

FREED: The Fourth Revenge

written by

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TEASER

EXT. ATLANTIC COASTLINE - NIGHT

A muscular, primal Native American with a bad attitude barrels down a deserted, dusty road in a rusted Chevy pickup. Jet black hair swirling around his pockmarked face. This is THE AVENGER (mid 30's) feral, shirtless, primed for the task at hand.

He pulls up to the entrance of a darkened cave. Withdraws a peyote button from the glove box. Unsheathes a turquoise handled knife, slices off pieces from the green stem, pops them into his mouth, chomps down vigorously.

He steps to the truck bed, lights a small torch. The hallucinatory effect of the peyote has already begun to take effect. Colors brighter, sounds louder. He sways to the cave entrance.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The Avenger drops the torch, falls to his knees, knife in hand. Closes his eyes. Raises his head. Extends his arms.

THE AVENGER

Oh Wakan Tanka, Great Warrior
Spirit, reveal to me your wise
vision...

In the b.g. outside the cave, the sky fades from orange to purple. Inside, the torch flickers and smokes.

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

...Just as you guided Tatanka
Watanka on his victory over Long
Hair at Greasy Grass so long ago.

He places the knife tip to his chest.

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

Sitting Bull made many slashes on
his Vision Quest. And I shall do
the same.

He slashes his chest. blood drips down from the wounds. he cries out.

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

This is to honor my ancestors.

He continues to slash.

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

Take me great spirit into your
arms.

He collapses. Wills three final weak slashes...

The knife drops from his hand. Flat on his back, he closes his eyes. His head lolls. He whispers to himself...

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

And now...my Vision Quest begins.

Screeching bats exit the cave in waves. The torch fizzles out. The cave fills with heavy smoke.

THE AVENGER'S DREAM

The Avenger sits cross-legged on a wispy cloud floating high above the plains...

...Below, giant dust clouds trail a thundering buffalo herd.

He floats above the herds, hovers over a teepee village. sable-haired mothers breastfeed, elders chant, children play.

Sioux hunters--bows in hand, faces and bodies freshly painted red, blue, black and white--prepare for a buffalo hunt.

Braves on horseback yelp as they attack the buffalo herd.

BRAVES ON HORSEBACK

Ay yi yi yi yi! Ay yi yi yi yi!

The Avenger raps on his heart. But the scene changes...

...the sky darkens. The braves freeze, drop their weapons. Fields of maize shrivel from shimmering green stalks to withered, brown skeletons.

A massive rolling sea of white haze envelops the land. The Avenger's hands clinch into fists.

The world below becomes white. Skyscrapers rise from the plains. The white man's world--cities, traffic, pollution--multiplies and displaces his native home. He pleads...

THE AVENGER

Wakan Tanka. Why have you forsaken
me? And my ancestors?

But then...smoky wisps shape-shift before him...bodies with faces. The land below transforms again. Pasqueflowers bloom. The white man's world vanishes.

The bodies with faces come into focus. Four men--indigenous like him--strong, chiseled features, copper skin. The four figures grow and obscure the sun...

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

The symbols of my people...Crazy
Horse-Courage. Jim Thorpe-Strength.
Ira Hayes-Heart. Sitting Bull-Mind.

Like marine layer challenged by the sun, they gradually fade away. The horizon reverts to the land of his ancestors...

...buffalo herds on rampage. Braves galloping on pintos.
Smiling Sioux mothers clinging to their beautiful babes.

INT. CAVE - DAY

The Avenger awakens suddenly, eyes wide. Sunlight streams into the cave. He sits up. Smiles. Whispers solemnly.

THE AVENGER

Thank you Great Spirit. I now know
what must be done.

Squawking bats stream back into the cave.

Dripping blood, the Avenger rises, grasps the torch--now just hot embers. He uses it to cauterize his bloody chest wounds. pain is in his eyes, but no accompanying cries.

EXT. OUTSIDE CAVE - DAY

He stumbles out of the darkness and emerges into the bright sunlight of dawn.

ACT ONE

EXT. WASHINGTON, DC, PRESENT DAY - NIGHT

Establishing shot of Washington, DC. A black unmarked dc police car, strobes flashing, speeds through the city.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Our protagonist KIONI FREED (33) is at the wheel. Focused, cerebral, always in control. She is thin and fit with expressive emerald eyes. A Kente cloth headscarf--one of many she favors--covers her cropped afro.

She calmly weaves through traffic, turns the wheel sharply onto the street where a shoddy apartment building fire rages.

EXT. BURNING APARTMENT BUILDING IN PROJECTS - NIGHT

Kioni hops out of the car, approaches a bored UNIFORM COP.

KIONI

Freed. Special Investigations. What d'we know?

UNIFORM COP

Three little girls. 10, 9 and 6.

The cop points to three small body bags.

UNIFORM COP (CONT'D)

Mom's a part-time hooker, full-time addict. She was trippin', introduced a match to her drug of choice and their rathole flat went up in flames. Girls died. Mom fled scene.

EMS, fire department and police lights strobe. Emergency workers run around frantically. Firefighters on extended ladders battle the never-ending blaze.

Kioni, visibly distraught, shuffles back to her car. A crowd has gathered behind yellow DO NOT CROSS tape.

INT. KIONI'S POLICE CAR

She climbs behind the wheel, flips off the flashing lights, leans back, closes her eyes. When she opens them, she sees an onlooker across the street sobbing.

The haggard WHITE WOMAN (mid 40s) is in fluorescent red mini, slut heels. Lady-of-the-evening written all over her face and exhausted body.

Kioni leans closer--the woman has black spots on her dress and face. From the fire?

EXT. AT THE FIRE SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Kioni exits the car, ambles toward her. The woman bolts.

KIONI

Hey stop! Just wanna ask you some questions.

WHITE WOMAN

Get the fuck away!

They race down an alley. The woman removes her 6 inch heels, fires them at Kioni. Not even close.

Kioni, in trademark Chuck Taylor's--tonight's version is lime green--is catching up.

EXT. GARFIELD CIRCLE - CONTINUOUS

They reach Garfield Circle. The woman doesn't stop for the oncoming traffic. Cars slam on their brakes. Kioni weaves in and out but is stymied by a truck that roars through.

EXT. U.S. BOTANIC GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

The woman makes it across the street, dashes into a parklike setting, past trees, flowers and shrubs. Traffic continues to zoom past on the busy street behind them.

From somewhere inside the park, Kioni hears...

WHITE WOMAN

I just wanted to see my babies one last time.

Kioni eases toward the voice.

KIONI

It's okay. I'd wanna do that too.

Silence. Then the WHITE WOMAN appears from behind a tree. Kioni raises her hands to show she has no weapon. She takes short steps towards her.

KIONI (CONT'D)

I just want to ask you about them...about your little girls.

WHITE WOMAN

I'm just a used up crack whore who killed her kids. Nothin' left to say.

Only inches away, Kioni watches helplessly ...as the woman takes a deliberate step backward...off the curb...and into the busy oncoming traffic.

Horns blare. A motorcycle SKIDS. Tires skid, cars crash into each other.

A brown delivery truck slams into the woman. She falls to the street, gasps and dies.

On the sidewalk, Kioni drops to her knees, covers her face as uniformed officers and curious pedestrians run to the scene.

EXT. ARLINGTON, VA - NIGHT

The Avenger's truck rolls down Route 50 on the outskirts of DC. He takes "CUSTER ROAD EXIT" shaking his head.

The road narrows. The neighborhood turns sketchy--strip clubs, shabby liquor stores, shoddy 1960's ramblers.

A neon sign at a tacky motel--REDSKIN INN--blinks on and off except for "NN." The Avenger frowns at the Indian Chief image above the blinking sign but pulls in anyway.

A FRONT DESK FOSSIL (late 70's) wrinkled, moody, sits on a stool at registration. A bell on the door rings as the Avenger enters. Front Desk Fossil shrugs him off and returns to his ARLINGTON SUN GAZETTE.

THE AVENGER

Single for one night.

FRONT DESK FOSSIL

Sorry all full up.

The front desk fossil shoots the evil eye at the Avenger, completely ignores him and returns to his paper.

The Avenger spins around, scans the nearly empty parking lot.

THE AVENGER

This motel has *maybe* a dozen shitty rooms and I count 3 cars.

(MORE)

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

No math major but that means you got plenty of rooms.

FRONT DESK FOSSIL

Nope. All full up.

The Avenger smirks. Unbuttons his two top buttons. Unsheathes his knife and pretends to pick dirt from his fingernails.

Front Desk Fossil sees the Avenger's scarred chest and huge knife. He steps away from the desk. Swallows hard.

FRONT DESK FOSSIL (CONT'D)

I might could find something.

THE AVENGER

Thanks so much.

Front Desk Fossil hands the Avenger a key clipped to a green plastic tag marked SUITE 4.

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

Uh and your welcome sign has some lights out.

FRONT DESK FOSSIL

Yea, right. Been plannin' to replace them.

THE AVENGER

You'll want to replace that *Injun* Chief too. No Washington Redskins anymore. You might have heard? They're called The Washington Football Team now. Maybe you can rename your motel too. The All Full Up Motel--so folks like me'll know not to stop.

FRONT DESK FOSSIL

Good idea.

The Avenger chuckles and leaves the lobby.

INT. HOTEL ROOM, REDSKIN INN - NIGHT

The Avenger drops a satchel on a single bed, flips on the tiny TV, removes his shirt, examines himself in the mirror.

The blood-crustred scars form a single color Pollack of scarlet red. He runs his hand over the scarred tissue.

A news anchor blabs on the TV in the b.g.

NEWS ANCHOR V.O.
100,000 people expected to attend
tomorrow's Native American Heritage
Festival on the National Mall.

THE AVENGER

Hmm.

He snaps off the lights and TV, removes the blanket from the bed, tosses it on the floor.

Without a pillow and not removing his clothes, he drops to the floor, wraps himself in the blanket and falls to sleep.

