

THE BATTLE FOR THE BLACK HILLS

Written by

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Based on, his novel, with the same title

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The Battle For The Black Hills

FADE IN:

EXT. FORT LARAMIE, WYOMING 1868 - DAY

A dozen broken, lifeless, ragged Sioux Indians (50-60) huddle on the ground outside a canvas lean-to designed for many more Indians. Four Army officers (40-60) and two dozen restless soldiers (20-30) ready their arms. Treaty papers are ready for signing. The top of the treaty reads: "Fort Laramie, Wyoming Territory, 1868."

We see short, bearded, and vicious GENERAL WILLIAM S. HARNEY (55); tall, reserved GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY (50), and scholarly COLONEL SAMUEL TAPPAN (45) all avoiding an impatient famous master-photographer, ALEXANDER GARDNER (60).

GENERAL WILLIAM S. HARNEY

General Terry, where are the war chiefs?

GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY

Don't know, sir. But we can't wait for them. Gardner, the photographer is ready.

GENERAL WILLIAM S. HARNEY

These poor souls can't sign for all of 'em. Hell, only three of 'em speak a little English.

ALEXANDER GARDNER

(angrily, behind the camera)

I'm running out of light.

GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY

We're giving them the Black Hills and seven million acres for Christ's sakes.

GENERAL WILLIAM S. HARNEY

Take your seats, officers. Tappan, put down that blessed journal.

COLONEL SAMUEL TAPPAN

(apologetic)

Sir, yes, sir. Tend to take more notes than I need. Sorry.

GENERAL WILLIAM S. HARNEY

General Terry, explain the details of the treaty to those gathered.

GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY

(Loudly)

In exchange for a lasting peace,
the Sioux maintain sole possession
of the Black Hills and as far
around as the eyes can see.

A ragged, half-breed Sioux TRANSLATOR (30) MUMBLES and uses sign language to no response.

GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY (CONT'D)

Heads of households will get three-
hundred-twenty acres to farm,
others get less.

The translator looks bewildered. There are no Sioux terms for acres or farming. He scratches the earth. No response.

SIOUX TRANSLATOR

Can they hunt buffalo who wander?

GENERAL WILLIAM S. HARNEY

Tell them 'yes', but they must not
live outside the Great Sioux
Reservation.

The translator again has difficulty translating.

SIOUX TRANSLATOR

How long will this land be Sioux?

GENERAL ALFRED H. TERRY

(respectfully)

'As long as the grass grows, the
rivers flow, and sky is blue', no
white man can ever cross your land.

Gardner's camera EXPLODES with a bright flash. DISSOLVE to HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPH by Gardner of the Treaty Signing.

EXT. BLACK HILLS, SOUTH DAKOTA - 1874 - DAY

SUPER: The Great Sioux Reservation, 1874

A quarter-mile horse train of soldiers and civilians trespass in the Black Hills led by COLONEL GEORGE CUSTER (35). Sioux warriors track them to a lush meadow.

CUSTER

Company halt.

(turns, pauses)

Company dismissed.

Four Sioux warriors (20) spy on Custer's men who break into the new game of BASE BALL, while others discover tiny specks of GOLD in the stream.

MINER

Gold! We found gold!

SHOTS ring out from repeating rifles in the direction of the warriors. One dies, the others scatter.

EXT. PINE RIDGE AREA - 1877 - DAY

SUPER: Pine Ridge Reservation, 1877

Ten starving Native Americans (mixed ages) and a SIOUX ELDER (60) are forced by two soldiers (30) to a DESK at a shabby reservation. The Indians MARK an "X" on a new treaty. A new MAP shows tiny reservations and the massive loss of the Black Hills Indian lands. The Sioux Elder looks toward the hills.

SIOUX ELDER

(In disgust)

As long as the grass grows, the
rivers flow, and sky is blue.

EXT. PINE RIDGE RESERVATION, SOUTH DAKOTA - PRESENT DAY

SUPER: Pine Ridge Reservation, October 12, 2010

Surrounded by broken cars and dreams, OLD BEN (60), a Sioux elder in a dilapidated trailer, smiles at news bulletin from Colorado showing a stream of cars, trucks, and moving vans heading east from the Eisenhower Tunnel on Highway 70 east of Denver, Colorado.

CUT TO:

EXT. EISENHOWER TUNNEL - DAY

Sexy reporter MELISSA KEMP (26) smiles in the f.g. as the mass exodus occurs in the b.g. The GOVERNOR (55), lovely SILVER WHITEHORSE (28), and doctors HIRAM (30) and JOSHUA GOLDSTEIN (32) sit nervously on stools awaiting questions. A shy thirty-year-old professor, WES POWELL, sneaks glances at his girlfriend, SILVER, from behind the cameraman (40). The cameraman's fingers COUNT DOWN from five.

MELISSA KEMP

(turning serious)

Good afternoon. I'm Melissa Kemp,
and the unthinkable has happened.

(MORE)

MELISSA KEMP (CONT'D)
A fifteen-thousand square-mile
Indian reservation was created in
Colorado. Governor?

GOVERNOR
It's devastating. The mountains,
businesses, water, gone, stolen.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Not gone or stolen. Returned to
their rightful owners.

MELISSA KEMP
That was the new chief of the
reservation, Silver Whitehorse,
where non-Indians are being forced
to move out.

GOVERNOR
Our economy will collapse.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
No one is forced to leave! Non-
Indians have to lease their land
from us.

MELISSA KEMP
They're moving out in caravans.

Signs on moving vans read: "Better Dead than Red," "USA not
United States of Injuns." SHOTS are fired. BAM! BAM! BAM!

GOVERNOR
They didn't pass the blood test.

MELISSA KEMP
That's right. The Goldstein doctors
invented a quick DNA blood test to
see if you're one-sixteenth Indian.

JOSHUA GOLDSTEIN
It's nine-ninety-five. You get free
rent and water royalties if you
pass.

HIRAM GOLDSTEIN
But if you're not Indian, you have
to move out.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
That's not true! You can lease.

More SHOTS ring out from passing cars and trucks. Horns HONK.
Some car passengers scream and cry.

MELISSA KEMP
Where will they all go?

GOVERNOR
To Citizen Displacement Camps on
the plains. Trailer parks. It's a
time bomb.

INT. WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D.C. - NIGHT

The President (55) POUNDS on his desk, as cabinet members
(mixed ages and sexes) sit in the Oval Office. Secretary of
the Interior, LESTER DRUMMOND (55) stands like a scapegoat.

PRESIDENT
What's our response?

CHIEF OF STAFF
Sent thousands of trailer homes,
sir, for the Citizen Displacement
Centers. They're not Camps.

PRESIDENT
What are our vulnerabilities, Mr.
Secretary of the Interior Drummond?

LESTER DRUMMOND
We paid out one-point-three billion
dollars for the minerals
mismanagement debacle. We can work
with the tribes in Colorado. I'm
worried more about...

PRESIDENT
(Interrupting)
Worried more about what?

LESTER DRUMMOND
We need to settle the Black Hills
claim, sir, or we'll be hit again.

PRESIDENT
The Sioux were offered one-hundred-
twenty-three-million dollars in
nineteen-eighty, weren't they?

LESTER DRUMMOND
Didn't accept the offer, sir. They
say the eighteen-seventy-seven
treaty is a sham.

PRESIDENT

(angrily)

Up the offer. I won't let this
happen to us again!

Lester Drummond's FACE tells the president that history is
about to repeat itself.

EXT. CUSTER STATE PARK, SOUTH DAKOTA - DAY

SUPER: Two Years Later, October 12, 2012 (Columbus Day)

Handsome professor Wes Powell (now 32) DRIVES his 1959 two-
tone Chevy wagon, while his young new wife, Silver
Whitehorse, (now 30) kisses his neck.

WES POWELL

Two-year courtship, two-week
engagement, and a one-night
honeymoon. You sure about this?

SILVER WHITEHORSE

I proposed to you, remember? You
were too shy. A camping honeymoon?
I love it. And I love you.

WES POWELL

How long will your TV interview
last? I can't wait for the tent.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Ten minutes. Max.

WES POWELL

If you keep your cool this time.
You're a dignified chief now,
remember?

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Got it. Dignified. There's Rex's
Revisit History crew over there.

Powell SKIDS to a stop. Headstrong, TV host, REX STANTON,
meets Silver with a camerawoman (35) ROLLING.

REX STANTON

We're in beautiful Custer State
Park, and finally joined by Silver
Whitehorse, chief of the massive
new Indian Reservation in Colorado.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Hello Rex. Nice to see you. Thanks for having me on your show.

REX STANTON

Chief Whitehorse, is it true that the Sioux Indians continue to refuse the settlement of one-hundred-twenty-three-million dollars for the Black Hills?

SILVER WHITEHORSE

(smiling)

As a counter offer, the Sioux offered a dollar an acre for Mount Rushmore, the White House grounds, and Fort Knox. Sounds fair to me.

REX STANTON

But their reservations need the money for food, schools, and medicine. Why not settle?

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Because the Black Hills are the spiritual heart of the Sioux. They have no price. And aren't for sale.

REX STANTON

You won't be happy until you get it all back. Is that right?

Wes observes his new bride losing her cool. He nudges her away from the camera. She vehemently resists.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

What is this? The Revisionist History Channel? You know the Black Hills are worth thirty billion dollars, and Custer, the trespassing thief, stole them, plain and simple.

REX STANTON

You Indians are so greedy!

Silver holds her temper for a minute. She races to Rex, and kicks him where it hurts.

WES POWELL

Very dignified, dear.

EXT. DOWNTOWN DENVER, COLORADO - DAY

A colorful PARADE of high school bands and a horseback riding team pass a surgically-enhanced Melissa Kemp, and smiling middle-aged leading man, BLAYDEN JOHNSON (50).

SUPER: Eight Years Later, October 12, 2020 (Columbus Day)

MELISSA KEMP

I'm your host, Melissa Kemp, from the Channel Eight news team.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

And I'm Blayden Johnson.

MELISSA KEMP

The handsome movie star, director, producer, and one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

You look as fabulous as a leading lady today, Melissa. Thanks for having me host this One-hundred-fifth Columbus Day Parade in Denver.

MELISSA KEMP

It's been growing every year.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Here come the Western Colorado Business Association riders. I should be leading this group.

MELISSA KEMP

What's more American than horses? And here's the Italian Americans.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

And what's more Italian than pizza and spaghetti?

JOAN OCHELLA (35) and daughter, PAMELA (12), who are Native Americans, silently protest the Italians with a banner which reads: "30 million Indians dead from your diseases!"

CUT TO:

INT. POWELL'S HOUSE IN FORT COLLINS - SAME

Silver Whitehorse and Wes Powell are finishing "I've been away" make-up sex. He is trying to please her, while she is distracted by the parade on a small cathode-ray TV.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
 Idiots. Horses are from Spain, and
 pizza is American, not Italian.

WES POWELL
 You're here one day a week, and
 you're watching TV? Now?

SILVER WHITEHORSE
 I'm sorry, Wes. It's been Columbus
 Day forever.

WES POWELL
 I know, the past five-hundred
 years. I'll go wake up Kit.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
 I can't stay for Kit's soccer game.
 I've got to get back to Aspen.

WES POWELL
 I'm a single-parent again.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
 I'm sorry. But I have the Cash for
 Guns Picnic to plan for Thursday.

WES POWELL
 I guess I could finish my research
 project after the game.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
 How's that going?

WES POWELL
 It shows Native Americans were
 pushed from good land to bad.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
 Told you so.

WES POWELL
 But I've put numbers and maps to
 it. Might help your cause in the
 Black Hills.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
 I doubt it. I've got to run. I'll
 hug Kit goodbye.

Silver races around the room, packing her things.

WES POWELL

That's it? Goodbye? See you next week? Take care of my son?

SILVER WHITEHORSE

I've got to get back and run a nation. And please turn off that disgusting parade.

A sleepy eight-year old boy, KIT, wanders in, almost immune to his mother's short weekend visits.

KIT

Bye, Mommy. Oh! Look on the TV. It's a parade!

Silver quickly kisses her husband, hugs her son more lovingly, and sadly races out to her car.

BACK TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN DENVER, COLORADO - SAME

A high school MARCHING BAND massacres "The Stars and Stripes Forever," as fifty heavily armed civilians (mixed ages) march behind them.

MELISSA KEMP

Here comes the Western Gun Rights Association.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

(reading a teleprompter)
And those are all legally purchased, licensed firearms.

MELISSA KEMP

You bet they are, Blayden, including the ten-day waiting period, too!

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Most of these folks are from the Citizen Displacement Centers.

MELISSA KEMP

Most unemployed since the Indians took back a third of Colorado.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

And here come about two hundred motorcycles, not on my list.

The street THUNDERS as a black BMW SEDAN leads two hundred sinister-looking motorcyclists, but the cameras turn away, back to Melissa.

MELISSA KEMP

Well, that's all the time we have today. We hope you've enjoyed...

KABOOM! A bomb explodes splattering motorcycles and riders, as onlookers scream and Native American protesters flee.

Melissa throws herself into Blayden's arms.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

What the hell was that?

MELISSA KEMP

A bomb! Hold me. I'm scared.

Sirens HOWL as live video finds its way to Washington, D.C.

INT. DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY - DAY

SUPER: Department of Homeland Security, Washington, D.C.

A dozen agents (mixed ages) SCURRY to take their seats, anxious to share information on their fancy TABLET COMPUTERS. Tough department-head, CHARI CHANTELL (50) and side-kick ANITA ROMO (45) examine a wall of computer screens. Agent SERGIO PEDILLA (35) is on one of the screens.

CHARI CHANTELL

Come in. Take your seats. What do you have for me?

ANITA ROMO

We have Agent Padilla on video phone from Denver.

CHARI CHANTELL

Hi Sergio. What happened out there?

SERGIO PADILLA

We're still getting names and eyewitnesses.

CHARI CHANTELL

What about the device?

One geek-looking AGENT SCHNELLING (24) is BURSTING with excitement. Chari reluctantly calls on him.

CHARI CHANTELL (CONT'D)
Yes, Agent Schnelling.

AGENT SCHNELLING
C-four with a T-D or R-A-D, Ma'am.

CHARI CHANTELL
A-A, Schnelling. Avoid Acronyms.
And call me Ma'am again and you'll
be scanning luggage for life.

AGENT SCHNELLING
Plastic explosives with a timed
detonator or remotely activated
detonator, Mmmmmmm.

SERGIO PADILLA
He's probably right, Chari.

CHARI CHANTELL
Check all the video from every
traffic light and security camera.

ANITA ROMO
Motives?

Agent Schnelling waves his hand wildly. Chari glares at the
other agents.

CHARI CHANTELL
Yes, Schnelling.

AGENT SCHNELLING
Many people love to hate motorcycle
groups, neo-Nazis, and the KKK.

CHARI CHANTELL
But today, who hated this
particular group and from where?

ANITA ROMO
Civilian Displacement Center folks,
who lost their land to Indians.
Twelve dead, a few more wounded.

AGENT SCHNELLING
Native Americans hate Columbus Day
for obvious reasons: loss of land,
culture, and millions of their
people killed by diseases.

CHARI CHANTELL
Who's working with us from the
Bureau of Indian Affairs?

ANITA ROMO
Trenton Banks, in Denver.

SERGIO PADILLA
I've met him once. Not the sharpest
arrow in the quiver.

CHARI CHANTELL
Who led the bikers in the BMW?

Agent Schnelling waves wildly again, annoying Chari.

CHARI CHANTELL (CONT'D)
Schnelling.

AGENT SCHNELLING
The car is registered to a Jeffrey
Hankey of Rapid City, sixty-five
years old, maybe to son of Karl
Hanke, no 'y', Hitler's youngest
general in W-W-2.

ANITA ROMO
That's pure speculation.

AGENT SCHNELLING
And, coincidentally, there was a
break-in at the Colorado Historical
Society offices this morning too.

Chari's boss, MITCHELL WHEELER, 65, bursts into the room.

MITCHELL WHEELER
Chari, may we speak alone?

Everyone clears the room. ANITA ROMO shuts the door.

CHARI CHANTELL
What's this all about? Were you
listening in?

MITCHELL WHEELER
President wants this bombing
incident swept under the rug.

CHARI CHANTELL
Let me guess. No race riot? You
don't want a militia to form in
Colorado to war on the Indians?

MITCHELL WHEELER
Drop it. It was a methane leak in a
sewer that exploded. Got it?

CHARI CHANTELL

A phony story like that won't stop the Western Gun Rights Association from forming a militia.

MITCHELL WHEELER

Won't happen. The president of the WGRA, Ms. Remington Dalton, is friendly with the Administration.

CHARI CHANTELL

All of you?

MITCHELL WHEELER

I'll pretend I didn't hear that. Your anti-terrorism team is off the case!

He exits the room upset, shaking his head. Chari's group returns. Chari shuts the door slowly and writes orders on the whiteboard, while speaking something entirely different.

CHARI CHANTELL

We're off the case.

She writes: "We're on the case. Report directly to me."

CHARI CHANTELL (CONT'D)

There was a gas leak in the sewer that exploded accidentally.

She writes: "Schnelling and Padilla-- Native American activists, Hankey, Ms. Remington Dalton, Trenton Banks, and the Historical Society break-in. That was no coincidence!"

CHARI CHANTELL (CONT'D)

I'm taking a few days off to rest and relax.

