

THE VIOLENCE OF WINE

Written by

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EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Rolling dark fields crest lazily upwards toward the Pryor Mountain Ranges.

SCREEN READS: CROW NATION, CENTRAL EASTERN MONTANA

A set of lone headlights break from the horizon traveling dimly over an isolated, one-lane gravel road.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Three Native American female teens, EMILY HANNIGAN (15), KAREN LONGEE (14) and instigator and provocateur LEVI MASHONEE (16) crowd-up together singing into their iPhones like Crow Nation Rappers.

Emily turns down the radio slowing the car down like a seasoned pro while assessing the BLM road marker.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dismal, small.

Three dangerously restless Latino teens, TONO (18), his lethal sidekick-strongman is SEBAS (17), and the third is a younger, trans-boy, ALEXANDRO (15).

They prowl social-media sites targeting "rage" announcements throughout the Bighorn Valley.

Alexandro paints his nails while scrolling.

ALEXANDRO

Here's one. The res. Not too far.

INT. SIDE-BY-SIDE TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA (55), sleeps in a recliner chair in front of the droning TV. An oxygen tank sits to her left with tubes riding up her cheeks on either sides.

Two Pitbulls, GRAVY and COLONEL CUSTER (6), sleep on either side of the chair. Across her lap, a Thompson/Center G2 Contender 2 shot snake slayer.

Wilma's finger rests naturally inside the guard.

EXT. METH SHED - NIGHT

Smoke plumes from the shack vent.

Tono and Sebas approach the front door of the small shed-house.

Alexandro in the car, thumbs through a magazine of youth fashion - Taylor Swift, Noah Schnapp, Olivia Rodrigo.

The door opens. A METH CHEF (32) opens the door dressed in a full, head to toe, yellow haz-mat suit.

TONO
Smells like Christmas.

INT. SIDE-BY-SIDE TRAILER GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Gravy senses a noise down hall in the other bedroom.

EXT. SIDE-BY-SIDE TRAILER - NIGHT

The native teens quietly stride toward the rear of the side by side. The three cautiously approach the weathered frame.

A backpack is tossed out from the bedroom. A bright-eyed kid, TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS (15) leans out.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
(whispers)
What took you guys so long?

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Tyler sits in the backseat along with Karen. Levi sits up front with Emily behind the wheel.

Tyler opens up her plastic bag.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
I put it all in this zip lock bag.
I put it in after my mom packed my
bag.

Tyler pulls open the slider on the plastic top of her hidden contraband producing a handful of inexpensive, teen "make-up" products.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS (CONT'D)
I got one full set of colors for
each of us. Look!

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Hundreds of reservation and Montana kids dance, drink and push up onto one-another.

The party rages with kids from neighboring counties, Lakota Nation and Flathead Nations and the white kids from neighboring Billings, Bighorn, and Hardin.

Crow Rapper "SUPAMAN" CHRISTIAN WITH A GUN (23), spins off-radar artists.

The air is filled with the rush of escape.

Crossing the "Supaman DJ" are the Latino pack of Tono, Sebas and Alexandro. They make for the far shadowy side of the barn.

TONO
Let's get set up.

Tyler, Levi, Karen and Emily enter the barn with their aged-up, exotic "Charlotte Tilbury" styles.

Eager are the teens to leave their youthful past back from where they came.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
Everybody in Montana is here.

EXT. RESERVATION ONE LANE ROAD - NIGHT

A dozen Crow Police and Bighorn Sheriff cruisers caravan at high speeds. Lights whirl across the open Crow expanse.

Radio futz: "Suspect at location. We're at fifteen minutes".

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Tyler and crew begin dancing with each other, fun-flirting, laughing and moving about.

LEVI MASHONEE
THERE'S LOTS OF BOYS HERE!

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
WHAT?

EMILY HANNIGAN
"BOYS." LOTS OF BOYS! AND, WHITE
ONES!!

Across the barn, Tono, Sebas and Alexandro pass small plastic bags to the other and tuck them inside their pockets.

TONO
Start with the ones who are
standing alone. Natives first.

With baseball hat turned backwards, a warm and inviting smile is Bozeman boy RAVALLI NANCE (16) along with his FRIEND (16).

Ravalli and Forest push through the crowd and approach the three girls - awkward, excited.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS

Hi...

RAVALLI

Hey, you guys live on the res?

CORNER OF BARN - MORE

Tono counts two fist-loads of 100 dollar bills - upwards to 8 to 2,000 dollars - maybe more.

He signals for Alexandro to come closer.

TONO

Take this.

Tono bundles the big wad of cash up with a rubber band stuffing the wad of cash inside Alexandro's coat pockets.

TONO (CONT'D)

It's everything we made over in Pryor. Put it in your coat. Let's start giving the magic out.

Karen saddles up to Levi both on their way toward the cute Latinos in the corner of the barn.

The girls approach - all smiles.

LEVI MASHONEE

You guys come in from one of the ranches?

INT. SIDE-BY-SIDE TRAILER - NIGHT

Colonel Custer nudges her nose into Wilma's lap - wakes her. The dog stares.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

What's wrong with you?

INT. SIDE-BY-SIDE TRAILER GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

Wilma and Colonel Custer enter. She looks to see an empty, unmade bed, window open - curtains blowing inwards.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

Tyler.

EXT. METH SHED - NIGHT

The dozen Crow and Bighorn County police vehicles surround the lab in a whirl of screeching lights and squad cars.

INT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

In the back seat of the car, Levi and Karen sit in the middle of Tono and Sebas. Music plays - booze is out.

White lines sprinkled onto a small mirror.

TONO

You guys want to make some money?

LEVI MASHONEE

What is it?

TONO

Your way off the res if you want it.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Tyler and Emily dance with Rav and Forrest. She stops dancing and looks around - friends gone.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS

Emily? Where's Levi and Karen? I don't see 'em anywhere.

EXT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

Alexandro stands outside of the car keeping watch on the road.

Tyler and Emily approach.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS

We're looking for two girls, our friends. Did you see anybody walking down this way?

Tyler looks to see Levi and Karen in the backseat with the two other Latinos.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS

They're right there.

Karen stares straight ahead. Levi turns and looks back out the window - her make-up smeared, frightened.

Alexandro quietly whistles back to his crew in the car.

ALEXANDRO
No hablo engles. Sorry.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Levi? What are you guys doing?

INT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

Sebas places the mirror of meth down on the floor.

SEBAS
Alguien está aquí.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Tono and Sebas approach Tyler and Emily - charming, welcoming, lethal.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
Our friends are in your car.

Tono and Sebas move closer to Tyler and Emily.

SEBAS
They're just having a little fun.

TONO
Sebas. The young ladies look cold.
Let's give them our coats.

The men take off their heavy jackets.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
We don't want your coats. We want
our friends. Karen? Levi? C'mon!

Without warning, the Cartel lieutenants throw their jackets over the heads of the young girls.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
NO!

EXT. METH SHED - NIGHT

Crow and Bighorn authorities position themselves behind their vehicles branding automatic weapons.

CROW POLICEMAN (BULLHORN)
Come out with raised hands!!

The meth cooker slowly exits from a side door wearing his bright yellow haz-mat suit.

In the meth cooker's hand - a lighted flare.

CROW POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Don't do it!!

The cooker throws the flare inside the meth lab and bolts towards the wide open darkness.

CROW POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch...

Crow police and Bighorn cops huddle down behind their vehicles.

A massive explosion suddenly engulfs the shed throwing flame and fire in all directions.

CROW POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Don't let him go!!

The cooker jumps on a quad and guns for the darkness.

A Crow police rifleman levels his 270 and scope at the fleeing yellow target.

CROW POLICEMAN (CONT'D)
Take him!!

A single shot is fired.

INT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

Alexandro drives at high speeds.

In the front seat next to Alexandro sits Tyler and Levi, with Sebas to her right.

In the back seat is Tono in the middle of Karen and Emily on either side.

EMILY HANNIGAN
Please?! Where are you taking us?
STOP THE CAR!!

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
Quiet, Em. Please.

Emily begins to cry, shake and convulse.

Impulsively she leans over the front seat crossing Tyler - then lunges for the wheel.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Emily! NO!

Her hands grip the steering wheel pulling it to the right!

EXT. DARK FIELD - NIGHT

The car violently whips off the road. Fence wire snaps!
Alexandro navigates the vehicle.

INT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

Tono straps in Levi's seat belt next to him, leans across her
and opens the door.

TONO

Get out!

EMILY HANNIGAN

NO!

Sebas, enraged, leans over Emily and kicks at the door.