EXT. NEAR MARSHALL HALL, MD - NIGHT

Kioni glides down a two lane county road on her Harley Davidson. She turns onto the pebbled driveway leading to her house--a single story stone rambler.

FRED, a fluffy, overweight, anxiety-ridden Maltese rockets out his doggie door and drools his way into her arms.

KIONI

How's my Fred? Hope your day was
better'n mine, boy.

Fred barks, spins in circles and licks Kioni's face.

INT. - KIONI'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kioni withdraws a bottle of Jack Daniels from the freezer, pours two fingers into Fred's water bowl and dumps dog chow into his food bowl. Voraciously, he laps up the Jack.

She grabs cold Chinese takeout from the fridge and the Jack and heads to the couch. Fred inhales his food and jumps up beside her, licking his chops for some Asian noodles.

She obliges with the noodles for Fred, finishes eating and tosses the empty box into the trash.

KIONI

Come on Fred, you can chase your
arch nemesis, Gander George.

EXT. KIONI'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

In a one piece swimsuit, Kioni exits the back door, beach towel and Jack bottle in hand.

The Canada geese, led by their leader GANDER GEORGE, wobble toward Fred.

On the offense, Fred barks and chases the gaggle before they realize they outnumber him and reverse course to chase him.

Kioni swigs some Jack and dives into the river. She swims in the b.g. while the honking geese scurry after Fred.

EXT. NATIONAL MALL, WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

Thousands of people blanket the mall. A huge banner announces why: NATIVE AMERICAN HERITAGE FESTIVAL. Native dancers. Food trucks. Teepees. Horses. Buffalo. Basket weaving. Campfires.

The Avenger--shirtless, war paint on his face and body, white eagle feather in his hair--SAUNTERS regally through the massive crowd on a lean PINTO, bareback.

LITTLE WHITE GIRL
Look Daddy! Cool!

The father consults a paperback...*Native American Handbook*.

GIRL'S FATHER
*Really cool. From that war paint,
I'd say he's Oglala Sioux.*

The little girl reveals a braces-packed smile. The Avenger raises his palm in greeting.

THE AVENGER
How.

Girl and father laugh. The Avenger moves on. Suddenly, BILLY ARROYO (17) a nervous Tribal teen with a black bowl haircut approaches, winded, arms flapping excitedly.

BILLY
Hey, you our Ghost Dancer we been waiting for?

THE AVENGER
Uh...yes.

BILLY
Thought so! That Crazy Horse war paint and scarlet blanket you got on your chest. Great makeup job!

THE AVENGER
Thanks. I go for authenticity.

BILLY

Follow me, dancers already started.

EXT. GHOST DANCE DEMONSTRATION - CONTINUOUS

Billy leads the Avenger to a large ring of ribbons on poles. Costumed dancers CHANT and STOMP to the spiritual rhythms of the Ghost Dance. The Avenger dismounts, joins the dancers.

Native Americans SKIP and TWIRL in a large circle. Some lay on the ground, exhausted. Only the Avenger and two others remain STOMPING, CHANTING and SINGING.

Finally only the Avenger remains dancing.

He dances FASTER and FASTER. The other Tribal members and the audience watch ENTHRALLED as he SHAKES VIOLENTLY, WILDLY, flailing his arms, calling out the words of his ancestors in an ANGRY HUM.

The drums stop. The audience ROARS. Stone-faced, the Avenger steps from the circle and is immediately surrounded by the adoring crowd.

BILLY

Hey Crazy Horse! Wait up!

Billy Arroyo shoves through the crowd, catches up with the Avenger who appears in a hurry.

BILLY (CONT'D)

You were awesome! The audience loved you!

The Avenger nods a stoic thank you.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Can you dance again in 30?

The Avenger climbs onto his pinto.

THE AVENGER

Sure. Just have an errand to take care of.

He reins the horse away from the dance stage. Billy, flustered, resumes his post at the demonstration entrance.

FESTIVAL KEYNOTE SPEAKER'S STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Perched on fold-up chairs, a massive audience watches as the uniformed COLOR GUARD posts four U.S. flags behind a row of ceremony participants seated on the elevated STAGE.

The Avenger WEAVES the pinto through the crowd and stations himself near the PODIUM. A TRIBAL LEADER approaches the microphone. The audience settles down.

TRIBAL LEADER

On behalf of North America's seven million members of the Tribal Nations, I present to you the Official Ambassador of this year's festival, U.S. Secretary of the Interior, the Honorable Walter T. Watson.

Polite APPLAUSE. WALTER WATSON (68), a pasty faced, white haired man in bolo tie, western style suit and ten gallon hat makes his way to the podium. He nods, RAISES his hands for the crowd to stop.

On the Avenger's command, the pinto BREAKS for the stage. In his left hand is a long SPEAR and in his right, the pinto's MANE. The audience thinks it's part of the show; small waves of APPLAUSE break out. Watson is not so sure.

Just feet from the stage, the Avenger releases the horse's mane, GRABS the SPEAR with both hands so tightly his knuckles turn white. He RAISES the WEAPON above his head...

THE AVENGER

HOKA-HEY! A good day to die!

...and with a single, powerful motion, PLUNGES the spear into Watson's chest. He HOISTS the BODY above the stage. Watson's arms DANGLE to his side, his eyes BULGE.

The startled pinto RAISES on its haunches. Watson's weight breaks the spear. His body PLUMMETS to the stage with a THUD.

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

For my ancestors...the FIRST REVENGE!!

An eerie stunned SILENCE turns to a frenzy of SCREAMING men, women and children. The Avenger spurs the pinto with a KICK and GALLOPS through the STAMPEDING masses.

THROUGHOUT THE FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

In the f.g., a smiling MOUNTED DC COP shares an ice cream cone with his glimmering, black stallion. A giggling BOY and GIRL pet the COP'S HORSE. The Avenger SWEEPS past.

VOICE IN THE CROWD

That Indian just killed a guy!

The mounted COP awkwardly hands the cone to the kids and spurs the stallion into high gear. The Avenger is 30 feet ahead but the mounted cop is CLOSING THE GAP.

The Avenger ZOOMS through the masses, KNOCKING people out of the way like a bowling ball crashing into pins. Just ahead is a large canvas tent marked "SOUVENIRS."

The COP encounters hundreds of people on a graveled walkway. He doesn't slow down; instead he removes his service weapon and MOTIONS to the crowd.

MOUNTED DC COP
MOVE GOD DAMNIT!

He AIMS at the Avenger and FIRES. MISSES. Thinks twice about shooting again--too many civilians in the line of fire.

The Avenger glances behind, sees the COP is still close behind, TURNS the pinto into the souvenir tent. From inside we hear wild SCREAMS and sounds of PANIC.

Just as the COP prepares to follow the Avenger into the tent, a KID hoisting a souvenir peace pipe DARTS in front of the stallion, FREEZES.

MOUNTED DC COP (CONT'D)
Kid! Kid! Move...

To avoid the kid, the mounted COP reins back. He FALLS OFF the horse and CRASHES to the ground. The KID drops his peace pipe, starts BALLING.

The Avenger exits the souvenir tent, discreetly SLOW the pinto from a gallop to a cantor and MELDS IN with the crowd. Two other NATIVE AMERICANS on horseback WAVE to him. Nonchalantly, he WAVES back.

BILLY ARROYO appears.

BILLY
Hey man! Great timing. We're just about to start up again.

The Avenger DISMOUNTS, SLAPS the reins into BILLY'S hands.

THE AVENGER
Tie up my horse will you? I'll be right there.

BILLY
You got it. Meet at same spot as before, Ghost Dance Stage 1.

The Avenger nods, DARTS through the THRONG past food trucks, demonstrations and souvenir stands.

At a clothing booth, a lovestruck TEEN CLERK CHATS UP a cute GIRL. The Avenger grabs a suede jacket from a rack, COVERS up his bare chest and casually STROLLS toward a METRO escalator.

A NATIVE AMERICAN TODDLER holding his MOM's hand points. The Avenger smiles, removes the EAGLE FEATHER, hands it to the toddler and escapes into the METRO station and out of sight.

ACT TWO

EXT. KIONI'S HOUSE - DAY

Grasping a large KITE, Kioni scampers out the front door trailed closely by Fred.

EXT. PISCATAWAY PARK - CONTINUOUS

The two cross the road to the park in front of Kioni's house.

Fred CHASES Kioni and the airborne kite.

Behind them strobes FLASH, sirens SCREECH. Six motorcycle cops lead a large MOTORCADE of black Suburbans and a sole limousine. Kioni glances at her phone.

KIONI

7:30 on a Saturday? Who the hell...? Is that...?

She watches the motorcade SWING onto the gravel road leading to the park. It STOPS in FRONT OF HER. Doors open and slam. Dark suited SERIOUS LOOKING MEN in reflective sunglasses jump out, take position beside the vehicles.

An attractive middle-aged blonde woman in an aqua pantsuit and Hermes scarf emerges from the limousine. Kioni mumbles...

KIONI (CONT'D)

Liz??

The woman, now smiling, reaches out for a hug. This is ELIZABETH McQueen (late 40's), first female President of the United States.

KIONI (CONT'D)

I mean Madame President!

They hug. Watching, Fred BARKS with jealousy. The President picks him up, SNUGGLES.

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN

Who's this cute little guy?

KIONI

That's Fred. Matter of fact, I named him after the Fred in law school you and I both dated.

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN
Oh yes. But only once for me. He
had...

She makes a face...

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN (CONT'D)
...really bad breath.

KIONI
Ha. Why do you think I named my dog
after him?!

She LAUGHS, puts down Fred.

They stroll away from the security team toward a burned out
mansion--MARSHALL HALL--that sits on park grounds. Kioni
still HOLDSS the kite which FLUTTERS high above them.

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN
Guess you heard about Walter
Watson's death?

KIONI
Yes, big news at Metro yesterday.