She writes: "Anita, book us to Denver. What's the BIA know? Methane leak, my ass!"

INT. BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS - SAME TIME

Secretary of the Interior, Lester Drummond, frantically phones his operative, handsome Native American TRENTON BANKS (28) who is jogging clumsily in Denver.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

LESTER DRUMMOND

Banks, where have you been?

TRENTON BANKS
Jogging, Sir. Saturday. I'm off.

LESTER DRUMMOND
What about the parade bombing?

TRENTON BANKS
Parade bombing, sir?

LESTER DRUMMOND
Get in touch with local FBI, now.
They're holding two Native
Americans. Mother and daughter.

TRENTON BANKS
Local FBI. Got it, sir.

LESTER DRUMMOND
Did you get Professor Wes Powell's
report on the social injustice
patterns of treaties?

TRENTON BANKS
No, sir. It's not on the web. I
gave it the old college try, sir.

LESTER DRUMMOND
We need to see that report before
it's released. We may have to
answer lots of questions.
(beat)
Or increase the Black Hills offer.
Get the report from Silver
Whitehorse; the professor's wife.

TRENTON BANKS
Silver Whitehorse. Yes, sir.

END PHONE CALL

Lester Drummond slams down his phone. Trenton STARES into his
smartphone. Trenton looks bewildered.

EXT. HIGHWAY 70 OFF-RAMP WEST OF DENVER - DAY

Silver Whitehorse sits dejected beneath a pine tree and aside
her steaming car. She writes into a small notebook.

She remembers her smartphone is in the car and fetches it.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
(aloud)
Twenty-two missed calls in an hour?

She scrolls down the long list of missed calls.

SILVER WHITEHORSE (CONT'D)
Agent Padilla, Colorado FBI; Rick Aldeer, Denver Police; Anita Romo, DHS; Wes, Parker; three calls each? Trenton Banks from the BIA? I'd better call Parker first.

She presses two buttons on her smartphone phone.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATIONS

POLICE CHIEF PARKER
Silver, where ya been?

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Car overheated by Idaho Springs.

POLICE CHIEF PARKER
Bomb exploded at the Columbus Day parade. They're holding two Indians from Grand Junction. Everybody wants to talk to you.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
A bomb! That's terrible. Thanks, Parker. I'm on it.

She punches the 'return call' buttons for the Denver Police.

RICK ALDEER
Chief Whitehorse. Finally.
Detective Aldeer of the...

SILVER WHITEHORSE
(Interrupting)
Yes, I know. Caller I-D.

RICK ALDEER
Yes. Phones these days. How well do you know Joan and Pamela Ochella of your reservation?

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Don't know them. Do you know everyone in Denver?

RICK ALDEER
They're persons of interest. Did you attend the parade today?

SILVER WHITEHORSE
No. I hate parades.

RICK ALDEER
Especially Columbus Day parades?

SILVER WHITEHORSE
I was with my husband this morning,
then stuck in Idaho Springs for an
hour with car trouble.

RICK ALDEER
How convenient. Any witnesses?

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Does a pine tree count? No.

RICK ALDEER
How convenient.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Am I a person of interest, too?

RICK ALDEER
Mind trying to start your car?

Silver shakes her head in disgust, gets behind the wheel, and
the car starts right up.

RICK ALDEER (CONT'D)
I hear it. Mind coming downtown for
a few more questions. Bring an
attorney.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
I am an attorney.

RICK ALDEER
How convenient. See ya soon.

Silver hangs up as a text message pops up on her little
screen: "Chari and Anita on the way to Denver now to help."

Seconds later, Silver's phone rings again.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Silver Whitehorse.

TRENTON BANKS
Ms. Whitehorse, I'm Trenton Banks
from the Bureau of Indian Affairs.
Agent Padilla says he needs our
help at the Denver Police
Department.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
I like Sergio, and I'm heading
there anyway. See you there.

Silver's last call is to her husband. A video call.

WES POWELL
Silver, the bombing. Detective
Aldeer.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
(Interrupting)
I know. My car vapor locked. I'm
heading to Aldeer's office now.

WES POWELL
Want me to come to Denver?

SILVER WHITEHORSE
No. Got it covered. I'll drive to
Aspen tonight.

WES POWELL
I have a visitor tonight. Remington
Dalton of the Western Gun.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
(Interrupting)
Rights Association? Watch out for
that law-suit-happy witch.

WES POWELL
She needs gun safety mapping for
childrens' safety. I'll be careful,
if you will.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
I can handle this. My love to Kit.
You don't need to play the hero.

END VIDEO CALL

Silver puts the phone down slowly. She frowns.

INT. POWELL'S HOUSE IN FORT COLLINS - DAY

An Audi sports coup RUMBLES to a stop outside the house.
REMYNGTON DALTON, an attractive blonde (40s) kicks open the
door looking like Jackie Kennedy in a sixties-era turquoise
jacket, skirt, and nylons. She carries a picnic basket and
two bottles of wine.

An ultra-thin TABLET COMPUTER under her arm contrasts with her well-preserved good looks, but it nails her personality. Powell answers the kicking sound at the door.

REMYINGTON DALTON

You must be Professor Powell. Help me with these things, will you, darling? I'm Remie Dalton.

Wes grabs the picnic basket and wine, and GUIDES Remie pasta small table with family pictures.

WES POWELL

Call me Wes. You have some powerful friends. They made sure I'd help you with your mapping project.

REMYINGTON DALTON

The senator is an old friend. The Governor's a weenie, but your college president seems nice.
(beat)
Cute wife and child you have there.

WES POWELL

My son, Kit, is up in a cabin with friends, and my wife, Silver Whitehorse is in Denver, then back home to Aspen later.

REMYINGTON DALTON

Chief Whitehorse. I know. We disagree on our Second Amendment. Nobody is buying the bombing as a gas leak in the sewers. Sad.

WES POWELL

How can I help you?

REMYINGTON DALTON

You do spatial analysis mapping, and I'm a big donor to your university.

WES POWELL

The biggest, I'm told.

REMYINGTON DALTON

I want you to map hot spots of new gun owners, so we can target child safety programs - trigger locks, storage boxes, safety classes.

WES POWELL

Why not come to my office on Monday?

REMINGTON DALTON

Very sensitive data. The WGRA can't appear too soft on safety and privacy issues. You understand.

Remmie seductively strolls up to Wes by the kitchen table and helps herself to coffee. He smells the air.

REMINGTON DALTON (CONT'D)

It's Chanel Number Five. My mother wore it.

WES POWELL

So did mine, but I don't see...

REMINGTON DALTON

(Interrupting)

I have all the data on my tablet computer. I read your papers on mapping and I loaded up the identical analysis software. Be a dear, and make me some maps.

She pushes him gently into a kitchen chair, flicks on her tablet computer in front of him, and massages his shoulders.

WES POWELL

But it might take hours.

REMINGTON DALTON

Got us a picnic dinner and more wine in the trunk. Your university president insists on child safety. Even your wife is for child safety.

INT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL SUITE - DAY

A Bellhop (20) at the Brown Palace Hotel in Denver unloads luggage, while Chari Chantell and Anita Romo unpack computers and set up an office in the historic hotel suite.

CHARI CHANTELL

Hurry, Anita. They're all on the way here now.

ANITA ROMO

Wow! The Beatles stayed in this very suite in nineteen-sixty-five.

Well-dressed agent, SERGIO PADILLA (40), strides in the open door and hugs Chari and Anita as old friends.

SERGIO PADILLA
We're off on another adventure.

CHARI CHANTELL
Another chance to get fired.

ANITA ROMO
We were called off the case.

SERGIO PADILLA
Native Americans need us again.
This is a time bomb. Record
unemployment, displaced citizens
cramped in trailer parks for a
decade, angry white marchers at
Columbus Day parades...

Trenton Banks and Silver Whitehorse enter the open door.

Silver finishes Padilla's sentence.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
And they blame a poor Indian woman
and her daughter for bombing
members of an anti-Indian
motorcycle gang. Totally trumped up
charges.

TRENTON BANKS
Hi everyone. I'm Trenton Banks.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
I'm sorry. Manners. Trenton helped
me at the police station. He was a
D.A. Now, he has my old job at the
Bureau of Indian Affairs. Trenton,
this is Chari Chantell and Anita
Romo from Homeland Security.

The women gawk over Trenton's rugged good looks.

CHARI CHANTELL
We're not here officially.

Trenton looks around at all the computers and security
equipment with a puzzled expression.

ANITA ROMO
We like to help our friends.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
And this is Sergio Padilla.

SERGIO PADILLA
Also, DHS is lending a hand.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
They're concerned about uprisings.

CHARI CHANTELL
We'll review video, I-D the real
perps, and turn 'em in to the FBI,
even if it takes all night.

ANITA ROMO
Silver, I wish Wes was here to lend
that brain of his.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
He's working on a special project
tonight. We can go it alone. He
doesn't have to be the hero.
Besides, he's got his hands full.

CUT TO:

INT. POWELL'S HOUSE IN FORT COLLINS - NIGHT

Remington Dalton sprawls out on a picnic blanket in the living room, with chicken and fixings, and an empty bottle of wine. She stretches her nylon stockings like weapons and seductively calls to the kitchen.

REMYINGTON DALTON
Wes, darlin', take a break. Join me
for a little snack.

WES POWELL (O.S.)
Rather finish the mapping and
modeling, but I am hungry.

He smells the chicken and follows his nose with Rennie's tablet computer in his hands. Then, he smells intoxicating perfume. He sneaks glances at Rennie's legs next to an empty wine bottle. He's tired, but not too tired to sense a trap.

REMYINGTON DALTON
Be a dear, and open the next wine.

WES POWELL
I'd better not. I have to work, and
you have to drive.

Wes devours the chicken. Remie sighs, realizing Wes won't take the bait. She grabs the tablet computer from Wes's side, and heads to the door.

REMYINGTON DALTON
 You can finish your analysis tomorrow. Sensitive data. I can't leave the computer. Meet me at the Brown Palace Hotel at nine A.M.

WES POWELL
 I can't.

REMYINGTON DALTON
 Your family's gone, and your boss demands you help your biggest university donor. You'll be there!

She stumbles out the door, leaving Wes with a puzzled look.

WES POWELL
 Brown Palace Hotel? Denver?

INT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Wes Powell enters the historic hotel's atrium to hear Remie Dalton screaming profanities at Melissa Kemp, who is exiting a top suite with Blayden Johnson. Reporters and paparazzi surround the celebrities like vultures.

REMYINGTON DALTON
 Melissa Kemp! Isn't that the same trashy outfit you had on at the Columbus Day parade?

Melissa covers her eyes as she tries to sneak out. Blayden Johnson proudly displays his patented boyish grin.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
 Howdy folks. Why don't y'all join me for brunch. I'm on a short break in filming "Custer's Very Last Stand" in the Black Hills.

REMYINGTON DALTON
 Two-timing, has-been, B-movie hack. You weren't riding in the Black Hills last night. You were riding Ms. Kemp's rubber boobs.

Wes Powell is reluctant to join Remie. She pulls him in. Five REPORTERS (mixed ages) snap photos and ask questions.

REPORTER #1

Ms. Dalton, gun sales are going through the roof after the bombing. Any comment?

REMINGTON DALTON

Safety is always a priority.

(to Wes)

Professor Wes Powell, this is Blayden Johnson, man-whore.

Remmie guides them all to Ellyngton's Restaurant, the fanciest place for brunch in town.

REPORTER #2

Mr. Johnson. You were inches away from that bombing by the Indians.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Movie bombs are worse. Nice to meet you, professor. Watch out for Remmie, she'll bite your head off.

Wes scans the elegant restaurant, and sees his wife in a booth with Trenton Banks.

WES POWELL

Hey, that's my wife.

REMINGTON DALTON

You've got the right to bear arms.

Gun shots explode from outside. Most patrons, including Blayden, scream and hit the floor. Silver, Trenton, Wes, and Remmie race to the window. They're joined by Chari and Anita.

They see a hundred gun-toting civilians, wearing red or blue bandannas to cover their faces. Their leader, former football star, WILD PHILLY LATHRAM, 37, holds a megaphone.

ANITA ROMO

What's going on here?

Wes sees Trenton nudging toward his wife.

WES POWELL

Silver, what are you doing?

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Might ask you the same thing?

CHARI CHANTELL

A mob is forming, that's what.

REMINGTON DALTON
It's a militia, not a mob.

WILD PHILLY LATHRAM (O.S.)
The Militia Act of seventeen-ninety-two gave us the right to form, to save ourselves from attack.

WES POWELL
(to Silver)
You're supposed to be in Aspen.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
(to Wes)
You're supposed to be home.

CHARI CHANTELL
It's an unlawful assembly. The Governor can call the National Guard. Militias are history.

REMINGTON DALTON
They have the right to bear arms.

ANITA ROMO
But it's against the law to fire them in the city limits.

SIRENS blare.

WILD PHILLY LATHRAM (O.S.)
We won't be terrorized by the Indian bombing attacks no longer.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
Can they really arrest them?

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Put down your weapons!

CHARI CHANTELL
The bandannas constitute a uniform. They're an illegal army.

REMINGTON DALTON
Our lawyers will have 'em out in ten minutes.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Don't think they'll be attending our Cash for Guns Picnic on Thursday. They may even attack us. I'm worried for my people.

WES POWELL
 (to Silver)
 I'm worried too.

More shots are fired outside. Inside and out, everyone scatters. TV news reporter, Melissa Kemp, captures it all.

INT. DOWNTOWN DENVER BAR - DAY

Later, the Raider-Bronco football game is on multiple screens in a roaring, wild bar. Thirty ravenous fans (adults) swear as the broadcast is interrupted by a news report.

MELISSA KEMP
 We interrupt this program to report that ex-Bronco receiver, Wild Philly Lathram, was arrested today in a peaceful demonstration.

News footage shows Lathram being led away, yelling.

WILD PHILLY LATHRAM
 If you're tired of Indians taking your land and bombing innocent civilians, join the militia!

BAR PATRON #1
 They busted Wild Philly. For nothing. Damn Indians.

A free mug of beer is delivered to the patron.

BAR PATRON #2
 Can't even have a pistol on that big new reservation.

BAR PATRON #3
 Gettin' so you can't have a gun anywhere!

Free beers are delivered to the vocal patrons.

BAR PATRON #4
 Talk about it at half-time!

No beer is delivered to that patron.

BAR PATRON #1
 Damn Indians own half of Colorado since that professor found that old treaty. His wife is the Goddamn chief!

BEGIN MONTAGE - FLASHBACK

EXT. PRAIRIE 1865 - DAY

Signing two copies of the treaty with Cheyenne Indians.

EXT. LATER THAT DAY IN 1865

U.S. Agents cut a line off the government copy of the treaty.

EXT. PRAIRIE 1865 - DAY

WAKAN LONG RIVER (17) a Cheyenne Indian, dutifully protects the treaty and writes in his journal.

EXT. PRAIRIE - 2010 - DAY

Wes Powell and Silver Whitehorse are reading a page of the old journal.

INT. DENVER MINT 2010 - DAY

After surviving a missile attack, Wes FINDS the journal and treaty in a stuffed Bison head on the Mint's gift shop wall.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - 2010 - DAY PRESIDENT SIGNS OVER

U.S. Supreme Court SURRENDERS one-third of Colorado back to the Indians.

END MONTAGE

BACK TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN DENVER BAR - DAY

Patrons in the bar are vicious.

BAR PATRON #3

Sure as hell not turning my rifle
over for two-hundred bucks at that
Indian Cash for Guns picnic on
Thursday.

He gets a free beer.

BAR PATRON #4
(finally catching on)
I lost my ranch when they stole my
land. I'm joining the militia.

Bar Patron #4 finally gets a free beer.

INT. DENVER POLICE STATION - DAY

Handcuffs are unlocked on Wild Philly Lathram as DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER (55) arrests Joan and Pamela Ochella. Chari and Anita pass Lathram as he leaves.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER
Governor let you go, Lathram, I
didn't.

WILD PHILLY LATHRAM
He wants to see me in the morning,
I know.

CHARI CHANTELL
DHS. Just a minute, Mr. Lathram.
Can we ask you a few questions?

WILD PHILLY LATHRAM
Sorry, gotta run.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER
No guns, no militia. Got it?

Wild Philly scoffs.

CHARI CHANTELL
What can you tell me about the
Colorado Historical Society and
Colonel Samuel Tappan?

WILD PHILLY LATHRAM
I like history. Always have. I like
Colonel Chivington. Sand Creek was
justice. I hate Tappan. He ratted
on Chivington. Tappan's a traitor.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER
What's this all about? You don't
have to talk to them, Wild Philly.

ANITA ROMO
You've been out of football for
three years, Mr. Lathram. Miss the
spotlight?

CHARI CHANTELL
Why are you forming a militia?

WILD PHILLY LATHRAM
Sorry ladies, I have to run.

Wild Philly scoffs as he leaves.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER
Book the two Indians, and keep
looking for their accomplices.

CHARI CHANTELL
Anita, book us with the governor in
the morning, with Lathram there.

ANITA ROMO
Will do. He wants war, that fella!

INT. CHEYENNE RESERVATION HEADQUARTERS, ASPEN - NIGHT

Silver Whitehorse storms into the conference room. Cheyenne elder, G. STANDS TALL (60), his daughter ALISSA, (28), POLICE CHIEF PARKER (50) wait impatiently.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Sorry I'm late. Held up in Denver
due to the bombing. Prayer?

