hard finger in chest. Ray knocks his hand away, explosively. Crow ready.

**GRANDPA (O.S.)**

Knock it off!

and  
up.  
The old man is standing at the top of the steps. Ray Crow Horse are YELLING OVER EACH OTHER, and hands are up.

**GRANDPA**

Will ya knock it off? You're actin' like a couple of old women.

poised to  
holding  
Ray stands there, one hand up in defense, another throw a punch. Bewildered, he stares at the old Indian onto the porch railing.

**GRANDPA**

For cryin' out loud. Knock it off.

**RAY**

He speaks English.

**CROW HORSE**

Only when he's really pissed off.

**GRANDPA**

Come inside. Watch TV.

behind  
starts  
walking

And Grandpa goes back in, screendoor slapping shut him. Ray is just staring, his jaw dropped. Crow Horse laughing. Harder than he has yet, and Ray starts toward his car in fuck-this steps.

open

He gets into the car, closes the door and looks out the window at Crow Horse. The Indian moves first.

**CROW HORSE**

Don't accuse nothin' of not bein' real, Little Weasel. Cuz the only thing around here that ain't real is you.

finger  
just

Ray lifts his arm off the door, and springs his middle up at Crow Horse. He holds it there for a long moment looking at the big Indian.

**RAY**

Take care of yourself, Walter.

**CROW HORSE**

Likewise.

Horse  
back

Ray checks the time on his watch then guns away. Crow stands there, watching him go. Eventually he shuffles toward the trailer.

**EXT. BUFFALO BUTTE MOTEL - NIGHT**

base;  
with

Room 14 has been transformed into a major COINTELPRO base; four computer terminals are set up, card tables spread with

AGENTS, photos, boxes of files stacked on the bed, and SIX  
manning the computers, thumbing through files.

**THE CONNECTING ROOM (RAY'S ROOM)**

coffee A meeting takes place around a table of paperwork and  
Sherman, cups, and a .45 laid atop a file. Cooch, SA Miles, SA  
TWO OTHER REGIONAL AGENTS and Ray.

**SA SHERMAN**

We've gotten word that Jimmy has been trying to hook up with Maggie Eagle Bear... but some of the Warriors have been sending word to Jimmy that she may be an FBI operative. So he doesn't know where to go.

sizzle Cooch taps some ashes into an empty coffee cup. They  
in cold residue.

**COOCH**

Bingo. It's working.

**SHERMAN**

He's out of room. All the reservation exits have been watchdogged. We got him. I give it twelve hours.

**RAY**

Well we better use those twelve hours to apprehend the right man.

to The agents all look at Ray. A pin can be heard falling  
the cheap carpet.

**COOCH**

The right man? Talk to me, Ray.

**RAY**

Whoever dusted Leo, dusted him from the driver's seat of a moving car then drove those eight miles to the Badlands. Jimmy Looks Twice has never been behind the wheel of a car. It's a known fact out here that he's petrified of driving. His parents were killed in a car wreck.

Cooch nods, lights another smoke, intrigued.

**SHERMAN**

That's not very solid.

**RAY**

There was also a print found in the Badlands that indicated diagetic locomotion. Heels first. Jimmy's walking pattern doesn't match. He has a distinct Indian walk.

**SA MILES**

Indian walk? You been smoking hooch in the peace pipe, Ray?

digesting  
LAUGHTER. Except for Cooch who just stares at Ray,  
what he has said.

**RAY**

They don't smoke hooch in The Pipe, Miles. They smoke something called kinickinick, it's like a tobacco.

Sherman looks at Cooch.

**SA SHERMAN**

Well, you're right about X21 being a Washington Redskin, that's for sure. What else, Ray?

**COOCH**

You boys want a soda?

**SA MILES**

Oh, yeah, a Coke. You buying?

**COOCH**

No, Ray's buying. Sherman? Coke?

**SHERMAN**

Oh... no. No, Cooch, I'm working on a coffee here. Indian walk?

paperwork  
Cooch nods to Ray and Ray follows, gathering up some  
He looks determined as a terrier.

**EXT. BUFFALO BUTTE MOTEL - NIGHT**

an

Ray and Cooch throw long, slim shadows on their way to  
archaic Coke machine.

**COOCH**

Genetic ditto on evidence found at  
the site with evidence you found in  
his belongings. An incontrovertible  
motive. And definite footprints on  
Jimmy Looks Twice at Maisey Blue Legs  
house.

**RAY**

When did we get that?

**COOCH**

Today. And now you -- there's a dog  
in the van --

**RAY**

-- I know. I fed it, and I can't get  
rid of --

**COOCH**

You weren't sent here to go off on  
your own detail, Ray. You were sent  
here to assist in a Selective  
Operations Unit. These regional agents  
are inept -- that's why they were  
sent out here to The Graveyard, to  
Indian Country. I need you behind  
me, Ray. Not pulling against me.

**RAY**

I'm not trying to pull against you,  
Cooch. I've just been having  
nightmares about the way Leo was  
killed.

**COOCH**

Your first homicide, that's gonna  
happen, Ray...

**RAY**

I just wanna make sure no one else  
gets done in that way because we  
were in bed with the wrong doer.

**COOCH**

Ray. I never get into bed with  
somebody unless I know for sure.  
Just the way I was raised.

sips  
Ray studies him with a smile building. Cooch shrugs,  
some soda.

**RAY**

Alright. Alright...

**COOCH**

(lightly)

Yeah, alright, alright -- fuck you --  
give a yuppie a badge and he wants  
to take over the world. Go get a  
tail on Eagle Bear, and stay with  
her. Cuz Jimmy's gonna show. And I  
want you to make the collar.

Ray nods, starting for the van.

**COOCH**

Ray.

He turns. Cooch looks at him for a time. It is a warm  
look.

**COOCH**

I'll sleep around a little.

**RAY**

Thanks, Cooch.

**COOCH**

And get rid of the dog.

roadside,  
runs  
Ray gets in and pulls the dog out. The dog sits at  
tilting its head at him, confused. And he pulls out. It  
after him.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD NEAR EAGLE BEAR'S - RES - NIGHT**

lit  
LOCUSTS  
under  
he  
The van sits parked down the road from Maggie's dimly-  
home. Ray sits behind the wheel, watching the house.  
make a steady and unnerving sound. It is black. Black  
big sky. Ray lets his head sag out the open window and  
takes in the vastness.



moon.

The top

POV: stars. Millions of stars. And an incredible full  
It hangs huge over distant fields, a perfect sphere.  
half of the moon is yellow, the bottom half a lava red.

**REVERSE - RAY**

hears

while

trilling

ohhhhh."

stares at it, lost in thought. From Maggie's house, he  
someone SINGING. Singing a traditional SUNDANCE SONG  
they haul water from the creek. A WOMAN'S VOICE,  
out the beautiful but haunting "hey-o-hey-o-hey-o-hey-

Ray just sits, listening. And then something draws his  
attention to his rearview mirror.

curled

The res dog, lying in the back seat is GROWLING. Lip  
back, growling low.

Nothing

wheat

on

Ray looks at him, looks out the window. Blackness.  
but the sound of locusts. And a slight crosswind in the  
fields. The dog stops growling. And Ray fixes his gaze  
the house again, lifting a pair of binoculars and --  
BOOOOOOM! The rear windshield is SHATTERED by an  
Ray throws himself low across the passenger seat --  
The driver's side window and part of the door explodes.

explosion.

BOOOOOOM!

**RES ROAD NEAR EAGLE BEAR'S**

windows,

for the

The federal van is HAMMERED BY GUNFIRE. All the  
shattered, the metal doors splayed. Someone is going  
kill,

**THE PASSENGER DOOR**

slides

dog

is thrown open just as its window implodes, and Ray  
out belly first, gripping his M-16 and crawling like a

road,  
Ray  
up  
right,  
listening.  
heart's

soldier into tall wheat at roadside as the car, the  
the wheat, the dirt, the night are slammed by gunfire.  
The res dog overtakes Ray and vanishes in the wheat.  
vanishes, too. It is quiet for a moment, then Ray, pops  
ten feet away, and UNLOADS THE M-16, in a left to  
clean sweep before dropping again. He lies there,  
The LOCUST HAVE GONE QUIET. His breath is heavy. His  
got to be pounding through the dirt he lays in.

**RAY**

(whispering)

Motherfucker.

**LONG SHOT - THE ROAD**

lights of  
all.

the decimated van, aerial still high. The distant  
Maggie's house. And the giant Moon, hovering over it

HEARTBEAT DRUM into --

**SAME ROAD - RES - DAWN**

picking up  
stand

TWENTY FEDS comb the dirt road, the wheat fields,  
shells with gloved hands, scanning the vast distance.  
IN THE FRONT YARD of Maggie's, FOUR INDIAN CHILDREN  
with the Old Woman, watching.

**INT. LE BARON - TRAVELING - ANOTHER DIRT ROAD**

only a  
His  
looks

Cooch, flushed in the face, mans the wheel. He wears  
T-shirt which indicates, a desperate rush to the scene.  
eyes scan the surrounding homes and fields.  
In the passenger seat, Ray sits, drinking a coffee. He  
haggard.

**COOCH**

Bastards...

**RAY**

All I could think of was... not here.  
I don't wanna eat it on an Indian  
Reservation, three thousand miles  
from home.

**COOCH**

He's out there. He's out there playing  
Sitting Bull with us. I want the  
motherfucker so bad I'm getting a  
bleeding ulcer.

Ray turns around in his seat, looking off across dry  
land.

**RAY**

It may have been Maggie's way of  
saying "get off my ass."

**COOCH**

She's that subtle?

**RAY**

Eagle's claws and a bear's balls  
that's what her profile says.

**COOCH**

Well, she's running now, too. These  
fucking people like to run, don't --

**RAY**

-- Cooch. Woh. Stop.

He does. Ray is turned around in his seat, staring off  
into the distance.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD**

The Le Baron whines backward, and off the road, into  
some grass Ray steps out, keeping his gaze fixed. Cooch  
bails from the driver's side, joins him.

**HEARTBEAT DRUM.**

RAY'S POV: Four-hundred feet across a flat area of  
sandstone

undulations of  
car. An  
of

and grass clusters, something shimmers in the  
the harsh morning sun. Something of pea green and rusty  
metal... glass catches sunlight and makes prisms. A  
old res car, sitting in a long, chasm in barely a foot  
green water.

**EXT. DRY WASH - SHORT TIME LATER - PAY**

gloved  
the

Ray and Cooch go through the car, around the car, with  
hands and grease pencils and plastic bags, sweating in  
hot sun.