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN
Yes, well, I want you to lead the
investigation into his murder.

KIONI
(eyes widen)
Me?

Liz nods.

KIONI (CONT'D)
Isn't that a job for the FBI?

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN
Usually, but I want someone I
really trust for this one.

KIONI
And that's...me?

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN
Yep. That's you.

Kioni SIGHS.

KIONI
I suppose I can't turn down the
President of the United States.

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN

I'd rather you consider me your friend.

KIONI

Who *just happens* to be the most powerful person on the *planet*!

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN

Well, to friends all of that is just secondary. So you'll do it?

KIONI

Sure Liz.

Kioni catches her miscue, recovers.

KIONI (CONT'D)

Oh God! I'm sorry...Madame President.

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN

Kioni. Come on stop! It's me.

She EYES Kioni's kite Kioni.

Kioni sees this and hands Liz the spool of string.

Liz makes the kite DIP and DIVE but when she starts to run, she stumbles. And the string BREAKS.

Kioni and the President watch the kite float off and SNAG in a nearby tree. They turn to each other and LAUGH as the Secret Service runs to ensure the President is okay. Not to be outdone, Fred runs to ensure Kioni is too.

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - DAY

Kioni examines blood spatter on the stage where Walter Watson was killed. A pompous, bald man in black suit and dark glasses--FBI SPECIAL AGENT BRANDON GRAY (47)--climbs over the yellow DO NOT CROSS tape and stomps toward her.

GRAY

This is a crime scene. Got I.D.?

Kioni flips out her badge, HANGS it before Agent Gray's eyes.

GRAY (CONT'D)

Not much for you to do here I'm afraid. FBI has it all under control.

KIONI
I'd like to interview the dance
manager again.

GRAY
I got the report from *our*
interview. I'll email it to you.

KIONI
Humor me, Special Agent.

Gray, EXASPERATED, removes his glasses, rubs his eyes.

GRAY
Okay. If that's how you roll.

KIONI
It is. So roll me on over to the
witness, please.

NATIONAL MALL - CONTINUOUS

Billy Arroyo slouches on a folding chair. Kioni sits down
beside him. Billy PUFFS on a cigarette and SLURPS a Big Gulp.

KIONI
Tell me about the Ghost Dance.

BILLY
Plains Indians did it in the
1800's, thought it gave them
magical powers. And because it
pissed off the feds. Until the feds
outlawed it.

KIONI
So our suspect, you talked to him?

BILLY
Yea. Quiet dude. But he could
dance! Looked like Crazy Horse too.

KIONI
Ever seen him before yesterday?

BILLY
Nope. But the way he danced,
somebody on the rez might have.
Only other guy I seen dance that
good is my uncle, Ben Soaring
Eagle...but he don't dance no more.

KIONI
Because...?

BILLY
Cuz he's a drunk. Most Indians on
the rez are. Ben don't soar no more
unless he's on the sauce.

Kioni withdraws her cell.

KIONI
Do you have his number?

BILLY
Ha! Drunks ain't got no telephones!
You can find him on the Black Hills
rez though.

Kioni gets up from her chair.

KIONI
Thanks.

She starts to walk away.

BILLY
Funny how what goes around comes
around, eh detective?

Kioni turns around, tilts her head.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Know how Crazy Horse died?

She tilts her head to listen.

BILLY (CONT'D)
He was fleeing a U.S. military jail
cell and one of the guards
bayoneted him. Exact same way
Watson just bit the dust.

INT. AVENGER'S HOTEL ROOM, REDSKIN INN - DAY

The Avenger dreams...

EXT. AVENGER'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - DAWN

The YOUNG AVENGER's 12th birthday. Winter. Black Hills
Reservation. SNOW blankets the ground. Outside his ramshackle
house on the reservation, the AVENGER'S FATHER hands the
YOUNG AVENGER a brand new BOW.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Father and son CROUCH in the deep BRUSH. A coyote HOWLS in the distance. A red fox DARTS past. But they are waiting for something greater, more *spiritual*. Suddenly, that creature appears--a magnificent 14-point BULL ELK.

AVENGER'S FATHER

Let the Great Spirit be your guide.

The YOUNG AVENGER methodically raises the BOW. Levels it, takes AIM. The arrow finds its target--the bull's HEART. The animal CRASHES to the ground. The YOUNG AVENGER actually *feels* himself SMILE, hears his heart POUND with joy. He runs to admire his first kill.

As they DRAG the elk home, the AVENGER's FATHER stops, places both HANDS on his son's SHOULDERS, NODS. They continue home.

BACK TO PRESENT

AVENGERS HOTEL ROOM

The Avenger is startled awake by POUNDING on the door. He tosses his blanket aside, climbs up from the floor and unlatches the door enough to PEER through the crack.

FRONT DESK FOSSIL

You said one night. It's been three! Pay up and get the hell out!

THE AVENGER

No problem old man.

The Avenger grabs his billfold from the nightstand, walks to the door, opens it.

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

How much?

FRONT DESK FOSSIL

\$92.50, includes tax.

The Avenger removes five twenties, tosses them at the guy.

THE AVENGER

Keep the change.

He SLAMS the door in the old guy's FACE.

EXT. BLACK HILLS INDIAN RESERVATION, SD - DAY

A caravan of black Suburbans cruises down an empty highway past the Crazy Horse monument and a wooden sign: Welcome to the Black Hills Reservation, Sovereign Nation of the Plains People, Original Inhabitants of this Land.

The caravan turns onto a single lane gravel road. A scroungy pack of yapping wolf-like dogs challenge the SUVs. They pass dilapidated trailers, old cars on blocks, chickens and donkeys grazing behind barbed wire fences.

Kioni sits in the passenger seat of the lead car driven by Special Agent Gray. They pull up to a non-descript cinder block dive.

INT. RESERVATION MEETING HALL - CONTINUOUS

Dreary and dark. stained walls, unmatched chairs around square tables. Scratched-up pressboard bar with cheap liquor behind. Classic Country twangs from a corner jukebox.

A heavy-set Sioux with bad posture--a dead ringer for Sasquatch--wipes the bar with a dirty wet rag. Wisecracks as Kioni and the FBI team enter.

SASQUATCH

Here for our gourmet cuisine or to
arrest a *rez res*?

KIONI

I was told we might find Ben
Soaring Eagle here.

SASQUATCH

Thought so.

He points to a passed out silver-haired coot at a corner table.

Kioni motions for Gray and the other FBI agents to stay put.

She strolls over, taps the old guy on the shoulder. She grimaces, covers her nose with the back of her hand, gasps for fresh air.

KIONI

Hey! Sir, wake up. Detective Kioni
Freed. Your nephew Billy said you
might be able to help us.

He raises his head, drool seeping from his mouth. This is BEN SOARING EAGLE (67) a stocky, grizzled Sioux, the once revered tribal elder now resident reservation drunk. He slurs an answer.

BEN

Buy me a bottle and I'm all ears.

His head DROPS back onto the table.

Kioni signals to Sasquatch who snatches a fresh bottle of whiskey and slams it down on the table beside Ben's face.

Ben shoots up, grabs the whiskey, pours himself a shot.

KIONI

Two days ago at the Native American festival in Washington, Interior Secretary Watson was murdered. We believe the killer could be a member of this reservation. Here's eyewitness video.

Kioni holds up her cell phone. Ben watches the video.

BEN

Can't really tell much by that fuzzy crap.

KIONI

Ever see him before?

Ben is more interested in his new bottle of whiskey than answering Kioni's question.

BEN

Like I said, can't really tell much from that shitty video. Besides, all us Indians look alike.

Ben laughs at his smug joke, pours another shot, downs it.

KIONI

Heard that one before.

BEN

Look detective. If I hear anything on the rez, I'll let you know. But that guy could be anybody from any tribe in North America.

KIONI

So why don't you help me find him?

BEN
What?

KIONI
Help me.

Ben pours another shot, downs it.

BEN
Now why in the hell would I want to
do that? Can't you see I'm livin'
la vida loca here?

Kioni looks away, sighs.

KIONI
I'm desperate.

BEN
Why don't you ask the BIA?

KIONI
They recommended you.

Ben considers the proposal.

KIONI (CONT'D)
I can offer free room and board and
all the whiskey you can drink.

Ben's eyes light up. He nods, smiles slightly.

With Kioni leading the way, Ben hides the bottle behind his
back as he sneaks past Sasquatch on his way out the door.

ACT 3

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Ben, in a camouflage BALL CAP, clutches a brown paper bag "suitcase," STROLLS down the narrow airplane aisle and PLOPS into a window seat. Kioni follows, stores her suitcase in the bin above and SLIDES into the aisle seat.

BEN

Ain't never been on an airplane before. Not even when I was with BIA.

Kioni BUCKLES up. She EYES the brown bag in the middle seat.

KIONI

How long were you with the Bureau of Indian Affairs?

BEN

Twenty two years. Loved every minute.

Ben PULLS out a dog-eared Sherman Alexie paperback from his brown bag and a small flask. Sees Kioni STARING at the flask.

BEN (CONT'D)

My backup. In case I drink all them little airplane liquor bottles.

Kioni CHUCKLES.

KIONI

So was it because you were BIA that you agreed to help me? Cops helping cops?

BEN

Look, I assume you believe in enforcing the law.

Kioni nods.

BEN (CONT'D)

So even if he's a member of my tribe, if he's guilty, he needs to be brought to justice.

Ben pauses.

BEN (CONT'D)

So that's why I agreed to help.
That and all the free booze you
promised.

He OPENS his paperback. Kioni smiles and OPENS her laptop.

EXT. CHESAPEAKE BAY - DAY

A large CATAMARAN filled with passengers departs from the Annapolis port headed into the Chesapeake Bay. Full sun, crystal clear water. A banner reads "HAPPY 60TH DHAKIA!"