G. STANDS TALL
We said the prayer.

POLICE CHIEF PARKER
What's up? Will the militia attack?

ALISSA STANDS TALL
We can't repel an attack.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Calm down. Nobody's attacking.

POLICE CHIEF PARKER
Reservation is only twelve- years-
old. We have no army and Colorado
hopes we'll collapse.

G. STANDS TALL
And the western states want our
water, gas, and oil.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
They're not going to get it.

POLICE CHIEF PARKER
And we won't get their guns and
ammo for cash on Thursday.

ALISSA STANDS TALL
Heard the militia is recruiting
criminals.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
We stick to the Cash for Guns
Picnic as planned!

INT. SKI LODGE - SAME NIGHT

A sinister group of white businessmen (and a few women; both groups mixed ages) whisper amidst champagne and fancy appetizers. A short, old man and a tall young man are disguised in surgery gowns and masks. A muffled, poorly disguised voice is heard over a speaker system.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON (V.O.)
Hi y'all. Sorry I couldn't be with
you tonight.

Everyone cheers and toasts their leader.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON (V.O.)
Let's realize the strength and
wisdom of our Constitution.

CROWD
Hear, hear!

BLAYDEN JOHNSON (V.O.)
Who wants to return to the good ol'
days, when we owned Colorado?

CROWD
We do!

BLAYDEN JOHNSON (V.O.)
The newcomers want to donate funds
to our cause, anonymously.

The crowd mumbles disapprovingly.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON (V.O.)
Let 'em speak. It's fifty grand
each.

TRENTON BANKS
 (mostly disguised)
 They took Colorado from you. Next
 they'll want the Black Hills.

The crowd grumbles, boos, and hisses.

TRENTON BANKS (CONT'D)
 You have to stop them.

JEFF HANKEY
 (mostly disguised)
 This stranger is right. But don't
 fight them.

The crowd grumbles.

JEFF HANKEY (CONT'D)
 Turn public opinion against them.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON (V.O.)
 Where are you goin' with this?

JEFF HANKEY
 The Indians have to be seen as
 bullies and terrorists.

The crowd somewhat agrees.

JEFF HANKEY (CONT'D)
 They have to be seen as terrorists
 on foreign soil.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON (V.O.)
 I get it. Then they'll lose
 everything! The governor may help!

CROWD
 Hear, hear!

EXT. COLORADO STATE CAPITOL - DAY

SUPER: Monday, October 14th - 7:45 A.M.

A crisp blue autumn morning greets Chari Chantell and Anita Romo, strolling toward the Capitol as the Governor's limo rolls up across the street. A parked car next to the limo EXPLODES.

Chari and Anita are knocked to the ground. Chari flips out her phone.

CHARI CHANTELL

9-1-1.

ANITA ROMO

The Governor!

People scatter. As fire trucks arrive with SIRENS, the burning limo is aflame. The remaining crowd screams. TV news teams race to cover the disaster.

MELISSA KEMP

I'm Melissa Kemp, live at the Capitol, where terrorists have assassinated the governor with a car bomb.

A bicyclist PUSHES his way toward Melissa, and removes a large helmet. The crowd cheers. It's the GOVERNOR, a flamboyant businessman (55).

GOVERNOR

I'm quite alive, I assure you. What happened here?

(surveys the scene)

Oh my God. Philly! I sent my limo to pick up Wild Philly. Bad knees.

MELISSA KEMP

I'm so sorry listeners. The governor is fine.

Fire-fighters pull a SCORCHED BODY out of the charred limo.

Security guards SWARM around the governor - a little late.

CHARI CHANTELL

Let us through. Homeland Security.

GOVERNOR

You people are fast!

MELISSA KEMP

Department of Homeland Security agents are already on the scene to track the car bombers. Do you suspect Indian terrorists?

ANITA ROMO

(to the governor)

We had an appointment with you.

MELISSA KEMP

Wild Philly Lathram, beloved ex-football star, assassinated.

GOVERNOR

These Native American terrorists
are totally out of control.

Detective Rick Aldeer races up. He pushes the Governor and
his guards toward the governor's office.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

We got a lead. The bomb was in a
rental car.

CHARI CHANTELL

Rented by?

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

Wes Powell of Fort Collins.

ANITA ROMO

Couldn't be. He's at our hotel, in
Remington Dalton's suite.

CHARI CHANTELL

Anita, how do know that?

ANITA ROMO

Friend at the front desk.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

Let's go talk to Professor Powell.
Shall we?

INT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Chari and Anita pound on the door. Detective Aldeer huffs and
puffs down the hallway toward them. Wes, who looks like he
slept in his clothes, sleepily answers the door.

WES POWELL

What's wrong? What's all the noise?

CHARI CHANTELL

Where are your rental car keys?

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

I'll ask the questions.

WES POWELL

(checking his pockets)
Huh! They're not here.

ANITA ROMO

Where's Ms. Dalton?

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER
I'll see for myself.

Aldeer barges past Wes to search the suite.

WES POWELL
She was here, I guess, I was doing
some modeling for her.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER
Male modeling?

CHARI CHANTELL
Mathematics models and mapping,
Detective.

WES POWELL
She must have stepped out.

Chari, Anita, and Detective Aldeer madly race through the
suite. Detective Aldeer whispers into his smartphone.

WES POWELL (CONT'D)
Fell asleep at two A.M. The
explosion woke me up. She was gone.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER
Her clothes are still here.

WES POWELL
Her fancy tablet computer's gone.

CHARI CHANTELL
Her makeup bag's gone. She left.

Aldeer's smartphone receives a TEXT MESSAGE.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER
Her coup is still in the garage.
Check the security cameras to make
sure Powell never left the hotel.

CHARI CHANTELL
Huh? I would find out when Dalton
left, and what she was driving.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER
They might be in this together.
Professor, let's go down to the
station for a few more questions.

ANITA ROMO
He's not a criminal.

WES POWELL

If I don't get home by six when my son gets back from a sleep-over, my wife will divorce me for sure.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

You have the right to remain silent...

INT. DENVER POLICE STATION - DAY

Wes stares at the clock: 1 P.M. Detective Aldeer proudly draws lines on a whiteboard, connecting names and pictures.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

Know what I call this, Professor?
My connections board.

Wes looks forlorn at his wife's photo. A policeman races to Aldeer with a note. He reads it, smirks, and draws a line from Joan Ochella to Wes.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER (CONT'D)

How well do you know Joan Ochella?

WES POWELL

I told you. I don't know her.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

Joan Littlefeet Ochella.

WES POWELL

(staring at Joan's photo)
I was on a graduate committee for a Joan Littlefeet. Musta been ten years ago. Didn't know her well.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

You knew the lead Indian suspect in the Columbus Day parade bombing. You married an Indian activist Silver Whitehorse, now the chief of the new Reservation. You spend the night with an arms dealer who disappears. Your rental car bomb attempts to assassinate the governor. No alibi. Lots of connections.

Trenton Banks bursts in the room like Superman.

TRENTON BANKS

Don't say another word, Professor.
Your wife sent me to defend you.

He shakes hands with Powell using a powerful grip.

WES POWELL

Don't need a lawyer. Need to get
home for my son.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

He's cooperating. He's a person of
interest until we...

A phone rings and interrupts Aldeer. He answers and whispers.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER (CONT'D)

Bomb squad said the rental car was
stolen. Hot-wired by pros. The
device was the same as the one used
in the parade bombing.

TRENTON BANKS

Can my client go?

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

He's still a person of interest.
Don't leave the state.

WES POWELL

I could use a ride to the rental
car office down the street.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

We still can't locate Ms. Dalton.
Don't leave the state - got it?

TRENTON BANKS

I'll give you a lift.

WES POWELL

I got it. Don't leave the state.
(mumbling sadly)
How do I get into these messes?

EXT. DOWNTOWN DENVER, COLORADO - DAY

Trenton's metallic GREEN hybrid PRIUS sports car skids into
the rental car lot. Wes checks his Samsung Galaxy smartphone.

TRENTON BANKS

Worried about what the rental
company will say? I could come in.

WES POWELL
More worried about my wife.

TRENTON BANKS
What was in that last text, if you
don't mind me asking?

WES POWELL
She wants me to drive to Rapid City
to pick up a permit for the big Pow
Wow next Saturday.

TRENTON BANKS
But you can't leave the state.

WES POWELL
I've got to. Or no Powwow.
(mumbles to himself)
Or marriage.

Powell exits, WAVES thanks to Wes and TRUDGES into to car
rental office.

INT. RENTAL CAR OFFICE - DAY

The attendants all take notice.

ATTENDANT #1
You're him. Saw you TV.

ATTENDANT #2
Your rental was used in the car
bombing.

WES POWELL
That's me. I need another car.

ATTENDANT #1
Unbelievable. You were the first
guy to get full insurance in weeks.

The attendants and other customers cheer.

ATTENDANT #2
Rent the lucky bastard the bomb-
proof Hummer. No, it's out.

WES POWELL
It's for two days, 'til my car is
fixed. Compact will do.

ATTENDANT #1

We got one fire-retardant sedan
left, but don't leave the state.

WES POWELL

Figures.

Wes sputters away in an old beat-up compact car. The
attendants cheer.

INT. DENVER POLICE STATION - DAY

Detective Aldeer is read the riot act by Chari and Anita.

CHARI CHANTELL

Powell had nothing to do with this.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

He's a person of interest.

ANITA ROMO

How do you explain traces of C-four
only on the right hands of your two
Native Americans?

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

Maybe they used one right hand each
to build the bomb?

CHARI CHANTELL

Pamela Ochella, age twelve, is left-
handed.

ANITA ROMO

And the FBI shows no links to
Indian Activist groups.

CHARI CHANTELL

Did any of the bombing victims have
C-four residue on them.

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER

This isn't Washington. My office
goes after suspects, not victims.

CHARI CHANTELL

What about the car bombing while
the Ochellas were behind bars?

ANITA ROMO

Explain that?

CHARI CHANTELL
Have you located Ms. Remington
Dalton or Mr. Blayden Johnson?

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER
They're rich people. Hard to pin
down.

CHARI CHANTELL
Anita, order surveillance on them.
And where's the FBI on this?

DETECTIVE RICK ALDEER
They don't get involved in Indian
matters. Everybody loses.

CHARI CHANTELL
Somebody's winning? Who?

EXT. COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS NORTH OF DENVER - NIGHT

Headlights of hundreds of motorcycles, and a few cars and
trucks fill the County Fairgrounds an hour north of Denver.

Riders are wearing blue or red bandannas. A makeshift stage
is dimly lit. A scratchy sound system plays Johnny Cash
singing "I Walk the Line." A man and a woman, wearing
bandannas, stand center stage.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
Remember, turn the headlights off,
no names, no photos, and no phones.

REMYNGTON DALTON
Many of you came all the way from
the Granada Citizen Displacement
Camp. Thanks for joining.

The crowd erupts in cheers. Beer cans are thrown, and several
shots are fired.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
Wild Philly Lathram had his biggest
games against the biggest teams.
This is for that great American.

Again, the crowd erupts in cheers and fires gun shots.

REMYNGTON DALTON
He believed in a Columbus Day
without fear of a roadside bomb.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
 He believed in protecting our old
 way of life. The good old days.

Again, the crowd erupts with cheers and gun shots.

REMINGTON DALTON
 He believed in your God-given right
 to form a militia.

Once more, the crowd cheers and fires more shots. Sheriff's
 officers wearing bandannas are handing out cash.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
 You'll get an equal share of the
 hundred grand we raised.

REMINGTON DALTON
 Remember - complete secrecy. We'll
 text you when we need you.

Once again, the crowd cheers with many more shots and fired.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
 The Colorado Militia is dismissed.

More shots are fired as Blayden and Rennie leave the stage.
 Johnny Cash's "Ring of Fire" blares through the speakers.

EXT. COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS NORTH OF DENVER - NIGHT

A lone set of headlights approaches the deserted fairground.
 Beer cans and shell casings litter the ground. Chari and
 Anita have an eerie feeling as they exit the car.

CHARI CHANTELL
 Tip from D.C. was a little late.

ANITA ROMO
 Locals must have heard the shots.

CHARI CHANTELL
 They'll protect the militia.

ANITA ROMO
 We need to warn Silver and Wes.

CHARI CHANTELL
 I'll call HQ first. We need help.

Chari investigates the stage, while making a phone call. She
 returns to Anita a few minutes later, disgusted.

CHARI CHANTELL (CONT'D)
We're ordered back to D.C. We're
interfering with local law
enforcement.

ANITA ROMO
Detective Prick Aldeer. We going
home?

CHARI CHANTELL
Of course not. Let's warn Silver.

Chari PLACES a call and sets the SPEAKER PHONE on.

BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

SILVER WHITEHORSE (V.O.)
Hello, Chari?

CHARI CHANTELL
Hi Silver, Anita and I are worried.

ANITA ROMO
Hi Silver. Militia is definitely
forming.

CHARI CHANTELL
Hell, it's formed and fired up!

SILVER WHITEHORSE (V.O.)
I was worried about that. This job
as Chief is...

CHARI CHANTELL
(Interrupting)
Ruining your marriage.

ANITA ROMO
Wes is a wreck.

SILVER WHITEHORSE (V.O.)
You women cut right to the chase.
Yes, it's strained. Trenton Banks
had to get Wes out of jail today. I
don't know where I'd be without...

CHARI CHANTELL
(Interrupting)
Wes loves you very much.

ANITA ROMO
He needs a chance to prove it.

SILVER WHITEHORSE (V.O.)
I've asked him to drive to Rapid
City to get us a special use permit
for Saturday's All-Nation Powwow.

ANITA ROMO
He's driving out of state?

CHARI CHANTELL
What about Kit?

SILVER WHITEHORSE (V.O.)
Kit's going with him. I really need
that permit.

CHARI CHANTELL
What about the militia and your
Cash for Guns Picnic on Thursday?

ANITA ROMO
Nobody is going to drive up to
Aspen to turn in a gun in this anti-
Indian atmosphere.

SILVER WHITEHORSE (V.O.)
I'm sure our Governor, the National
Guard, or the Feds will keep the
crazies under control on Thursday.

Chari and Anita stare at all the gun shells.

CHARI CHANTELL
I think your picnic might turn into
a Tea Party. Be careful.

ANITA ROMO
A Boston Tea Party.

SILVER WHITEHORSE (V.O.)
Thanks for your concern. We can
handle it. Honest. Trenton said
he'd help me. Gotta run.

END PHONE CONVERSATION:

Chari and Anita roll their eyes, worried.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. TWO-LANE WYOMING HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Wes drives SLOWLY in the beat-up rental car, while Kit sleeps
in the back seat. Wes's Samsung Galaxy smartphone rings.

BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

WES POWELL

Hello.

CHARI CHANTELL (V.O.)

Chari and Anita here. Why are you
whispering?

WES POWELL

Kit's sleeping. I'm heading to
Rapid City.

ANITA ROMO (V.O.)

We talked to Silver. She's worried
about a lot of things.

CHARI CHANTELL (V.O.)

Driving to South Dakota for her.
You'll get points there.

WES POWELL

Not if Detective Aldeer or the
rental car folks hear about it.

ANITA ROMO (V.O.)

Keep a low profile in Rapid City.

CHARI CHANTELL (V.O.)

And win Silver back somehow.

WES POWELL

I know. I'm thinking about quitting
my teaching job, so Kit and I can
move to Aspen.

ANITA ROMO (V.O.)

And Remington Dalton...

WES POWELL

(Interrupting)

Work for the University. I'm
mapping hot spots of gun sales so
she can target safety programs.

CHARI CHANTELL (V.O.)

Just checking. Wish we had the gun
sales info. How do they look?

WES POWELL

Hot spots all around Denver, the
Reservation, and especially the
Black Hills.

CHARI CHANTELL (V.O.)
Interesting. Very interesting.

ANITA ROMO (V.O.)
We want to see you back together.

WES POWELL
My top priority.

Wes's phone LOSES SERVICE.

END PHONE CALL

BACK TO:

EXT. COUNTY FAIRGROUNDS NORTH OF DENVER - NIGHT

Chari and Anita examine gun shells on the ground.

CHARI CHANTELL
AR-15s. Let's find out where this
militia H-Q is, and who runs it.

ANITA ROMO
I'll call our computer geeks.

CHARI CHANTELL
We also have to find a couple of
bombers and get Silver backup for
her Cash for Guns Picnic.

ANITA ROMO
Boss isn't going to like this!

CHARI CHANTELL
Hope Wes has an uneventful trip to
Rapid City and back.

ANITA ROMO
What could possibly go wrong?

EXT. RAPID CITY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Wes and Kit approach the courthouse keeping a low profile.

WES POWELL
We'll pick up the form Mommy needs,
then I have a surprise for you on
the way home.

KIT
A surprise?

WES POWELL

You ate all your donuts at breakfast, so I'm taking you to the Wild Animal Park on the way home.

KIT

Wild Animal Park! Cool. Don't I have school?

WES POWELL

You'll learn a lot about bears, bison, and elk. How about that?

KIT

Yeah! Let's go.

WES POWELL

Mommy's form first, remember?

They pass an elderly SECURITY GUARD (70) in the hallway.

WES POWELL (CONT'D)

Excuse me? Special Use Permits?