**COOCH**

Tread matches. It's the car.

**RAY**

Yes.

Excited, Ray walks off, scanning the area.

**COOCH**

But this doesn't make any sense,  
Ray. If it's just been sitting in  
this dry wash for seven days... why  
the hell didn't we find it?

hands.

Ray picks up a handful of stones, sifts them in his

**RAY**

Because this isn't a dry wash.

the

Cooch watches him slosh shoes first through a rut where  
water shimmers a foot deep or less.

**RAY**

It's the Little Walking River.

Ray turns, shucking up mud.

**RAY**

And it was full of water when I drove  
by here three days ago. Full. I  
mean... a river.

**COOCH**

The Little Walking River. You're right. This is part of it. So whoever sunk this car didn't compensate for drought. Goddamn.

long  
what he  
Ray doesn't hear Cooch. He stares past the SAC at the wide chasm, wet in some places, arid in others, and hears must be an echo in his head.

**RAY**

Listen to the water...

and he  
Cooch is listening to a TRANSMISSION across his radio walks off a few feet, exchanging information with the **REGIONALS**.

sweat-  
Ray stands, ankle deep in stagnant water, his face soaked, his eyes transfixed on heat undulations.

**EXT. BUFFALO BUTTE MOTEL - ROOM 13 - DAY**

killer's  
the  
Sherman  
Le  
A flat-bed tow truck drives past the motel with the car on it. Behind the truck is a fed car which stops at motel, and the Le Baron which also pulls in. Miles and get out from the first car, Ray and Cooch bail from the Baron.

tired,  
Parked  
caked  
With RADIOS TRANSMITTING, the agents walk, dusty and into room 14. Ray hesitates, snagged by the sight of -- A motorcycle parked in front of the Buffalo Butte Bar. with pick-up trucks and station wagons. It's the mud-caked old Barley. Parked right under the NO INDIANS sign. He puzzles over this.

**INT. BUFFALO BUTTE BAR - DAY**

the  
Dark. Even during the day. Cigarette smoke. Sawdust. On

behind  
and  
LOCALS

archaic juke box, RANDY TRAVIS sings "Old 8x10" while  
the bar, the BAR OWNER, an old man with long white hair  
beard, busies himself with leather work. SEVERAL WHITE  
sit on the old water drum bar stools.

clothes --  
sawdust

Heads lift, turn when Ray enters in his "fraternizing"  
jeans and boots, leather jacket. He scuffs up thick  
as he heads to the furthest booth back where --

into the

Crow Horse sits, alone over a bourbon and a beer. Ray  
approaches carefully, upset by the sight. He slides  
booth and point blanks the Indian.

**CROW HORSE**

Agent Little Weasel, Federal Bura of  
your Imagination.

**RAY**

Jesus Christ. You're hammered. What  
are you doing?

**CROW HORSE**

You're right about the old man. His  
power's long dried up. He's supposed  
to be a medicine man but he won't go  
see the people. He says we changed,  
and we don't listen. Well, he don't  
go out and talk no more. I haven't  
had a drink in three years but I  
just turned my sobriety chip into  
that man behind the bar, and this  
Hoss is gettin' watered.

**RAY**

Cut the shit. You shouldn't be in  
here, Man.

**CROW HORSE**

Cuz I'm a skin?

**RAY**

Cuz you're a cop.

**CROW HORSE**

Not no more.

**RAY**

What are you talking about?

**CROW HORSE**

You tell me. You tell me who went to the B.I.A. -- Bureau of Indian Annihilation and said I was messin' with your case, man. I don't give a goddamn about your case.

**RAY**

And I don't give a goddamn about whether you wear a badge or not, Crow Horse, but I didn't cut you.

Crow Horse shimmers his black eyes onto Ray.

**CROW HORSE**

Still after Jimmy?

**RAY**

They found prints at Blue Legs' place.

**CROW HORSE**

Yeah. Jimmy's prints are there. But they cross over Benjamin Black Star's prints. And he wasn't there until six o'clock the mornin' after to get eggs from the chickens. So Jimmy wasn't there til the next day. Follow?

resents  
Ray just looks vacantly at Crow Horse. Crow Horse  
the vacancy.

**CROW HORSE**

Look, man... you better bust Jimmy and get out before somebody shoots up more than your car next time.

Ray glares at him.

**RAY**

Next time I'll be ready. You get the word to who ever it is.

**CROW HORSE**

I can't, Hoss. I don't talk to FBI's.

Ray doesn't blink.

**CROW HORSE**

You think you was sent here cuz you're  
a good cop?

**RAY**

No. I was sent here cuz I'm Indian.  
And a good cop.

Crow Horse leans toward Ray and speaks more quietly.

**CROW HORSE**

You ever think that maybe you was  
sent here cuz the FBI's need one  
good reason to take out the entire  
Warrior Movement. And what better  
reason than one of their men, gettin'  
blown away on the res. A low-rent,  
expendable public servant sent in to  
take a bullet for his country.

what's  
getting

Ray is fuming. He can't believe what he's hearing,  
being insinuated, but he's giving it thought and it's  
him angry. He smashes a hand down on the table.

**RAY**

I'm sick of your shit --

**RANCHER (O.S.)**

I'm sick of the two of ya timber  
niggers spewin' off.

Rangey  
cap,  
OLDER

Standing over the booth is a long, tall RANCHER'S SON.  
with red curly hair tucked under a BLACK HILLS CLASSIC  
and arms built by tractor work. And behind him, TWO  
RANCHERS fall in. And ANOTHER YOUNG MAN, grinning with  
amusement.

Ray and Crow Horse look up.

**CROW HORSE**

Sorry, we don't speak United States.

**RANCHER'S SON**

Yeah, well I do. Get the Jesus up,  
and get the Jesus out or I'm gonna  
go out to my truck and come back  
with my hardware.



**RAY**

Woh, hold on there, Jack, you're --

**RANCHER'S SON**

-- don't "jack" me, Squanto. I'll bury your lazy ass right here.

Horse  
speaking

Ray realizes now that they think he's Indian, too. Crow sees this revelation and complicates it by suddenly LAKOTA to Ray.

The rancher grabs Ray by the cheeks.

**RANCHER'S SON**

I'm talkin' to --

lays  
him  
in,  
is

Ray decks him. Backhands him in the solar plexus then, a burner of a Quantico roundhouse to his ear, knocking across the bar, over a mop and bucket and into sawdust. The others start to fall at him but someone has jumped holding them back, and sticking himself in the way. It Brooks. The old timer Ray met his first night here.

**BROOKS**

No! No, you butt holes! He ain't skin! He AIN'T SKIN!

**CROW HORSE**

Yeah he's In'dn. Miniconjou Sioux.

to

The rancher's son who is coming back with a broken beer bottle, slows his step and shifts his eyes from Brooks the young fed There is a lot of heavy breathing. But no talking just yet. The young rancher eyes Ray.

**RANCHER'S SON**

You ain't Indian?

strange.  
blood  
eyes

Ray just stands tense, staring at him. And it's Because he hasn't really looked like he has any Indian up to this moment. But dressed the way he is, and his

answer

glaring, face drawing tense, he might pass for a breed although that's probably the Italian. But Ray doesn't the question. Crow Horse starts laughing. Drunkenly.

**OLDER RANCHER**

What's so damn funny?

**CROW HORSE**

Well, it's just that the cavalry used to always threaten the Lakota. The cavalry ain't around anymore. The Lakota still are.

**RANCHER'S SON**

I got no trouble tellin' where you come from, Fat Red.

Ray,  
looks

Crow Horse rises and walks unsteadily across the floor, leaving the bar. Brooks is whispering to the others, apparently about who Ray is. The bar man comes up to holding a tray, on which sits a shot and a beer. Ray at it for a moment.

**BAR MAN**

Sorry. On the house.

whiskey

Ray knocks the tray out of his hand, spilling beer and all over the bar man and the locals around him. And he walks out, leaving the locals confused.

**INT. LE BARON - TRAVELING - RES - DAY**

conflict  
planted,

Ray looks strung-out as he drives. If it's not the at the Butte, it's the dangerous seed Crow Horse and it is playing with his mind. He is on his RADIO.

**RAY**

No plates. No registration. Serial numbers removed. And all prints washed off by the river. That's great. This is turning out to be a walk in the park, do you know that?

**RADIO**

(woman agent)

Come back?

**RAY**

Never mind.

But before he hangs the radio. IT CUTS BACK IN.

**RADIO**

Ray. X22.

**RAY**

I read, Cooch.

**RADIO**

Remember that upside down flag back at Jimmy's house? Somebody took it down.

**RAY**

Good.

**RADIO**

They took it down, set fire to it, and threw it on the doorstep of room 13 at the Buffalo Butte Motel. Your room.

Ray seethes quietly as he drives.

**RADIO**

We traced the number of the truck that dumped it, and it belongs to one Maggie Sanders, also known as Maggie Eagle Bear. She's been all over the res, riling up the traditionals, telling them not to break, and to keep Jimmy in hiding. She's a problem now. And she's yours. Get her off the reservation.

Ray keeps driving.

**EXT. WOUNDED KNEE MEMORIAL - DAY**

tiny  
graves  
on

Maggie's old pick-up is parked near an arch gate of the cemetery where a tall monument is fenced off from other graves. There are tobacco offerings and other medicines hanging on the fence and on the monument.

jacket,  
IN  
stand,  
praying  
she  
the  
raises  
children

It is a quiet place. Still.

Maggie stands before the unkempt monument in her denim  
her hair blowing across her face in the wind. She PRAYS

**LAKOTA.**

Behind her TEN CHILDREN from the Bear Creek School  
heads bowed respectfully. Two of them sit on the lap of  
Richard Yellow Bird who looks on from his wheelchair,  
quietly with Maggie. When Maggie completes her prayer,  
ties some tobacco to the monument then turns and faces  
children. One of them, a LITTLE GIRL -- heavy-set --  
a hand that we might note is deformed. As many of the  
we have seen on the res, are.

**LITTLE GIRL**

Are they all right under here?

**MAGGIE**

Two-hundred and sixty-seven men,  
women, old people. And little ones  
like you. Many killed running along  
that road you see there.

**LITTLE BOY**

Where were they runnin' to?

**MAGGIE**

A place called The Stronghold.  
(a beat)  
They died for a dream. But you live.  
You are their great-great  
grandchildren and you live. We have  
to honor their dream. Of protecting  
the Mother Earth. And being proud of  
being Indian.

**LITTLE BOY**

My mother told me that they call us  
Indians cuz Columbus was lookin' for  
India when he discovered our country.

Maggie smiles at the boy.