Kioni's father--STERLING FREED (63)--a handsome, dapper white man is at the helm. His animated, winsome Kenyan-born wife--Kioni's mother DHAKIA (60)--serves guests small bites.

Half the passengers are black, dressed in colorful native AFRICAN GARB including Kioni in her ever present HEADSCARF and CHUCK TAYLORS in the same color as her scarf.

Kioni cradles Fred and chats with her mother.

DHAKIA

You should know everyone from the Opoku and Freed side but let me know if there's anyone you need me to introduce.

KIONI

Don't know those two movie stars.

Kioni points to a striking couple in the stern of the ship.

The woman--MIREYA MICHAKA (28)--a svelte, lively brunette in colorful sundress chats with an inattentive blonde man--JASON STONE (29)--in preppy white ensemble and Sperry Top-Siders.

DHAKIA

She's the new attorney your father hired at the firm.

They approach the couple.

DHAKIA (CONT'D)

Mireya, I'd like to introduce you to my daughter Kioni. Kioni this is Mireya Michaka. And...

JASON

Jason Stone.

Mireya smiles at Kioni. They LOCK eyes. MIREYA'S SPARKLE.
KIONI'S do too.

Jason, trying to impress, shakes hands with Kioni and Dhakia.

MIREYA

Your dad said you were onboard. He
wanted me to ask you for a tour of
Metro...when you have time.

KIONI

Sure, any time.

Kioni can't take her eyes off Mireya. Sensing that he is
being left out of the conversation, Jason points to the cabin
bar and walks off.

Kioni's mother also sees the flaming chemistry between Mireya
and Kioni and silently moves on to other guests.

MIREYA

I love your little Maltese.

KIONI

This is Fred.

MIREYA

Fred Freed. I like the
alliteration.

KIONI

Thanks. He's not real *little*
anymore though. Too much Jack and
table scraps.

MIREYA

Jack? As in Jack Daniels?

KIONI

Just as a treat once in awhile.

MIREYA

I like your style!

Jason returns JUGGLING drinks. He SLIPS on a wet spot and
KNOCKS Mireya OVERBOARD. He WATCHES helplessly as she
disappears beneath the water.

JASON

Oh God!

Without hesitation, Kioni drops Fred onto deck and DIVES into
the bay.

The Catamaran continues to speed along at full mast.

Kioni reaches a FLAILING Mireya. REACHES out her arms.

KIONI

I won't let anything happen to you,

Kioni TREADS water with Mireya CLINGING to her neck.

On the Catamaran, DHAKIA WAVES FRANTICALLY and YELLS at STERLING FREED to turn around.

The Catamaran spins around and heads for the two women.

KIONI (CONT'D)

Looks like our morning dip is about to end.

At last the Catamaran REACHES them. DHAKIA THROWS out a life ring. Fred YAPS wildly on deck.

Mireya RESTS her head on Kioni's shoulder as they are pulled through the water.

MIREYA

Nice meeting you.

They both smile as they are helped onto the Catamaran.

EXT. REDSKIN INN - DAY

FRONT DESK FOSSIL unlocks the room where the Avenger stayed. Ben and Kioni, both wearing disposable gloves, follow.

FRONT DESK FOSSIL

I'm sure it was that Indian son of a bitch. Saw him on the TV news.

He OPENS the door to SUITE 4.

FRONT DESK FOSSIL (CONT'D)

Here three days, never wanted maid service.

INTERIOR, SUITE 4 - CONTINUOUS

The bed is made, counters and tabletops--SPOTLESS. Front Desk Fossil and Kioni look surprised. Not Ben.

KIONI

Was this room cleaned before we arrived?

FRONT DESK FOSSIL
No. Absolutely not.

They CREEP carefully through the room. The sink hasn't been used nor the shower or toilet. Kioni turns to the desk clerk.

KIONI
You sure this is the right room?

FRONT DESK FOSSIL
Yes. Maybe he...

BEN
Maybe he slept on the floor.

KIONI
Why do you say that, Ben?

BEN
He's a Sioux. Used to sleeping on the ground. He was only staying in this dump--no offense...

FRONT DESK FOSSIL
Hmm.

BEN
...to scope out the festival. And hide out until the manhunt cooled down.

Kioni addresses the desk clerk.

KIONI
He pay in cash?

FRONT DESK FOSSIL
Uh huh. Five twenties.

KIONI
The front desk security cams. Did you catch him on video at check in?

FRONT DESK FOSSIL
No, cameras are just for show.

KIONI
So no credit card. No video. Maybe we'll get lucky with prints or some sort of forensics.

BEN
Doubt it.

KIONI
I'll have the FBI check it out
anyway.

BEN
Can we look at that video again?

Kioni and Ben re-watch the Watson video on her phone.

BEN (CONT'D)
There! Pause it.

Kioni, PAUSES, ZOOMS in. Ben points to the screen.

BEN (CONT'D)
His feather. A white eagle. See
there?

KIONI
Four red dots...

BEN
Made with blood. I wondered about
that when I first saw the video.
But now I know what it means.

Ben sighs.

BEN (CONT'D)
Sioux warriors marked battle kills
on feathers. Even their bodies.
That feather has four dots but he's
only made one kill.

KIONI
Eyewitnesses said he yelled '*for my*
ancestors, the first revenge' when
he killed Watson.

BEN
So if the feather is telling us the
future...

KIONI
There's one down, three to go.

EXT. LOS ANGELES MEMORIAL COLISEUM - NIGHT

The historic STADIUM is PACKED with fans. Spotlights FLOOD a
large stage at the center of the field. Marching bands warm
up the crowd with "Born in the USA" and "Game of Thrones."

SBN Announcer KYLE FOX appears on the Jumbotron simulcasting both inside the stadium and worldwide.

KYLE FOX

We're here at the Coliseum awaiting
America's all time favorite
athletic hero, Jim White.

A thunderous ROAR of CHEERS and APPLAUSE.

The stadium Jumbotron shows the podium with the number 32 and JIM WHITE, WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE. Highlight shots from White's athletic career fill the screen--13 Olympic Gold medals, six Super bowl titles, 12 pro golf tournament wins.

KYLE FOX (CONT'D)

Certainly there has never been
another athlete like Donald James
White.

INT. GREEN ROOM BENEATH THE COLISEUM - CONTINUOUS

JIM WHITE (48), a tall, vain white guy, admires his career highlights on a small television. Beside a *NO SMOKING* sign, he DRAGS on an unfiltered cigarette, expels a smoke ring. His attractive BLONDE assistant pokes her head through the door.

BLONDE

Crowd's going crazy out there
Jimmy. Time to head on up to your
adoring fans.

He HIDES the cigarette, WAVES away the smoke.

JIM WHITE

Okay, baby. Just a few minutes.

The blonde CLOSES the door. White takes one more DRAG.

White THROWS his MEDALS over his neck.

He STROLLS down a long, dimly lit tunnel where a neon ELEVATOR sign FLICKERS in the distance.

INSIDE THE STADIUM ON THE JUMBOTRON

Cameras PAN the crowd CHANTING "JIM, JIM, JIM..."

BACK TO TUNNEL

Just as White nears the elevator door, the Avenger STEPS OUT of the darkness, YANKS the lanyards of the gold medals. White STRUGGLES to PRY himself from the Avenger's GRIP.

JIM WHITE (CONT'D)
 Who are you? Why are you
 doing..."

THE AVENGER
 For the real Jim. My people's Jim.
 The true world's greatest athlete.

JIM WHITE
 Other Jim? Jim...Thorpe?

THE AVENGER
 Yes, Jim Thorpe. But white men
 stripped away his medals. He was
 not a privileged prima donna like
 you.

JIM WHITE
 Please...I'll dedicate my medals to
 him! I can give you money. WE CAN
 MAKE A DEAL!

THE AVENGER
 A deal?? A white man's deal is no
 deal at all.

White stops STRUGGLING, realizes it's useless.

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)
 (whispers into White's ear)
 Now you can brag about your medals
 in your white man's hell!

INSIDE THE STADIUM

The crowd continues its CHANT..."JIM, JIM, JIM..."

The elevator RISES as spotlights FLOOD the stage.

The Jumbotron ZOOMS in on two scantily clad beauties who PULL
 BACK the drapes to reveal the elevator DOORS.

KYLE FOX
 (off camera)
 Ladies and Gentlemen, what we've
 all been waiting for...the world's
 greatest athlete Donald...James...

The elevator doors SLIDE OPEN and...Jim White's LIFELESS body
 DANGLES from the ceiling by his cherished GOLD MEDALS.

KYLE FOX (CONT'D)
 ...Holy Christ!!

EERIE SILENCE as the Jumbotron ZOOMS in on White's body. His eyes BULGE, his arms HANG, his unbuttoned shirt reveals his bare chest. And on it CARVED in his own blood is..."#2."

EXT. THE WILLARD, WASHINGTON, DC - DAY

Light RAIN SPATTERS the famous landmark. UMBRELLAS crowd the street. TRIBAL LEADERS, all male, climb the entrance stairs. Some in SUITS, some in tribal COSTUMES.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The LEADERS gather around a conference TABLE. Before each one is a PLACE CARD bearing their tribe's name.

The oldest tribal leader, a NAVAJO in native dress, rises.

NAVAJO LEADER

Thank you for coming, my brothers.
Next week, the National Congress of
American Indians convenes here in
Washington. But, we have a problem.

The Navajo Leader displays a copy of the Washington Post. Headlined "THE AVENGER STRIKES AGAIN."

NAVAJO LEADER (CONT'D)

We must stop this rogue killer
before he destroys all that we've
achieved. Our future as a Unified
Indigenous Nation depends upon it.

Not to be outdone, the annoyed ONEIDA LEADER rises abruptly.

ONEIDA LEADER

Maybe this is our chance to tell
the truth about the white man's
apartheid against our people. To
show that the Sioux's actions are
justified!

The unruffled PEQUOT LEADER, in tailored Armani suit and blinged out to the max, cuts in.