SECURITY GUARD

Down the hall, keep left 'til you see a lady dressed as a pumpkin.

WES POWELL

Thanks.

They approach the window for "Licenses and Permits." A huge CLERK (40) in a bright orange dress smiles at Kit.

CLERK

May I help you?

WES POWELL

Yes, we're here to get a special use permit for a powwow my wife is organizing. Silver Whitehorse.

CLERK

Triplicate forms. Must be handwritten and signed, and returned here.

WES POWELL

The old-fashioned way, I see.

CLERK

And, if it's for a powwow, we need a B-I-A representative to sign.

KIT

Can we go to the Wild Animal Park
now, Daddy?

WES POWELL

Just a minute, Kit. When is the
deadline, Ma'am?

CLERK

Five P.M. tonight.

WES POWELL

Tonight. That's impossible.

CLERK

(smiling at Kit)

You get to see wild animals?

KIT

Yes. Can we go, Daddy?

WES POWELL

I'm sure there's some way.

CLERK

Security!

WES POWELL

That won't be necessary. We'll see
ourselves out.

Wes storms out of the courthouse, and races toward home with
the form, but Kit is insistent about seeing the wild animals.

WES POWELL (CONT'D)

I'll call your mother and tell her
we'll be a little late.

EXT. WILD ANIMAL PARK, BLACK HILLS - DAY

Wes and Kit wait patiently for the roadside attraction to
open. An elderly GATEKEEPER (70) slowly opens the pay window.

GATEKEEPER

Morning folks. You're the first
ones here. May have to wake 'em up.

WES POWELL

We'll be quick.

Wes hands over money and takes a brochure.

GATEKEEPER

Not too quick. Max speed is ten miles per. Keep the windows up and keep moving. Watch for bears, little fella.

WES POWELL

We'll be careful.

Wes begins the slow winding drive through the park. Kit eagerly jumps up to the passenger's seat.

KIT

There is a lot of birds out today.

Hundreds of birds are squawking as Wes rolls down his window.

WES POWELL

There are a lot of birds out today.

They slowly pass a few lifeless, vacuous black bears.

KIT

Look dead, but their eyes are open.

Powell looks sadly at the emotionless, captive creatures. He drives on as instructed by the road signs. Around the next bend, a putrid smell fills the car. Then, they see dozens of dead deer, black bears, and coyotes - each with titanium gray-black hunting arrows sticking from them.

WES POWELL

Oh my God! They've been shot.

Wes CALLS 9-1-1.

KIT

(hysterically)

With arrows, Daddy. Who would kill them all? That's bad.

WES POWELL

This is Wes Powell at the Wild Animal Park in the Black Hills outside Rapid City. Get here quick. Dozens of animals have been shot.

Wes rolls his window up and waits. An agonizing fifteen minutes later, SHERIFF JAMES (50) arrives at the scene.

Powell rolls his window down.

SHERIFF JAMES
Roll your window up and drive
slowly to the exit and stop.

WES POWELL
Yes, sir.

Kit JUMPS into the back seat and buckles up. They drive through the park, seeing dozens more DEAD ANIMALS. After the exit gate, the sheriff slowly APPROACHES the car with an arrow in his hand.

SHERIFF JAMES
License and registration.

WES POWELL
We were the first visitors to the park this morning, and we reported the tragedy right away.

SHERIFF JAMES
You know anything about bows and arrows, Mr. Powell?

WES POWELL
My wife's an archer.

SHERIFF JAMES
She Indian?

WES POWELL
Native American, yes.

SHERIFF JAMES
What do you think happened here?

WES POWELL
I'd guess one trained bow hunter hopped a non-electric fence and killed them all at dawn.

SHERIFF JAMES
(smirks)
Oh. A detective, huh?

WES POWELL
There's that cardboard cut-out of a car we passed. He probably used it as a moving hunting blind as he shot the habituated animals.

The sheriff looks and finally sees the car-shaped sandwich sign.

WES POWELL (CONT'D)
I'll bet the bow is here too.

The sheriff pokes around and finds the bow.

WES POWELL (CONT'D)
Then he probably walked right out
this unsupervised gate.

SHERIFF JAMES
You know an awful lot.

WES POWELL
If I did it, would I have called 9-
1-1 and waited here?

SHERIFF JAMES
You have the right to remain
silent...

INT. RAPID CITY SHERIFF'S STATION

Sheriff James guides Wes and Kit to the lunchroom of the
Rapid City Sheriff's Office as OFFICER ELLEN (27) joins them.

SHERIFF JAMES
Young man, this is Officer Ellen.
She'll watch you here, while I ask
your dad a few more questions in
the room across the hall there.

OFFICER ELLEN
(smiling to Kit)
And who might you be?

KIT
I'm Kit. I'm eight-years-old.

WES POWELL
This is a misunderstanding, Kit,
call Mom and tell her what's
happened.

Sheriff James ESCORTS Wes to the room across the hall.

KIT
Okay, Daddy.

As Wes and Sheriff James enter the room, Officer Ellen is
handed a note by a FELLOW OFFICER (30).

FELLOW OFFICER

Hand this to James when he gets done with the water boarding.

KIT

(with a pitiful look)

Officer Ellen? Can you get my teddy bear from our car?

OFFICER ELLEN

Sure, if you stay right here while I'm gone.

Officer Ellen sets the note far from Kit and leaves to fetch the teddy bear. A moment later, Sheriff James races out of the room to the front desk area. Kit reaches over and reads the note. The note reads: "Wild animals in the sacred Black Hills must live free. I will free their spirits from this reservation. My Indian spirit will soon be free forever."

Kit then pushes the note under the Interrogation Room door.

KIT

Daddy, read this.

WES POWELL (O.S.)

Thanks, Kit. Thanks a lot!

Officer Ellen returns with an angry Sheriff James.

OFFICER ELLEN

There was no teddy bear, was there?

SHERIFF JAMES

Where's our little note, kid?

Powell knocks on the door of the Interrogation Room. Sheriff James opens to the door. His face says it all.

SHERIFF JAMES (CONT'D)

You're free to go. We're looking for an Indian in this case.

(stares at Kit)

Take this kid with you.

(mumbles)

You Indian-lovers won't have a powwow in my county any time soon.

Powell knocks knuckles proudly with his son as they leave.

INT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Chari Chantell and Anita Roma watch in horror as the slaughter at the Wild Animal Park is splattered across a special news bulletin by Melissa Kemp.

CHARI CHANTELL

Native American blogger claimed responsibility. The press is having a field day.

ANITA ROMO

I'll warn Silver. If she doesn't know already.

Anita establishes a VIDEO-CALL connection.

BEGIN VIDEO CALL

Silver's face droops on the tiny screen.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

This should boost militia numbers.

CHARI CHANTELL

How did Wes get out of South Dakota? He wasn't supposed to leave the state.

ANITA ROMO

He could have been in big trouble.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

He'll be in bigger trouble if he doesn't get me that form for Saturday's powwow!

CHARI CHANTELL

That husband of yours can be a magnet for trouble.

END VIDEO CALL

EXT. HIGHWAY OUTSIDE RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA.

JOHN OCHELLA (25), a Native American, is hitchhiking toward Colorado. Wes passes him up, but then he thinks he recognizes him, so he screeches to a stop. Kit is uneasy.

KIT

We don't pick up strangers.

WES POWELL

I know this fellow from someplace.

The grubby, angry hitchhiker hops in the car.

JOHN OCHELLA

Thanks man. Hundreds of cars passed me by all night here. Nobody picks up Indians. I'm going to Denver.

WES POWELL

I think we've met.

JOHN OCHELLA

You teach at Colorado State.

WES POWELL

Are you a student there?

JOHN OCHELLA

My mom was an older Master's student ten years ago. I followed her around a lot. Name's John Littlefeet Ochella.

(to Kit in the back)

Who are you?

KIT

I don't talk to strangers.

WES POWELL

He's not a - did you say Ochella? Your mom and sister are being held.

JOHN OCHELLA

I know. They didn't do it. Mom called me at the Crow Sundance.

John Ochella, hoping to shock them, lifts his shirt to reveal scabs on his chest from the Sundance.

WES POWELL

Been there, seen 'em.

JOHN OCHELLA

My mom and sis were framed. Anti-Indian bullshit.

WES POWELL

Language!

JOHN OCHELLA

Sorry. It never ends. Five hundred years of bull. Sorry.

WES POWELL

I married an Indian, Silver
Whitehorse. I see it all the time.

JOHN OCHELLA

Chief Whitehorse. I knew that. I
was gone for only a year studying
at Charles University.

WES POWELL

In the Czech Republic. Good school.
Sorry. We're stopping at Fort
Collins, but we can get you a ride
to Denver.

JOHN OCHELLA

I'm going to sleep. Wind in the
pines kept me up all night.

John leans against the window and nods away. Wes sees nothing
but grasslands in the mirrors.

WES POWELL

(mumbles to self)
Pine trees? Black Hills? Trouble.

EXT. SUPERMAX PRISON, FLORENCE, COLORADO - DAY

Chari Chantell and Anita Romo drive painfully and slowly
toward the intimidating "Supermax Prison" Col.

CHARI CHANTELL

The Alcatraz of the Rockies. Hmmm!

Their identification and fingerprints are checked at three
gates. Dogs and electronic scanners are used at each stop.

ANITA ROMO

Hey, they weighed our car.

CHARI CHANTELL

We'd better not gain or lose a
pound in there.

Four armed GUARDS (mixed ages) lead the ladies' car to an
underground parking garage with titanium doors. The guards
surround them as WARDEN ALBERTI (60) awaits the "all-clear"
sign. Chari and Anita exit their car.

WARDEN ALBERTI

I'm Warden Alberti. Been expecting
you.

CHARI CHANTELL

We read your rules. Hope we don't inconvenience you.

WARDEN ALBERTI

I don't like visitors, or anything out of the ordinary. You'll get five minutes with my prisoner. Don't speak until you're in the Safe Room. Follow the guards. Good day.

Chari and Anita are marched to a prep-room where they strip, are searched, and provided orange jumpsuits and surgical masks. They are marched through a series of doors and hallways with SECURITY CAMERAS everywhere. They finally reach a solid concrete room with a single eight-inch by eight-inch Plexiglas window pointing to a similar room where the prisoner should be. Chari and Anita peek into the room but see nothing. Suddenly, heavily-tattooed prisoner SAMMY TOUTMAN (45) jumps up from below the window frame, scaring the ladies half to death.

SAMMY TOUTMAN

Always wanted to do that. Which one is Director of Homeland Security?

CHARI CHANTELL

Neither. I'm his deputy. She's my assistant. Director chickened out.

SAMMY TOUTMAN

You got balls. I'll give ya that. Stand closer to the window.

Chari sees that the camera behind them will conceal Sammy, but she and Anita concede. Once their faces fill the window, Sammy holds up a notebook only they can see. The first page of the notebook reads: "I talk, you read and remember."

Sammy starts mumbling about his daily routine, while flipping the pages of the notebook for Chari and Anita.

Sammy turns five more pages which read: "The Indian and daughter didn't do it. My boys outside paid for the bombings. Look for a loner. Find the diary before they do. I'll give you the name if you lower your masks."

Chari and Anita hesitate. Sammy doesn't flip the page.

Finally the ladies concede. Sammy is obviously jerking off, while staring lustfully at the women. He finishes as a voice comes over the speakers.

WARDEN ALBERTI (V.O.)
Time's up, you pervert!

Sammy smiles and holds up one last note. It reads: "Tappan."

INT. POWELL'S HOUSE IN FORT COLLINS - DAY

Wes and Kit race in the front door to see Trenton Banks sitting on the couch next to Silver. The Powells' best friends, CHAD HASTINGS (30) and MAGGIE HASTINGS (28) are ecstatic to see Kit and Wes.

KIT
Aunt Maggie, Uncle Chad!

Kit runs to hug them. Wes's face droops.

WES POWELL
I have your form, but it's due
tonight by five P.M.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
(angrily)
You've left us three hours. Trenton
and I will sign it. Chad and Maggie
will fly it back to Rapid City.

MAGGIE HASTINGS
We're going anyway, Wes. Blayden
Johnson is filming Custer up there.

CHAD HASTINGS
And, Maggie knows the First
Assistant Director so she can get
on the set.

WES POWELL
John Ochella's in the car. He's
going to the Denver police station.

TRENTON BANKS
I'm heading back to Denver, before
I fly to D.C. I'll take him. Glad
to help a fellow Indian.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Trenton, thanks so much for all
you've done.

Silver hugs and kisses Kit, waves goodbye to their guests and grabs her briefcase to head out the door.

WES POWELL

I'm sorry we were a bit late.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

I've got the FBI confiscating computers looking for Indian mad bombers, the Cash for Guns Picnic is Thursday. If we don't get the permit back on time, we have no All Nations Powwow. I'm feeling as inept as Custer.

She storms out. Wes and Kit are sick with worry.

EXT. CUSTER STATE PARK, S.D. - DAY

Overly-confident, under-prepared Blayden Johnson, costumed as Colonel George Armstrong Custer, sits tall in the saddle but short on memory as he circles his stallion atop a grassy knoll. The DIRECTOR (55) and First A.D., KENT ATWOOD (28) direct twenty-five infantry men (mixed ages) who aim polished Winchesters and Colts downhill, with no Indians in sight.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Line!

DIRECTOR

Cut!

INFANTRY MEN

(in unison)

Hurray, boys! We've got them. We'll finish them up and then go home to our station.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

But there's no Indians.

DIRECTOR

That's why it's called acting!

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Real Indians walked off the set?

DIRECTOR

Was the Gatling guns. Said Custer didn't have Gating guns. We have Greek and Asian actors in makeup!

KENT ATWOOD

Custer's Very Last Stand. Scene eighty-one. Take fifteen.

Blayden repeats his scene, gets his line correct, and the Director is ecstatic as the infantry men applaud.

DIRECTOR
Cut! Take twenty.

KENT ATWOOD
Remember your spots. Security,
watch the automatic rifles.

A woman in a fur coat appears from the sidelines and removes her sun glasses.

REMINGTON DALTON
Those aren't automatic rifles!

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
That's Kent, he's an assistant.
Come on. We only got twenty
minutes.

Remmie grabs Blayden by the arm and drags him to his deluxe trailer nearby.

REMINGTON DALTON
What will you do with the other
fifteen minutes?

INT. RAPID CITY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Chad and Maggie Hastings glare at the orange-clad clerk.

CHAD HASTINGS
But we flew all this way.

MAGGIE HASTINGS
You suspect a sewage leak?

CLERK
The fairgrounds must remain closed
until we can run the tests.

CHAD HASTINGS
How long will that take?

CLERK
Month, maybe more.

MAGGIE HASTINGS
This is bullshit. You don't want
the powwow.

CLERK

Security!

Maggie and Chad Hastings curse like sailors as they leave. On the way out, the Security Guard whispers to them.

SECURITY GUARD

Try the 'Custer' movie set. I hear they ran out of money and Indians.

MAGGIE HASTINGS

Thanks. Headin' there anyway.

CHAD HASTINGS

We'll find a place for the powwow.

INT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Chari and Anita review their notes from the Supermax prison, while checking computer video messages on several screens.

Agent Schnelling, in Washington, D.C. is on one screen.

CHARI CHANTELL

We've been going about this wrong.

ANITA ROMO

You believe that pervert prisoner?

CHARI CHANTELL

This thing is bigger than Colorado.

(to Agent Schnelling)

Schnelling, get me everything you can find about associates of Sammy Toutman, and any connection to the name Tappan, T-A-P-P-A-N. Where is Tappan buried?

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

A Backhoe Operator (40) and three gravediggers (30-40) wait for Taps to finish over the speaker system at Arlington National Cemetery. The backhoe digs a few feet deep.

Three armed assassins (30), and a fourth man, MR. LEXINGTON (55), all in ski masks, sneak up AND shoot the diggers.

The assassins throw the dead men in the shallow grave and one assassin drives the backhoe to a nearby grave. They exhume the body and search the casket.

ASSASSIN

Are you sure it's him?

MR. LEXINGTON

It's him. But there's nothing here
but his sword. Let's move out.

INT. BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS - SAME

Across town, Trenton Banks, Lester Drummond, and Four well-dressed ATTORNEYS (50-60) surround a conference room table in the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

LESTER DRUMMOND

Where are the damn Sioux attorneys?

DANIEL WHITEHORSE (36) and Three poorly clad Attorneys (30s) slowly enter the room. Trenton sleeps in his corner chair.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

Waited over a hundred and forty
years for a Black Hills settlement.
You can wait ten minutes.

LESTER DRUMMOND

Our offer stands at one-point-three
billion dollars. No new evidence to
prove we didn't act in good faith
in eighteen-seventy-seven.

The Sioux attorneys race to the coffee and muffins.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

The Black Hills tribes never
received full compensation.

LESTER DRUMMOND

They received over thirty-nine
million dollars in other lands and
limited rations years ago.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

Let me repeat the nine undeniable
facts in the case.

Secretary Drummond and his staff prepare to hear it again as Daniel reads the list and distributes copies.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE (CONT'D)

One: The Sioux were given the Black
Hills in the first treaty. Seven-
point-three million acres.

(MORE)

DANIEL WHITEHORSE (CONT'D)

Two: Only a vote by three-quarters of adult Indians could rescind that treaty. Three: six years later, Colonel George Armstrong Custer trespassed on our land, found gold, and your Congress stole our land. Four: Indian oral histories tell us money, food, and horses were used to bribe the few Indians who signed the second treaty in eighteen-seventy-seven.