First fighting to get out, Emily now fights to stay in. She
licks back, scratches and bites Sebas.

SEBAS

Arrrrggh!!

Tyler leans over the front seat and holds onto Emily. Sebas
hits Tyler with the handle grip on his gun.

SEBAS (CONT'D)

I said, LET HER GO!

Sebas turns his body towards, his legs over Levi, and kicks
her out of the car.

The girl drops from the door and her body tumbles and spins
across the open road.

KAREN LONGEE

Emily?

TONO

Alexandro. Pompey Pillars!

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD ACROSS THE VALLEY - NIGHT

Squad cars and firetrucks race across the valley floor in the
distance.

INT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

Sebas and Tono look on to the distant emergency vehicles.

SEBAS

They're heading towards the cooker.
Turn off the lights.

EXT. POMPEY PILLARS - NIGHT

The car comes to a stop in the middle of nowhere. Beautiful starry night. Pitch black!!

INT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

Alexandro is behind the wheel. Tyler sits next to him, her make-up smeared from the fight - waiting.

Sebas gets out. He opens the rear seat passenger door. He gets in between Tono, Levi, and Karen on the other side.

TONO
It's okay, chicas. Just a little
fun. You like fun, no?

Tono reaches for the buttons of Levi's shirt.

LEVI MASHONEE
No... Please.

Sebas pulls on Karen's belt out of her pant loops. He takes out his handgun.

SEBAS
Alexandro?

Alexandro looks into the mirror to see Sebas in the backseat.

SEBAS (CONT'D)
Take the other one out. Do to her
what you want. Maybe she'll do your
nails for you, huh, baby boy?

Sebas firmly slaps Alexandro in the back of the head. He leans over the front seat and gives Alexandro a weapon.

SEBAS (CONT'D)
Entonces mátala. (Then kill her).

Tyler opens up her door then suddenly bolts from the car out into the pitch black night - terrified.

Tono laughs.

TONO
Go get her, piquita cockarocha'.
Don't bring her back.

EXT. POMPEY PILLARS FIELD - NIGHT

With no direction, Tyler runs straight into the Crow Nation running blindly in a dark, wide-open sea.

Alexandro gives chase. Distance grows between Tyler and Alexandro.

Hitting a small log, she tangles up her feet and goes down.

Alexandro approaches with gun in hand, panting, out of breath. Tyler turns to face him.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS

You going to kill me? Just for the fun of it?

ALEXANDRO

Shhhh... You have to be quiet. Please! I'm not like them. Get up.

Tyler gets up and both teens look on to the scene taking place in the car from afar.

ALEXANDRO (CONT'D)

My name is Alexandro. You must listen. If I don't do what they say, they'll kill me.

Both look to the car in the distance and see the kind of things made of nightmares.

Alexandro takes off his jacket and gives it to Tyler.

ALEXANDRO (CONT'D)

Take it. If you wish to live, you have to run.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Are they going to kill my friends?

Alexandro says nothing.

Tyler bolts towards the car but Alexandro reaches for her arm. He holds her back.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)

Let me go.

ALEXANDRO

You can't save them.

Tyler relents and looks out to the dark void behind her.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS

I'll die out there.

ALEXANDRO

You'll die here if you stay.

Suddenly two muzzle flashes pop brightly outside of the car.
Pop, pop!

ALEXANDRO (CONT'D)
Go. Please.

Tyler turns towards the black Crow Nation Badlands.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
(helpless)
Where do I go?

ALEXANDRO
Away from here.

She turns and begins running - but to where?

Alexandro turns and begins walking to the car.

He looks back.

Tyler is lost in the dark. With pistol hanging to his side,
he squeezes off two shots in the ground signaling to Tono and
Sebas the girl is dead.

EXT. POMPEY PILLARS FIELD - NIGHT

Alexandro arrives.

Levi and Karen, half-dressed lie dead in the field. Tono and
Sebas secure their belts around their waists.

TONO
Let the wolves take the other one.
We'll take these two to the river.
Then get back to the apartment, cut
the new stuff from the cooker.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF THE SIDE-BY-SIDE - FOLLOWING - DAY

Stoic, Wilma reaches for her phonebook.

She thumbs through to find the number of daughter Debra and
husband David Aarons - parents to Tyler. Address and number
reads: (312) 462-5982 - Chicago Il. 60646.

She dials.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA
Debra, it's your mother.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. HELENA REGIONAL MONTANA AIRPORT - DAY

Cloudy skies and wide open spaces - Delta flight 907 approaches with flaps down.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

DAVID AARONS (42) and wife DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (38), parents to Tyler, carry grave concern as both stride across the terminal.

Debra reaches for her cell phone.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I'll let Wilma know we've landed.
She'll be waiting.

DAVID
Tell her we're headed over to the Tribal Police Department, first. I want to see the on-duty officer and place Tyler's last known whereabouts.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
(phone)
Hi, mom. We just landed.

EXT. CROW POLICE STATION - LATER - DAY

Crow Police Officer, PATRICK LITTLE LIGHT (30's) enters the waiting area and approaches David and Debra.

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT
You must be the parents of Tyler Yellowhawk?

DAVID
Yes.

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT
Chief Gardipee was called away.
Let's go into his office.

INT. CROW POLICE OFFICE - DAY

David and Debra sit opposite Officer Little Light. The office is sparse, a police force with little resource.

David holds a photo of a large dilapidated barn.

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT
This is the last place we think she was.

DAVID

A barn?

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT

There's a good chance of it. No evidence though.

The officer turns his computer screen around to reveal a number of websites.

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT (CONT'D)

Pulled some social media. Pop-up rages. They post, they party, they vanish, then erase themselves, do it again.

DAVID

Invisible.

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT

The elders aren't tech savvy so no oversight. Did you know the other girls?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

No. Who are they?

Officer Little Light places photos of Levi, Emily and Karen on the desk before the couple.

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT

Levi Mashonee, Emily Hannigan, and Karen Longee.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

They're Tyler's friends. They live on the reservation.

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT

Was Tyler visiting for any specific reason?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

A trip to see her grandmother. We encouraged it.

DAVID

Have you made contact with the Bighorn County detectives?

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT
That'll be up to Chief Gardipee. It
has to be coordinated through the
jurisdictions before they can come
on the res.

DAVID
Can you take us there?

INT. CAR - DAY

David and Debra drive to the barn following the res police
car.

The set of parents sit speechless - quiet shock.

DAVID
They have no resources.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I should've told Wilma, "No". But I
thought it'd be a good idea for her
to spend time with her
granddaughter. Now she's gone.

INT. BARN - DAY

Officer Little Light pushes the barn doors open. He leads the
way.

David and Debra follow. The space is completely void of any
hint.

DAVID
No indication anyone's even been
here.

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT
You won't find one. It's the way
they do it. Raked clean.

David steps forward and crosses the barn.

DAVID
(stunned)
Not a trace.

INT. SIDE-BY-SIDE TRAILER GUEST ROOM - DAY

David enters the room where Tyler climbed out the window.

He finds Tyler's airline tickets, itinerary and her ST.
CHRISTOPHER necklace. He takes it in his hands.

He sees Christopher carrying an infant over his shoulders across a raging river.

DAVID
Not much of a believer Chris, but
if you can help her now to get
across, I'd owe ya' one.

INT. KITCHEN - WILMA MANKILLER CHAPAS - DAYS LATER - DAY

Wilma's refrigerator is covered with happy photos of Tyler, family and friends.

An FBI badge and a SIG Sauer P-226 with holster lies on a kitchen table. We hear television news in the background.

David enters the kitchen. He looks at the "Missing Persons" placard of his daughter, Tyler Featherchild.

Debra enters - emotionally desolate.

DAVID
Wilma, set?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
She's getting her coat on.

A dressed-up, somber, Wilma Mankiller enters the kitchen. Wilma speaks in just a breathless whisper.

Instinctively she opens the cabinets and reaches for cans of dog food.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA
I'll get the dogs fed.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
It's okay, mom.

EXT. CROW VALLEY FLOOR - DAY

Massive Crow Res land mass. Wind blows gentle breezes through waves of lacing, swaying fields of soft grass.

Scores of childless mothers and fathers of the missing stand vigil.

David and Debra hold up Tyler's missing persons placard between them.

Missing persons advocate, BARBARA FASTEAGLE (38) stands before the long line of broken families.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

We place our minds and hearts this morning in the condition of hope, where this hope will not falter, equivocate or tire.

The three sets of PARENTS for Levi, Emily and Karen hold photos of their children before them.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE (CONT'D)

We've all heard the voices of our own, "Come find me, take me home." Let us take our first steps this morning in being whole again and let us look for the justice that is ours.