PEQUOT LEADER

The minute you do that every gaming
reservation in the U.S. shuts down.
That's a billion bucks a year--just
at our Connecticut location.

A commanding baritone BOOMS from the back--the voice of the SIOUX LEADER, in buckskin pants, tasseled shirt, moccasins. He authoritatively spreads both PALMS on the TABLE.

SIOUX LEADER

The majority--the white man--shall use all his powers to find and convict or kill this avenging Indian.

He STOPS pacing, PEERS defiantly at the others.

SIOUX LEADER (CONT'D)

Then the press, politicians and 'patriots' will scapegoat us. Call us red savages. And our children the devil's spawn!

In the b.g., through the ceiling-to-floor windows the showers continue to fall; the sky remains dark and sinister.

SIOUX LEADER (CONT'D)

Sitting Bull, the greatest leader of my tribe, once said those who act with speed shall celebrate victory, redemption and long life.

The Sioux EXTENDS his arms.

SIOUX LEADER (CONT'D)

We MUST act with speed to rid this disease from within our nation. This 'Avenger'...he is of my people, a Sioux. That is why I will take this responsibility to see that he kills no more.

Silence. Tribal leaders let the words SINK IN.

The old Navajo rises, AMBLES to the Sioux, PATS him on the shoulder. No words are spoken again by the 12 men. In turn, one by one, each of them NODS at the Sioux before exiting.

Only the Sioux remains now. He CREEPS to the window sill, HEFTS his muscular but aging body onto the sill, SWINGS OPEN the tall vertical SHUTTERS.

He raises his palms in SUPPLICATION, closes his eyes. The cold drizzling rain PELTS his face. He PRAYS silently.

When he opens his eyes, the sun EMERGES from behind the clouds. The rain has STOPPED, replaced by a vibrant RAINBOW arching over the U.S. CAPITOL.

ACT 4

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kioni and Mireya sip sake in a dimly lit corner booth. Traditional Chinese bamboo flute MUSIC hums in the background. An Asian WAITRESS has just taken their order.

MIREYA

Thanks for the Metro Police backgrounder today. I appreciate you taking the time. I know your busy on that case.

Mireya scans the restaurant. They are the only customers.

MIREYA (CONT'D)

Kinda cool that the President personally assigned you to it.

KIONI

Doesn't hurt that Liz and I were at Georgetown together.

Almost like choreography, they both take a swig of water. They look at each other and chuckle nervously.

KIONI (CONT'D)

How's your boyfriend Jason?

Mireya smiles.

MIREYA

Boyfriend? He's just a friend from law school.

The WAITRESS delivers the food. Kioni MOTIONS for more sake.

KIONI

Felt bad for him that day. I think he wanted to rescue you but...

MIREYA

He was a chicken shit?

KIONI

No, he just was...

MIREYA

A chicken shit.

KIONI

If I couldn't swim, I probably
wouldn't have jumped in either.

MIREYA

But you did, thank God! Because I
would have drowned! Never had
anybody save my life before.

Kioni glances down; Mireya has triggered a memory.

KIONI

I did once...but he died doing it.

MIREYA

I'm sorry. A friend of yours?

KIONI

My college fiancé, L'Evian. Guy on
meth tried to mug us. L'Evian
fought him off until meth-man
shoved him into traffic.

Kioni's eyes water, her nose sniffles.

KIONI (CONT'D)

The car that hit him never stopped.
Meth-man raced off. And L'Evian
died right there in the street.

Mireya PLACES Kioni's HANDS in her own. They stay like that
for awhile, just GAZING at each other.

Finally, Kioni reaches for her napkin, WIPES away her tears.

Mireya SERVES noodles onto Kioni's plate and then onto her
own. With a CHOPSTICK, she DANGLES a single remaining NOODLE.

MIREYA

Kioni...do you remember that scene
from "*Lady and the Tramp*?"

KIONI

The restaurant scene? I love that.

MIREYA

Well...

Mireya SUSPENDS the single noodle above Kioni's mouth, PLACES
the other end in her MOUTH and starts to SLURP. They TITTER
and SLURP until the noodle is gone and their LIPS MEET.

They CLOSE THEIR EYES and KISS, deeply and passionately.

When their eyes OPEN, they are just inches apart.

They EMBRACE and KISS again.

The waitress approaches the table, sees that her guests are preoccupied, turns back around and DIMS the LIGHTS.

They CONTINUE THEIR DEEP KISS, unaware that the LIGHTS have been turned down, way down.

EXT. BANK OF THE POTOMAC RIVER, VIRGINIA SIDE - DAY

A stone-faced white man PEERS through BINOCULARS at Kioni and Fred playing in her backyard on the Maryland side. Today he's a LUMBERJACK LOOKALIKE in flap-eared cap and rubber boots, indifferent to how he looks yet zealously confident in his well-honed skillset.

This is the professional ASSASSIN hired by the Sioux Leader to kill the Avenger. A shoreline pine row gives him cover. Beside him is his alibi--a Heinz 57 mutt on leash. He raises his index finger at Kioni, mock fires...

ASSASSIN

BANG! BANG!

A few seconds later two park rangers--CHUBBY MALE RANGER and MUSCULAR FEMALE RANGER--startle him from behind thick bushes.

ASSASSIN (CONT'D)

JESUS! You scared the holy shit out of me!

MUSCULAR FEMALE RANGER

Mind telling us what you're doing?

ASSASSIN

Walking my mutt. He don't like the dog park. Rather piss by the river.

The MUSCULAR FEMALE RANGER almost smiles.

CHUBBY MALE RANGER

Okay, but clean up before you go. This is federal park property.

The Assassin whips out a doggie doo bag, nods to the RANGERS as they scale back up the hill. He glares at the dog.

ASSASSIN

You're supposed to warn me when somebody sneaks up. What good are you?

The Assassin and the dog walk up the hill. He REMOVES the pine branches that conceal his car and unlocks the door. The dog jumps in the back seat.

INT. FORD MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

He opens the GLOVE BOX, removes a Beretta 92 handgun and stuffs it in his jacket.

He calls his client on Bluetooth.

SIOUX LEADER O.C.

Is it done?

ASSASSIN

Not yet. But I'm getting close.

SIOUX LEADER O.C.

How close?

ASSASSIN

I'm making every move the Black detective makes and some she ain't. One of us will find the guy soon.

SIOUX LEADER O.C.

It better be real soon. The Tribal Leaders are losing patience.

ASSASSIN

Got it Chief.

The Assassin HANGS UP.

EXT. CUL DE SAC - CONTINUOUS

Kids play KICKBALL surrounded by well-manicured lawns and million dollar mini-mansions. The Assassin revs the engine, turns out of the subdivision and speeds down the road.

SIGN: MT. VERNON, ONE MILE.

INT. KIONI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kioni sits at the kitchen table doing paperwork. Soft music plays on the radio. HEADLIGHTS flood the windows--a car in the driveway. She hears footsteps, a knock.

KIONI

Fred? You expecting company?

Fred wags his tail, follows Kioni to the door. Exercising caution, she grabs her GLOCK 17 service weapon from the counter. Looks through the peephole. SMILES. Opens the door.

Mireya. She sees Kioni holding the gun and RAISES HER HANDS.

MIREYA

Is this how you welcome all your guests bearing gifts?

Kioni laughs. Mireya extends a bouquet of ROSES, which Kioni places on the counter.

MIREYA (CONT'D)

Sorry I didn't call first. I thought I'd take you to dinner. I had to see you. I can't stop...

Kioni EMBRACES Mireya, DRAWS her in close.

KIONI

I can't stop thinking of you either.

Kioni KISSES her, LEADS Mireya into the house and shuts the door. Caught up in the animal like PASSION, they start to throw off clothes. Jackets. Blouses. Shoes. Panties.

KIONI'S BEDROOM, CONTINUOUS

Kissing, panting, MOANING, they move into the bedroom and fall naked onto the bed.

KIONI (CONT'D)

(strokes Mireya's hair)
I've never done this before.

MIREYA

That makes two of us.

Kioni GLIDES down Mireya's body, KISSING her breasts, her belly, CARESSING her along the way. Kioni's head moves further down. Mireya MOANS.

The two figures MAKE LOVE in the dark bedroom. In the b.g., Fred chews on Mireya's and Kioni's underwear.

INT. LIVING ROOM, CONTINUOUS

Finished with lovemaking, a glowing Kioni and Mireya retrieve their cloths from the floor. Kioni chases Fred to recover their underwear. She hands Mireya her pair.

KIONI
 Sorry, Fred is such a perve.

MIREYA
 Guess that makes me a perve too.

They finish dressing. Kioni places the roses in a vase.

KIONI
 Thank you for these.

MIREYA
 A dozen roses for a dozen orgasms.
 Seems like a fair trade.

Kioni blushes, chuckling.

KIONI
 I know a good restaurant on the
 river. Can you drive, though? I'd
 offer to take you on the Harley for
 a night ride but it's in the shop.

MIREYA
 We can take my new beamer. Bought
 it as a reward to myself for the
 new job. But I will take a
 raincheck for that bike ride.

KIONI
 Deal.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - NIGHT

Mireya barrels down a lonely country road, Kioni in the
 passenger seat.

INT. MIREYA'S BMW, CONTINUOUS

Meditative synthesizer music yawns from the stereo. Mireya
 checks the rearview. BLINDING HEADLIGHTS make her squint.

MIREYA
 Get off my ass, moron.

Kioni glances at her passenger side mirror, SHIELDS her eyes
 from the tailgater's high beams.

KIONI
 Prob'ly a drunk redneck. Just let
 him pass.

Mireya rolls down the window, WAVES on the truck. No dice.

Mireya slows slightly but the truck stays on her tail. She tries to move to the shoulder but the truck blocks her.

MIREYA

Goddamnit! He's pissin' me off! You buckled up tight?

KIONI

Yea...?