LESTER DRUMMOND

You have no written proof.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

We're looking for the journals. Five: After dozens of court cases, in Nineteen-seventy-four the U.S. offered us twenty-four cents per acre for the sacred land. No thanks.

LESTER DRUMMOND

Our offer is one-point-three Billion dollars.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

Six: in Nineteen-seventy-nine, the offer was forty million, or fifty-five cents per acre. Wow.

Trenton slumps lower in his seat.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE (CONT'D)

Seven: In Nineteen-eighty, your offer jumped to one-hundred-six million dollars, a buck-forty-six per acre. Eight: now, in twenty-twenty, the offer stands at a whopping seventeen dollars and eighty-one cents per acre.

LESTER DRUMMOND

Your people need the funds for jobs, education, and health care.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

All things you promised in eighteen-seventy-seven. Nine: Real estate in the Black Hills sells for a hundred grand per acre, while you offer seventeen dollars and eighty-one cents per acre.

Daniel distributes white envelopes to Drummond and his lawyers.

LESTER DRUMMOND

What's this?

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

We found tax records for each of your properties. We are offering each of you seventeen-dollars and eighty-one cents per acre for each of your homes.

Lester Drummond and staff are stunned by the envelopes.

LESTER DRUMMOND

This is ludicrous.

BIA ATTORNEY 1

My wife would kill me.

BIA ATTORNEY 2

Our homes are not for sale.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

Neither is the Paha Sapa, our sacred great Black Hills. Let's go!

Daniel's team stuffs muffins in their pockets as they leave.

Moments later, Drummond motions his team to the hallway.

LESTER DRUMMOND

No camera's here. We looked like fools in there. Mr. Banks, you were asleep as usual. Wasted the price of your red-eye flight. Go home.

Trenton slumps away, tired and dejected.

LESTER DRUMMOND (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Draft a new settlement for five billion dollars. That's one-hundred thousand dollars per Indian. Congress will okay it.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - SAME

The Sioux attorneys exit the building as Daniel receives a video call on his Samsung Galaxy smartphone.

BEGIN VIDEO CALL

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

Hi Sis. You're on speaker. Saw your guy, Trenton Banks. He was useless.

SILVER WHITEHORSE (V.O.)

He's helped me. Did you take their offer?

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

Hell no, but we'll probably have to take the next one. It's not like your reservation - we need jobs, schools, and hospitals.

SILVER WHITEHORSE (V.O.)

I know, I've got troubles myself.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

Worried about your Cash for Guns Picnic tomorrow?

SILVER WHITEHORSE (V.O.)

And we can't find a place for the powwow. Chad and Maggie are looking for a spot in the Black Hills.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

If we don't accept the next offer, they'll burn us at the stake.

SIRENS blare toward Arlington.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE (CONT'D)

Gotta run, Sis. See you tomorrow.

INT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL SUITE - DAY

The computers in the suite light up and ding. Chari and Anita scurry to read all the internal news alerts. A young, nervous, DHS agent, BECKY ROGERS (28), sends live video of Arlington National Cemetery to Chari from a TINY CAMERA in her cap.

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)

Testing out our new baseball cap camera now. See the cap-cam?

CHARI CHANTELL

The green tarp? Zoom in, will ya?

Becky removes the tarp revealing four bodies.

ANITA ROMO
Each with a head and chest wound.

CHARI CHANTELL
Professional hits.

Becky turns her head. The cap-cam aims at a backhoe.

CHARI CHANTELL (CONT'D)
Is that the exhumed grave?

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)
That's it. I'm heading to it.

Chari and Anita wait impatiently and Becky's bobbing head makes its way to the backhoe. Three DETECTIVES (mixed ages) are snapping photos. Inside the coffin, we see a skeleton and rusty sword.

CHARI CHANTELL
Show us the tombstone.

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)
You got it. The tombstone reads
"Samuel Forster Tappan. June twenty-
nine, eighteen-thirty-one to
January six, nineteen-thirteen."

ANITA ROMO
Tappan?

CHARI CHANTELL
The same guy whose letters were
stolen from the Colorado Historical
Society during the parade bombing.

ANITA ROMO
Oh, and the same guy who the prison
pervert told us to look for.

CHARI CHANTELL
Exactly. Agent Schnelling says he
was a treaty agent with all the top
colonels and generals of the day:
Grant, Custer, all of them. He
wrote about Native American rights,
the sovereignty of reservations,
and injustices.

ANITA ROMO
Ideas worth killing for back then.

CHARI CHANTELL

And today. But what makes us think the grave robbers were successful?

ANITA ROMO

The burial record?

CHARI CHANTELL

Becky, check the records. See what he was buried with.

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)

Yes, boss.

ANITA ROMO

I'll check for next-of-kin.

CHARI CHANTELL

Tappan was smart. I'm hoping he outsmarted those thieving murderers.

ANITA ROMO

I see that look of yours. Need to plot the grave robbers' next move.

CHARI CHANTELL

He's buried in the east, but his papers were stolen in the west. We need to look west.

EXT. MOUNT RUSHMORE, SOUTH DAKOTA - DAY

Flustered Melissa Kemp TRUDGES up a steep trail with her cameraman to the site of another grizzly animal slaughter: the heads of four mountain goats are mounted on posts. Dozens of arrows fill the goats' bodies. A portly HEAD PARK RANGER (55) orders a younger, stronger Native American Ranger (30) to clean up the mess.

HEAD PARK RANGER

I'm sorry you have to see this.

MELISSA KEMP

Hold it, while we set up.

The cameraman assesses the light and shooting angle, while Melissa touches up her makeup. The camera rolls.

MELISSA KEMP (CONT'D)

I'm Melissa Kemp, warning you that this story may be unsuitable for many viewers.

(MORE)

MELISSA KEMP (CONT'D)

We're here at Mount Rushmore, the site of a second, senseless animal slaughter. Joining me is the Head Park Ranger.

She thrusts a small microphone near the ranger.

HEAD PARK RANGER

I'm Superintendent Randy Coakley. Ya know, George Washington's smile is eighteen feet across.

MELISSA KEMP

About the goats?

HEAD PARK RANGER

The Indians who did this tragic deed should be punished to the fullest extent of the law.

MELISSA KEMP

Tragic indeed. Four harmless native mountain goats, slaughtered in hedonistic fashion.

NATIVE AMERICAN RANGER

(barely audible)

Oh, these aren't native goats.

MELISSA KEMP

What?

NATIVE AMERICAN RANGER

They're a non-native species - a gift from Canada in 1924.

HEAD PARK RANGER

(glares at the ranger)

But we love them just the same.

MELISSA KEMP

(toward the Indian)

You mean?

NATIVE AMERICAN RANGER

They don't belong here.

MELISSA KEMP

(to Head Park Ranger)

Isn't it Park Service policy to remove non-native species?

The Head Park Ranger fumbles for words as the Native American Ranger hides a smile.

MELISSA KEMP (CONT'D)
So, those hunters were doing your
Head Ranger job.

HEAD PARK RANGER
(to the young ranger)
I'll see you in my office.

NATIVE AMERICAN RANGER
All I said was those white Canadian
goats don't belong here.

MELISSA KEMP
Cut! There's no story here. I'll
never get back to national news.

CAMERAMAN
Drove five hours to get here. What
do we do for the rest of the day?

MELISSA KEMP
Let's drop in on that two-timing
Blayden Johnson while we're here in
the Black Hills.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE, COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY - DAY

FBI AGENT CRONIN (45) and DHS Agent Sergio Padilla are
meeting with DEAN LIKENS (female, 50) as Wes Powell walks in.

WES POWELL
You wanted to see me, Dean Likens?
Hi, Sergio.

DEAN LIKENS
I informed FBI Agent Cronin that
your report on Native American
relocations was confidential.

AGENT CRONIN
We're concerned your report might
spur more Native American violence.

SERGIO PADILLA
I'm here to protect your rights,
Wes.

AGENT CRONIN
We'd also like to learn more about
your history with Native American
activist, John Ochella. We need to
confiscate your computer.

WES POWELL
Over-reaction, don't you think?

AGENT CRONIN
Your rental car was used in a
bombing. You left the state. We'll
take a look.

WES POWELL
Got nothing to hide.

AGENT CRONIN
Then let's get that computer.

Walking to Wes's office, Agent Cronin demands answers.

AGENT CRONIN (CONT'D)
What's this social injustice report
about? We'll find out anyway.

WES POWELL
Remember Hurricane Katrina? The
twenty-seven percent of New
Orleans' folks who lived in poverty
who were evacuated last, and
couldn't get loans to rebuild.
Social injustice.

AGENT CRONIN
So your report will show that
Indians were pushed off good lands
and given poor lands. Is that it,
Indian lover?

WES POWELL
Justice lover. Every time. I added
statistics to the story. But you'll
have to wait to read it.

AGENT CRONIN
Why?

Powell SWINGS OPEN his office door. He's shocked. His desktop
computer is GONE.

WES POWELL
My computer!

Cronin, Sergio, and the Dean investigate the office. Powell
looks out his second-story window to the street below. A
thief runs across the street carrying the computer.

WES POWELL (CONT'D)
There it goes.

The others JUMP to the window. Cronin pulls his pistol.

The thief DISAPPEARS.

AGENT CRONIN

Somebody else wanted your report.
You're a magnet for trouble. I'd
lay low if I was you.

SERGIO PADILLA

Maybe get that son of yours and
leave town for a few days.

AGENT CRONIN

But don't leave the state.

DEAN LIKENS

Take a few days off, Wes. I'll take
your classes.

WES POWELL

Thanks, Dean Likens.

(beat)

The thief had square-toed boots.

SERGIO PADILLA

Good eyes. I'll tell Chari. Go on,
hide 'til we catch the bad guys.

EXT. KIT'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, FORT COLLINS - DAY

Wes DRIVES up to his son's school in his two-tone 1959 Chevy station wagon. School is in session. He sees two STRANGERS (35) wearing square-toed boots waiting with parents, so he drives on by and pulls out his Samsung Galaxy smartphone and calls a SCHOOL STAFF MEMBER (female, 40).

BEGIN VIDEO CALL

WES POWELL

Hi. This is Wes Powell. My son is
Kit Whitehorse Powell.

SCHOOL STAFF MEMBER

Yes, the face matches our records.

WES POWELL

We have a stranger-danger alert in
front of the school. I'd like to
pick Kit up in back of the school
today. My code is Flamingo.

SCHOOL STAFF MEMBER
Yes, that matches. I'll get Kit.

WES POWELL
The suspicious characters have
motorcycle boots on, one is short
in a blue coat. The other is tall,
black coat.

SCHOOL STAFF MEMBER
I'll notify the authorities.

Wes drives behind the school, where Kit is waiting with the School Staff Member. SIRENS blare in front of the school. Wes rushes to meet Kit, guides him to the car, and they drive off slowly.

KIT
Where we going, Daddy?

WES POWELL
Mommy's other house - Aspen.

KIT
But I've got school.

WES POWELL
Me too. But we're taking a few days
off to be a family again. It's
important to be together.

KIT
Mommy's gonna love me.

WES POWELL
All parents love their children
more than anything in the world.

Powell notices that Kit is saying 'Daddy' and 'Mommy', instead of 'Dad' and 'Mom'. He smiles, worriedly.

INT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Chari and Anita pace while waiting for news from their team in Washington, D.C. The computers buzz and light up.

BEGIN VIDEO CALL

CHARI CHANTELL
Becky, what is it?

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)
A daughter! Tappan had a daughter.

ANITA ROMO

What?

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)

An adopted Indian daughter. Sent her to the finest schools in Boston. Poor thing died young.

CHARI CHANTELL

Where's she buried?

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)

Boston, somewhere.

ANITA ROMO

I know what this means.

CHARI CHANTELL

Exactly. Find the grave before the grave robbers do! Off the radar.

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)

We're on it.

CHARI CHANTELL

And be careful. These grave robbers are armed and dangerous.

END VIDEO CALL

EXT. CUSTER STATE PARK, S.D. - DAY

A heavy-set SECURITY GUARD (70) stands outside Blayden Johnson's deluxe trailer as Melissa Kemp charges past him.

MELISSA KEMP

Open up, you two-timing bastard.

The security guard approaches Melissa, but she growls and he backs off. Blayden finally comes to the door. He's in his dusty Custer uniform, a sulking drunk.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Remie left me for good.

MELISSA KEMP

What happened?

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

The film is going bust. Career's over. New Indians can't ride worth shit. Hell, they're Greeks and Asians.

MELISSA KEMP
Where is she?

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
Flew off to Aspen.

MELISSA KEMP
What's in Aspen?

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
A Cash for Guns Picnic. She wants
to stop them - the gun tramp!

MELISSA KEMP
Why didn't my station tell me about
this? I'll never go national!

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
Join the failure club. If the
battle scene goes poorly tomorrow,
I'll kill myself. Comfort me?

He uses his best boyish grin to get her into the trailer.

MELISSA KEMP
I could fly to Aspen a bit later.

EXT./INT. WOODY CREEK TAVERN, ASPEN, COLORADO - NIGHT

Wes and Kit arrive at the most eclectic restaurant in Aspen,
the Woody Creek Tavern.

KIT
Is Mommy here? I'm hungry.

WES POWELL
She said she'd meet us here for a
late dinner. Her car is here.

Kit marvels at the Christmas lights and stuffed pig on the
roof as the door opens to the wild pub and cafe.

WES POWELL (CONT'D)
She's in the last booth!

Kit runs past a monstrous stuffed sailfish in the bar to his
mother's open arms in the cafe section.

KIT
Mommy, Mommy! I'm off school for a
few days.

WES POWELL

Except for homework. Hi, Sweetie,
great to see you.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Great to see you two. I didn't
expect it to be this loud.

WES POWELL

Where's your friend, Trenton?

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Not sure. Daniel said he was in
D.C. He told me he was coming to
the Cash For Guns Picnic tomorrow.

WES POWELL

We'll be here to help.

KIT

Who is the guy in the picture?

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Hunter S. Thompson, famous writer.

WES POWELL

They shot his ashes out of a
cannon.

KIT

He was burnt and shot from a
cannon?

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Cremated. It's when...

BAM, BAM. Two shots are fired in the bar. Wes and Silver
don't wait for explanations. They grab Kit and race out
through the kitchen.

INT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Chari and Anita receive an urgent video call from Becky
Rogers at an old cemetery in Boston. The clock reads 2 A.M.

BEGIN VIDEO CALL

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)

(whispering)

We found Minnie Tappan's tombstone
two hours ago. I let you sleep.

CHARI CHANTELL
You shouldn't have.

BECKY ROGERS
Shhh! Four strangers with headlamps
approached the grave.

Chari and Anita can't see much. The four grave robbers wear black. BOBBING HEADLAMPS are wandering aimlessly. Goofy Agent Schnelling pops up on one of Chari's screens.

CHARI CHANTELL
They don't know where to dig. Not
now, Agent Schnelling.

BECKY ROGERS
They're totally lost.

AGENT SCHNELLING
It's because of gas-powered lawn
mowers.

CHARI CHANTELL
What the hell are you talking
about, Schnelling?

AGENT SCHNELLING
Gardening crews in the forties
moved the tombstones into rows to
use their new gas-powered
lawnmowers easily.

ANITA ROMO
Who would be that stupid? You
wouldn't know who was buried where.

BECKY ROGERS
They gave up. They're leaving.
Should we stop them?

CHARI CHANTELL
Walking with headlamps isn't a
crime. We'll find Minnie Tappan.

ANITA ROMO
I'll get the permissions.

CHARI CHANTELL
The perps will be back. We'll bait
a tighter trap.

INT. ASPEN POLICE STATION - DAY

Dawn peeks late into Aspen valley. Police Chief Parker is uncuffing two DRUNKARDS (30) from the Woody Creek Tavern the night before. A well-dressed ATTORNEY (50) stands by.

POLICE CHIEF PARKER
Nobody's pressing charges. You can
thank the powerful gun lobby.

The two drunkards are handed their unloaded pistols.

POLICE CHIEF PARKER (CONT'D)
You can turn these in for two
hundred bucks each at the Cash for
Guns Picnic today.

DRUNKARD #1
Never! Rennie would kill us.

POLICE CHIEF PARKER
Free meal too. Looks like you could
use the meal and cash.

The attorney GLARES. The drunkards SHAKE their heads 'no'.

POLICE CHIEF PARKER (CONT'D)
Remember, only muzzle-loading
hunting rifles are allowed here on
the reservation. Think safety!

INT. HISTORIC JEROME HOTEL - SAME TIME - DAY

Golden maple syrup OOZES atop mountains of pancakes on everyone's plates. Silver's family, G. and Alissa Stands Tall, and Chief Parker all EAT happily. Twenty PATRONS (mixed ages) are in the cafe. MILLIE, (70) an elderly, forgetful waitress Brings more coffee.

MILLIE
Built in eighteen-eighty-nine.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Yes Millie. Thanks. We have a full
agenda this morning.

G. STANDS TALL
I hope our Cash for Guns picnic
goes well today.

MILLIE

First elevator west of the mighty
Miss. John Wayne, Gary Cooper, and
Lana Turner...

WES POWELL

(Interrupting)
More coffee, Millie?