**MAGGIE**

Yeah, well, let me tell you something,  
Henry: just be glad he wasn't looking  
for Turkey.

The CHILDREN LAUGH. All but one boy, who isn't paying  
attention. He is staring up at a hill, off in the  
distance.

MAGGIE'S POV: on the hill, a figure stands, hands in  
his pockets, hair blowing in the wind. Ray.

**REVERSE - MAGGIE**

keeping her eyes on the Wasi'cu, but addressing Yellow  
Bird.

**MAGGIE**

Richard. Sing the Honoring Song with  
them. I'll be right back.

**ON THE HILL**

Ray stands, watching Maggie walking into the wind,  
toward him. Behind her an HONORING SONG, sung by ten children  
haunts the still air.

He doesn't budge as she mounts the gentle bluff and  
joins him there.

**MAGGIE**

We're praying at the grave. Do you  
wanna join us?

A long silence. The voices carry in the wind.

**RAY**

No, Maggie. But you're gonna have to  
join me for a ride. I'm taking you  
to Rapid City.

Maggie looks at him. They lock eyes.

**MAGGIE**

So much power. I see it in your eyes.  
This... hunger for power. Or for  
what you think is power.

bluff,  
song.  
earth.

As if exhausted by the thought, Maggie sits down on the  
looking out at the children who are still singing the  
As she speaks, she begins digging her fingers in the  
Ray stands over her.

**RAY**

You burned an American flag today.  
And left it for me...

**MAGGIE**

-- You desecrated it, it had to be  
burned.

**RAY**

I desecrated it?

**MAGGIE**

You forced an innocent man to run  
like an animal. You've tried to poison  
my people's hearts against me with  
your manipulation, with letters I  
never wrote... you've been watching  
me eat, work, raise my family...  
wash myself in the river. And now  
you're here, arresting me at a sacred  
place.

(a beat)

In your eyes, that's power.

the

Maggie lifts herself onto her knees and looks down into  
small hole she's dug. She picks up a little pine cone.

**MAGGIE**

So I plant this tree for you. And I  
take all this stuff that you've laid  
on me and my people, and I put it in  
this hole with this pine cone.

(she covers it)

And I bury it. Cuz ya know what it  
is, Ray? Bullshit. And shit is  
fertilizer.

(she stands)

And The Mother will turn your lies  
into something that lives.

the

Maggie rises, dusting off her hands. She looks him in  
soul.

**MAGGIE**

That's what power is, in the Indian way.

(holds her hands out  
to be cuffed)

Take me to Rapid, Ray. I'm the enemy.

feeling,  
Silence  
Ray just stares at her, struggling with what he's  
what he's hearing. What he's supposed to be feeling.  
hangs between the two of them.

**RAY**

If I told you... that I think Jimmy's  
innocent... but I'm in over my head...  
would you believe me?

dark  
Maggie looks at him, considering. Then toward the long  
silhouette of a mountain range across the plains.

**MAGGIE**

See those Black Hills out there,  
Ray? When the people lost the land  
in 1868, the government took  
everything but those hills. They  
allowed us to keep those Black Hills,  
to live there. Signed a treaty. Until  
they found gold. Then they told us  
we had to leave because of National  
interest. They broke that treaty.  
Anyone who fought or spoke out against  
it, wound up dead or in jail. And  
the people wound up here. On a  
reservation.

profile.  
While she looks off at Paha Sapa, Ray stares at her

**MAGGIE**

While up there, in the Black Hills...  
they carved the faces of four  
presidents.

him  
She looks at Ray with an ironic smile, and she catches  
transfixed.

**MAGGIE**

Your relatives must've taught you

something.

**RAY**

**NO.**

(after thought)

My father never told anybody he had Indian blood. But he still used a few Indian words around the house. He called me Washee. Said it meant... good boy.

Maggie starts giggling.

**RAY**

What?

**MAGGIE**

Wa-shee is like... a dumpling. Like tallow we put in stew. I think he was calling you chubby boy.

**RAY**

Great.

who are  
takes  
hands  
much to

Maggie is laughing as she looks back at the children no longer singing. Ray reaches inside his jacket and out five polaroids. He shuffles them as he ponders. He one to Maggie who has caught herself opening up too the Wasi'cu.

**RAY**

You ever see that car before?

hands

Maggie looks at the first photo and says nothing. She it back quickly. Ray won't take it.

**RAY**

Who's it belong to?

Maggie ignores him. Ray studies her reaction.

**RAY**

Help me, Maggie...

and

Maggie is looking away. She picks a long blade of grass smooths it in her hands.



off his  
Black  
Hills, pensive.

Ray looks at her a moment longer then rises, dusting jeans, and standing there. He thinks for a long moment, pinches the bridge of his nose, then looks out at the Hills, pensive.

**RAY**

I didn't see you today, Maggie.  
(a beat)  
Goodbye.

again.

Maggie watches him go. Looks away. Then watches him

**MAGGIE**

Goodbye... Wa-shee.

wind  
that  
up

Ray stops. She stands on the bluff, her hair riding the and her eyes searing. And then her lips do something might qualify as half a smile. A sense of humor rising through anger. Survival humor.

on,

Ray looks at her for a long moment. And then he walks leaving her there.

**INT. LE BARON - PARKED AT WOUNDED KNEE - DAY**

lap,

Ray sits behind the wheel, going through files on his photographs of Indians. And thinking hard.

**RAY**

Anyone who fought or spoke out against it... wound up dead or in jail.

Ray looks out the window toward the monument.

**RAY**

(to himself, flustered)  
That was 1868, Maggie...

a  
slow,

Exhausted, Ray lays his head back on the seat, and lets long, constricted breath free. THUNDER ROLLS like the

his deep roar of some giant bear up in the hills. He opens eyes, looks out the window.

children POV: rain is coming down, and Maggie is getting the over into the back of her truck. She helps them get a tarp cab their heads. Then as Yellow Bird pulls himself into the load it of the truck, she hefts the wheelchair and two boys in.

road. She gets in, starts up, and rolls off down the sloping

**EXT. LE BARON - WOUNDED KNEE - STRANGE TWILIGHT**

door. Ray steps out of the car into the rain and closes the toward He stares at the burial grounds. Then slowly, he starts them as if magnetically drawn. HEARTBEAT DRUM.

thicker as A shroud of mist lays over the cemetery, growing walking the rain falls harder. DRUM BEATS DEEPER. Ray is something toward the memorial, getting drenched. Then he hears strange. HOOFBEATS.

**RAY'S POV:**

drives his coming down the dirt road, toward him, a HORSEMAN in the mount at a fast trot. The rider is only a vague image out a mist, his face hidden. As he rides closer, we can make shotgun in his hand. And he throws it up, takes aim.

**REVERSE - RAY**

it's paralyzed for a moment. And then going for his gun. But run. not there. He's left it in the car. He breaks into a and But there's a shorter distance now between the horseman the car and Ray has no choice but to turn and flee.

and  
grassy  
His boots slap wet pavement, and his breath draws heavy  
desperate as he bounds off the road and races down a  
slope, looking over his shoulder, panicking.

then  
WOMAN  
runs.  
His legs and arms churning, his face contorted. And  
someone passes him out, running just as hard. AN INDIAN  
in 1890 Winter rags, clutching a BABY to her breast and  
CRYING. SCREAMING. Ray looks at her, incredulous as he  
But he keeps running.

CRACKS  
The rider is right behind him. He FIRES. The GUNSHOT  
the sky like thunder. BOOOOM!

**INT. LE BARON - TWILIGHT**

the  
the  
Ray jumps awake. Cooch is POUNDING on the window. And  
three-legged dog inside is BARKING. Ray quickly rolls  
window down, letting in THUNDER.

peaked  
Cooch starts to say something then takes note of Ray's  
face. Sweat runs down his temples, beads at his nose.

**COOCH**

Jesus, you alright?

**RAY**

Yeah. I... I fell asleep. I can't  
believe it. I --

**COOCH**

Never turn your radio off! I thought  
I was gonna find you scalped! Damn  
it!

**RAY**

Sorry, Cooch. I lost Eagle Bear --

**COOCH**

-- never mind Eagle Bear. We've got  
Jimmy nailed. Let's go!

engine  
CRAZY

And Cooch runs to his car. Ray fires the car's big  
and takes off behind Cooch who is driving a fed Chevy.

**HEARTBEAT DRUM INTO --**

**EXT. GRANDPA REACHES TRATLER - LATE DAY**

snaps  
wheel

The rain pelts Grandpa's little Airstream trailer, wind  
at sheet plastic in the windows. An ancient sewing  
CREAKS RUSTY in the wind.

drive  
Baron  
sees

Three clean, late-model fed cars pull down the muddy  
as two SWAT vehicles pull in from another road. The Le  
pulls in, and Ray bails out with the others. When he  
where he is, he looks distraught.

themselves

Agents are running behind junked cars, positioning  
around the trailer.

**INT. GRANDPA REACHES TRAILER - LATE DAY**

with a  
stares  
giant  
And

The holy man is sitting in his chair, smacking Flies  
swatter. Tonight he wears a black reservation hat and  
vacantly at the TV where RONALD MACDONALD swings a  
baseball bat, and falls on his face, bouncing back up.  
then BOOM!

The door is open and Cooch leads Miles, Sherman and Ray  
inside. Cooch has a gun on the old man.

**COOCH  
HANDS ON YOUR HEAD!**

knee.  
white  
M-16

The old man slowly removes his hat and hangs it on a  
Carefully he places his wrinkled hands on his thinning  
hair. His eyes seek out Ray who stands in the doorway,  
in hand, looking concerned. He stares at Ray.

window.  
Cooch storms into a back bedroom, Miles moves to a  
Sherman stands over the old man.

**SHERMAN**

Where is he, Sam? Where's Jimmy?

Ray.  
Grandpa looks at Sherman, ignores him, looks back at

**SHERMAN**

He's a medicine man, Ray. The  
"spiritual leader" of the Warriors.  
That right, Sam?

Cooch  
With RADIO TRANSMISSIONS crackling through the house,  
comes back down the hall, and heads to the door.

**COOCH**

Trailer's clean, let's go.

up  
Ray starts to follow but he sees Sherman pick something  
from near Grandpa. The 500 year-old turtleshell rattle.  
Grandpa's eyes widen slightly.

**SHERMAN**

You been the one making it rain like  
that, out there, Sam?

**RAY**

Hey, put that down.

**SHERMAN**

Can you make Jimmy outrun an M-16,  
Sam?