Mireya floors it. The BMW ROCKETS down the road, leaves the truck in her metaphorical dust. Its headlights disappear.

MIREYA

Don't mess with a girl and her BMW.

KIONI

Quite impressive Ms. Machaka.

HIGH BEAMS reappear. The ancient truck sails down the old blacktopped road with the BMW as its target. Mireya sees it gaining on her in the rearview.

MIREYA

Timmy Truck Fuck's back.

The truck picks up speed.

VROOM. VROOM...a high-powered turbo racing engine.

A SUDDEN JOLT. Mireya momentarily loses then regains control of the wheel.

MIREYA (CONT'D)

Mother--He just rammed us! How does that old truck keep up with us. It's from the Leave it to Beaver era.

KIONI

It's pimped out. Just keep your speed.

The truck stays on the beamer's tail, RAMMING it then pulling back, RAMMING again and pulling back.

Mireya struggles to navigate. She checks the speedometer--75...80...85. The truck remains on her tail.

Kioni withdraws her service weapon. Unbuckles. Lowers her window. She leans out and aims the weapon at the truck.

MIREYA

Kioni, what the fuck?

KIONI

Keep your eye on the road.

Mireya rolls her eyes.

Instead of slowing down at the sight of Kioni aiming a weapon out her window, the truck speeds up. It SWERVES across the double yellow line and into the oncoming traffic lane.

MIREYA

NOW, he tries to pass!

Kioni drops back into her seat.

Just ahead--red FLASHING lights and the WARNING BELL of a railroad crossing.

The crossing flag SLOWLY LOWERS.

KIONI

Do NOT slow down.

MIREYA

Ay yi yi. Whatever you say.

The TRUCK'S DRIVER sees the flag lowering and VEERS back behind the beamer. Mireya checks her speed: 95.

The train's conductor doesn't see the two vehicles approaching. The train continues to SAIL down the tracks.

Mireya sucks in air, FLOORS it. The speedometer reads 105. The truck stays just feet behind.

The BMW SPLINTERS the crossing flag and SAILS over the track.

She eases slightly off the gas, checks the rearview. Kioni turns in her seat, checks behind. Simultaneously they see...

MIREYA (CONT'D)

Shit!!!

KIONI

Shit!!!

The truck has made it over the track and is still IN PURSUIT!

In the b.g., the train's conductor SLAMS on the brakes. Giant waves of smoke RISE as the train SKIDS to a complete stop.

Mireya FLOORS it again...90...95. This time, the truck SWERVES over the double line into the oncoming lane and pulls parallel to the BMW.

Kioni glances over...

It is the Avenger at the wheel.

She has raises her GLOCK 17, ready to fire.

AVENGER'S POV, INSIDE THE TRUCK

Rock music—"Come and Get Your Love" by Native American band Redbone—blares on the truck stereo. The two women stare disbelievingly.

He FLASHES a CREEPY SMIRK. POINTS his right index finger at Kioni and mock "SHOOTS."

Kioni realizes she can't shoot; it's too dangerous with the BMW so close, both vehicles could crash.

In the f.g. headed toward them, a semi FLASHES its high beams. BLARES its airhorn. Once. Twice. Three times.

Mireya "slows" to 80. The Avenger passes the BMW and VEERS back in front of her.

The semi, horns still BLARING, barely misses the truck and zooms past.

KIONI (CONT'D)

His truck doesn't have plates. We need to follow him.

MIREYA

Really Kioni? I'm not Steve McQueen in *Bullitt*.

KIONI

Coulda fooled me.

She shakes her head, floors it again. 80...85...90.

The BMW keeps up with the Avenger speeding around curves, past diners, crab houses, crappy motels. Suddenly, the truck VEERS off the road and into a tobacco field.

MIREYA

What the hell?

KIONI

Keep up!

MIREYA

Girl, I am either gonna love you more or hate you forever after our little field trip is over!

They ROLL WILDLY over the bumpy tobacco field, uprooting plants in their wake. Ahead, the Avenger PLOWS through a tobacco barn knocking off plants hanged to dry.

The BMW hurtles through the barn just behind. Shredded TOBACCO LEAVES cover the hood.

MIREYA (CONT'D)

That smell is awful. Why in God's name does anybody still smoke?

Kioni smiles, tickled by Mireya's *play by play*.

The old truck abruptly exits the field, careens onto a one lane gravel road.

Mireya follows, CHECKING her rear view.

MIREYA (CONT'D)

Marshall Hall we have a problem. It appears some other fool wants to join our little countryside jaunt.

Behind, a late model Mustang ROCKETS toward them.

MIREYA (CONT'D)

For God's sake, how many reckless drivers are there in this county?

KIONI

At least three tonight.

The truck, BMW and Mustang are now within feet of each other, BLASTING down the gravel road in a CLOUD of dust and stone.

INSIDE THE MUSTANG

The driver--the ASSASSIN--lowers his window. Twangy country music TUMBLES from the speakers. The assassin FIRES. Three shots WHIZ past the BMW; one PINGS the Avenger's tailgate.

For half a mile, the three vehicles keep pace as if joined at the fender. Finally, the gravel road ends and the Avenger PLOWS through the three way intersection onto a four lane highway. The BMW and Mustang follow closely, all three vehicles WEAVING IN AND OUT of fitful traffic.

KIONI (CONT'D)

Oh no...

MIREYA

That doesn't sound good.

KIONI

It's not. I know where this road leads.

Kioni doesn't elaborate. Mireya doesn't ask. Ahead, at a four way intersection, the traffic light TURNS YELLOW.

KIONI (CONT'D)

Gotta run it sweetie. We cannot lose him.

MIREYA

You had to call me sweetie didn't you?

Kioni smiles as Mireya runs the red light. Cars and trucks LAY ON THEIR HORNS. The Mustang BLASTS through the light just behind the BMW.

Mireya sees what Kioni was afraid of. A giant DRAWBRIDGE looms large. All three vehicles speed past the cars and trucks starting to slow down as they near the bridge.

The Mustang KICKS into high gear, ZOOMS past the BMW and is now hot on the tail of the Avenger's truck. Mireya "slows" to 70, but continues to WEAVE through bridge traffic.

The bridge light slowly changes: GREEN...YELLOW...RED.

But...the Avenger's truck does not decelerate.

The bridge starts to RAISE...15 DEGREES...

The Assassin's Mustang does not decelerate.

...30 DEGREES...

Mireya sucks in a deep breath, looks at Kioni.

...45 DEGREES...

Mireya STRETCHES HER ARM OUT in front of Kioni like a mother protecting her child.

KIONI

Brake Mireya. You gotta brake NOW!

The Avenger's truck climbs the aloft gate, SOARS over the Potomac River and SMASHES onto the road on the other side. The old truck RUMBLES, SHAKES and SWERVES before it continues down the highway.

Seconds behind, the Assassin's Mustang climbs the gate too but the lift angle is now nearly 55 DEGREES, just enough to slow down the car and...

...FALL SHORT of making it to the other side. The CAR SLAMS into the bottom of the raised bridge gate on the other side, EXPLODES and plummets into the river.

The last vehicle in the trio--the BMW--begins to climb the gate but Mireya has braked just in time. Steaming black SKID MARKS trail behind as the beamer stops just short of the edge. She slams into reverse, carefully backs down off the raised gate.

Kioni and Mireya climb from the car and watch as the old truck escapes, passing a sign...WELCOME TO VIRGINIA. Below the burning Mustang and driver slowly sink into the Potomac.

EXT. SOUTH DAKOTA PLAINS - NIGHT

A black limo WHIZZES down a desolate highway lined by tall pines. In the backseat, rotund, double-chinned Chairman of the Joint Chiefs General HORTON LIVINGSTON BRAGG (61) boasts to his assistant MARTIN COHEN (29) about his latest budget coup.

GENERAL BRAGG

Goddamn Marty, did you see that SOB Symington squirm when I passed him that note?

COHEN

I did sir. I believe the Oversight Committee would approve any Pentagon budget request we demand.

GENERAL BRAGG

Don't I know it, son!

Bragg leans forward, a foot-long Cuban dangling from his mouth. Cohen dutifully lights it. Bragg takes a huge drag, expels a cloud of smoke which the limo driver eludes.

GENERAL BRAGG (CONT'D)

I say we celebrate. What's the name of that Sturgis strip joint?

COHEN

Priscilla's. Priscilla's Pink Palace sir.

GENERAL BRAGG
Well then, Priscilla here
we come.

EXT. PRISCILLA'S PINK PALACE - NIGHT

The limo GLIDES into a graveled parking lot, crammed with *Made in America* pickups and 18-wheelers. A pink neon light shouts "GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!"

Trembling in the cold air, Cohen opens the rear door for his boss. Bragg heaves his corpulent bulk from the back seat, SEES HIS BREATH, shivers.

INT. PINK PALACE, CONTINUOUS

At the door, a VIN DIESEL LOOKALIKE in sparkling silver lame jacket greets Bragg and Cohen warmly.

Bragg snaps his fingers at Cohen, who discreetly places a \$100 bill in Vin Diesel lookalike's palm.

After escorting Bragg and Cohen to a table in front of two nude pole dancers, Vin Diesel lookalike MOTIONS to a copper skinned girl in "mid lap dance." She finishes abruptly, stuffs a \$20 in her G-string and saunters to Bragg's table.

Bragg rubs his chubby hands together in anticipation.

GENERAL BRAGG
There' my little Indian gal!

The raven-haired Sioux EXOTIC DANCER recognizes Bragg, lopes into his outstretched arms. She STRIPS OFF what little she wears, faces Bragg and starts to GRIND.

BRAGG'S TABLE, TWO HOURS LATER

Empty beer bottles. Shot glasses four high. Bragg and Cohen are VISIBLY LIT. The good general barely keeps his eyes open. "Pocahontas" yawns, continues to SHAKE, TWERK and GRIND.