Millie fetches more coffee. Silver WINKS at Wes and Kit.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Trenton's on his way. He reported
seeing many motorcycles on the
road.

A red pickup drives by with six armed men (20s-30s) wearing
red or blue bandannas covering their faces.

SILVER WHITEHORSE (CONT'D)

It's the militia.

WES POWELL

Duck and cover.

The patrons duck and cover, but no shots are fired.

MILITIA MEMBER #1

To hell with your cash!

MILITIA MEMBER #2

Ain't nobody turning in guns today!

They race away. The truck engine backfires with a BAM! The
other patrons scatter in panic.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Let's find a safe place for Kit and
all the children in town today.

Millie returns with coffee.

MILLIE

More coffee anyone? The penthouse
is safe. Why, during prohibition...

SILVER WHITEHORSE

We'll take you up on that, Millie.

EXT. DOWNTOWN ASPEN - DAY

Signs read: "Cash for Guns Picnic" "Free Lunch" "\$200 coupon for each weapon turned in, redeemable at any bank." Silver, the tribal leadership team, and volunteers wait nervously behind tables of bar-b-cue food, while the streets fill with a hundred Armed citizens (white males and females, 20-40), many in bandannas. Wes, Kit, and Millie look on from the Jerome Hotel. Silver steps up on a table with a bullhorn.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Don't be shy. Free ribs, corn, beans, and frybread.

POLICE CHIEF PARKER

Whether you turn in a gun or not.

The crowd ignores them. In the penthouse, Wes leaves Kit with Millie, grabs a blue napkin from the restaurant on the way out, ties it around his face, and becomes the first in line for food. A mother (30) with child (5) surrenders to the smell, as do others, but no one turns in a gun.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

(recognizing Wes)

Thanks for getting it started, but I'd feel safer if you watched Kit.

Wes ambles back to the hotel window as Trenton marches up to Silver and her team like a hero.

TRENTON BANKS

I have an important message from the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

He stands on a picnic table, with his own bullhorn.

TRENTON BANKS (CONT'D)

You're not turning in your guns?

MILITIA MEMBER #1

Damn right.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

(whispering to Trenton)

Not helping.

TRENTON BANKS

This whole country was ours, and we have three percent of it now.

MILITIA MEMBER #2

Now they are throwing us out!

TRENTON BANKS

Mistakes were made on both sides.
Most of you need money, so give up
your guns for two-hundred bucks,
damn it!

The crowd is angrier after Trenton's talk. Moments later, shots ring out. BAM! BAM! BAM! Trenton drops his bullhorn. Wes leaves the hotel window to shield his wife, as John Ochella, disguised in trench coat and bandanna, picks up the bullhorn and stomps to the center of the street. Silver steps atop the table with her bullhorn.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

We invited you here and fed you,
seeking an end to violence.

Remmie Dalton in a long fur coat and bandanna-covered face steps forward across the street as Wes reaches Silver.

REMINGTON DALTON

We have the right to bear firearms.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

They have a right to turn them in
for two-hundred bucks as a gesture
of peace.

John Ochella whips off his trench coat and bandanna. His clothes look drenched. He uses the bullhorn.

JOHN OCHELLA

Five hundred years of the white
invasion ends today!

Wes sees what's going to happen. He slowly makes his way around the crowd to Rimmie Dalton.

JOHN OCHELLA (CONT'D)

Oppression and genocide end today!

SILVER WHITEHORSE

John Ochella, what are you doing?
Your mom and sister were released.

JOHN OCHELLA

Ninety percent of our people are
gone. Our languages, culture gone.
(he lights a match)
Remember Jan Palach!

John Ochella bursts into flames. The crowd gasps. Wes rips the fur coat off Rimmie, runs, and leaps onto John, smothering the flames.

WES POWELL

Call 9-1-1!

REMINGTON DALTON

My coat! My coat!

Silver races to her husband.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Wes, how did you know?

WES POWELL

He studied in the Czech Republic,
where Jan Palach tried to end the
Soviet occupation the same way.

LATER

Chief Parker escorts the ambulance through the crowd.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

That's right. Peaceful protests
ended the Soviet reign. We can work
out our differences without guns.

As the ambulance rolls away, half the crowd begins turning in
their weapons. A defiant Rennie Dalton picks up her charred
coat and stomps away. Trenton slips away too. Silver hugs
Wes, then checks a text message on her phone.

SILVER WHITEHORSE (CONT'D)

Chad and Maggie found a place for
the All Nation's Powwow - a wolf
refuge outside Keystone.

WES POWELL

That's great! We're on our way to
the Black Hills tomorrow.

INT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Chari and Anita SMILE as they stare at computer screens.

CHARI CHANTELL

Nice text from Silver.

ANITA ROMO

Sounds like their picnic went as
well as could be expected.

CHARI CHANTELL

And the family is reconnecting.

ANITA ROMO

It would be nice to catch those
killers back east.

CHARI CHANTELL

Wrap it up, and take a vacation.

The video feeds from Becky light up a computer.

BEGIN VIDEO CALL

CHARI CHANTELL (CONT'D)

Becky, what's going on?

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)

About to open Minnie Tappan's
grave.

ANITA ROMO

Back up security?

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)

Snipers on the rooftops.
Plainclothes cops everywhere.
Armored car standing ready.

CHARI CHANTELL

Whatever is in there is worth
killing for. The trap is set.

A DOZEN POLICE (mixed ages) stand guard. One GRAVEDIGGER (40) hops in with a shovel to remove the last of the dirt. Everyone's wearing surgical masks. Becky positions her capcam directly over the casket. Another of Chari's computers show an incoming call. It's Secretary of the Interior Drummond.

CHARI CHANTELL (CONT'D)

Hello. Secretary Drummond?

LESTER DRUMMOND (V.O.)

Ms. Chantell, we're watching your
crew in Boston. We have an armored
car on site to take what you find
to the Smithsonian History Museum.

ANITA ROMO

What? That's preposterous.

CHARI CHANTELL

I understand. The Antiquities Act.

LESTER DRUMMOND (V.O.)

Exactly. Native American artifacts.

The sun sets as the coffin door is pried open. The skeletal remains of Minnie Tappan hold a small wax-covered book. The gravedigger grabs the book, struggles getting out of the grave and plops it in an opaque zip-lock bag.

LESTER DRUMMOND (V.O.)
Hand it over!

CHARI CHANTELL
Becky, hand it over to the armored
car guard. Shit!

Three Heavily Armed Guards (40) show identification, take the artifact, place it in a canvas bag, hop in the armored car, and drive away between two black Hummers. The gravedigger fills the hole as Becky is enveloped by the dark night.

END VIDEO CALL

ANITA ROMO
Night brings out the worst in
people.

INT. BAR IN KEYSTONE, S.D. - NIGHT

A Two-Man Band (30s) blasts country classics to a packed bar. Twenty Native American actors (20-40), who walked off the movie set, are in the front of the bar. Blayden Johnson, Melissa Kemp, and Kent Atwood sit at a center table. Twenty newly hired Greek and Asian actors (20-40) fill the back of the bar. Chad Hastings and Maggie Hastings enter, looking for Atwood.

KENT ATWOOD
Maggie Hastings. Over here.

Maggie Hastings pushes toward college-friend Kent, but is star-struck at seeing Blayden Johnson.

KENT ATWOOD (CONT'D)
Blayden and Melissa. Maggie
Hastings.

MAGGIE HASTINGS
and Chad Hastings, my...

CHAD HASTINGS
Husband.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
We're surrounded by Injuns. Only
one thing to do. Order more beer!

NATIVE AMERICAN PATRON
I thought Custer killed all the
Scab Injuns with Gatling guns.

GREEK PATRON
Real Indians don't need jobs, I
guess, but we real actors do!

Racial slurs and fists begin to fly. Blayden's group fight
their way out, with Blayden getting the worst of it.

INT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

Despite losing the Tappan's journal to Lester Drummond, Chari
works happily into the night.

ANITA ROMO
Why are you so happy?

CHARI CHANTELL
Our communications are secure.
Interior's communications are open.

ANITA ROMO
So, we still lost the journal.

CHARI CHANTELL
Not quite.

Chari's video screen rings on a secure channel. It's Becky
Rogers and the gravedigger in the back of a limo. Chari
accepts the call with Anita crowding Chari to see.

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)
Got it boss. Just like you said.

ANITA ROMO
Got what?

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)
The Tappan journal. We pulled a
switch getting it out of the grave.
The armored car is carrying a hotel
bible in an opaque bag.

CHARI CHANTELL
There'll be hell to pay when they
find out tomorrow morning in D.C.

ANITA ROMO
What's it look like?

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)
It's covered in melted candle wax.

CHARI CHANTELL
Waterproof. Better than Tupperware,
it's Tappan-ware.

BECKY ROGERS (V.O.)
It saved the journal for sure.

ANITA ROMO
Why didn't you tell me?

CHARI CHANTELL
You had to look convincing on the
video phone calls with Interior.
Get the journal to our lab. We'll
find a discrete archeologist to
open it up for a peek.

ANITA ROMO
Can't we crack it now?

CHARI CHANTELL
It's been waiting over a hundred
years. We'll do it safely in the
morning. The trap for the killers
is set at the Smithsonian tomorrow
morning.

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

Two scenes unfold one-quarter mile apart. At Department of Homeland Security on Seventh Street, Becky and an archeologist friend are carefully melting wax from around the old journal.

Meanwhile, two blocks away at the Smithsonian Institute, an armored car is backing up to the loading dock. Ten armed members of Chari's SECURITY TEAM (30-40) and Two FBI Observers (40) are in place. The moment the armored car opens it back, a ROCKET-GRENADE flies into the open door. KABOOM! Three armed assassins move in on the truck, but they are swiftly killed in a barrage of gunfire. A safe distance away, the lone remaining tall, male, blonde assassin disappears. Becky and the archeologist hear the explosion and gunfire, and speed up their work. Her cap-cam sends video to Chari.

BEGIN VIDEO CALL

BECKY ROGERS
What was that?

CHARI CHANTELL (V.O.)
They took the bait. We have a man
down, but he's okay. Three
assassins were terminated.

BECKY ROGERS
Weren't there four?

CHARI CHANTELL (V.O.)
Still hunting. How's the journal?

BECKY ROGERS
Almost got it.

ANITA ROMO (V.O.)
You got to work fast. We had to
tell the FBI.

CHARI CHANTELL (V.O.)
We're sure they told Drummond.

Becky hears pounding on the locked door. She grabs her capcam
and turns it on. Then she grabs the old journal from the
archeologist, as he pulls off the last of the wax.

The pounding turns to kicking at the glass door.

BECKY ROGERS
Let them in? We're recording.

CHARI CHANTELL (V.O.)
You have to, it's the law. Damn!

The archeologist opens the glass door as the two FBI
observers (from the Smithsonian scene) storm in. Becky turns
from them, points her cap down, and thumbs through a dozen
pages of the journal before it's ripped from her hands. She
is thrown to the floor.

FBI AGENT
(into his sleeve)
Got it, Chief.
(beat)
She didn't have time to read it.

The FBI agents race OUT with the journal.

END VIDEO CALL

INT. BROWN PALACE HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Chari and Anita are reviewing the cap-cam video when they get
a smartphone call from the Director of Homeland Security.

BEGIN PHONE CALL

CHARI CHANTELL

Yes, Sir. This line is safe.

(beat)

Yes, Sir. I understand. We're on vacation. You're telling us that our team shot the men who were the Denver bombers and the Arlington Assassins - case closed.

(beat)

Yes, sir.

CHARI CHANTELL (CONT'D)

It was wrong to pull the switch at the cemetery, but the Smithsonian rocket-grenade would have destroyed it, sir.

(beat)

So Anita and I have a few days off, administrative leave for butting in on the FBI and BIA. Yes, sir.

END PHONE CALL

Chari angrily grasps her phone. Anita looks crushed.

CHARI CHANTELL (CONT'D)

What say we take a few days off and powwow in the Black Hills?

ANITA ROMO

Silver and Wes did invite us.

CHARI CHANTELL

And your dream boy, Blayden Johnson, is shooting a movie there.

ANITA ROMO

Black Hills here we come.

EXT. ROADS COLORADO TO THE BLACK HILLS - DAY

Three cars, only a few miles apart, drive toward the Black Hills. Swerving slowly and happily in the '59 Chevy station wagon, are Wes, Silver, and Kit.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Time to celebrate. John Ochella is going to be okay, thanks to you.

WES POWELL

And Chad and Maggie found a private wolf refuge and campground to hold your big powwow.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

The Cash for Guns Picnic did as well as could be expected.

WES POWELL

I have another surprise. My report on social injustice of Native Americans was approved and sent on to the Department of the Interior.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Lester Drummond? The Sioux may get a much better settlement.

(beat)

If they want one?

KIT

And I get to play the drums at the powwow.

WES POWELL

We're feeling like a family again.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

And, I need a family vacation.

WES POWELL

In the Black Hills.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

The Paha Sapa.

A little later, a small sedan, containing Chari and Anita, drives exactly the speed limit.

CHARI CHANTELL

Still no phone reception in this third world state.

ANITA ROMO

Could be worse in the Black Hills.

CHARI CHANTELL

I'm not convinced we got the bomber.

ANITA ROMO

Police say it was John Ochella, so he tried to commit suicide.

CHARI CHANTELL

FBI says it's linked to the animal killings in the Black Hills: Indian activists.

ANITA ROMO

Those assassins after Tappan's journal in D.C. weren't Indians.

CHARI CHANTELL

And one got away. That's crimefighting by committee for you. But we're off the case, remember?

ANITA ROMO

Wait 'til we show Silver the first few pages of that journal. But we're on vacation, right?

CHARI CHANTELL

Let's call it a working vacation.

A little later, a metallic-green hybrid sports coup, seemingly with one occupant, races toward the Black Hills. Another body squirms in the tiny back seat, beneath a soot-covered fur coat.

TRENTON BANKS

You finally awake, Ms. Dalton?

Remmie Dalton uncovers herself and HOPS next to Trenton.

REMYNGTON DALTON

Why did you pick me up in Aspen? My driver was coming.

TRENTON BANKS

Looked like you needed to get out of Dodge quickly.

REMYNGTON DALTON

So did you. Drop me off at Blayden's trailer at the movie set, will ya? Thanks for the lift.

TRENTON BANKS

I told you, I'm heading to powwow a few miles from there. No big deal.

REMYNGTON DALTON

I haven't figured you out, Mr. Banks. You work for the feds, but almost started a war in Aspen.

TRENTON BANKS

I get confused. I'll make it up to my Sioux friends by getting them a good settlement offer.

REMINGTON DALTON

Settlement offer?

TRENTON BANKS

Yes, for the Black Hills. Still not settled. A billion dollars will buy schools, jobs, and health care.

REMINGTON DALTON

They'll love you, huh?

TRENTON BANKS

We'll see. What about your movie star boyfriend? He love you?

REMINGTON DALTON

That six-timing hack? His last day filming is today. If the Indians don't kill him, I will!

EXT. CUSTER STATE PARK, SOUTH DAKOTA - DAY

The cameras and extras are set. A filming helicopter is overhead burning dollars. The director paces.

DIRECTOR

Where the hell's Blayden?

Blayden exits his trailer, with a makeup artist poorly covering his black eye.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

I'm here. One take is all I need.

Blayden painfully HOPS on his horse atop the hill.

DIRECTOR

Camera. Action.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Hold the Gatlings on my orders!
Hold 'em. Hold 'em.

The Greek and Asian "Indians" flail on their horses, fall without a shot fired, and ride off in different directions.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Fire!

The three Gatling guns fire away. The Director cringes. The crew refrains from laughing. Blayden is oblivious, as the adoring Melissa Kemp looks on. The Director is relieved.

DIRECTOR

Cut. Custer's Very Last Stand. It's a wrap!

Melissa grabs Blayden's arm and drags him toward his trailer, as cast and crew shake hands and shrug.

MELISSA KEMP

How does it really end? Custer can't live.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

It's Hollywood. Of course he can! Hell, it's about time he won the Little Bighorn battle.

They reach his trailer door. He proudly steps up and stops in the doorway as Melissa is on the second step.

MELISSA KEMP

That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

What difference does it make? It's a movie. It's my movie!

She slips and falls back on her butt, and he doesn't reach for her.

MELISSA KEMP

You crazy Son-of-a-Bitch. You can't let the movie end like that.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

It gets worse. Rennie's on her way.

MELISSA KEMP

On a broom or a motorcycle?

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

For our safety, you'd better go.

Melissa storms off as Blayden grabs a bottle of Scotch.

EXT. KEYSTONE, S.D. - DAY

It's late afternoon. The thunder of hundreds of motorcycles contrasts with the quiet mountain town.

The riders sport camouflage fatigues and blue or red bandannas. A black BMW sedan rolls slowly ahead of the parade. Sheriff James is there to intercept the lead car.

SHERIFF JAMES

I'm Sheriff Sam James. License and registration, please.

JEFF HANKEY

Is there a problem?

SHERIFF JAMES

I wanna know what we're up against.

JEFF HANKEY

Here to see Mount Rushmore. These deer hunters have the same idea, I guess.

SHERIFF JAMES

Deer hunters on motorcycles? Uh huh. Well, welcome to Keystone, Mr. Hankey. We'll be watching you.