Surviving families face the western setting sun. Some offer prayers to the spirits and turn away.

David and Debra stay while others fade away.

The afternoon passes, candles burn low while cars and trucks pull off the road.

David and Debra remain. Candles burn and wane.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RAIL TRACKS - DAY

The Chicago L train loudly rumbles over elevated tracks overhead.

West loop near Union Park, an unmarked FBI vehicle sits parked on the south side of the block.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - DAY

FBI Agent David Aarons' badge and weapon, sit on the car's dashboard next to an empty coffee cup.

David, life-worn and weary, sits in the passenger seat of an unmarked sedan.

In the driver's side, partner, FBI AGENT DANNY JENNINGS (43).

AGENT JENNINGS

They gotta' come out and see the light of day, sometime.

David turns over a wallet-sized photo of Tyler. A date reads on the back. January 12, 2012 - HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

His phone buzzes with a text. He opens it - from Debra.

Text reads; Hey, if it's possible for the monthly a little early, I'd appreciate it - Wilma needs her tank refilled. I need to take it to Bozeman. Tyler's birthday today. Thinking of her, us. Deb.

DAVID

(beat)

One would think.

David texts back. "Yeah, okay. Two years. Would have been 16 today. Will send when off shift."

David's eyes are fixed through a pair of binoculars on the tenement building down the street.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You got some of that mouthwash?

AGENT JENNINGS

Glovebox.

David retrieves the Listerine and opens it, fills his mouth, rinses, rolls down the window and spits it out.

Movement catches Agent Jennings' eye but it's not what they came out to stake.

AGENT JENNINGS (CONT'D)

Look at this. Down the street, to your right.

EXT. TENEMENT STREET ALLEYWAY - DAY

A group of FOUR GANG MEMBERS (18-25) strongarm a young BLACK WOMAN (30's) towards the freight door of an abandoned building across the street.

DAVID (O.C.)

None of that looks so good.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - DAY

Through his binoculars, David sees the woman being shoved forward.

AGENT JENNINGS

Maybe they sent them to smoke us out. Get us to move on it.

David buttons up his coat and checks his weapon.

AGENT JENNINGS (CONT'D)
We're staying here, Dave. This case
has been three years in the making.
You step out, we tip our hand.

DAVID
If I stay in the car, the girl
dies.

AGENT JENNINGS
Stay on your post. C'mon, man.

Agent Aarons steps out of the car and quietly shuts the door.

DAVID
Maybe nobody will ever miss her,
but somebody might.

Jennings tosses the radio out through the window.

AGENT JENNINGS
Goddammit! Then bring that and keep
it on!

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

David enters. Inside is dank and cold. Broken bits of winter
streetlight pierce through corrugated tin.

He turns down the volume on his radio.

He spots the gang and the woman near the freight elevator
waiting. Pushing and pulling escalates.

David draws his Sauer.

The elevator glides down and opens up on the first floor
before the street-toughs and the girl.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

David enters the narrow stairwell and begins climbing with
drawn weapon.

Desperate protests emerge from the woman from the strong-
arming from the toughs.

WOMAN (O.C.)
No... Please! Leave me alone. NO!

Agent Jennings squawks in.

AGENT JENNINGS (V.O.)
Where are you?

DAVID (RADIO)
Stairwell. They're going to rape or
kill her. Or, both.

AGENT JENNINGS (V.O.)
Our suspects came outside.

EXT. TENEMENT STREET ALLEYWAY - BUILDING - NIGHT

Two MOB ASSOCIATES (30's) casually step out from the front
door, reach for some smokes.

They toss their glances towards the unmarked FBI vehicle.

MOB MUSCLE # 1
Still there.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - DAY

Agent Jennings begins snapping photos. Jennings reaches for
his walkie.

AGENT JENNINGS (RADIO)
We got activity. You hear me? They
stepped out. (Radio) 10-40, Union
Park and Randolph.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

David pushes his way through the door and into a long empty
hallway.

David's radio futzes.

AGENT JENNINGS (RADIO)
Shotgun Man and Blades. Casual,
having a smoke. I've called in a 10-
40.

David finds a warehouse window overlooking the stakeout -
sees what partner Agent Jennings sees - the Mob suspects.

DAVID (RADIO)
I got'em. I'm coming down - south
side behind you.

David turns to then hear the woman's curdling scream.

He's caught between his partner and the evolving crime.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Shit.

EXT. UNMARKED SEDAN - NIGHT

Agent Jennings looks across his vantage point to see more underworld MOB LEADERS (40's) exit a door and shaking hands.

He quickly picks up his camera and begins snapping more pictures.

AGENT JENNINGS

Hey, D. We got suspects streaming out. You're going to want to see this.

INT. BUILDING ROOM - NIGHT

David pushes the door slowly open to see a group of gang toughs taunting the woman near a torn mattress.

He steps forward, levels his Sauer.

DAVID

Drop the knives. Party's over. You make a move, I'll put one right in your throat. You first. Get up!

The men slowly rise from the mattress. David holds his weapon to their faces - the men drop theirs'.

Gang member # 2 grabs the girl, stands off against David. He threatens to snap her neck.

David points, aims and fires into the shoulder of the gang banger. He goes down, the girl falls to the floor in screams.

Banger # 3 makes a move.

David pivots, a short right hand spills teeth and gold.

EXT. UNMARKED SEDAN - NIGHT

Jennings driver's side window is violently SMASHED with the butt-end of a high powered rifle by TWO LARGE MEN (40's).

Jennings guns his car in an uncontrolled 360 warding off the attack.

AGENT JENNINGS (RADIO)

WE'RE MADE! They're on me!! Get down here!!!

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

Unmarked vehicles silently race to Union and Randolph.

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - DAY

David hits the sidewalk with the woman. He sees his partner pinned down from gunfire.

David pushes the girl to safety and begins to openly return fire towards the goons drawing fire from his partner.

A triangle of weapons exchange explodes!

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - DAY

Agent Jennings guns his car directly towards the shooters who stand openly in the middle of the street firing open rounds.

DANNY JENNINGS

Coming your way!

From the other side of the street, Aarons unloads his own assault onto Agent Jennings' attackers. Pow! Pow! Pow!

Jennings speeds sideswiping the mob muscle barreling towards David and the girl. The car slows. David gets a door open and pushes the girl inside.

David dives into the back seat.

Unmarked vehicles arrive skidding into protective postures. Officers get out of their vehicles and return fire.

DAVID

Go!!

INT. BUREAU PSYCHOLOGIST OFFICE - WEEKS LATER - DAY

DR. BENJAMIN LAWRENCE (60) sits across from David with a performance file in front of her. She's warm to David, available.

David sits, a million miles away where his mind floats somewhere to that of his wife and daughter.

DR. LAWRENCE

You've seen Dr. Bergman and Dr. Meadows off and on?

DAVID

Yes.

DR. LAWRENCE

I read the report. Pretty action packed, huh? Do you think it's accurate?

DAVID

It's close.

DR. LAWRENCE

I see here Special Forces,
Reconnaissance and surveillance -
sabotage and demolition.

DAVID

Yeah.

Dr. Lawrence goes deeper into David's file.

DR. LAWRENCE

Looks here you took an extended
leave for a "personal matter." Can
you tell me about it?

David shifts a bit more uncomfortably in his chair.

DAVID

I met my wife when stationed in
Havre Montana. I was in the
reserves after my initial
enlistment. She's from the Crow
Nation. I trained as a long-range
sharpshooter, Debra was my spotter.

DR. LAWRENCE

You trusted her?

DAVID

With my life. Every shot your eyes
have to be downrange. Spotters have
your back. She carried an M-4. Yes,
I trusted her.

DR. LAWRENCE

Are you still together?

DAVID

Not at the moment. We have a
daughter together named Tyler. She
went missing on the reservation.
It's been almost two years now.

DR. LAWRENCE

I'm sorry. Do you think it affects
your judgment in the field?

DAVID

(beat)

I'm not sure.

INT. BUREAU OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS - DAY

David sits before a panel of FBI Internal Affairs Agents. He's flanked by his own FBI Association's LEGAL REPRESENTATIVE (45).

FBI INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICER
We're here today to ask a broad set of questions. Explorative type probing so we can get a cleaner picture of the day and the actions you took.

DAVID
I understand.

FBI INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICER
Please state your full name and how long you've been with the Bureau.

DAVID
David Randal Aarons. I've been with the FBI for 17 years.

EXT. LONG RANGE WEAPONS TESTING FIELD - WEEKS LATER - DAY

David lies prone, positioning a high-powered, long range Steyr HS .50 sniper rifle.