GENERAL BRAGG
Marty, I gotta piss. Bad.

Cohen PEEKS from behind a BLONDE DANCER busy on *his* lap.

COHEN
Over there in the back
corner.

Cohen PUSHES AWAY the blonde and gets up. Bragg motions to stay put.

GENERAL BRAGG

I'm a big boy.

Bragg points at his stripper, pats his empty seat. She obediently takes his place while he WEAVES past the pole dancers headed for the men's room.

INSIDE MEN'S ROOM, CONTINUOUS

Bragg unzips, pisses, then with some difficulty zips up and turns around. The Avenger, smirking, PUNCHES Bragg once hard in the face and CATCHES him as he falls.

With little effort, he DRAGS Bragg's limp body to the open bathroom window and SHOVES HIM OUT.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT, CONTINUOUS

Bragg THUMPS into the bed of the Avenger's truck parked beneath the men's room window. The Avenger follows the general out the window. He binds Bragg's hands and feet, climbs behind the wheel and SPINS gravel exiting the lot.

In the truck bed, the Avenger's FOUR-STARRED cargo BOUNCES unchecked in the frigid South Dakota night under a full moon and a million SPARKLING STARS.

ACT FIVE

EXT. BLACK HILLS NATIONAL FOREST - MORNING, NEXT DAY

Blinking awake, a hungover Bragg SHIVERS stark naked in the shade of a thick forest. He is spread eagle, his hands and feet tied with a heavy rope between two monumental spruce. Despite the freezing temperature, his face SWEATS from fear.

The Avenger HOVERS menacingly behind him.

GENERAL BRAGG

Goddamnit! Who the hell are you?
What kind of kinky shit is this?

THE AVENGER

I assure you General, this is not
anything *kinky*. This...is strictly
payback.

Ravens CAW from the treetops, SWOOP down over the two men. Bragg FLINCHES and YANKS on the retaining ropes to no avail.

The Avenger steps in front of Bragg who now sees his tormentor for the first time...an Indian, muscular, tall, with a pock-marked face painted in circles, dots and arching thunderbolts. He WEARS a white cloth shirt bearing strange picture symbols.

GENERAL BRAGG

Listen you Indian son of a bitch--
you don't know who you're dealing
with!

Unfazed, the Avenger STEPS CLOSER, inches from Bragg's face.

THE AVENGER

Does the name Ira Hayes ring a
bell?

GENERAL BRAGG

Not really.

THE AVENGER

You've seen the Iwo Jima statue,
no? Right next to your Pentagon.

GENERAL BRAGG

Yes, of course.

THE AVENGER

Ira is one of the five men raising
the flag at Mt. Suribachi in 1945.

(MORE)

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

Only three of those men came back from the war. Two whites and Ira.

GENERAL BRAGG

What in living hell does that...

THE AVENGER

Your government put him on tour selling war bonds. Ira Hayes, national hero. Patriot. Indian.

Bragg becomes quiet.

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

They supplied him with all the whiskey he could drink. All he had to do in return was hawk savings bonds.

The Avenger pauses to let that sink in.

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

Do you know how Ira died, general?

The Avenger tilts his head.

THE AVENGER (CONT'D)

He got drunk. Froze to death on the reservation. He was 33 years old.

GENERAL BRAGG

Do you really think kidnapping me now will make up for what happened to him then?

The Avenger smiles, steps closer, whispers into Bragg's ear.

THE AVENGER

Paybacks really are hell aren't they chief?

INT. NATIONAL CONGRESS OF AMERICAN INDIANS - DAY

A busy Washington, DC Convention Center. Native Americans from every major North American tribe mingle, chat, joke, catch up, plan for the week's events.

Two tribal chiefs--the SIOUX LEADER and NAVAJO LEADER--sit in a dark corner of the hall, engaged in serious discussion.

The Navajo Leader tosses a copy of the *Washington Post* on the coffee table, points to a front page article.

NAVAJO LEADER
What the hell happened?

SIOUX LEADER
I hired the wrong white man for the job.

NAVAJO LEADER
The chiefs say they are done. They want the woman police detective to handle it now.

SIOUX LEADER
How can we be sure she can stop him?

NAVAJO LEADER
Perhaps she cannot. But we must respect the wishes of the Tribal leaders.

The Navajo Leader leaves.

The Sioux Leader picks up the *Post*, reads the headline: *Tribal Avenger Escapes During High Speed Chase. One Driver Dies at the Scene.*

SIOUX LEADER
Kioni Freed...may the Great Spirit show you the way.

EXT. BLACK HILLS NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

Kioni, Ben, Agent Gray and a team of agents in jackets marked "FBI" explore thick foliage. Two agents guide police dogs through the brush. Above a DRONE FORCE transmits video to a remote law enforcement team.

GRAY
Should be around here. Campers said they saw him dragging the general.

Ben squats, examines markings in the sandy soil.

GRAY (CONT'D)
You know that nobody tracks like that any more right? Just on TV.

BEN
It's called *cutting for sign*. And I've found hundreds of animals and people this way.

KIONI

Agent Gray, let Ben do it his way.

Gray rolls his eyes. Ben continues to sift, then stands up and breaks into a chant and dance.

BEN

Hoya hoyo hola heh. Hoa humma heh.

He dances over to Kioni, pauses tromping, whispers...

BEN (CONT'D)

That's for Gray's benefit. Makes me seem more mystical.

Kioni smiles. Gray who realizes Ben has played him.

The search team reaches an opening that diverges into three different paths. Ben squats, uses a stick to sift the dirt.

BEN (CONT'D)

He was here. His prints are in front, the large ones. Behind is the general--the Sioux was dragging him. See the edges of his heels?

They continue up a hill with massive spruce. Ben points to a carving on a large boulder--a Sioux pictogram. Vertical line on the left and right, an X between them and four stars in a circle around the drawing.

BEN (CONT'D)

The stars are the general's. Bragg is the X.

KIONI

The icons are all black except the red X.

BEN

Red means dead.

A lone bald eagle soars above. The band follows Ben further up the hill. The search dogs begin BARKING non-stop.

There, bound at the wrists and ankles, stretched between two spruce, hangs the limp adipose body of General Bragg. An ugly trio of vultures picks at his deep purple flesh.

Gray loses his lunch in a nearby bush. The other agents turn away mumbling profanities.

Ben shoos away the scavengers and raises Bragg's head. Two of his metal stars are stabbed into his eyes, the other two into his nipples.

Two words are carved into Bragg's flesh...*FOR IRA*.

INT. DC POLICE HQ, INVESTIGATION ROOM - DAY

Kioni and Ben review the latest evidence. Agent Gray enters, lobs a manila folder onto the table.

GRAY

Just say thank you Agent Gray.

He leaves. Kioni glances at Ben who shrugs. She removes the folder's contents and begins reading.

KIONI

FBI says the Sturgis strip joint captured him on a parking lot cam.

She examines the surveillance shots then hands them to Ben.

BEN

Damnit. I was hoping he wasn't gonna be from the rez. I know him. *Teddy Black Bear*. I used to hunt with his father.

FLASHBACK:

BEN (CONT'D)

(V.O. narrates flashback)
Teddy and his family were really close. On his tenth or eleventh birthday, his dad gave him a turquoise necklace.

EXT. IN FRONT OF TEDDY'S HOUSE ON THE REZ - DAY

Teddy's father hangs the turquoise necklace around the young boy's neck. He displays it proudly, runs to show his mother.

BEN

(V.O. narrates flashback)
Teddy was good in school, probably smartest Sioux kid I ever seen. But he wanted to escape the rez, see the world, so he joined the army after high school.

INT. MILITARY CEREMONY - DAY

Teddy is sworn into the Army. His father and mother smile from the audience as he takes the oath.

BEN

(V.O. narrates flashback)

In Afghanistan, he was a paratrooper and he earned a Silver Star for bravery.

EXT. IN THE SKY OVER AFGHANISTAN - NIGHT

Teddy jumps from a plane; his chute opens as he falls to earth and lands in the night desert, prepared for action.

BEN

(V.O. narrates flashback)

Then it all went to hell. While he was deployed, ATF raided his parents place on the rez. Turned out they had the wrong house and the wrong perps. But ATF murdered Teddy's mom and dad in the raid.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF TEDDY'S MOM AND DAD'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ATF agents kick in the front door, explode into the room, weapons drawn and begin shooting. Teddy's mother and father are caught in the crossfire. On the floor, Teddy's mother places her bloody hand over her husband's. The ATF agents look at each other and start to argue.

BEN

(V.O. narrates flashback)

When Teddy returned from the war, he was a mess. Started drinking, drugging, fighting random punks.

INT. SEEDY BAR - NIGHT

Teddy sits in a dark corner snorting a line of cocaine. He wobbles up, knocks over the chair and approaches the bar. Cuts in front of two guys at the bar. They throw punches. Teddy pummels both of them, slamming their heads on the bar.

RETURN TO PRESENT:

BEN

Teddy was always angry after that. Not the same Teddy I knew as a kid.

KIONI
Considering what happened to him...

BEN
Yea.

INT. KIONI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kioni and Ben sit on the couch watching an old black and white Western. Fred is stationed between them. Ben takes a shot of whiskey, throws a kernel of popcorn into his mouth and tosses one to Fred.

BEN
I'm hittin' the hay. Come on Fred.

KIONI
Night guys.

Kioni texts Mireya. We see the exchange on her phone.

KIONI (CONT'D)
When will I see you again?

MIREYA
Funny you should ask. Look outside.

Kioni opens the front door. They embrace, kiss deeply. Kioni leads Mireya into her room, KICKS THE DOOR CLOSED.

INT. KIONI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They begin to UNDRRESS EACH OTHER. Touching. Kissing. Moaning. After they make love, they climb beneath the covers.

FOOTSTEPS. Then a KNOCK and the bedroom door flies open. It's Ben with Fred lingering in the shadows.

Mireya lets go of Kioni and HIDES beneath the covers.