**RAY**

Sherman!

floor.  
Sherman drops the turtleshell rattle on the linoleum

Then drives his heel into it, CRUSHING the fragile  
turtleshell.

gets  
Ray grabs him and slams him into the tin wall. Miles  
between them, grabbing Sherman.

**MILES**

**EASY, MEN! HEY! --**

**RADIO**  
**HE'S ON THE ROOF! HE'S ON THE FUCKING**  
**ROOF! COME ON GUYS, COME ON, GUYS!**

looking They're out the door, leaving the old man to sit  
down at the shattered rattle. He closes his eyes.

**EXT. GRANDPA REACHES TRAILER**

shirt, In a blizzard of rain, Jimmy Looks Twice in a cowboy  
clutching jeans and boots, leaps off the top of the Airstream,  
directions. his medicine bundle. FLOODLIGHTS HIT him from all  
BULLHORNS screaming at him.

Ray, He tries to turn a corner and runs right into a fed.  
him. He having run out the back door has slammed right into  
for a has his rifle on him, and they stare each other down  
back, at split second before he is converged on. Guns at his  
his head.

looks He is swept off his feet, face down, and frisked. He  
up at Ray, desperately.

**LOOKS TWICE**

Brother, the old man told me about  
you. Listen to me: what was Leo trying  
to tell me? He wanted to meet me at  
Maisy --

behind Another fed, pushes his face into the mud, cuffs him  
his back.

**FED**

Save your speeches for prison, Jimmy.

agents With two FIVE MAN SWAT TEAMS swarming the area, and six  
pouring pushing Jimmy toward a car, Cooch stands there in the  
abhorred. rain, looking relieved. Ray stands near him, looking

**COOCH**

Damn. That's one hard running Indian.

Miles and  
his  
disband,  
Ray watches Jimmy as he is shoved into the back of  
Sherman's car and driven away. He is twisting around in  
seat to look at Ray. Desperately. The SWAT teams  
return to their vehicles.

**COOCH**

It's over, Ray. I aged five years.  
But it's over. At least I'm gonna  
look like I'm ready for the advisory  
desk. Let's go get a beer.

his  
trailer  
down the  
watches  
Cooch heads to his car and Ray starts shuffling toward  
as if he is dared by it all. He is looking at the  
and there on the rickety porch is Grandpa. He comes  
steps slowly, holding his hat on against the wind. He  
the cars pulling out.

Ray walks over to him, looking sick.

**RAY**

Look... I'm not who you think I am.  
(a long beat)  
I'm sorry.

car,  
And after a moment of locking gazes, he starts for his

**GRANDPA**

Out back that way... is a place  
called Wounded Knee.

Ray turns.

**GRANDPA**

I was one year old there when our  
people were shot down. My mother hid  
me in the snow in a blanket. One of  
those killed was a Holy Man called  
Wakiyan Cante -- Thunder Heart. They  
killed him while he was running for  
The Stronghold. It is his blood --

the same blood that spilled on the  
grass and snow at Wounded Knee --  
that runs through your heart like a  
buffalo.

Ray frowns, disturbed by this story.

The old man is speaking with conviction. With power.

**GRANDPA**

Thunder Heart has come. Sent here to  
a troubled place to help his people.  
That's what I am told. Maybe you're  
right and I am mistaken. Your mind  
is young, mine is old. If so, so be  
it. Ho Hecetu Yelo. I'll speak no  
more.

and  
his  
face  
SING  
of  
the old man's lonesome patch of land.

rumbles  
BLUE HEAT LIGHTNING knifes the sky. THUNDER ROLLS, and  
into POOL BALLS --

**EXT. BUFFALO BUTTE MOTEL AND BAR - LATE DAY**

gathered  
into  
cases, removing flak jackets.

DAKOTAN  
at his  
the  
Cooch  
POOL BALLS knock from inside the bar while outside, A  
takes a piss near a truck while his GIRLFRIEND stands  
back, yelling at him. CHARLIE DANIELS sings country on  
juke Ray heads to room 13, starts unlocking the door.  
comes up behind him.



**COOCH**

Buffalo burgers and cold beer,  
Raymond. Don't worry about the sign  
out front... you don't have to be  
Indian anymore.

tired. Cooch throws a mock punch at Ray and he mock blocks,  
He musters a smile. But he isn't all there.

**COOCH**

You have a fever. You okay?

He Ray nods. Cooch lets a few agents walk past, LAUGHING.  
speaks quietly.

**COOCH**

Listen: when we get back tomorrow,  
you're gonna find Tully laying a  
promotion on you. S.A.C. He wants to  
prove that his yuppie agents are  
making good. He's offering you New  
York. Tell him you want Atlanta.

**RAY**

Why?

**COOCH**

Cuz I want New York.

Ray tries to break a smile again. Cooch cups his arm.

**RAY**

Cooch. They sent us out here because  
the place was being neglected. Now,  
all of a sudden, there's two five  
man SWAT teams out there tonight.  
Bell Huey choppers flying all over  
the place. Federal occupation to  
catch one guy. Why, Cooch? What's  
going on?

indeed Cooch stares at Ray. The younger agent looks like he  
has a fever.

**COOCH**

National security, Ray. Get some  
sleep. Tomorrow, we fly.

inside Cooch hurries across the rain-swept street. Ray steps  
and closes the door.

**INT. ROOM 13 - BUFFALO BUTTE MOTEL**

having Ray closes the door, and stands there. He seems to be  
under trouble breathing. He looks down at his boots. There is  
slowly something on the floor. Something that has been slipped  
the door earlier. He just stares down at it. Then  
stoops.

CLOSE ON: the polaroid of the res car he gave to Maggie  
earlier. She

white has returned it. He turns it over. Written across the  
-- backing of the photo, in dark black marker is the name

**YELLOW BIRD.**

boxes Ray stares at this for a moment then hurries over to  
and of files on the bed. He rummages like a nervous thief  
off comes up with a folder. He flips through it, casting  
files and 302's and profiles and finally stopping on --

earlier. The 8x10 BLACK AND WHITE of Richard Yellow Bird seen

marring Sitting in his wheelchair, Red Power cap on, tattoos  
LEAVENWORTH big arms. And under it a DOUBLE MUG SHOT stamped

SIOUX PRISON. Under that ANOTHER PRISON MUG SHOT stamped

FALLS PRISON. And under that a --

THIRD MUG SHOT stamped "PAROLED."

sits Ray, his eyes fixed on this one, takes a few steps and  
a on the end of the bed. He then stuffs the file back in  
box, and takes off toward the door.

**EXT. RESERVATION ROAD - SUNSET**

toward  
Black

The Le Baron throws up loose rock and red dust, driving a place where the sun begins a slow drop behind the Hills. HORSES run out of the road. HEARTBEAT DRUM.

**EXT. MULE DEER DISTRICT - RES - SUNSET**

meat  
pulls  
the  
boarded-  
black

A tarpaper shack. Outhouse. Clothesline on which jerked hangs. No cars. A lonely, unnerving place. Le Baron in. Ray gets out, adjusting the gun at the back of his waistband. He starts for the shack. Ray raps a fist on splintered plywood door. Knocks again. He checks out a up window. The door finally opens. Just a crack. Tiny eyes peer out into the fading light.

**RAY**

I'm looking for Richard Yellow Bird.

crack.  
sits  
lap.

Ray sticks his open badge, gold eagle wings, near the The door closes. Then unlatches and opens. Yellow Bird there in his wheelchair, tiny tobacco bundles in his lap. He's been tying them.

**YELLOW BIRD**

The Washington Redskin. Thought you'd be gone by now.

He pivots his chair to allow Ray room to enter.

**INT. YELLOW BIRD SHACK**

ink  
a  
thick

Yellow Bird, in a T-shirt that reveals twenty different tattoos, rolls himself across the warped floorboards to a cheese crate where his eye glasses sit. He puts the bifocals on and focuses resentfully on Ray in the ochre flicker of the dirty room.

**YELLOW BIRD**

What ya want?

**RAY**

Must be a bitch getting around in that wheelchair. How long you been in it?

**YELLOW BIRD**

Since I got a iron pipe put across my knees, man. Fight with three wasi'cus, ya know.

**RAY**

At Sioux Falls Pen?

**YELLOW BIRD**

No, that was Leavenworth. This --  
(shows a scar)  
was Sioux Falls. What ya want?

**RAY**

Leavenworth a tough joint?

Ray walks across the room, his eyes on a covert mission.

**YELLOW BIRD**

You ever try solitary confinement?

**RAY**

No. Can't say that I have, Richard. Richard do you know why I'm here?

**YELLOW BIRD**

Washington sent ya. I know that.

**RAY**

Yes, Washington sent me, Richard. They sent me here because this whole thing has been fucked. Do you know what I mean when I say this whole thing has been fucked, Richard?

Yellow Bird stares at Ray.

**RAY**

An arrangement was made between you... and us. Do you remember that arrangement?

Ray starts to look like maybe the game's not working. Like maybe

this doesn't add up. But --

**YELLOW BIRD**

I'm here, ain't I?

Ray lets a tense breath out.

**RAY**

Not for long, Richard. You got early parole under the stipulation that you would help us in a situation, and you didn't deliver.

**YELLOW BIRD**

What the fuck you talkin' about?

holster  
of  
window.  
Ray sits in a busted chair, reaches down to his ankle and pulls out a .38. He holds it, resting it on the arm of the chair. He strains to look out through the boarded window. Yellow Bird fidgets in his chair.

**RAY**

Get up out of the chair, Richard.

**YELLOW BIRD**

What's with you people? Why do ya have to fuck with my head all the time? I came through, man.

**RAY**

Get up out of the chair, and walk toward the backdoor, Richard.

**YELLOW BIRD**

(not moving)

I get thrown in solitary until I don't know my own fuckin' name, and then you people tell me I can beat nine years if I help you. I helped you!

**RAY**

Get up!

He's  
bowed.  
Yellow Bird stands. He takes a step forward. Limping. got leg problems but he can walk. Heels first. And But he can walk. He is shaking.

**YELLOW BIRD**

They said I'd never see FBI again, and I'm livin' with you fuckers. I don't feed ya information on the Warriors, it's back to the pen. I don't do this, back to the pen. Your word against my word. Against a con Indian's word. I really got a chance, man, right?

**RAY**

They sent me here, Richard because they said you didn't hold up your end of the arrangement, and I have to transport you back to Leavenworth.

**YELLOW BIRD**

(crying)

What the fuck, man? What do you people want? I did what you wasi'cu's told me to do.

**RAY**

Leo Fast Elk... is alive.

Yellow Bird wheels.

**YELLOW BIRD**

No way. No fuckin' way.

**RAY**

How the hell do you know?