Best friend MARTIN DELANEY (39) peers through an military spotting scope on a tripod - stays quiet.

DAVID
The consensus is I'm not in control anymore. Left my post, endangered my partner.

David takes his car and house keys out of his pocket and places them down next to his ammunition container.

MARTIN
They're doing their jobs.

Downrange, a rubber dummy holding an automatic rifle is perched partially behind a tree.

David settles in behind the rifle.

DAVID
They were firing on him. They had him pinned. I wasn't there.

Martin tracks the target.

DAVID (CONT'D)
2.1 MILS at 400.

MARTIN
Locked in. Slight wind from left to
right.

Beat.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
You talk to Debra?

DAVID
Barely. Every call turns into the
same fight.

Martin looks through his scope.

MARTIN
975 from your 100 zero.

David breathes. Controlled. Steady.

DAVID
Whether Tyler's dead or missing
this is my life.

Martin hesitates. Chooses his words carefully.

MARTIN
Someone knows something. But you
won't get it from the FBI or the
Big Horn Sheriff or the Crow cops.

A look between them.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Send it.

David inhales calmly.

He slowly squeezes the trigger. POW! Four hundred yard. Clean
shot. The dummy snaps back.

Silence.

David lifts his face from the scope.

DAVID
I think I'm going need you to water
my plants, Marty.

INT. CHICAGO SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

A cavernous, fluorescent-lit space.

David reaches up a high aisle, pulls down a camouflaged two-man tent. Adds it to a cart already holding winter gear, gloves, a compact heater, a heavy coat.

At the counter, David studies the glass case of knives - folding, fixed, utilitarian.

Behind the counter stands TOM TOLSON (60s), watchful, measured.

TOM
Can I help you with anything?

David doesn't look up.

DAVID
Yeah.

He points - minimal.

DAVID (CONT'D)
The fixed blade.

Tom unlocks the case, slides one forward.

TOMO
We can do that.

David's eyes lift, past Tom to the wall of ammunition behind him. Rows and rows. Clinical. Impersonal.

Tom follows his gaze over his own shoulder.

TOM
What are you shooting?

DAVID
Stock loads, rifles and Glocks.

A beat. Tom studies him for half a second longer than necessary.

TOM
Loaded for bear? What platform?

David finally meets his eyes.

DAVID
The kind that shoots back.

INT. DAVID'S HOME - DAY

The door from the garage opens. Warmth spills in.

Sunlight through windows. The faint clatter of dishes. A home alive.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (O.S.)
David? You home? That you?

David pauses.

For a moment, he lets himself believe it.

DAVID
It's me. Home from the range with Marty.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David pushes through the kitchen door.

Debra stands at the sink, rinsing vegetables. Effortless. Beautiful in the ordinary.

She turns, smiling.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
My mom called. Wants Tyler to come stay on the res for a bit.

DAVID
By herself?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
She's not a baby anymore.

A shared look. Marriage. History.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

David enters. Laughter drifts in from outside.

Through gauzy curtains, Tyler plays croquet with friends.

David slides open the window.

Tyler turns with the kind of smile that would melt any dad square in his tracks.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
Oh, hey dad! Mom tell ya'? Grandma Wilma called.

DAVID
I heard. We'll talk about it.

Her grin is melting. Going to be hard to say "no".

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David pushes the door open. Silence. No sunlight, no warmth. No dishes. No vegetables. No Debra.

The room is sterile. Untouched. Air that hasn't moved in days.

DAVID
(quiet)
Deb?

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

David sits before his computer.

He scrolls.

Montana headlines of the day read: **11 CHARGED IN SOUTH MONTANA METH RING, MASSIVE MONTANA DRUG BUST PUTS 22 IN PRISON, FEDS ARREST DRUG DEALER IN KALISPELL.**

He puts in an FBI thumb drive.

Missing Persons in Bighorn County. Cartel Expansion. His own photo: "Grieving Father Searches."

Before him, a life insurance policy for 10 million dollars - beneficiary, Debra Yellowhawk Aarons.

David places it in the self-addressed stamped envelope to be mailed to: **Debra Yellowhawk Aarons, Crow Agency, Central Montana.**

He studies Debra's name on the beneficiary line. Runs his thumb gently over it.

INT. TYLER'S BEDROOM - DAY

David enters.

He turns on the light. Empty but for Tyler's things.

Nothing in it has changed or moved since the day Tyler got on the plane to Bozeman Montana.

Family photos and posters adorn the walls.

He gives a cursory look to the respective diners while crossing.

Truckstop customers keep to themselves and to their own business.

INT. DINER TABLE - DAY

He sits.

TONO
Waitress come by?

LESLIE
No.

TONO
Anybody talk to you?

LESLIE
(shakes head)
No one.

He slides his plate toward her. Moves her workbook aside.

TONO
Eat something.

LESLIE
I don't like to before.
(quiet)
I got sick last time. On the guy.
He slapped me.

A beat.

TONO
This one's good money.

She doesn't look up.

LESLIE
How come I never see it?

TONO
I'm saving it. For us. So we don't
end up in places like this forever.

LESLIE
It's just been so long since, you
know, I talked to anybody I know.

She says nothing. Tono leans in.

TONO
Let's go over it.

LESLIE
He parks in overnight. I wait a few minutes. Knock on the sleeper. Half hour only unless he shows me the money first.

TONO
And?

She hesitates.

LESLIE
Nine hundred.

TONO
Good.

He watches her carefully.

TONO (CONT'D)
Head up. Calm. Like you're walking to school.

EXT. FLYING J DINER - DAY

Leslie steps out from the diner doors.

Wind slices across her body. Across her lower stomach, visible above her jeans: "DADDY'S GIRL."

She pulls her coat tighter - it doesn't help.

Through the window, Tono gives her a nod.

TONO
(under his breath)
Good girl.

EXT. TRUCK SLEEP CAB - DAY

Leslie knocks on the cab door.

It opens, a large hand extends outward to bring the girl up the steps. She takes it and is pulled up inside.

LESLIE
Hi, I'm Misty.

The cab door shuts.

FULL SCENE - MORE

Suddenly, local, federal and county authorities pinch the Freightliner in with squad cars and unmarked vehicles.

FEDERAL and LOCAL OFFICERS swarm the cab with weapons drawn.

FEDERAL AGENT
GET OUT OF THE CAB! DO IT!

The door is pulled open.

Leslie, half dressed, now wearing red lipstick, is escorted down the steps away by a CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES OFFICER (35).

The TRUCKER (60) is forced face-first against the rig.

FEDERAL AGENT (CONT'D)
Turn around and put your hands on
the truck.

FULL SCENE - MORE - VARIOUS

Outside and near the corner of the diner, Tono witnesses the dire scene.

He quickly turns and makes his way around the building back towards his car.

TONO
Shit...

EXT. REAR OF FREIGHTLINER - DAY

Freight locks are cut and drug dogs leap up inside the container.

Boxes are cut. Loads of fentanyl and weapons - exposed.

FEDERAL AGENT # 2
Fentanyl. Mushrooms, weapons. It's
a cartel shipment.

EXT. PETRA ACADEMY SOCCER FIELD - DAY

The Petra Academy girl's soccer team makes a run for the goal against the Heritage Christian all girls team.

Eager and well-to-do parents cheer from the sidelines.

THERESA LAZCANO (12) works the ball downfield in front of her handsome father and Cartel member ANTONIO LAZCANO (40).

A rosary drops drips from his right hand pocket but a man that never prays.

He's approached by his associate, NAZARIO MORALLES (40). Dressed well, Nazario's well-suited attire only conceals his savage nature.

A concerned Morales extends his phone to Lazcano.

NAZARIO MORALLES
It's Rafael. The shipment.

Lazcano takes the phone.

ANTONIO LAZCANO
What is it? Where? Vice? Why would
vice hit our load? (subdued) Okay.

Lazcano, hands the phone back to Nazario.

ANTONIO LAZCANO (CONT'D)
Take Theresa and Dahlia to the
compound. Keep them there. Call
around. I want to know why vice hit
our shipment.

INT. LAZCANO MONTANA RANCH HOUSE - LATER - DAY

We hear Lazcano's wife and kids in the background.

Antonio Lazcano sits. Composed. A flat screen flickers. Local Montana news.

Mercenary associates NAZARIO MORALLES (35) and barbarous, RAFAEL LEYVA (50) stand by.

NEWS BROADCASTER (TV)
Montana Highway Patrol seized
nearly ninety-eight pounds of
methamphetamine in Stillwater
County. Authorities confirm a
trafficked minor was also
recovered. No names have been
released.

Nazario kills the TV. Silence. Rafael Leyva stands by.