Ben AMBLES to the bed, FLIPS on the nightstand light and plops down next to Kioni. Fred curls into a ball at the foot of the bed.

BEN
Tomorrow is September 11th. The 25th anniversary of 9/11. They're having a big shindig up in New York. At Yankee Stadium. And Elizabeth McQueen is the host.

KIONI
The fourth is Liz!

BEN
Yup. And NPR said she's leaving for
New York at midnight.

Kioni checks her cell phone clock...11:05.

KIONI
Just enough time for us to get to
Joint Base Andrews.

Ben glances at the bulge beneath the covers next to Kioni.

BEN
Mireya, could you drive? Kioni says
you're one hell of a beamer pilot.

Mireya peaks above the covers. She and Kioni sport guilty
smiles. Fred LICKS Mireya's embarrassed face.

EXT. MARYLAND HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Mireya's BMW STREAKS down the six lane U.S. ROUTE 301
checkerboarding cars and trucks.

INT. MIREYA'S BMW, CONTINUOUS

Mireya CONCENTRATING at the wheel, Kioni BRACING HERSELF in
the passenger seat, Ben QUAKING in backseat.

KIONI
I told you she doesn't mess around.

MIREYA
I can go faster if you want.

No!	KIONI	BEN
		No! This seems like the perfect speed.

Kioni calls Agent Gray.

KIONI (CONT'D)
Gray! Notify Secret Service that
Ben and I need to see the
President. Tell them to hold Air
Force One!

EXT. JOINT BASE ANDREWS - CONTINUOUS

The beamer BLOWS PAST the guard waving them on. The car speeds along the tarmac toward a parked Boeing VC-25A with the Presidential seal on the front...AIR FORCE ONE.

Two motorcycle COPS ESCORT the BMW toward the plane where four unmarked SECRET SERVICE CARS block the aircraft stairs. The TRIO JUMPS OUT and runs up the stairs.

At the doorway, they're met by more Secret Service AGENTS who USHER them onto the aircraft. The president meets them.

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN

Kioni, is everything okay?

KIONI

Madame President we believe he will try to kill you at the ceremony.

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN

Agent Cooper, show Ben and Kioni the ceremony schedule.

AGENT COOPER (mid 40's) passes a large binder to Kioni. Ben reviews it over her shoulder as she turns the pages. Kioni pauses her finger on the schedule.

KIONI

There's a three person accuracy landing squad?

AGENT COOPER

That's right. And the last jumper will present the president with an American flag that flew at the World Trade Center on September 11.

KIONI

That's when he's going to try to kill you Madame President.

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN

Agent Cooper, we'll need extra Secret Service coverage for those paratrooper squads...

KIONI

I think too many undercover agents will spook him, ma'am. I suggest we send up just one person.

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN

Okay.

KIONI

And I want that person to be me.

AGENT COOPER

No way. We handle these type of...

KIONI

I've been diving since I was a kid.

PRESIDENT MCQUEEN

You're sure you're up to this?

KIONI

I am. And I don't intend to fail.

EXT. ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE TARMAC - CONTINUOUS

Air Force One SOARS into the night sky. The lights of Washington's monuments and memorials flicker brightly below.

ON-SCREEN THREE SIMULTANEOUS SCENES PLAY OUT:

SCENE 1: EXT. - ABOVE YANKEE STADIUM - NIGHT

Hundreds of ARMY AIRBIRD PARATROOPERS jump from dozens of planes, their chutes FILLING the sky.

SCENE 2: EXT. - YANKEE STADIUM - NIGHT

Flanked by a team of Secret Service agents, PRESIDENT MCQUEEN WAVES to the packed stadium and makes her way to the stage with BEN and MIREYA close behind.

SCENE 3: INT. - LARGE MILITARY AIRPLANE - NIGHT

In the bay, the TARGET JUMPING TEAM prepares their chutes. Each is in full gear with GOGGLES and HELMETS.

EXT. STADIUM JUMBOTRON, CONTINUOUS

An ANNOUNCER describes the festivities.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, 2,606 Army
Airbird Paratroopers now landing
here in Yankee Stadium.

The crowd APPLAUDS and CHEERS. Images of those who lost their lives on 9-11 cover the Jumbotron.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Up next, the three member Target
Jumping Corps.

MILITARY JUMPING TEAM INSIDE THE PLANE

The TEAM LEADER gives instructions to the team...

TEAM LEADER
Okay, Jumper A, GO, GO, GO! B
Jumper, get ready to go on my
signal. Jumper C you're delivering
the flag, have it ready.

Jumper A dives out the aircraft door. B and C check their
chutes. Kioni--Jumper C--has the U.S. Flag tied to her chute.

She sees that Jumper B is wearing a TURQUOISE NECKLACE. It's
TEDDY BLACK BEAR a.k.a. The Avenger.

Suddenly, TEDDY withdraws his knife. With a swift motion, he
SLASHES the Team Leader's neck. KIONI jumps on TEDDY but he
SHOVES her off, grabs her chute, scrambles for the door.

KIONI
Damn it Teddy! NOOOO!

TEDDY
Thanks for the flag detective. I'll
be sure Madame President gets it.

He FLIPS backward out of the aircraft, grinning and HOLDING
Kioni's parachute and the flag in his hands.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Don't need to chase me any longer!

Kioni GRIPS both sides of the door. The air RUSHES in. She
doesn't hesitate, DIVES from the plane, SCREAMS out...

KIONI
The HELL I don't!!

Teddy UNTIES the flag, FLINGS Kioni's chute away. Kioni
places her arms to her side and DIVES toward her chute. She
nears it, REACHES out...and SNAGS the chute.

She STRUGGLES to put it on, PLUMMETS through the sky...

KIONI (CONT'D)
C'mon Kioni. You can DO THIS!

She SPINS through the air trying to get her arms through the straps...until finally, success! She lowers her head and places her arms to her sides again DIVING toward Teddy but this time with a chute. SECONDS PASS. THEN She REACHES him.

KIONI (CONT'D)

I don't give up that easy Teddy.

They BATTLE IN THE AIR as the stadium DRAWS closer below.

GRABBING. PUNCHING. LUNGING.

Teddy sees Kioni's pull cord dangling and YANKS it. Her eyes widen as her chute opens and PULLS her up into the air.

He continues to dive before waiting until the last minute to pull his own chute cord.

Kioni drifts above, unable to catch up. She tests the microphone in her helmet but gets only STATIC. She can only WATCH as he touches ground just minutes ahead of her.

EXT. YANKEE STADIUM, PRESIDENTIAL STAGE - NIGHT

Safely on the ground, Teddy unsnaps his chute, RETRIEVES the American flag and TROTS toward the President waiting on stage. The stadium spectators RISE in anticipation.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Looks like it will be the second member of the jump team who will present the flag to the president.

Teddy transitions from a trot into a RUN, CLIMBS the stage stairs, HIDES his knife inside the flag. SMILES. Mumbles...

TEDDY

This is for Sitting Bull, lady chief. The fourth, final revenge.

Ben sees the turquoise NECKLACE and then the KNIFE.

BEN

Not today Teddy!

Just as Teddy LUNGES for the president with the knife, Ben HURDLES in front of her. Teddy PLUNGES the blade into Ben's chest. And as he does, SHOTS ring out all around. BULLETS, tens of them, ENTER Teddy's body. BLOOD is everywhere.

RIDDLED with Secret Service bullets he FALLS, lifeless to the stage. Ben is also hit and FALLS next to Teddy.

Kioni LANDS. Hears the shots. Sees both Teddy and Ben down. She RACES to Ben, KNEELS, CRADLES his head.

BEN (CONT'D)

Enjoyed our little adventure Kioni.
Made an old coot feel young and
worthy again.

KIONI

No Ben. Just hang in there. Don't
give up!

Mireya reaches them. Kioni looks up. Tears CASCADE down both Kioni's and Mireya's cheeks.

BEN

Hope the Great Spirit serves good
whiskey. I'll have a shot in your
honor...

Ben closes his eyes. And DIES in Kioni's arms. Mireya kneels down, places her arms around Kioni, pulls her close.

Secret Service Agents RUSH the president off the stage as CHAOS ensues throughout the stadium.

The Jumbotron announcer attempts to get CONTROL of the mob...

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen. Please REMAIN
CALM! The danger is over now.

EXT. BLACK HILLS RESERVATION CEMETERY - DAY

Under a light drizzle, mourners gather around two pine scaffolds holding the bodies of BEN and TEDDY.

Most tribal male mourners have SHAVED their HEADS. The women and children wear traditional Lakota Sioux GARB--made of elk skin, tanned buffalo hide and deer skin.

KIONI and MIREYA are the only non-Native Americans in the enormous crowd. Both wear black dresses; Kioni a black head scarf as well. Beneath a shared umbrella, they embrace.

The HEAD OF THE CEREMONY passes around a peyote filled pipe.

Twelve Sioux men emerge, lift the TWO BODIES from the scaffolds and carry them into an overgrown CEMETERY. They lower the bodies into fresh GRAVES.

Each of the mourners SHUFFLE past the two graves and toss OBJECTS for the AFTERLIFE--carvings, notes, pemmican, porcupine quills, necklaces, painted pebbles.

Kioni and Mireya reach the graves; they read the writing on the boulder HEADSTONES...

BEN SOARING EAGLE

Now he soars with the Great Spirit

TEDDY BLACK BEAR

He sought justice for all tribes

Kioni WIPES a TEAR, removes an airline WHISKEY miniature, kisses it and tosses it into Ben's open grave.

At Teddy's grave, she removes a clear plastic bag marked "EVIDENCE" from her purse. She PULLS OUT TEDDY'S TURQUOISE NECKLACE and DROPS it gently into the dark grave.

Mireya and Kioni walk away from the graves as a long line of mourners continues to shuffle past. What had been a drizzle becomes a downpour. What had been grey clouds become black.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END