**YELLOW BIRD**

I blew his back out with a buffalo gun, that's how I know! Now you're gonna say I didn't, so you can throw me back in solitary?

sits  
his  
that

Ray is trying hard not to reveal his horror at this confession, at this understanding of the machinery. He there with his gun, blinking away sweat that beads at brow. Yellow Bird is weeping in a highpitched voice doesn't match his great bulk.

**RAY**

The men who came to see you at Leavenworth. The one's who made the

arrangement... who were they? Maybe I can talk to them.

**YELLOW BIRD**

Miles. Three other suits. That's all I know 'em as -- suits. Were you there?

**RAY**

You turned Leo over on his face. But the coyotes must've turned him back over, man, cuz his spirit is out. It's out, and it knows.

**YELLOW BIRD**

What do you know about spirits? You ain't no In'dn.

**RAY**

Leo knew something heavy and was trying to tell Jimmy. But you must not know how serious it was or you would have delivered. Do you realize what Leo could have told Jimmy?! Do you?!

**YELLOW BIRD**

I took him out before he got the chance. He didn't say nothin' about Tashka Sha. And now his spirit is in the dirt. Forever.

**RAY**

What's Tashka Sha, speak English, speak English!

**YELLOW BIRD**

Red Deer Table! What's with you, man?

lips

Ray grabs onto these words, rolls them silently on his

And now Yellow Bird is getting suspicious of the fed.

**YELLOW BIRD**

Wait a minute. Wait -- what are you doin'? You ain't a FBI. You ain't the law. Let me see your --

Ray snaps out his gun, straight-armed.

**RAY**

I'm the fucking law!

Yellow Bird jumps back, raising his hands.

**RAY**

Keep talking, Yellow Bird...

**YELLOW BIRD**

All I know... is I did what I did...  
and I ain't in solitary, gettin'  
pumped up with downer, gettin' beat  
to shit. But I tell you what, Suit.  
Take me back. Cuz I can't take this  
shit no more.

windows.  
off  
breath

And then HEADLIGHTS pierce the gaps in the boarded  
Yellow Bird collapses against the wall, bangs his head  
it. He lets a long, pained, cry escape from under his  
and he begins a slow slide down the wall, to the floor.  
Ray peers out the cracks in the boards.

**YELLOW BIRD**

Man, I don't know who the fuck I am  
no more.

door.  
floor,

Ray gets up, putting his gun away and heading to the  
He stops and looks back at the Indian, sitting on the  
clutching his knees, staring into the kerosene flicker.

**RAY**

You and me both.

Yellow Bird looks at him, his glasses foggy, his face  
contorted And Ray leaves.

**EXT. YELLOW BIRD'S SHACK - NIGHT**

parked  
slight  
the

Ray steps out into the falling night. There is a car  
there. With a high aerial. Ray raises a hand in a  
wave, walks on. At the fed car, A REGIONAL AGENT behind  
wheel, waves a hand. Watches Ray get into the Le Baron.  
Ray gets in the car and takes off.



**LE BARON - TRAVELING**

reservation.

And

He

Ray drives like a crazy man through the dark  
Through miles of open land and strange rock formations.  
he looks trapped. HEADLIGHTS flicker in his rearview.  
sees this. Slams the gas pedal.

**EXT. RES ROADS - NIGHT**

moment

The Le Baron races at 85 down the dirt stretch. A  
later a car rattles by at 90.

**INT. LE BARON - TRAVELING**

M-

again.

Ray reaches over to the passenger seat and pulls up the  
16. He lays it across his lap. Looks in the rearview  
Then makes a sudden sharp turn.

the

He pulls off the road quickly, throwing up dust into  
already foggy night, the car goes out of control.

**EXT. WOUNDED KNEE MEMORIAL - NIGHT**

layby,

The car that was following drives right past the narrow  
hidden by grassy slopes and keeps flying down the long  
stretch.

**INT. LE BARON**

--

fence.

Ray skids through the dirt, trying to stop -- he can't  
and the Le Baron fishtails, smashing into a chain-link  
And coming to a stop.

looks

he

Breathing as if he's been running not driving, Ray  
behind him to make sure he lost the car. He did. When  
turns back to his wheel, he sees --

**THROUGH THE CHAINLINK FENCE**

is  
lit by his headlights: THE WOUNDED KNEE gravesite. He  
right up on the arch, and the tall stone marker beyond  
it.

**EXT. WOUNDED KNEE MEMORIAL - NIGHT**

night  
The Le Baron just sits parked, headlights making the  
fog crawl up from the base of the old tomb, along the  
fence.

walks  
The driver's door opens slowly. And Ray steps out. He  
stone  
through the arch. Into the small fenced area. Up to the  
mist.  
which is overgrown with stubborn weeds, half-hidden in  
Ray studies the tomb.

**POV: THE NAMES ON THE STONE ARE CHISELED VERTICALLY:**

**CHIEF STANDING BEAR**

**MR. HIGH HAWK**

**AFRAID OF BEAR**

hands  
Weeds are grown up over the rest of the names. Ray's  
names:  
clear them, grab at them and rip them away from more

**PRETTY HAWK**

**BLUE AMERICAN**

**SHERMAN HORN CLOUD**

drops to  
With frantic abandon, Ray is ripping weeds away. He  
his knees, clearing weeds.

**STRONG FOX**

**THUNDER HEART**

MOVING DOWN and then suddenly back up to the name:

**THUNDER HEART**

**REVERSE ON - RAY**

him,  
are  
WHISTLES,  
kneeling in the weeds, the wind getting restless around  
screaming the way plains winds do but only these winds  
filled with a whistling. What sounds like EAGLE BONE  
piping shrill.

the  
across  
pitch.  
Ray kneels before the marker, staring at the name on  
stone, his hair thrown around by the wind that drives  
the grass, whistling eagles, building to an unbearable,

small  
gets  
gets  
Ray stares at the name as if he is looking through a  
hole into another world. A world that frightens him. He  
up and backs away from the stone, through the gate. And  
back in his car, quickly. He takes off.

**EXT. MAGGIE EAGLE BEAR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

the  
steps, pounds at the door. No answer. Pounds again.

**RAY**

Maggie!

steps,  
attacks  
feet,  
He keeps knocking. Nothing. He hurries back down the  
starts around the back of the house and something  
him, leaps at him from the dark, knocking him off his  
into the grass. Hits him again.

hands  
the  
In a  
his gun  
and  
But as quickly as he falls, he rolls, throwing up his  
and blocking a savage kick aimed for his face. He traps  
boot, twists it and drops the attacker onto his back.  
matter of seconds, he is on top of the man, sticking  
in his throat. He grabs a flashlight from his jacket  
shines it in the man's face.

Crow Horse. Breathing like a wild animal.

**CROW HORSE**

Five-hundred year old turtleshell  
rattle...

**RAY**

Crow Horse, listen --

**CROW HORSE**

Where's Maggie? Where'd ya take her.

**RAY**

Nowhere. I'm trying to find her.

**CROW HORSE**

You got Jimmy. Let her go.

**RAY**

Crow Horse, listen. You have to come  
with me.

**CROW HORSE**

Why? So you can get rid of me, too?

**RAY**

No. So we can do what the old man  
said. Red Deer Table, Walter. We  
have to go.

him, Crow Horse lies there, breathing heavy. Ray on top of  
still clutching his gun.

**INT. LE BARON - TRAVELING - NIGHT**

roads. Ray and Crow Horse are quiet as they eat up the dirt

**CROW HORSE**

Maybe the old man's visions are still  
strong.

Ray nods, concentrating. After a time:

**RAY**

Do they come in dreams, these visions?

**CROW HORSE**

Oh yeah. Dreams. Sometimes durin'  
sickness. Vision quest. Sweat Lodge.

Ya never know when.

**RAY**

Just before we caught Jimmy... I had a dream that I was being chased. And I was running with other people. Old-fashion Indian people. I got shot in the back. Like Leo.

finds  
looks

When Crow Horse doesn't respond, Ray looks over and him staring. He looks back to the road. And when he back at Crow Horse, he is still staring at him.

**CROW HORSE**

Where was this?

**RAY**

At Wounded Knee. I mean, that's where I was, and that's where the dream was. Why?

**CROW HORSE**

You were running with the old ones. At The Knee. Heavy duty.

**RAY**

Well, it was just a dream, I --

**CROW HORSE**

Sonuvabuck! What's with you, Man? Who are you?

**RAY**

What do you mean?

**CROW HORSE**

Nothin'. Forget it.

is  
Crow

Crow Horse looks out the window as if to avoid Ray who confused by the Indian's smoldering. After a moment, Horse looks at him.

**CROW HORSE**

You had a vision. You had yourself a vision. A man waits a long time for a vision. Might go his whole lifetime and never get one. And along comes some instant Indian with a Mastercard

and brand-new shoes, has himself a vision.

**RAY**

Sorry.

**CROW HORSE**

I'm a full-blood Oglala.

**RAY**

We've driven a long way. Where is this place?

**CROW HORSE**

Maybe it was just a dream. Ya know, just one of them, what do ya call 'em, fitful dreams?

**RAY**

Yeah. Fitful dreams.

Crow Horse feels better. He looks out the window, nodding.

But it doesn't last long.

**CROW HORSE**

Bullshit. You had a vision. You got sign from the old ones.

**RAY**

What the hell do you want me to do?!

**CROW HORSE**

Stop.

The Ray brakes. Crow Horse is looking past him. Ray turns. on sunrise, spectacular mesa that we have admired with every looms massive now that we are under it. Moonlight falls on it. And the HEARTBEAT DRUM pulses from it.

**EXT. WHERE-THE-ELK-PEOPLE-USED-TO-LIVE - NIGHT**

pierced The land behind Red Deer Table is Badlands. Badlands by a few rutted old wagon roads. At a place between two grotesque buttes, Crow Horse stops, looking uneasy.

and He digs into his pocket, pulls out some loose tobacco

spills it on the ground. Then he walks on.

enough  
next to  
Ray observes this, starting forward, then stopping long  
to fish a cigarette out from his pocket and drop it  
Crow Horse's offering.

**THROUGH THE BADLANDS**

scanning  
walks  
up and  
Ray and Crow Horse walk, carefully under a full moon,  
the area. Crow Horse stops, checks out some tracks. Ray  
on, looking up at the table. He shines his flashlight  
it illuminates --

Twenty  
A RED RIBBON, tied on stakes on a ridge. Ten stakes.  
stakes. Ribbons blowing in the wind.

**RAY**

What's that?