ANTONIO LAZCANO
Tono was the contact.

A beat.

RAFAEL
He used the girl to do it.

Antonio doesn't react.

ANTONIO
He used a child.

Rafael nods.

RAFAEL
You want us to bring him in?

Antonio considers. He rubs the beads of the rosary.

ANTONIO
No. Call our friends in Nogales.
(Beat) Then we'll be bring him the
video.

EXT. MEXICAN STREET - 3 AM - DAYS LATER - NIGHT

Small, shuttered houses line the sidewalks.

A string of used-car marker flags dangle over a dark, narrow
and ascending street.

A group of men move uphill - unhurried. Swinging arms,
swinging machetes.

They stop at a modest house.

A door handle turns.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAVID'S TRUCK - DAY

David drives. Billings KGHL 790 murmurs weather and high
school scores.

US-212 merges with I-90 east. A billboard flashes past:

FRANK KAPLER - TWO WOLVES - BIGHORN COUNTY SHERIFF

EXT. CROW AGENCY - DAY

David turns down a narrow street. A Catholic church steeple
rises in the distance.

He switches off the radio, approaches.

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR CROW CATHOLIC CHURCH - SUNDAY - DAY

A small sanctuary. Sunlight through colored glass.

FATHER BRADLEY FEATHERHAWK (50) (Brother to Debra), heavy
beard, black framed glasses, calm authority,

He holds the Eucharist high before the crucifix.

FATHER BRADLEY
Oh, Lord, Heavenly Father...

A modest congregation of Crow, Lakota, and reservation families bows in prayer.

David slips into the last pew.

Ahead of him – a teenager with painted nails. Colored. Careful – Alexandro.

Father Bradley looks up mid-prayer. He sees David. A flicker, recognition, concern.

FATHER BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Let us share the peace of Christ.

Parishioners begin to turn. Alexandro extends his hand to David.

ALXANDRO
Que la paz de Cristo este con
ustedes.

EXT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - LATER - DAY

David and Friar Bradley, who is now wearing jeans and a T-shirt, get out of David's truck.

Bradley pats out a cigarette on the sole of his shoe. A rundown trailer lies on a spacious plot of land.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
This is where the Friars stay when they come down from the Cheyenne and Lakota territories. Your timing is good.

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - DAY

Bradley and David enter.

A simple room. Bed. Small kitchenette. A table with chalice, cruets, folded vestments.

David inhales.

DAVID
Incense remind me of getting sent to Monsignor's office.

Bradley smirks.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
We've all survived a "Sister
General Knuckle-Cracker".

David nods.

DAVID
In mass today. Crow. Latino. A few
whites?

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
People come to church to feel safe
of all stripes. Salish. Kootenai.
Blackfoot. It's easy to get killed
out here. Sometimes I take Mass to
them. Has a way of calming feuds.

Bradley pulls a cigarette from a pack. Studies it. Thinks
better of it. Puts it back.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK (CONT'D)
These things are going to kill me
if the res doesn't do it first.

He looks at David.

FATHER BRADLEY
Debra know you're here? I trust you
did call her?

David doesn't answer right away.

DAVID
I picked up the phone seventeen
times to let her know. I put it
back down as many.

Bradley absorbs that.

FATHER BRADLEY
Yeah... How do you ask a mother to
reopen a grave that doesn't even
have a body in it?

That lands.

DAVID
It never closes, Brad. Not for a
second.

Silence. Bradley studies him now – more priest than brother-
in-law.

FATHER BRADLEY
You won't be welcomed here. Your
good intentions won't matter.

DAVID
I know.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
You're a federal agent, a white man
in a sovereign land. Digging at
wounds that aren't only yours.

DAVID
This one is mine enough.

Bradley holds his gaze. Measures him.

FATHER BRADLEY
Then tread lightly. It'll help.

A faint smile – but it doesn't reach his eyes. Bradley pours
a little red wine into two small glasses.

Hands one to David.

FATHER BRADLEY (CONT'D)
For recovering Catholics.

They clink.

INT. HARDIN COWBOY BAR - LATER - NIGHT

Debra Yellowhawk Aarons works behind a busy cowboy bar
slinging shots and beers to her clientele.

Brad Paisley plays on the jukebox.

Debra wears a feather in her hair with a leather native
wraparound.

David enters and sits to the far right of the bar.

Debra leans over and whispers something intimately inside the
ear of her COWBOY CUSTOMER (30), stashing tips away.

She turns her head then to see her separated husband David at
the far end.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Excuse me.

Debra crosses, wiping her hands as she approaches.

She reaches David and pulls out a cold tonic water out of her freezer placing it before him.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
 You know it's not okay to just show
 up like this. No call, no e-mail?

David exchanges a look with the cowboy at the end of the bar. Cowboy tips his hat.

DAVID
 This isn't just a visit.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 If this about the monthly checks? I
 can't survive if you cut me off.

DAVID
 It's not that.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 I get off at 1.

EXT. HARDIN COWBOY BAR - 1 AM - NIGHT

The door pushes open.

Debra exits with the same handsome cowboy. They exchange quiet words. A look.

The cowboy clocks David. Holds his gaze a beat too long. Then nods, tip of the hat, heads to his truck.

Debra walks toward David. Distance between them but years inside of it.

DAVID
 He waited five hours?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 They're protective around here.

DAVID
 I figured Bradley might've
 mentioned it.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 Mentioned what?

DAVID
 That I'm staying with him.
 Capuchins.

She processes that.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I'm not going back to Chicago,
David.

DAVID
I'm not asking .

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Then what are you doing here?

DAVID
I'm going to find out what happened
to Tyler, one way or the other.
That's why I'm here.

Debra studies him.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
What's different this time? We've
been all over this state and the
next looking for her.

She lights a cigarette.

DAVID
You smoke now?

A drag. Controlled.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
You think you're the only one
shattered? Survivor meetings, Crow
police? They hide behind paperwork
when they see me coming.
(beat)
And then there's the rest of it.
The living part. Trying to feel
normal for five minutes. Trying to
feel... wanted.
(beat)
You think you can just come here
and tear it all open again?

That lands.

DAVID
I didn't come to fight.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
You came to dig. To pry because you
just don't let up. There's times to
end things, but you don't do that.
You don't know how.

Silence - Wind.

DAVID
I'm not living in the middle
anymore, Debra. Not knowing.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
And what if "knowing" is WORSE?!

He steps closer.

DAVID
Then I bury her properly. Or, I
bury whoever did it.

INT. OIL CHANGE SHOP - NIGHT

Tono closes the large garage sliding door and locks it from the inside. From the shadows, emerge the cartel members.

ANTONIO LAZCANO
Hello, Tono.

Tono turns to see the three of the Cartel regional bosses Lazcano, Rafael Leyva and Nozarro Morales standing next to a large, muscular man, JAIMIE (35).

ANTONIO LAZCANO (CONT'D)
Have a seat.

Tono nervously sits. Nazario and Jaimie position on either side.

ANTONIO LAZCANO (CONT'D)
We seemed to have a little trouble
at the Flying J?

TONO
Yes. Some.

ANTONIO LAZCANO
Twenty-two million dollars, Tono.
That's a lot of product. Our
friends in Mexico City, we're
wondering how it all got so
"sloppy?"

TONO
I don't know. Maybe somebody tipped
them.

ANTONIO LAZCANO

No. No. They were federal vice agents staked out on a trafficking operation. You sent your little girlfriend straight to our driver and authorities right to our shipment.

Tono's head drops.

TONO

I know.

ANTONIO LAZCANO

You can imagine us trying to explain that. I remember being your age and filled with a kind of barrio-determination to get out of the neighborhood at any cost. The women, the money, the power. But, I also knew the cost to have it. Like a bride to her groom, or a priest to his faith - once you say "yes", this decision, it's often be tested in different ways.

Lazcano nods to Jaimie. Jaimie steps forward and holds out his cell phone.

ANTONIO LAZCANO (CONT'D)

We have some home movies for you.

Jaimie presses the video button on the phone. On the video, we see on it the men who carry the machetes down the street.

TONO

No.

The front door is kicked in. We hears the screams, the yelps of life from the butchered and all of its merciless outcome.

TONO (CONT'D)

Mi, madre. Hermanos, hermanas.

Rafael signals. Jaimie steps back.

ANTONIO LAZCANO

Si, tu famalia. We must learn, we must grow, Tono.

Tono shakes his head, "Yes."

ANTONIO LAZCANO (CONT'D)
 And, there is no better way then to
 renew our commitments we've made to
 have what we want.

Jaimie lights up an acetylene torch. WOOF!!