Hankey DRIVES on to his hotel at the edge of town. Sheriff James calls his only reinforcements, HAROLD BAKER, 62, the oldest sheriff on the force, and BILLY PACE, 21, a trainee. They are both in plainclothes.

SHERIFF JAMES (CONT'D)

Billy, you know what to do. Follow old Harry down the street like he's your granddad. Get mug shots and license plates on camera without raising suspicion.

BILLY PACE

Got it. Let's go, Gramps.

Harry growls, but plays along to get the recording.

SHERIFF JAMES

They ain't huntin' deer. Find out what they're huntin'.

(beat)

Or who?

EXT. WOLF SANCTUARY AND CAMPGROUND - DAY

Nine miles south of Keystone, Native Americans and friends help each other set up tipis and tents for the powwow at the Black Hills Wolf Sanctuary and Campground.

Silver, Wes, and Kit arrive to cheers by relatives (Daniel Whitehorse, and wife, LACEY; (28) and friends (Chad Hastings and Maggie Hastings). Wolves PACE in pens as Chari and Anita pull in.

CHARI CHANTELL

The wolves must know we're from Washington.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Nonsense. Glad you could join us.

ANITA ROMO

Why is everyone so happy?

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

News of a bigger settlement.

LACEY WHITEHORSE

Five billion dollars!

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Wes's social injustice report and Daniel's efforts may have bumped up the offer.

Sioux elder, Old BEN, 70, joins the group. He hugs Daniel and Silver and smiles.

OLD BEN

We need the jobs, schools, and health services.

Daniel and Silver squirm.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

It could be five times that if we prove we were coerced into signing the eighteen-seventy-seven treaty!

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Anything new on the Tappan journal?

CHARI CHANTELL

We dug it up from his daughter's grave in Boston. The FBI stole it from us in Washington. That's it.

The news horrifies, Silver, Daniel, and the Sioux elders.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

Drummond has the journal?

SILVER WHITEHORSE
He'll burn it!

OLD BEN
Remember, we are here to celebrate.

Old Ben storms away. Seven DRUMMERS (mixed ages) and seven DANCERS (mixed ages) begin. Kit happily joins them. News of the potential settlement spreads joy.

CHARI CHANTELL
(whispers)
We have the first dozen pages on video.

Chari pulls out a small TABLET COMPUTER, and scrolls through the pages slowly.

WES POWELL
What makes the journal so special?

SILVER WHITEHORSE
It may prove the U.S. acted in bad faith. Wow! Look at this! He was on our side. We need the whole thing!

DANIEL WHITEHORSE
The Black Hills could revert to our ownership, if the courts agreed.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
If the leadership accepts the five billion dollars, it's over anyway.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE
We would be relinquishing all future claims to the Paha Sapa.

ANITA ROMO
Our government would never bury the journal. Would they?

WES POWELL
To keep the valuable Black Hills?

DANIEL WHITEHORSE
And keep us poor at Pine Ridge?

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Like they have for a hundred and forty years. Our more militant brothers would not like that.

The drummers, including Kit, drum louder, and sounding like war drums. A wolf HOWLS from the pens behind the campground.

INT. OLD HUNTING CABIN - NIGHT

Twelve militant Sioux (male and female, 20-60) stare angrily at legal papers. Elder, Hector Throne (70) advises the group. LITTLE THORNE (20), Hector's grandson, is also his assistant.

HECTOR THORNE

His name is Trenton Banks. Let's hear what he has to say about the one-point-three-billion dollar settlement we don't want.

LITTLE THORNE

Grandfather, he's from the government!

SIOUX WOMAN

And he's here to help us!

Everyone LAUGHS.

HECTOR THORNE

Maybe he has more news than our lawyers have.

LITTLE THORNE

I'll fetch him. I know the drill.

Little Thorne brings Trenton in, stripped, except for a towel around his waist. The crowd gasps. Trenton is covered with tattoos.

TRENTON BANKS

I'm Ojibwa. My tattoos ward off bad spirits. I'm not wearing a wire. I'm here to help you.

Everyone but Trenton laughs.

LITTLE THORNE

You must grab this arrowhead and swear to be honest.

Hector extends an obsidian-tipped arrow. It cuts into Trenton's hand as he grips it mightily.

TRENTON BANKS

I have three truths to leave you.
First, the Sioux are seen as a
toothless nation. The feds will
offer you nothing more.

The crowd grumbles.

TRENTON BANKS (CONT'D)

Two, a militia is growing to fight
the Cheyenne in Colorado, and the
Sioux leadership here.

The crowd grumbles more.

LITTLE THORNE

You are trying to scare us like the
hundreds of motorcyclists in
Keystone.

Trenton looks bewildered.

TRENTON BANKS

Keystone? Huh. Anyway, number three
was that I'm here to attend the
powwow and celebrate my culture.
Fight back or you will lose yours!
I weep for your weak people.

The bees are riled. Trenton exits proudly.

LITTLE THORNE

Grandpa, should we attack Keystone?

HECTOR THORNE

He's from Washington, and he's
here...

Everyone laughs again.

HECTOR THORNE (CONT'D)

Let's go to the powwow and learn.

EXT. POWWOW CAMPGROUND - DAY

The sun rises at the wolf refuge and campground. The mood of
the camp is euphoric.

Silver, Wes, Kit and friends follow Old Ben and Sioux elders
up a trail behind the camp.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

New guests bring rumors of a potential five-billion-dollar settlement offer to the Sioux. Where's my brother?

LACEY CHOW

Must have gone for a morning run.

KIT

Where are we going?

WES POWELL

To the top of the ridge.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

To greet the new morning.

OLD BEN

Offer a prayer to the Great Spirit to guide us.

They all hear the ominous low RUMBLE of motorcycles. Seconds later, two hundred riders from Keystone drive by.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

They won't intimidate us!

At the ridge top, Hector Thorne, Little Thorne, and the twelve militant Sioux are holding Daniel and Trenton captive.

OLD BEN

What's this about, Hector?

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Daniel, are you okay? Trenton, what are you doing here?

Lacey Whitehorse runs to hug her husband, Daniel. Wes, Chari, and Anita are confused.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

Fine. I don't blame them. Mixed messages about the settlement.

TRENTON BANKS

Neither of us knew about the five-billion-dollar settlement.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

It's not official. If they've seen the Tappan journal, I think it might go as high as twenty-five billion dollars.

TRENTON BANKS
 It's one-point-three billion
 dollars, and the Tappan journal
 likely was destroyed.

Little Thorne and militant Sioux aim rusty four old hunting
 rifles at Trenton.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
 Put down those rifles!

CHARI CHANTELL
 You're breaking several federal
 laws already.

HECTOR THORNE
 We are a sovereign nation.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
 Act like a nation, not terrorists.

WES POWELL
 Let's go Kit, and you others. Let
 them settle this.

Wes, Kit, Chari and the others turn and go.

TRENTON BANKS
 If I went to Keystone, I could
 prove what I say is true.

HECTOR THORNE
 Let him go. Gather your proof, or
 don't come back! Ever!

They untie Trenton and he races down the trail. They untie
 Daniel and laugh.

HECTOR THORNE (CONT'D)
 We had to know about the government
 man.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE
 I understand.
 (laughing)
 Thanks for not throwing me off the
 cliff.

OLD BEN
 Let's offer a prayer, then go down
 for a sweat and a smoke.

After a prayer, the group trudges down the trail back to an
 awaiting sweat lodge.

INT. SWEAT LODGE - DAY

Old Ben and Silver and company sit opposite Hector and the militants. Traditions are followed, as a large hot stone is rolled in with a stick, and water is added for steam. Ben passes the pipe reverently, the head of the pipe always toward the center. Kit watches every move.

OLD BEN

Thank you, Hector, for bringing
such a fine pipe.

HECTOR THORNE

We thank our ancestors for bringing
us all to the Paha Sapa.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

(whispers to Daniel)

Will you accept the settlement?

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

(whispering back)

It's complicated. A one-time payout
may soon be dust in the wind.

OLD BEN

The winds are crossed. If we accept
the offer, we appear weak, but we
need the money to create jobs.

HECTOR THORNE

If we resist, we are called
militants, but the Paha Sapa is not
for sale - at any price.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

If we do nothing, we become ghosts.

KIT

Ghosts, Mom?

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Our people and culture disappear
with each passing year.

OLD BEN

Our people will vote. For now, we
will sweat, think, dance, and pray.
That is all I have to say!

EXT. POWWOW CAMPGROUND - SAME

Meanwhile, Chari and Anita finally get satellite Web reception in the meadow. On a tablet computer, they view a cap-cam video sent to them by auto-mail by Becky Rogers the night before. Becky is seen opening her door slowly. The chain-lock strains. A tall, blond man smiles unknowingly into the cap-cam. He presents identification - an FBI BADGE. Moments later, he kicks in the door and shoots Becky twice. Chari and Anita collapse in the meadow and cry. The video abruptly ends and they lose their satellite connection.

INT. KEYSTONE HOTEL SUITE - SAME

Trenton sweats nervously in the hall outside a penthouse suite. Two ARMED GUARDS (40) stand outside the door. The guards escort Trenton into the dark suite, then leave.

JEFF HANKEY

How can I help you, Mr. Banks?

TRENTON BANKS

You know why I'm here. My agency wants the Sioux to settle the Black Hills dispute for as little money as possible.

JEFF HANKEY

You're an Indian, you work for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, yet you need our help?

TRENTON BANKS

The militant Sioux will never settle, unless your militia attacks them, and they fight back.

JEFF HANKEY

Are you a traitor? Judas Iscariot to their Jesus? Brutus to their Caesar? How do you personally benefit, Mr. Banks?

TRENTON BANKS

A low settlement is in both our interests. The whites keep the Hills, the tribes get some funds.

JEFF HANKEY

You didn't answer the question.

TRENTON BANKS

A settlement is in my interest.
That's all!

JEFF HANKEY

What if I told you that a certain embarrassing journal surfaced that could bump it up to twenty-five-billion dollars?

Trenton goes ballistic. He screams and paces.

TRENTON BANKS

(pacing)

They found the Tappan journal. They could buy back a lot of land in the Black Hills, creating a huge reservation on prime land.

JEFF HANKEY

Unless you can get the militant Sioux to attack us!

TRENTON BANKS

With only four old hunting rifles?

JEFF HANKEY

You could save our nation almost twenty-four-billion dollars with one first shot.

As Trenton stomps out of the room, MR. LEXINGTON, a tall blonde man (40; Becky's killer) races past Trenton into the suite. The guards follow him in, locking the doors.

JEFF HANKEY (CONT'D)

Mr. Lexington, you failed us in Arlington, Boston, and in D.C.

MR. LEXINGTON

I'm in charge here, you Nazi throwback. Don't you forget it! They have the journal. We've lost. It's back to Colorado for us.

JEFF HANKEY

You've lost. We haven't. We're not going anywhere.

The guards pull their revolvers with silencers and execute Mr. Lexington.

JEFF HANKEY (CONT'D)

Clean this mess up. Have our riders
intimidate the powwow site. Get
them to fire first. Understand?

INT. BLAYDEN JOHNSON'S TRAILER, CUSTER STATE PARK - DAY

Remington Dalton giggles as she rolls atop Blayden Johnson in
bed. She grabs her smartphone and reads a text message
privately, then she collapses the phone in anger.

REMYINGTON DALTON

The militia waited for you to lead
them in Aspen, you Son-of-a-Bitch.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

I was filming. My career comes
first. Hell, I do that militia crap
for you anyway.

REMYINGTON DALTON

How much land did you lose to
Indians in the Colorado reservation
theft?

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Nine estates and three properties.
About thirty million dollars worth.

REMYINGTON DALTON

Property in the Black Hills?

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

'Bout the same. But when this movie
comes out...

REMYINGTON DALTON

(Interrupting)

A friend texted me. If we could get
the Indians at the powwow to fire
on us, they'll never get the Black
Hills back.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

How could we do that?

REMYINGTON DALTON

Gatling guns and bunch of blanks!
Darling, can't you borrow a few
movie props for your honey-
britches?

EXT. POWWOW CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Two distinct groups of Native Americans fill the powwow site. A peaceful group led by Ben Fox includes exuberant Sioux elders, dancers, and drummers surrounding the central fire pit, celebrating rumors of a big settlement.

The second group, led by Hector Thorne and the militant Sioux are angry about any settlement. Silver, her family, and friends are torn between, except for Kit, who is drumming happily. Wes is pacing and thinking intensely.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Sorry about Becky, your agent.

ANITA ROMO

Why didn't they protect her?

CHARI CHANTELL

All we know is, her killer escaped to Rapid City, and we are two spies out in the cold, and out of contact.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

At least the drummers and dancers are happy.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

For twenty-five billion reasons.

HECTOR THORNE

That's all speculation! And, the Paha Sapa is not for sale.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

(pointing to the dancers)

You can't tell them that!

Wes puts the story together in his mind.

WES POWELL

Motorcycle boots!

SILVER WHITEHORSE

What?

WES POWELL

Motorcycle boots. Trenton Banks may not be on your side.

CHARI CHANTELL

He's with Indian Affairs.

HECTOR THORNE

They've screwed us for a hundred
and forty years.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

He was tragically ineffective in
Washington.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

(pondering)

He was equally incompetent at the
Cash for Guns Picnic, but maybe he
lacks social skills.

WES POWELL

When he jumped on the table, I saw
his motorcycle boots.

Little Thorne and three militants (20) wave rusty hunting
rifles as they screech to a stop in an old pickup truck.

LITTLE THORNE

There's over two hundred deer
hunters with motorcycles in
Keystone.

HECTOR THORNE

Deer hunters? Motorcycles? I think
the militia plans to attack.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Any sign of Trenton?

LITTLE THORNE

His fancy sports car was in
Keystone.

WES POWELL

(sadly)

He doesn't act Indian.

HECTOR THORNE

We have his dried blood on an
arrowhead. We could test it. Old
Ben has Goldstein blood-test kits
for the college tuition kids.

Hector sends sign language to Old Ben as the only way to
communicate above the drums. Old Ben ambles over.

HECTOR THORNE (CONT'D)

We need to check a dried blood
sample. Have a kit we could use?

OLD BEN

Kits in my car. But I don't care
for them.

Old Ben agrees. He returns with a test kit as Hector unwraps
the arrowhead. They test the blood. It's NEGATIVE.

HECTOR THORNE

Wes was right. He's not Indian.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Many of us have mixed blood.
Diluted over the centuries.

WES POWELL

But Trenton misrepresents himself
as Indian. It's a trust issue.

Dancers and drummers raise the volume for the joyous "Plenty
Buffalo Song." Ten motorcycles drive by hauntingly. A minute
later, a pickup truck races down the highway, firing a
Gatling gun at the powwow. BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM! BAM!

WES POWELL (CONT'D)

Find cover, everyone! I'll get Kit.

The shots continue as panic sweeps through the crowd.
Everyone dives into the ditches, but no one is hurt. The
truck disappears and the firing stops.

CHAD HASTINGS

I can't call 9-1-1. No signal!

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Is anyone hurt?

LITTLE THORNE

No holes in the tipis!

WES POWELL

How could they have missed us all?
And this table? They were firing
blanks!

Kit is shaking in fear.

OLD BEN

Quick, bring me a long, thin willow
branch.

HECTOR THORNE

Little Throne. Fetch fishing line
from my truck.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
They were trying to scare us.

WES POWELL
Probably blanks from the movie set.

KIT
(sobbing)
What are you making?

Old Ben and Hector quickly manufacture a DREAM CATCHER.

OLD BEN
Those bad people thought they could
scare us.

HECTOR THORNE
But they could not.

OLD BEN
Put this in your tipi tonight. All
bad dreams get trapped in the web.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
They are right, Kit. Dream catchers
go back hundreds of years.

A low siren sounds in the distance. Soon, Sheriff James and
Billy pull in to the powwow site.

SHERIFF JAMES
What happened here tonight?

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Crazed militia shot at us.

SHERIFF JAMES
Uh-huh. I don't see a single bullet
hole. Can you identify them?

HECTOR THORNE
It's dark and cold. They bundled up
and wore bandannas and helmets. So,
no.

WES POWELL
We're pretty sure they were firing
blanks from the back of a pickup.

SHERIFF JAMES
Did you shoot back at them?

Sheriff James inspects the four old rifles in the hands of
Little Thorne and the militants.

LITTLE THORNE
Not loaded. None of them.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
This is private property. You got a
warrant?

SHERIFF JAMES
(ignoring Silver)
Billy, collect the rifles.

Billy smells the barrels and shrugs. Silver and the Sioux are
outraged.

BILLY PACE
What for? They're telling the
truth.

SHERIFF JAMES
Load 'em in the car. Stay here,
Billy, while I hunt down the truck.

Old Ben and Hector yell at the sheriff as he's leaving.

OLD BEN
We wouldn't fire on anyone - don't
want to jeopardize a settlement.

HECTOR THORNE
No one will scare us off the Paha
Sapa!

EXT. POWWOW CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

The dancers and drummers rest and eat as children are put to
bed in tipis and tents. Wes and Silver cuddle by a gentle
fire.

WES POWELL
I've been a fool. Kit and I are
moving to Aspen, so we can be a
family again.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
But your professorship and
research? I've been a bigger fool.
I thought I could lead a nation and
a family in different places.

They kiss as the drummers and dancers reassemble.

WES POWELL
We're a couple of fools.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
 Fools in love. Nothing will
 separate us again.