**CROW HORSE**

Ain't prayer flags, that's for sure.

something  
snags him  
GUSHING  
Ray sweeps the light along, walking faster, and then  
frightening occurs. Something... some unseen thing  
by the leg, sucking him into the Earth with a horrible  
**SOUND.**

slime,  
to  
a  
Ray is drawn into a hole up to his hips, a bluish-black  
oozing out around him. Crow Horse grabs him, struggling  
pull him up. He does, stumbling back and stepping into  
hole himself.

around,  
The two men are wheeling, throwing flashlight beams  
slapping through a wet jelly, and finally getting their  
bearings.

solution  
Ray touches the ground where a blue-black chemical

flashlight

oozes out with water from the aquifer below. His  
scans --

mining

TWENTY DRILLED HOLES IN THE EARTH. A uranium strip-  
grid laid out in a 50 x 60 pattern. The far side is  
fenced  
by flagged stakes.

**RAY**

Jesus. Oil?

**CROW HORSE**

Uranium. Test holes. Somebody came  
in from the Nebraska side, and did  
some shotgun testin'. They're gettin'  
ready to suck this baby dry.

**RAY**

1868...

**CROW HORSE**

What?

**RAY**

That's what we're doing here. National  
interest. National security. Only  
this time it's not gold. It's uranium.

**CROW HORSE**

We're standin' on broken treaty  
ground, Ray. This ain't supposed to  
be here. It'll poison the water.

**RAY**

Leo knew about it. Tried to tell  
Jimmy, get the Warriors involved.

**CROW HORSE**

So they took care of Leo.

**RAY**

Listen to the water... the river  
keeps goin' down then rising again.

the

Ray goes to another hole and sticks his arm in up to  
elbow, sniffs the solution.

**CROW HORSE**

They're drainin' our water table.



That's our life, man...

Ray is looking past Crow Horse at --

yards  
dancing  
Ray  
circle  
Something strange in the moonlight. COYOTES. Some forty  
away, on a flat stretch of stoney ground. Six Coyotes,  
in the shadows of rock formations. MOVING IN ON THEM as  
walks forward, they circle... scatter... run back...  
again. Look straight at Ray, eyes glowing.

And run.

**REVERSE - RAY**

left.  
reach  
and Crow Horse walk toward them. To the place they just  
A place in the dirt, they were digging up. When they  
it, they stare down into the dirt.

**A BODY**

black  
Until the  
sees  
lies there, face down. Denim jacket and a shock of  
hair, thrown into tangles and dirt. It was buried.  
coyote caught wind. Crow Horse bends down, touches the  
jacket... turns the body over And almost vomits when he  
Maggie Eagle Bear.

**RAY**

looks down in disbelief.

**RAY**

No. No...

sealant  
from  
Ray steps back, his boots squishing in solution and  
and soiled water. He covers his mouth, stopping himself  
getting sick. And then he explodes, YELLING.

**LONG SHOT - RED DEER TABLE**

the  
in the moonlight. And RAY'S YELLING ECHOING up out of

rocks

**EXT. BEAR CREEK VILLAGE - NIGHT**

sits  
The sordid little village the feds first drove through  
sleepy on the rim of sunrise.

chutters  
A DOG BARKS hollow as the Crow Horse motorcycle  
down and coasts up in front of one of the little homes  
--  
rundown but it has a satellite dish and a decent car  
like so  
many. The Le Baron pulls up behind it.

**INT. LE BARON - NIGHT**

boots  
Crow Horse walks over to Ray's window, his jeans and  
filled by  
muddy. No one speaks for a long moment, the night  
crickets. And that one dog.

**RAY**

This Clear Moon's house?

**CROW HORSE**

Yeah. It's time to beat the drum.  
You better wait here. He don't trust  
the white man.

looks  
Crow Horse crosses the street. Ray sits there, and he  
almost hurt by this statement. But he is the white man.  
But  
he is Indian. He lets a long breath escape, rubs at a  
temple.  
shaking  
He takes out a smoke. Tries to light it. His hands are  
too badly. But he gets it lit, and sits tense, looking  
in  
his rearview.

**INT. CLEAR MOON HOUSE - NIGHT**

mouth,  
Oliver Clear Moon sits in a chair, his strong Indian  
beginning to tighten at the jowls.

couch.  
Across from him, Crow Horse sits on the edge of a

coffee.

the

hand,

loses

the

Crow

SPEAKS

disbelief

chair,

goes

something

badge.

MRS. CLEAR MOON, a rotund, gentle woman brings him a

A TEENAGE GIRL in a men's extra-large T-shirt stands in the hall, looking at him.

Clear Moon in pajamas, rises, and with a coffee in hand, starts walking in slow steps toward the kitchen. He loses control before he gets there and hurls the cup across the room into the sink, smashing it. He wheels and faces Crow Horse. He SPEAKS LAKOTA. Asking questions. Crow Horse SPEAKS LAKOTA. Answering him.

Mrs. Clear Moon, understanding, shakes her head in disbelief and her eyes begin to well. Oliver, walking back to his chair, sits, and thinks for a moment. MORE LAKOTA. He gets up, goes to a drawer and rummages. He sits again, and tosses something onto the coffee table. It is a badge. A tribal police badge.

**INT. LE BARON - PARKED - CLEAR MOON'S - DAWN**

at the Ray nervously awaits Crow Horse's words as he appears window again. The Indian shows hope in his tired eyes.

**CROW HORSE**

Alright. Shit's comin' down. He's callin' council fire. All the old chiefs and the warriors, too. I gotta be at Grandpa's place in two hours. We need to get the tribe together. We need to block this thing.

**RAY**

What we need... is Richard Yellow Bird.

Crow Horse looks at Ray who stares dead ahead.

**EXT. YELLOW BIRD'S SHACK - RES - DAWN**

flickers  
Horse

The shack is just as Ray left it earlier, kerosene dancing yellow through the gapped boards. Ray and Crow with guns drawn, approach the front door.

**CROW HORSE**

I thought it was a rare case of a brother getting a break in the courts. We did an honorin' song for him and everything.

**RAY**

He's looking at a few hundred years in Leavenworth. He's not gonna come out without a fight.

creaks

Crow Horse snakes around toward the rear of the shack. Ray knocks at the front door. It is unlatched and it open a little. Ray pushes it open and sees --

**INT. YELLOW BIRD SHACK**

An empty wheelchair.

**EXT. YELLOW BIRD SHACK**

plains  
roadblocked,

Ray steps away from the door, looking around the vast as the sun comes up out of the Black Hills. He is and it shows in his eyes. It's all getting too big.

then  
stares  
is

Crow Horse leans against the shack, watching Ray. And RADIO STATIC from inside the Le Baron. Ray pivots and at it as if someone is inside the car. His call signal being paged. But he just stands there, looking at it.

**RADIO**

X21. Read. X21...

takes a

Ray reaches inside the car and lifts the handset. He breath before pressing it to his lips.

**RAY**

X21. Come back.

**RADIO**

Ray. What's your 20?

agent  
Ray looks at Crow Horse who looks equally spooked. The  
clears his throat.

**RAY**

Reservation.

side.  
A long, unnerving pause. No response from the other

**RADIO**

What are you doing on the reservation?

**RAY**

I'm on my way back in. Over.

the top  
Ray holds the handset down at his side, looking over  
of the car toward the Black Hills.

**CROW HORSE**

Ray. Ray, don't let go now, Man.  
Ray...

**RAY**

You go to the council fire. I'm going  
back in.

**CROW HORSE**

Ray.

barrels  
Ray swings in behind the wheel, starts the car, and  
off recklessly down the rutted road, leaving Crow Horse  
behind.

**CROW HORSE**

Ray!

farther  
The Le Baron is already out to where sight reaches  
than sound and silent white dust mushrooms skyward.

**EXT. BUFFALO BUTTE MOTEL - MORNING**

the  
A RAVEN is sentinel on a telephone wire that crosses

in

road from the bar to motel. A few trucks remain parked  
front of the joint.

boots

Ray approaches room 13, looking shell-shocked. His  
leave blue mud prints all the way to the door. He  
it.

unlocks

**INT. BUFFALO BUTTE MOTEL - ROOM**

one

Ray has cast off his field clothes and is halfway into  
of his cleaner suits. He looks haggard but still  
his eyes piercing. The connecting door creaks open and  
walks in. The SAC is freshly showered and he is  
with a Windsor knot. He studies his number two man,  
nothing for a moment but is obviously holding something  
His face is a red hue.

buoyant,

Cooch

fidgeting

says

down.

**COOCH**

(extra casual)

Couldn't sleep, Ray?

Ray looks at Cooch. When he speaks, his voice is dry.

**RAY**

No...

look

Cooch crosses the room, and picks up Ray's jeans which  
like they went through a sandlot tackle match in a mud  
Ray tucks his clean shirt in; watching Cooch.

hole.

**RAY**

I had to finish something with Crow  
Horse.

hand,

Cooch walks up to Ray slowly and takes his face in his  
turning it toward lamp light to study the bruise along  
left eye, a residual from a Crow Horse hook.

his

**COOCH**

That's where you were. You had to go back and have it out with the Indian law...

smile Ray nods, and Cooch slowly breaks a smile. An insecure but a smile just the same. He starts to laugh.

**COOCH**

You fucking hot head, we can get in trouble for that.

a Cooch laughs in amusement and Ray's face crinkles into  
his grin as he lowers his eyes, wiping a paper towel over  
and face. And then, suddenly, Ray lunges at Cooch.  
He slams the Agent in Charge against the hollow wall,  
holds him there. His eyes wild.

**RAY**

Why didn't you tell me what we were doing here?

Cooch is stunned.

**RAY**

We're running a cover-up and you didn't --

sending Cooch suddenly explodes, throwing Ray off of him and  
at his him reeling back against the sink. He points a finger  
charge.

**COOCH**

You ever put your hands on me again and you'll be doing the books for a baitshop in the fucking Everglades, Mister.

**RAY**

You didn't tell me about Red Deer Table --

**COOCH**

-- what the hell is Red Deer Table?

**RAY**

What is it? It's genocide, that's what it is. It's a Pay Zone for some U.S. corporation and a Dead Zone for the people here. Uranium, Cooch.

what

Cooch's eyes go frighteningly cold. He can't believe he's hearing.

**COOCH**

Jesus Christ. What are you doing? What the hell were you doing out there?

sink,

Ray says nothing. He just stands there, against the breathing like a fighter against the turnbuckle.

**COOCH**

This was a Selective Operations Unit, Agent Levoi. There is classified information pertaining to our national security. You don't question that, you don't go digging into that shit -- that's insubordination. Jesus Christ --

**RAY**

-- if they mine uranium there, these people will have no place left to go...