ANTONIO LAZCANO (CONT'D)
 Are you still willing to show us
 your commitment, Tono?

Terrified, Tono shakes his head.

ANTONIO LAZCANO (CONT'D)
 If you are, then show us.

Tono sweats knowing the pain to come.

ANTONIO LAZCANO (CONT'D)
 Show us, Tono.

He then places his right hand into the white hot flame.

TONO
 Arrrrhhh!!!!

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - 2 AM - NIGHT

David brings in the last of his gear.

He lays it across the second bed - long rifles, compact
 assault weapons, ammunition, detonators.

He pulls the Friar's bedspread over it.

The crucified Christ stretches across the hidden arsenal -
 arms wide.

A beat.

David sits before the cold glow of his laptop. He inserts a
 thumb drive.

The FBI logo appears. A file opens:

MONTANA CARTEL - CRIME TREE

A web of faces and red connection lines fills the screen.

**ANTONIO LAZCANO, NAZARIO MORALLES, RAFAEL LEYVA, VARGAS
 NUNES, GABRIELLE FREDDY, HUGO CLEMENT** - dozens more.

Dozens more. David studies the hierarchy.

DAVID
 (whispers)
 No more middle.

No hesitation.

EXT. 402 N. BROADWAY - BILLINGS - DAYS LATER - DAY

David pulls up in his Ford Bronco. He exits his truck with a leather satchel slung over his shoulder.

INT. BILLINGS GAZETTE OFFICE - DAY

Indigenous investigative reporter JADE MABIE (52) steps out into the waiting to where David is sitting.

JADE
 You must be David Aarons?

INT. GAZETTE OFFICE - DAY

David sits across from Jade. Her desk is covered with notes, files, and family photos.

DAVID
 I appreciate you seeing me.

JADE
 Nobody writes letters anymore. I was happy to have gotten it.

DAVID
 I'm pursuing a cold case disappearance of my daughter here on the reservation. I actually work for the FBI. There's the Bighorn County Sheriff's election coming up - a Crow candidate, a tribal member.

JADE
 Frank Kappler Two Wolves.

DAVID
 Allocation of missing person funds flowing into the Res will be on the ballot.

JADE
 Part of his platform I believe.

David hands over half a dozen written articles from Jade on missing persons.

DAVID
 You covered the story of my
 daughter, Tyler Yellowhawk Aarons
 and her friends, Emily Hannigan,
 Levi Mashonee

Jade thumbs through the articles of David's collected
 articles.

JADE
 ...and Karen Longee. Of course.
 Yes. Your wife is Crow if I
 remember correctly.

DAVID
 Debra Yellowhawk. I'm afraid our
 marriage isn't surviving it.

JADE
 Most don't. But a white father
 returning to the Reservation to
 find his half Crow daughter? You've
 had this hook in mind.

David places a photo of Tyler on the desk before Jade.

DAVID
 I think my missing daughter and her
 friends could just be the face of
 this election. And, her face and
 her friends, could have an impact
 with investigative resources.

JADE
 And her profile would be a lift in
 your search.

DAVID
 It would. If agreeable, I'd like to
 send you what I find. Then, you
 could decide if there's a story
 worth telling.

Pause...

DAVID (CONT'D)
 They think no one is counting.

EXT. STREET - HARDIN - LATER - DAY

Hardin Prosecuting Attorney MARCIA HARRIS (40) walks up the
 sidewalk toward the District Attorney's Office.

David sees her from across the street. He enters the crosswalk and approaches her.

DAVID
Miss Harris? Miss Harris?

David gets to Marcia's side of the street. He approaches.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'm David Aarons. We spoke on the phone.

INT. HARDIN COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

David and the prosecutor sit opposite of one another having coffee.

MARCIA HARRIS (CONT'D)
I've read all what you've sent. But there's no suspects, or probable's, or even any evidence about your daughter's missing status.

DAVID
Let me show you this.

David places an official looking document before Miss Harris.

MISS HARRIS
(reads)
"The County Attorney's Office will utilize the investigative subpoena power under Montana Law to ensure the "complete" production of evidentiary materials" And?

DAVID
Why would the D.A.'s Office have to demand actual evidence held by its own Sheriff's Department?

MARCIA HARRIS
You're a good investigator. The sheriff's office is a publicly held position. Montana's dirty little secret. Bighorn county has 12,000 residents. The Res itself has 8,000. Budgets follow well-funded politics - white politics.

DAVID
(beat)
Red lining law enforcement.
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

And, the people who go missing,
stay missing. Justice for purchase.

Marcia gets uncomfortable. Wants to help but how?

MARCIA HARRIS

We have a forensic artist we
sometimes contract out for obscure
cases. She's a little eccentric but
she's very good, very accurate. An
updated profile would help your
search. I'll keep my eyes open.

EXT. CROW FAIR ARENA - DAY

CROW MASTER OF CEREMONIES (45) ALFRED SCREAMING SKY stands in
the middle of the ring holding a microphone.

Dramatic pounding of buffalo drums begins.

ALFRED SCREAMING SKY

Now we welcome our Cheyenne
neighbors from our eastern
boundary, the Hotamétaneo'o - *Dog*
Soldiers of the six military
societies!

A dozen Cheyenne enter the ring dressed in dramatic, ready
for battle war costumes - war drums pounding.

ALFRED SCREAMING SKY (CONT'D)

Honoring those who rode at Washita
and Julesberg. They stood where
others fled. They did not bow!!

The pageantry begins - native nations, all peoples.

EXT. ARENA BLEACHERS - DAY

Wearing a hat and sunglasses, David sits apart from the other
spectators looking on to the sovereign spectacle.

Barbara Fasteagle spots him from below and makes her way up
the bleachers. She takes her seat next to him.

DAVID

Hi, Barbara.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

Hey... Any luck with Jade Mabie?

DAVID

I think so. I sat with her. She's
interested to hear more.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

It'll help with exposure if she'll write about it. And, the D.A.'s Office?

DAVID

Marcia Harris said she'll keep her eyes open from the inside. If we can come up with something fresh, she'd take a look, put pressure on the Sheriff's Office.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

She have any opinion on the redactions with the subpoena?

DAVID

She did. Thought it had to do with the allocation of investigative money.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

Red lining.

DAVID

Yep.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

And, Debra? How is she holding up?

DAVID

She doesn't have her footing back. Me just showing up didn't help. I guess somewhere between smothered and choking.

A loud native war cry fills the arena - a battle cry - the kind of cry that is an enemy's fair warning.

The pageantry retreats from the ring from where they came. The ring grows empty again.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

My favorite part. Dog Soldiers.

Suddenly, a dozen trained feral dogs enter.

They take up trained, predisposed guarding positions throughout the ring and bark rapidly announcing the Dog Soldiers arrival.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE (CONT'D)

They told the Union Army they'd never just stay on a reservation.

War drums pound to a feverish pitch.

A large explosion of smoke erupts from the middle of the arena.

Carrying with them the tools of war appear a dozen CHEYENNE WAR SCOUTS flood the arena - disciplined, steely, calm.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE (CONT'D)
Special Forces of the Cheyenne
Nation. Bad asses.

Headdresses and warring painted faces of black with white stripes, whitewashed body armor, black feathers bent and weapons held high, the Dog Soldiers begin to move like a ballet moving toward war.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE (CONT'D)
They'd fight to the death in every
battle.

The buffalo skins drums pound and pound and POUND!

EXT. THE ARENA FLOOR - DAY

The Dog Soldiers reenact the notorious, victorious battle of Washita River.

Tomahawks are thrown into oak stumps, and knives drawn in a spectacular dance of war.

Horses enter with warring enemy riders. The crowd erupts in applause!!

DAVID
That's what a nation looks like.

EXT. CROW FAIRGROUNDS - LATER - DAY

David and Barbara Fasteagle walk through the maze of gathered Teepees and revelers heading to the campaign announcement platform.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
Karen Longee's folks moved to North
Dakota and Emily's mother died,
some say of just heartbreak
actually.

We begin to see placards and posters of "Frank Kappler Two Wolves for Bighorn Sheriff".

A public address system nearby chatters over election and campaign promises.

DAVID
And, Levi's father?

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
He won't talk to you. The younger
sister might but Pete Mashonee's in
bad shape.

EXT. CAMPAIGN PLATFORM - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Bighorn County Sheriff's candidate FRANK KAPPLER TWO WOLVES
(40) stands centerstage with flowing flags, campaign signage
and a band of supporters all around him.

David and Barbara stand nearby.

The crowd cheers him on as he takes to the microphone.