A sports car screeches of the highway onto the driveway of
 the powwow site. It skids to a stop. Trenton hops out in a
 panic. The militant Sioux greet him like a party crasher.

TRENTON BANKS
 Wait! I can explain!

SILVER WHITEHORSE
 This better be good.

OLD BEN
 You didn't tell us about the five
 billion or twenty-five-billion-
 dollar settlement offers.

TRENTON BANKS
 My boss didn't tell me about them.

HECTOR THORNE
 You're not an Indian. Why should we
 believe you?

TRENTON BANKS
 (tearing up)
 I was adopted by an Ojibwa. I left
 a home where I was treated like a
 slave. I put myself through school.

WES POWELL
 What did you learn in Keystone?

TRENTON BANKS
 Jeff Hankey, the militia leader is
 a bitter old man. He blames all
 Indians for the bombings in Denver.
 He's going to attack at dawn.

OLD BEN
 That's ridiculous. The sheriff will
 stop him.

TRENTON BANKS
 The sheriff can't stop two hundred
 armed men. He could not stop the
 Gatling gunners - but I did!

SILVER WHITEHORSE
 What?

TRENTON BANKS

Remington Dalton drove the pickup and Blayden Johnson shot from the back. I have them tied up.

BILLY PACE

You tied up a movie star and a gun rights association president?

TRENTON BANKS

Citizen's arrest. They're about a mile away, tied to a tree.

WES POWELL

You can't leave them tied up.

BILLY PACE

We'll go fetch them.

Billy hops in Trenton's car, while the others try to make sense of the turn of the events. Minutes later, Trenton's car returns with Blayden's and Rennie's hands tied together. The drummers and dancers stop to see what's up.

TRENTON BANKS

Here they are. The killers.

REMYINGTON DALTON

They were blanks, you idiot.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

I was making some noise to promote my new movie.

HECTOR THORNE

We know, Custer's Very Last Stand.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

(grinning)

It's already working.

OLD BEN

Untie them.

REMYINGTON DALTON

Mr. Banks, I'll have you arrested for kidnapping.

Chari and Anita run up, catching the gist of the conversation.

CHARI CHANTELL

You might have these two celebrities on a hate crime - badgering Native Americans to promote gun sales and a bad movie. Hold them all until the sheriff comes back.

BILLY PACE

(shaking his radio)
Still no reception!

ANITA ROMO

No phone signal either.

Ominous motorcycles rumble by on the highway.

CHARI CHANTELL

It's from the north.

BILLY PACE

And the south.

TRENTON BANKS

They'll block both ways out to the freeway.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

What should we do, Old Ben?

OLD BEN

I'm not sure.

WES POWELL

We need to call for help, somehow. If we could hike to the pickup with the Gatling gun a mile away, we could probably drive right past them to Rapid City.

BILLY PACE

This is a job for a Sheriff Intern. And I know where the truck is.

ANITA ROMO

I could go with him and call our superiors for real help.

CHARI CHANTELL

Good idea. Sure you can handle it?

BILLY PACE

Back in an hour.

Billy and Anita RUN into the woods. Trenton gets UNEASY by the minute.

TRENTON BANKS

You have to show the militia that you're not afraid of them!

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Are you insane. Little Thorne and the boys have only four hunting bows in the whole camp! And if we attack, we'll lose any hope for a settlement.

TRENTON BANKS

We're doomed. It's Wounded Knee all over again. You're the idiots. You're all going to die. If they kill your leaders, the rest of you will die of apathy. I'm leaving!

Trenton panics and runs down the road into the dark.

HECTOR THORNE

Coward! You're no Indian.

TRENTON BANKS

I surrender. I surrender.

BAM! BAM! The shots shatter the night. Motorcycles race away in both directions, stopping a little ways down the highway.

CHARI CHANTELL

We wait for the sheriff, or Anita and Billy.

OLD BEN

We will dance and drum. No one will intimidate our proud nation.

WES POWELL

(softly)

We have to get a call out for help!

Two hours pass without word outside. The Sioux drummers and dancers continue. Every few minutes, the motorcycles REV their engines or shoot a weapon.

LITTLE THORNE

Do you really think they'll attack?

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

It's all my fault.

He brushes his cheek against Remie's cheek. She watches the dancers, absorbed.

REMINGTON DALTON

My fault too. Hey, this is my first powwow. The dancers and drummers toss you into the past.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

Wait, was this a revelation?

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

The movie thing is all mine. The gun thing is all the gun witch's. Guns are a bad idea.

REMINGTON DALTON

I'm not waiving my second amendment rights for my weenie of a Hollywood boy-toy. There's a lot of evil in the world and we need protection.

WES POWELL

Your Gatling gun stunt wasn't exactly promoting peace. You should both be ashamed of yourselves.

CHARI CHANTELL

I agree with Wes. We need a second attempt to call for help.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

There's a phone and satellite computer in my trailer.

WES POWELL

How far away is that?

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

'Bout nine miles to the south.

Blayden points to the north, and everyone laughs.

REMINGTON DALTON

You're a second-rate actor, not a woodsman. They'll kill you if they catch you. Are you crazy?

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

(in a hero's voice)

I was crazy listening to you instead of these true Americans: the first Americans.

Blayden points to the dancers and drummers, then stands proudly for effect.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON (CONT'D)

I was crazy to let you talk me into firing up the militia in Breckenridge and Brighton, and for hosting that stupid Columbus Day parade.

(beat)

I was crazy for taking on the role of Custer with Gatling guns for your gun-crazy producers. And you almost shot my nuts off in my trailer, you crazy bitch.

REMINGTON DALTON

You can't prove any of this.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Why did you have me fire the Gatling gun at these peaceful Sioux?

REMINGTON DALTON

(genuinely sad)

But you lost tens of millions of dollars in real estate to them in Colorado and the Black Hills.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

I never cared about the money. I cared about you. Acting and you.

The drummers and dancers suddenly stop. Rennie hops up and dusts her designer clothes off. She looks dejected.

REMINGTON DALTON

Okay. I get it. You always love acting first and me second.

(beat)

I'm old fashioned. Out of step. Let me go.

Rennie stumbles down the driveway into the dark and cold. No one tries to stop her. After she's gone, Little Thorne jumps to life.

LITTLE THORNE

I can guide Mr. Johnson to his trailer. I know every square inch of the Paha Sapa.

HECTOR THORNE

It could take you four hours or more. It would be very dangerous.

CHARI CHANTELL

Call or e-mail this information to my team in Washington.

Chari hands Blayden a small note.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Got it. We won't fail you.

Blayden begins walking in the wrong direction. Little Thorne turns him around and heads him in the right direction. Chari, Silver, Old Ben, and Hector look worried. The night turns a chilling cold.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

They wouldn't really attack us, would they?

HECTOR THORNE

They have long-range rifles, a revenge motive for the bombings, and they want the land. It's open season like it was for hundreds of years.

SILVER

My child, husband, and friends are here. Innocent bystanders.

CHARI CHANTELL

Collateral damage.

OLD BEN

We must get some rest. We'll negotiate with them at dawn.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

I agree, diplomacy.

HECTOR THORNE

We must continue our powwow celebration tomorrow.

WES POWELL

You folks go to sleep. I need to think about things for a while.

The fire dies down in the main fire pit. Wes sits alone. A wolf howls.

It is still dark when Little Thorne runs into the powwow site. Wes pops up to meet him.

WES POWELL (CONT'D)

Little Thorne. You made it. Where's Blayden? Did you get through?

LITTLE THORNE

Mr. Johnson was amazing! We jogged the whole way. I told him the real history of Custer in the Paha Sapa.

WES POWELL

But is he okay?

LITTLE THORNE

He liked the part when the treaty gave the Sioux the Black Hills for as long as the grass grows, rivers flow, and the sky is blue.

WES POWELL

Yes, yes, but where is he? Who did you phone?

LITTLE THORNE

Two men with guns guarded his trailer. He crawled on his belly, then climbed atop, and dropped in the air vent. He got his wireless tablet computer and sneaked out.

WES POWELL

Go on.

LITTLE THORNE

He e-mailed Ms. Chantell's team in Washington, and the sheriff's department in Rapid City.

WES POWELL

That's great news. Any response?

LITTLE THORNE

The sheriff won't get here for a few hours, but we got back fast 'cause Mr. Johnson stole the catering van. They shot at the tires, but we made it. He let me out two miles up the road, because they were guarding the entry to the powwow. He is so cool!

WES POWELL

Yes, but what about the response?

LITTLE THORNE

Ms. Chantell's team said "Chari, hide your computer to protect Tappan's journal. And they said the government and news people think Ms. Dalton, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Banks were kidnapped by Sioux militants!

WES POWELL

That's ridiculous.

LITTLE THORNE

It gets worse. The Governor isn't sending help. He told the sheriff to form a posse from the militia to rescue our captives. Old West style.

WES POWELL

There are no captives.

Hector, Old Ben, Chari, Silver, and Daniel look to Wes. He begins to gather watering hoses from the campground.

HECTOR THORNE

Grandson, you did us proud.

OLD BEN

We kidnapped no one!

WES POWELL

They'll be after Chari's computer and the Sioux leadership.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

And they have twenty-five-billion reasons not to mention thirteen dead friends from the Denver bombings.

CHARI CHANTELL

I'll bet they delayed Anita and Billy too. It will be light soon. We can't sneak out of here.

WES POWELL

We'll have to slow them down until Chari's team gets us help.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
How do we slow down an army?

WES POWELL
With dream catchers.
(he has everyone huddle
around and whispers)
I have a plan.

EXT. POWWOW CAMPGROUND - DAWN

A bitter cold fog blankets the entrance to the powwow site. A wolf howls. Old Ben begins to drum loudly as Hector, in full costume, dances around rumped buffalo robes next to the roaring center fire. Wes, Silver, Daniel, and Chari stand next to a dry irrigation ditch as a loud pickup truck slowly drives along the highway in the fog.

WES POWELL
Remember, dive in the ditch if they
start firing.

Rapid fire SHOTS ring out. Everyone dives in the irrigation ditch. Bullets PIERCE the tipis.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
That's the Gatling gun with real
bullets.

The gun fires in spurts. They hear a van roar down the road from the opposite direction. It's Blayden in the catering van, racing toward the firing pickup.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
Hurray boys! We've got them!
Charge!

The van speeds toward the pickup. Blayden leaps out at the last second before the crash. The truck is crushed. The Gatling gun and its operator go flying into the meadow.

Blayden limps across the meadow in the fog to the camp. Wes runs out to help him.

WES POWELL
Are you okay?

Before Blayden can answer, motorcycles roar down the highway and into the fog-covered icy driveway to the camp. Wes had watered the driveway. The cycles slide and crash on the ice. Militia riders fire shots aimlessly as Wes and Blayden dive in the ditch.

The fog lifts. Cycles and riders are scattered everywhere, but there are over a hundred rifles firing at them. The tipis and tents are shot to shreds.

WES POWELL (CONT'D)

We stalled all we can. This is where we surrender.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

I'm glad everyone else is safe.

OLD BEN

Come Hector. We know what to do.

Old Ben, Hector, Silver, Wes, Daniel, Chari, and Blayden raise their hands. Hector waves a white flag on a tipi pole, as a black BMW drives up. The driver and bodyguard (the two guards from earlier) exit the car with AR-15 rifles. Jeff Hankey exits the back seat. Wes ignores the threat of the weapons. He helps the limping Blayden to one of the five buffalo robes around the center fire.

JEFF HANKEY

Stop or they'll shoot.

WES POWELL

He's injured and needs to lie down.

JEFF HANKEY

Ms. Chantell, get your computer or we shoot them all.

CHARI CHANTELL

It's buried in the wolf pen. Let them live.

Chari leads one armed man to the wolf pen. He shoots the wolf. BAM! BAM! BAM! Everyone knows what happened.

Remington Dalton exits the back of the BMW with her hands tied.

REMINGTON DALTON

Crazy Son-of-a-Bitch. Let me go.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Remmie, darlin', you're okay!

JEFF HANKEY

Relax, Ms. Dalton. We're all getting what we want. I get the computer file of the Tappan diary. You sell more guns.

(MORE)

JEFF HANKEY (CONT'D)

The Sioux get a tiny one-point-three-billion dollars for the Black Hills.

DANIEL WHITEHORSE

One-point-three billion dollars?

JEFF HANKEY

They won't give terrorists more than that, I assure you.

HECTOR THORNE

We Sioux will become ghosts.

Hankey is handed Chari's computer, which he unceremoniously tosses in the fire.

JEFF HANKEY

You're already ghosts. Inter-racial marriage does that.

(he smirks at Wes and)

(Silver)

A small settlement will end it all the more quickly.

OLD BEN

You're going to kill us all.

JEFF HANKEY

It looks like most escaped in the night. We'll hunt them down like dogs.

REMINGTON DALTON

At least let me kiss my lover goodbye.

Despite the rifles pointed at her, Rennie backs up to Blayden.

JEFF HANKEY

Stop, or they'll shoot.

REMINGTON DALTON

Oh! Give me a break, Jeffrey. He's injured, my hands are tied, and I need sugar from my honey-britches.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Oh, Baby. That feels great!

Blayden produces a small nine-millimeter revolver from Rennie's back waistband, and aims it at Hankey's head.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON (CONT'D)
Move and Jeffrey dies first!

Blayden moves to Hankey. The two armed guards panic and back slowly down the driveway to the highway.

JEFF HANKEY
We burned your evidence. The last copy. Your tiny settlement is all you have.

WES POWELL
(yelling to militia)
You better go, special security forces will be here in minutes!

Blayden and Rennie wave the militia off.

BLAYDEN JOHNSON
Go home. It's over. Turn and go.

REMYNGTON DALTON
If you attack, their settlement will go up, and up!

JEFF HANKEY
Go on. I can handle this!

Disgruntled militia members gather their motorcycles and head off. Hankey's guards stand out by the highway, poised with his AR-15 rifles. BAM! BAM! BAM! They are shot by a filthy, bleeding man: Trenton Banks, who limps toward the powwow site with an AR-15.

WES POWELL
It's over, Trenton. Put it down.

TRENTON BANKS
Johnson's an actor. He won't shoot.

SILVER WHITEHORSE
Where did you get the real bullets for the Gatling gun?

TRENTON BANKS
Not that it matters. From a gun collector in Rapid City. Toss me your pistol Mr. Johnson.

Blayden reluctantly tosses the pistol down. Wes maneuvers the group closer to the fire circle.

WES POWELL

You were responsible for the bombings in Denver. What group do you represent, Trenton?

TRENTON BANKS

None, I suppose. Native American wannabees? The disenfranchised?

CHARI CHANTELL

But you were accepted by the last Nazi, Mr. Hankey, weren't you?

JEFF HANKEY

Don't answer them, Trenton.

SILVER WHITEHORSE

(to Trenton and Hankey)

Wes was right. You two conspired to destroy the Tappan diary. What did you both have to gain?

TRENTON BANKS

Hankey's a dinosaur, trying to preserve his white race. I want all the ethnic groups to merge. I want races to be forgotten! All cultures assimilated!

Wes continues to maneuver the group so that Trenton's back is to the fire circle.

WES POWELL

Enemies of cultural diversity. That's what they had in common.

HECTOR THORNE

Our Dog Soldiers won't let that happen.

From beneath the rumpled buffalo robes around the fire, Little Thorne and his three militant buddies spring up, bows drawn, launching four arrows into Trenton's back. Trenton dies.

LITTLE THORNE

Good plan, Professor.

WES POWELL

Tell our families in the old mine they can come out, will you Little Thorne?

SIRENS sound as Sheriffs' cars, DHS cars, and FBI cars, race in from the north and south. Melissa Kemp stomps in from across the ridge top with her cameraman in tow.

MELISSA KEMP

We got it all on camera. Thanks Ms. Dalton for calling us in and for wearing the microphone.

REMINGTON DALTON

I'm so proud of you, Blayden!

BLAYDEN JOHNSON

Oh, Honey-britches, you have a soft spot for Indians.

REMINGTON DALTON

Native Americans, darlin' - the First Americans. The dancing and drums. That got me excited.

Silver kisses Wes as the sheriffs cover Trenton, seeing Kit and the powwow participants return from the old mine. The Sioux leadership points to Chari's burnt computer as they retell the story of what happened. Old Ben, Hector, Silver, Daniel, and Little Thorne and his buddies hold hands in the air like tipi poles.

OLD BEN

We will never sell the Papa Sapa.

HECTOR THORNE

This is our home.

ALL

Forever!

The dancing and drumming enthusiastically resume. Everyone dances! Wes, Silver, and Kit hug.

INT. OVAL OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

SUPER: TWO WEEKS LATER

The President is surrounded by unhappy bureaucrats.

SECRETARY OF AGRICULTURE

Don't do it, Sir.

CHIEF OF STAFF

It's political suicide.

LESTER DRUMMOND

You don't have to do this, Sir, the journal disappeared - forever!

PRESIDENT

I want your resignation, Drummond, now! As for the rest of you, Carter used the Antiquities Act to set aside fifty-six million acres in Alaska. I'm giving seven million acres back to the Sioux.

CHIEF OF STAFF

But the Black Hills are occupied.

PRESIDENT

They were occupied when we stole them a hundred and forty years ago!

Newspaper reads: "President Gives Black Hills Back to Sioux for as long as the grass grows, rivers flow, and sky is blue."

A wolf HOWLS.

FADE OUT:

THE END