**COOCH**

We were sworn in on the Constitution to protect federal matters, Ray. I don't know about uranium, I don't know about Red Dog Table -- all I know is we did our job. It's over.

**RAY**

We neutralized anybody with a voice. Leo, Jimmy... Eagle Bear. Anyone who was standing in the way of the land. Is that it?

**COOCH**

No. We neutralized enemies of the United States. Anti-American radicals who have killed federal officers out here!

water

Ray turns to the sink, turns the faucet on to get some



on his face. The water only trickles into the basin.

**COOCH**

Jesus, Ray. You think I don't like the Indians? Not true. These were noble people but their day is gone. They're a conquered nation. They want all of America back but they can't even keep the garbage out of their own front yards. It's sad, Ray. But it's just the way it is. We have to function as a colonial police force out here.

spurt  
is  
already

Ray leans on the sink, watching the water start to free. He shuts it off. Turns to look at Cooch. And it then the door opens -- some knocking after the door is opened -- and SA Miles enters.

**MILES**

You gentlemen ready -- hi, Ray.

**COOCH**

Yeah, we're ready.

Ray doesn't turn from the sink.

**MORNING**  
**EXT. RESERVATION ROAD - TOWARD GRANDPA REACHES -**

council,

Crow Horse chugs along on his motorbike toward the his long hair and eagle feather trailing in the wind.

**EXT. BUFFALO BUTTE MOTEL - MORNING**

Chevy  
helps

Two federal vehicles are waiting in front of Cooch's and Ray's Le Baron. One is an FBI van where Sherman THREE AGENTS load file boxes and computers.

him as  
air. As  
glides

Cooch walks with Ray toward the Le Baron, looking at the go. Ray looks better as he breathes the morning they pass the second fed car, the back window power down, and someone looks out with a friendly smile.

**CLEAR MOON**

Ah, there you are. The Sioux.

Ray stops dead. Beholds the Tribal President who wears a western cut jacket and a strained expression behind his smile. He holds a hand out to Ray.

**CLEAR MOON**

You got the troublemakers off our land. Good, Was-te.

Ray stares at him, speechless. Horrified. What is he doing here? What about the council fire? Ray somehow nods. Then walks on to the Le Baron. Cooch gets behind the wheel of the car that Clear Moon sits in. Clear Moon's eyes follow Ray to the car.

**EXT. RES ROAD - TO GRANDPA REACHES**

Crow Horse guns past a little shack. As he does, he looks in his side mirror then out across the grasslands. Then quickly

shack. IN HIS MIRROR: a car has pulled out from behind the shack. CROW HORSE observes this. Then twists the fuel throttle hard.

**INT. LE BARON**

Ray gets behind the wheel, looks at his watch. He is panicking. He starts the car, reverses, slams into drive.

RAY'S POV: swerving and reckless as he races forward. Sherman, walking around to one of the cars has to run out of the way. The other agents clear out, looking in confusion as Ray cuts a hard U -- sweeps PAST THE BAR, SMASHES INTO AND THROUGH the old hitching post -- and HEADS TOWARD the reservation

which lies vast before him.

**EXT. BUFFALO BUTTE MOTEL**

Cooch  
HEARTBEAT  
With agents scrambling about, looking after the car,  
gets out, looking into the dust Ray left behind.  
**DRUM.**

**COOCH**

**RAY!**

When  
his  
Sherman appears beside Cooch aiming a questioning look.  
Cooch quickly gets back behind the wheel, Sherman pulls  
radio up and starts yelling into it.  
Cooch reaches out the window and grabs his radio arm.

**COOCH**

No, damn it. You call teams in and  
this is gonna be a fucking media  
event. Get me three cars, six agents,  
block all reservation exits. It's  
under control.

the  
And Cooch squeals out with a petrified Clear Moon in  
backseat, inquiring nervously.

**EXT. ROAD TO GRANDPA REACHES**

he  
passes  
Crow Horse passes by an abandoned horse trailer. When  
does, another car pulls out. And follows. The first car  
by.

throttle  
on  
match  
Crow Horse sees he's being followed. He cranks his  
and the engine grinds then dies. He heels his kickstart  
the fly, and keeps it alive. But his old horse is no  
for the big engines coming up fast behind him.

**INT. LE BARON - TRAVELING**

trailers  
Ray is leaving little transitional developments and

for  
his

behind. His eyes bore into the road before him, looking  
a sign of Crow Horse, and in the rearview for a sign of  
FBI mentor.

**EXT. ROAD TO GRANDPA REACHES - BADLANDS**

coming  
the  
of

Crow Horse has the throttle open. But the two cars are  
up on both sides, trying to sandwich him. To his right  
Badlands loom deep, a drop into a caliche netherworld  
jagged rock.

ribbon of

He throws the bike right, trying to ride the thin  
shoulder.

**THE FIRST CAR**

edge,

floors it, and swipes him, and the bike goes over the  
launched into --

**THE BADLANDS**

Horse

where it does a violent triple flip, throwing Crow  
then smashing into a tent shaped dune.

**A RIFLE**

THREE

sticks out from a window and punches the Badlands with  
**SHOTS.**

**EXT. ROAD TO GRANDPA REACHES**

Black

The Le Baron rifles past the abandoned horse trailer.  
smoke drifts in a wind ahead.

park

Badlands.

Ray veers onto the shoulder, barely gets the car in  
before bailing and running wildly down into the

**EXT. BADLANDS**

searching  
looking

Ray runs, stumbles through the rock and gypsum,  
the area. He runs around the burning motorcycle,  
left and right.

**RAY**

Crow Horse!

**CROW HORSE**

unmoving  
with  
beside the

lies on his back in the Badlands, eyes open, fixed  
on the sky. Ray comes out of the flame-waves, running  
his .45 held high. He throws himself to his knees  
injured Indian.

**RAY**

Crow Horse!

a  
He

Crow Horse rolls his eyes toward the FBI agent. He has  
gash behind his ear, and pink sand clings to the blood.  
lifts his head, tries to form words.

**CROW HORSE**

Ain't no Council Fire, Brother. Clear  
Moon...

**RAY**

I know. Come on. We gotta get off  
the reservation or we're dead.

**CROW HORSE**

Hoka Hey. It's a good day to die.

**RAY**

Bullshit, let's get outta here,

of a

Ray gets an arm under the big Indian, helps him up out  
jagged crevice.

**CROW HORSE**

Grandpa...

**EXT. RESERVATION ROAD**

Sherman's.  
dirt

Cooch's car speeds down the stretch. Followed by  
The FBI van. All at one-hundred and five. Gravel and  
flies.

**INT. LE BARON - TRAVELING**

Ray  
With Crow Horse half-passed out in the passenger seat,  
keeps the wheel steady. And then his RADIO STATICS.

**RADIO**

X21, please read. Ray. Ray. X21,  
please read. This is Cooch. Please  
come in, Ray. Where are you?

floored.  
Ray just stares down at the radio, keeps the pedal  
The throws the wheel left.

**EXT. GRANDPA REACHES TRAILER**

leaps out  
hand. The  
runs  
Horse.  
The Le Baron fish-tails in a cloud of dust and Ray  
of the car, runs toward the little trailer, gun in  
windows are all busted, and the door is wide open. Ray  
in. Then straight back out, shaking his head to Crow

Crow Horse hangs his head out the passenger window.

**RAY**

He's gone.

**CROW HORSE**

He hasn't left this place in twenty  
years. They got him.

across  
Ray starts to get back in then hesitates. He looks out  
the plains to see --

rising.  
THREE FED CARS in the distance, fast approaching, dust

Ray gets in quickly.

**EXT. RESERVATION EXIT**

near  
spill out

Cooch's car is parked in a roadblock. Clear Moon stands  
him, and addresses UNIFORMED TRIBAL POLICE as they  
from a van, carrying rifles and shotguns.

**COOCH**

(into radio)

X21. Ray. Ray, please come in.

is  
Cooch has torn his tie away, his shirt is open, and he  
sweat soaked. Miles gets out of a car that pulls up.

**MILES**

We have a renegade agent, Cooch? He  
gets off the reservation...

**COOCH**

-- he's not getting off the  
reservation.

And Cooch gets back in the car, drives off.

**INT. LE BARON - TRAVELING**

around  
the  
With Ray driving like a maniac, Crow Horse is turned  
in his seat, watching the federal cars spreading out,  
chopper moving in.

**CROW HORSE**

They got us sealed. What are we gonna  
do?

**RAY**

We're going for The Stronghold.

Crow Horse looks at him.

**RADIO**

(Cooch)

Ray. Can you hear me? You are fucked.  
There's no way out of this. If you  
won't listen to your own laws, then  
listen to this:

(static: a new voice)

This is President Clear Moon. This  
nation does not want your sympathy.  
You cannot use this reservation as a  
sanctuary. Stop where you are now.

Ray and Crow Horse exchange a look.

**RADIO**

(Cooch)

Whatever you are trying to do is  
futile, Raymond. You have nothing.  
Nothing.

Ray picks up the mic as he cranes to keep an eye on the  
rearview.

**RAY**

Yellow bird... is gonna sing.

**RADIO**

(Cooch)

Yellow Bird committed suicide at  
three o'clock this morning. Some  
gung-ho agent from D.C. pushed him  
into a corner. You're playing a losing  
game. Pull over.

inside  
leather.  
comes  
recorder.

Ray takes the mic and for some reason, he's putting it  
his jacket near his shoulder where he keeps his  
Crow Horse looks at him, puzzled. And then the sound  
forth, the static crackling of a micro-cassette

**RECORDER**

(Ray)

How the hell do you know?

(Yellow Bird)

I blew his back out with a buffalo  
gun, that's how I know. And now you're  
gonna say I didn't and put me back  
in solitary?!

through  
Ray

Ray keeps the tape running into the radio as he drives  
rugged Badlands. Crow Horse, stunned by the voice, eyes  
as the tape rolls.

**INT. CHEVY - TRAVELING**

Cooch and Clear Moon stare in horror at the radio.

**RADIO**



(Yellow Bird)  
You people tol' me I could beat nine  
years if I helped you. I helped you!  
(rewinding)  
I could beat nine years if I helped  
you. I helped you!

slams  
Cooch is shaking his head in vitrified disbelief. He  
the pedal almost through the floor.

**INT. LE BARON - TRAVELING**

The tape ends and Ray now lifts the mic to his mouth.

**RAY**  
(into mic)  
Fuck you.

And he too, buries the accelerator.