FRANK KAPPLER
My name is Frank Kappler Two Wolves
and I'm running for the office of
Bighorn County Sheriff. My platform
is, "Justice is not Optional!"

The crowd of 50 erupts!

FRANK KAPPLER (CONT'D)
Our daughters are not statistics.
The Crow Nation and our Native
brothers are not invisible!

David and Frank lock eyes. The crowd erupts once more.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
Chief Gardipee will be waiting.

EXT. BARN - DAY

Awaiting David's arrival is Crow Police Chief, ANDREW
GARDIPEE (43) and three other Crow police associates.

David's truck pulls up to where the Chief is parked. David
and Barbara get out. Doors shut.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
Afternoon, Andy.

CHIEF GARDIPEE
Barbara.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
You know David Aarons. Father to
Tyler Featherchild.

CHIEF GARDIPEE
Of course. It's been a while.

David and the Chief shake hands.

DAVID
I appreciate you meeting us out here today.

CHIEF GARDIPEE
Let's call it "professional courtesy".

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
Did you hear Frank Kappler today at the fair, Andy?

CHIEF GARDIPEE
I know his platform. Crime mapping, databases.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
You don't sound impressed?

CHIEF GARDIPEE
Until the day Two Wolves finds a way to get Bighorn's white tax base into this red land of ours, I'm not holding my breath. No, disrespect Mr. Aarons.

DAVID
None taken.

CHIEF GARDIPEE
Let me suggest a bit of weary caution.

Gardipee steps back and looks to the distant mountains - a sigh of knowing doom.

CHIEF GARDIPEE (CONT'D)
From the Pillars to Yellowstone National Park, there's very bad elements entrenched in these mountains and I have no man power. What I'm saying, Mr. Aarons, you don't want to become the next missing person while looking for one.

INT. BARN - DAY

David and Barbara step inside the barn. It's large, open ceiling - old tools and rusted equipment.

DAVID
We found this in her bedroom. The purchase date is eight days before her trip.

David takes an online receipt out of his shirt pocket and hands it to Barbara.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
Glimmer glow, Color Pop, Nudestix - Roses and Honey. A young girl's growing up tools.

DAVID
Deb tried to slow it down but she got it all by us.

FLASHBACK SCENES:

INT. TYLER'S BEDROOM - DAY

David frantically pours through Tyler's personal items in her desk and drawers. He finds the online purchase receipt.

DAVID (V.O.)
I checked her cell bill. She had long conversations with all three.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE (V.O.)
They planned it. Knew about it. Acted on it. A night of adventure.

DAVID (V.O.)
And, nightmare.

INT. SIDE-BY-SIDE TRAILER - NIGHT

Wilma's dogs, Gravy and Colonel Custer dutifully rest on either side of Wilma who sleeps in her chair.

DAVID (V.O.)
Wilma wouldn't have ever let her go if she'd known.

EXT. SIDE-BY-SIDE TRAILER - NIGHT

Tyler climbs out the window of the side-by-side - friends await.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE (V.O.)
A young girl's rite of passage.

INT. JEEP - NIGHT

Tyler sits in the backseat opening up her bag of teen make-up and hands it out to her friends.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE (V.O.)
She wanted to bring something back from the big city. Her friends probably asked her to.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. BARN - DAY

The barn is large, ominous, empty. David steps closer to the back exit door.

DAVID
Fifteen going on twenty. She just couldn't expect to know what was waiting for her.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
No one could.

EXT. BACKYARD OF LEVI MASHONEE'S - LATER - DAY

David sits alone at a beaten up picnic bench. Debris and trash fill the yard.

A rundown car passes by.

In it, a number of CROW TOUGHS (20's). The car slows and the men inside look to have not had a meal in days.

They slow down and glare at David as they pass.

David keeps his eyes fixed straight forward - he nods back their way to keep everything cool.

Barbara Fasteagle exits through the torn screen door with younger sister to Levi, ELDENA MASHONEE (14).

The two approach the table. David stands up.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
This is Levi's younger sister Eldena Mashonee. Eldena, this is Mr. Aarons.

ELDENA

Hi.

DAVID

Thanks for talking with us.

ELDENA

Sure. My dad won't but it's okay with me. He's not doing very well.

The group sits.

DAVID

It's okay. Did you know Tyler?

ELDENA

I knew Levi and Tyler were friends. Then, she moved to Chicago, I think. Is that right?

DAVID

Yes. Did you know much about the party that night?

ELDENA

It was a long time ago. She wanted me not to say anything. We made a pact, you know - sisters. She said she'd be back later that night. I just remember she never came home.

From the main trailer, father to Eldena and Levi, MR. PETE MASHONEE (42) drunkenly pushes his way through the screen and cautiously places his unsteady feet onto the steps.

ELDENA (CONT'D)

Wait a sec. That's my dad.

Eldena instantly gets up, crosses the yard and reaches for her father's arm to steady his steps.

She leads him to the table. David and Barbara stand. Pete sits.

Pete speaks in fractured sentences inside tangled thoughts, half English, half Apsalooke.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

Pete Mashonee, this is Mr. David Aarons.

PETE MASHONEE

The father to Tyler Featherchild?

DAVID

Yes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Our daughters were friends. I want to help if you'll let me.

Dark clouds tumble behind Pete Mashonee over the mountains in the distance. It grows quiet.

Pete's thoughts are jumbled, disconnected, out of order. He works to clear his head but it's impossible.

PETE MASHONEE

Okay... It's time for me to do something... I've been avoiding some questions I'm trying to face. (Speaks in Apsaalooke) I need the truth, I need justice. I feel Levi is alive - I hope.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

He wants hope, wants justice...

DAVID

Was there anything specific you heard? Or, followed up on?

PETE MASHONEE

Rumors, pretty terrible, haunting - drive a man crazy.

Pete stares off into the distance and the trash strewn-yard.

PETE MASHONEE (CONT'D)

I want to see who these people are. They're in front of me sometimes when I sleep, (Apsaalooke) somewhere but I don't know who... I wish I did but I don't trust anybody right now.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

He doesn't know who to trust.

Pete stands and stumbles back up top his feet again. Eldena steadies her father's steps.

ELDENNA

I have to go.

Pete makes his way back to the trailer. He turns back.

PETE MASHONEE
 (drunkenly)
 Let me know... who to hit.

INT. TONO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Open pizza boxes and drug paraphernalia lie about. Hardin Montana news plays on the TV in the background.

TONO (burned hand encased in a black glove), SEBAS, and ALEXANDRO hunch over laptops and newspapers: Escort Alligator, List-Crawler, Adult Friend Finder, The Bozeman Backpage.

Pages filled with faces and phone numbers lie strewn across the table.

They circle names, scribble notes, make lists.

Tono (burned hand encased in a black glove), Sebas and

TONO (CONT'D)
 Get'em to meet you in a public
 place. Buy'em breakfast. It's when
 they're the hungriest.

Sebas glances over to Alexandro's screen. It's blank.

SEBAS
 What's your problem., Alexandro?

ALEXANDRO
 (quiet)
 I just don't want to do this
 anymore.

Sebas gets up and towers over the Trans Kid. He slaps him in the back of the head.

SEBAS
 You want to go back to San Miguel?

ALEXANDRO
 No.

SEBAS
 Pon esas unias de mariquita en ese
 chico/chica del teclado. Haz tu
 lista, Alexandro! Find them, make
 it happen.

Alexandro swallows, trembling. He opens a browser, the cursor blinking like a heartbeat, and begins typing.

EXT. YOUTH HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

A gray, weathered building looms under a pale winter sun.

The wind rustles old signage, sending a Montana chill across the cracked pavement.

ALEXANDRO stands slouched against a wall, cigarette dangling from fingers painted with chipped nail polish. His eyes scan the street and the shelter entrance, calculating, restless.

A few teenagers shuffle past the doorway, backpacks slung low, hoodies drawn tight against the cold.

Alexandro flicks his cigarette and follows them inside.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO CATTLEMAN'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Wife to Lazcano, DAHLI LAZCANO (35) drives to a stop at the private gate. Her daughter, Theresa wears her soccer uniform and sits in the passenger's seat.

From an unseen purview, David appears covered in deep mountain, military camouflage.

He takes pictures of the car, address, Dahlia and Theresa herself.

EXT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - NIGHT

David approaches the outside door and sees a light on in his guests quarters. He produces a Glock and approaches with caution.

He pushes through the door.

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - NIGHT

Rain patters against the roof, soft but insistent. David enters with gun drawn - surprised to see his ex-wife Debra sitting calmly in a chair.

He tucks his Glock into the back of his pants, covering it with his coat.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
You're a little late getting home,
aren't you?