**EXT. BADLANDS ROAD - TO THE STRONGHOLD**

BLOWING  
in  
The Le Baron burns forward and we SWEEP UP TO A MIND-  
AERIAL VIEW of the Badlands as four fed cars spread out  
formation, following.

**INT. LE BARON - TRAVELING**

Crow Horse is turned around, looking at the pursuit.

**RAY**  
Walter.

Crow Horse turns, sees what Ray is looking at.

POV: The Stronghold -- a narrow opening in hulking rock  
formations. Large enough for a car to get in, and keep  
followers out.

**CROW HORSE**  
That's it. The Stronghold. Get us in  
there, we got a chance.

**RAY**  
We're in there. We're in there --

turns  
just ahead, the earth is gone. A wavering heat pond

the  
out to be a crevice and they nose down into it, burying  
front end in sand and rock. WINDSHIELD SHATTERS.

**EXT. THE STRONGHOLD**

Cooch  
The Le Baron is stuck, wheels spinning out. Ray and  
Stronghold.  
bail. Guns drawn, they start running for the

**AT THE EDGE OF THE ARROYO**

coming  
the caravan slides in recklessly, two of the fed cars  
dangerously close to going over the edge. The regional  
down  
officers and six Clear Moon goons empty out, running  
the dip, rifles and shotguns ready.  
direction,  
Three more field agents come down from another  
followed by Cooch. Sherman hands a bullhorn to him.

**COOCH**

(via bullhorn)

**FREEZE! NOW!**

Crow  
The sound of FIFTEEN PRIMING FIREARMS stops Ray and  
Stronghold.  
Horse in their tracks. Just twenty feet from The  
slowly,  
Crow Horse, windless, stumbles to a knee. Ray turns  
facing the small army.

**COOCH**

**DROP IT.**

the  
Crow Horse, rises, sucking wind, and ditches his gun in  
drops  
Badlands. Ray holds onto his .45 a moment longer. Then  
it. He stares at --

**THE WALL OF MEN**

Clear  
Cooch's  
Cooch, SA Miles, SA Sherman, Six regional officers, six  
Moon goons. And now, coming out of the backseat of

Chevy, Oliver Clear Moon, walking tentatively,  
cautiously.

Cooch lowers the bullhorn. He takes the opportunity to  
stare  
at Ray. To let Ray stare at him. The older agent looks  
broken.

**COOCH**

Crow Horse, get your face in the  
dirt. Ray... come forward. Let it  
go. Let's just let it go...

**AT THE STRONGHOLD ENTRANCE**

Crow Horse lowers himself to a knee then lies face  
down. Ray  
just stands there, the wind against him.

**COOCH (O.S.)**

Come on, Ray. Come forward.

**RAY**

No way, Cooch.

Ray refuses to move.

**COOCH**

sweating, tries to keep control. All around him, hands  
are  
on guns. Cooch is walking toward Ray.

**COOCH**

Ray. I'm coming to talk to you. I'm  
gonna walk you out of here. And we're  
gonna get the hell outta this place.

Cooch walks toward him, a gun hanging at one side,  
bullhorn  
at the other. The agents behind him, around him, all  
raise  
rifles, all take aim.

Sherman, looking sick, gets to a knee and sets aim. The  
sound  
of clacking steel, all around. But Cooch seems  
disturbed by  
the sound. Because its coming from above. He raises an  
eye  
from the rifle sight to see --

**ALONG THE EDGE OF THE BUTTE**

FIFTEEN INDIANS, training rifles and shotguns down below.

**SHERMAN**

looks up from his rifle, bewildered. Then alarmed.

**ALONG THE EDGE OF THE BUTTE**

We PAN across fifteen Indians -- old people, women, kids. Their weapons are weak but many. And at the end of the row, Maisy Blue Legs rises, clutching a rifle. And PAST HER, ANOTHER. TRADITIONAL PEOPLE, many from the trading post porch, rise to the edge, armed. Silent.

Twenty, twenty-five, thirty traditionals, forming a line along the ridge, a line that runs in a circle, broken by the Stronghold entrance, then starting again on the next butte. Thirty-five, forty of them. And more, standing along the opposite craggy rock, some wearing tractor caps, some cowboy hats, some just long hair blowing in the wind. Fifty, sixty, SEVENTY-FIVE RESERVATION PEOPLE forming a circle on the rocks; it's Little Big Horn revisited. A fourteen year-old boy struggles to keep a huge shotgun at his shoulder.

**DOWN BELOW**

Clear Moon's mouth is as dry as Badlands soil. Cooch is panicking, his eyes running along the high edge.

**RAY**

stands equally astonished, assessing the back-up.

**CROW HORSE**

lifts himself, stands, taking in the sight.

**AT THE EDGE OF THE BUTTE**

down,  
of  
stepping stiffly but steadily through the line of armed  
locals, pushing his way to the very edge so as to look  
Grandpa Sam Reaches. The wind makes feathery tails out  
his long thinning strips of white hair.

**DOWN BELOW**

Ray looks up at the old man, then turns to face Cooch.

**RAY**

You're right, Cooch. It's over.

He  
way  
threat  
forward,  
Cooch slowly, lets the bullhorn fall. Then the rifle.  
looks back at Sherman who does the same, and all the  
down the line, everyone dropping their arms under the  
of a lot more guns from above. And now Ray walks  
collecting his gun. Anderson Chasing Hawk, one of the  
Warriors, runs down to Ray, breathless.

**CHASING HAWK**

All the exits are blocked. There's  
two more fed cars tryin' to get in.  
And some press.

shakes  
his head slowly. Strongly.  
Ray notices that Cooch is staring at him, hard. He

**COOCH**

Ray...

**RAY**

Let the press through.

holding  
his ground.  
Chasing Hawk takes off, running, and Cooch watches in  
consternation. Ray just stands eye to eye with him,

**UP TO ARIEL VIEW - OVER STRONGHOLD**

budge,  
watching every move.  
And along the ridge, Grandpa and the locals don't

Sioux to  
and  
CLIMBING HIGHER, we rise above the circle of proud  
see, on the inside of the Stronghold, thirty old trucks  
res cars.

that  
and  
CLIMBING HIGHER into and through the fast-moving clouds  
the Lakota call The Grandfathers as the HEARTBEAT DRUM  
LAKOTA SINGERS takes over all sound.

**SLOW**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. BEAR CREEK RESERVATION - MAIN SETTLEMENT - LATER**

delighting a  
through  
The HIGH WINDS of THREE MEDIA HELICOPTERS are  
storm of Indian children and BARKING DOGS, running  
the streets past junked cars on blocks.

hands are  
and  
the  
knocking  
Over on a little plot of grass and dirt, a pair of  
digging a small hole. Ray lays a pine cone in the hole  
looks down at it for a moment... before hand-plowing  
dirt back over it and patting it flat. He rises,  
dirt off his knees and hands.

and Ray  
village  
Crow Horse walks over, bandaged and favoring wounds,  
falls in with him, walking down the middle of the  
road. His eyes are tired. But hopeful.

**CROW HORSE**

The people are already talkin' about  
their vote for a new tribal prez.  
They wanna vote for Jimmy.

follow the  
helicopters.  
Ray nods, encouraged as they walk along. His eyes

**RAY**

What about the water...

**CROW HORSE**

You bought her some time, Kola. Ain't never gonna be over... but you bought her some time.

**RAY**

Some Indian time?

looking

They reach the dusty, dented Le Baron and stand there, at each other.

**CROW HORSE**

Indian time.

man's

"allies"

other's

Crow Horse offers a hand to Ray. He takes it in a white shake then follows Walter's cue into the Indian grip and slap. They hold it there, looking into each other's eyes.

**CROW HORSE**

(concerned)

Where ya gonna go, Ray?

Ray ponders for a moment.

**RAY**

I'll have to see what the visions say about that one.

**CROW HORSE**

You didn't have another vision...

belt.

Ray shrugs. Crow Horse discreetly gestures below his

**CROW HORSE**

Yeah, right here.

Ray cracks a smile, a long time coming.

**RAY**

You take care.

**CROW HORSE**

If you ever need a place to come back to and listen to the trees a little... we'll be here.

Ray stands looking at him, searching for words.

**CROW HORSE**

Ain't no word in Sioux for goodbye.

Ray goes to get in his car. But he sees someone sitting  
across the street on the trading post porch. The old man.

Ray considers him for a moment then walks over. They  
lock eyes. Grandpa stares at Ray as if he's never seen him

before, and then arcs a brow. He touches his sleeve at the  
wrist.

Ray rolls his sleeve back to reveal his Rolex. Grandpa  
smiles and Ray strips it off. He hands it to the old man and

his face crinkles into caliche earth.

Grandpa holds the watch up in the light, admires it  
then puts it in his shirt pocket. He moves a flat hand

through the air in the "done deal" sign language. Ray, a little  
surprised that he gets nothing in the trade, returns

the smile and walks away.

He gets to his car and wipes away two inches of dust  
from the broken windshield.

**INT. LE BARON**

After THREE TRIES, he gets the engine started. He pulls  
his gun off his waistband, goes to lay it on the passenger  
seat and finds something there.

Grandpa's sacred caanunpa. The Pipe. Symbol of truth.

Ray looks out the window at the old man who is watching him  
with those sharp black eyes. Ray lifts his hand, holds it

flat, and does the Sioux done deal sign.

**EXT. BEAR CREEK RESERVATION - DAY**



gravel  
Bear's  
woman,

The Le Baron eats up the dirt road at a moderate,  
crunching pace. It slows as it passes Maggie Eagle  
quiet home on the river. Children walk with the old  
carrying buckets from the river.

The Le Baron slows to a crawl, then drives on.

**CUT TO:**

**THE TRADING POST PORCH**

where the elders sit, watching the dust blow.

**CROW HORSE (V.O.)**

(voice lingering)

We will be here.

**CUT TO:**

looks

CROW HORSE walking off down the road. He stops, and  
over his shoulder, trying to glimpse the distance.

**CUT TO:**

ascends  
some  
line

THE LE BARON driving off the res, under big sky as it  
a rough hill, waddles through potholes, negotiates with  
horses in the road and rolls on toward the reservation  
where the sun throws shadows that look like an old man  
dancing.

**AT THE PLACE IN THE ROAD**

Creek,  
doesn't go  
out  
there,

where West goes to Rapid City, and East back to Bear  
Ray stops like the bullet-punched sign orders. He  
West. Doesn't go East. He sits there. Fishes a smoke  
from a pocket, clicks a lighter, and fires up. He sits  
smoking.

Deliberating.

**SUDDEN CUT TO BLACK.**

And after a long silent beat, A DRUM. Like a heart.

**END CREDITS.**

**THE END**