DAVID
Didn't expect to see you here.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 I figure we're even now—you showing
 up at my bar unannounced. It was
 raining. Bradley let me in. Didn't
 think you'd mind.

David's eyes flick to the Friar's bedspread covering his
 weapons cache.

DAVID
 I don't mind. I think he's got some
 wine around. Priests always have
 wine.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 No, that's alright. (beat) I want
 to be with you when you go see
 Wilma. I know you'll be heading
 over there.

DAVID
 I was hoping you would. Didn't know
 how we left it... or how to ask?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 She wouldn't take it well you just
 showing up. She blames herself.
 Your questions are going to feel
 threatening.

David sits.

DAVID
 I saw Pete Mashonee this afternoon
 with Barbara Fasteagle.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 He's had a few run-ins with Andy.
 Drunk, public fights, a suicide
 attempt.

DAVID
 I also met with the Assistant D.A.
 She gave me the name of a forensic
 artist. She suggested new sketches
 would be helpful. Barbara will get
 them up on social media. Both of us
 with her, talking through it. If
 you'd agree?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 Really pulling off the Band-Aid,
 aren't you? It scares me, David.

(MORE)

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
 There's something safe about "not-knowing."

DAVID
 The longer we wait, the colder she gets.

Deb gets up off the chair.

EXT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Rain falls. David walks Debra back to her car.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 I'll let Wilma know we're coming.
 We'll take Bradley, too. Have a dinner. Make it comfortable for her, you know?

Debra gets in the car and closes the door. Rain falls on David but he holds still in front of Debra.

Some footing is found between them.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
 I'll meet you after mass.

DAVID
 Meet you after.

INT. LAZCANO RANCH HOUSE - CARTEL - NIGHT

An oversized fire roars inside the hearth of a sprawling rock-faced fireplace.

Antonio Lazcano shoves logs around with a poker.

The other cartel members, Nozario Moralles and Rafael Leyva plot strategy.

ANTONIO LAZCANO
 We now have a vacuum of product. A hole in our market. British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan...

RAFAEL LEYVA
 And, if our competitors come in?

ANTONIO LAZCANO
 Then it's war. We don't want a war, so we can't give up the territories we've built. We're going to ramp up our own production. All across the reservations.

(MORE)

ANTONIO LAZCANO (CONT'D)
Crow, Lakota, Cheyenne, and all out
of the Feds. Get your hands on all
the pseudoephedrine, ephedrine,
antifreeze, drain cleaner and Freon
you can. Hardware stores. Get all
they'll give you. I want those labs
cooking within a month.

EXT. LAZCANO RANCH HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Nearly invisible, David sits beneath the main window in full
battledress military camo.

He removes a listening device attachment from the window
pane.

EXT. HILLSIDE - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

David kneels down and unzips his long gun rifle case. He
assembles his rifle - finds his spotting scope.

He reaches for a long range camera and sets it aside within
reach.

He lays prone and whirls the barrel of the rifle over the
ranch house dinner window.

Crosshairs find themselves on the heads and necks of the
cartel leaders and their associates.

David then leads his barrel over to an adjacent tractor shed.

Before it, a 500 gallon submarine shaped propane gas tank.

He double checks his spotting scope.

David levels a lethal gaze, takes in a deep breath and
gradually lets it out.

DAVID
Send it.

David squeezes the trigger.

A velocity round flies across the ravine and penetrates the
natural gas tank and KABOOM!!! Red-orange fire.

A red bloom warms the scope.

FIRE, FLAME AND MEYHEM!!!

EXT. LAZCANO RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dining room windows explode inward with the concussion blast.

Fiery sheets of metal explode outward and rain down from the sky above.

INT. LAZCANO RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Table glass shatters!!

Plates hurl. Cartel members hit the floor and cover their faces from the flying shards - signal sent.

EXT. LAZCANO RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Antonio Lazcano leads his men and the associates out through the front door loaded with their own automatic weapons and security details.

ANTONIO LAZCANO

GO!

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

David drops to his knees. With speed and precision, breaks down his rifle and packs it back into his rifle case.

David reaches for his long range camera. Snap! Lazcano. Snap! Morales. Snap!! Leyva. Others...

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - LATER - NIGHT

David sits at his make-shift desk. He plugs in his recording device into his laptop. We hear Lazcano's recorded voice;

"We're going to put it out of reach of every law enforcement agency in the west."

With the recording downloaded, David pulls out the USB cord and plugs his camera into his laptop.

The night's images of Lazcano, Morales and the others fill his screen. He carefully scrolls through each image.

David puts in his FBI USB drive.

He cross-references the photos he's taken with the FBI files he has on each cartel member.

He pulls up Lazcano's FBI photo with the ones he just took - side-by-side.

Lazcano's FBI File Notes Read:

ANTONIO LAZCANO - "After arrests, Lazcano launched wave of retaliatory attacks, shutting down the city's airport - 30 people killed in violence.

David clicks. We see scenes of an airport tarmac - smoke and dead Sonoran police officers lie about.

Swipes to the photo of Nazario Moralles.

NAZARIO MORALLES - "With Brother Joaquin "Zambada" Moralles, helped move methamphetamines, prodigious quantities.

David closes his laptop. He gets up from his chair reaching for his gun case.

He carries it over to the guest bed marked by the Friar's bedspread.

He places his weapon on top of the bed and pulls over the main top cover staring at the embroidered crucifix and the face of the Christ.

DAVID

Sorry, Jesus. But, I'm afraid love
is in short supply.

INT. CAPUCHIN CATHOLIC CHURCH - CROW RES - SUNDAY

Father Bradley stands before his congregation at the pulpit.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK (CONT'D)

We are heartened by today's homily
in the words that are given to us.

David enters from the rear of the church.

Alexandro passes the collection basket to the person next to him. David takes notice the kid's face is bruised.

INT. DEBRA'S CAR - LATER - DAY

Debra drives.

David sits in the front and brother Bradley sits in the back with the window rolled down.

Bradley smokes and blows it out the window.

DAVID

I saw that same kid in mass today
with the painted fingernails. His
face was bruised.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK

Alexandro. Some kids carry more
than they should.

DAVID
Who's hurting him?

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
He'll never tell you. He helps me
sometimes with mass in the
mountains. We're going up to the
Big Belts next weekend. You should
come. See some country.

INT. WILMA'S KITCHEN - MORNING - DAY

The morning is a somber one.

Debra stands over the stove shuffling egg yolks around an
open pan.

At the table, Father Bradley sits at one end, Wilma at the
other, David to the left and two places are open across from
him - Debra.

Tyler's place is set. Plate. Fork. Unused.

Wilma's thoughts drift. She adjusts the small air tank and
hoses that ride up to her nostrils.

Debra brings a plate of eggs over to the table and sits.

Father Bradley bows his head and reaches out his hands to
David on one side and Debra on the other.

Bradley leads in a combined Crow and Catholic prayer.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
"I am a thousand winds that blow,
the sunlight on ripened grain". We
ask you dear Lord for Tyler's
return and that of her friends to
their families, and in your name,
Lord Jesus Christ.

ALL
Amen.

Debra begins dishing out morning eggs. Wilma is despondent.
She simply stares forward. She then reaches for her plate and
sets it down near her feet.

Colonel Custard and Gravy lap up the eggs without haste.

Wilma reaches across the table and adjusts Tyler's unused
knife. It grows quiet and looks are exchanged.

She gets up from the table and leaves.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK

Mom?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Let her go, Brad. Maybe there's
some things around the house we can
get done for her.

EXT. SIDE-BY-SIDE TRAILER - LATER - DAY

Father Bradley takes to repairs on the porch ramp and David
cuts wood from gathered stumps on the edge of the property.

David cuts and stacks.

The day is clear but cool. Mountain ranges lie in the
distance - clouds tumble in the far-away skies.

Debra and Wilma work together in Wilma's morning garden,
turning soil, picking weeds, watering, clipping.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

Are you two at least talking?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

We're talking. We're not saying
much but we're talking.

Both look over to see David cutting and stacking wood near
the fence line.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

He's trying.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

He wants closure. A pound of flesh.
Most of me doesn't want to know. I
told him that. Everything is just
so unresolved. Things have changed.
We've said some bad things to each
other. Sometimes horrible things,
you know? Blame. Tyler became how
we knew each other, center of
everything, now gone. It's hard to
think of "an us" without her. I
don't know what's here or what's
not here anymore.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

Help him.

Wilma hands Debra the small garden shovel and gets up from
the morning garden.

She crosses over to where David is stacking wood.

MORE - VARIOUS

We follow Wilma across the yard. David turns and stops splitting wood.

DAVID

Wilma.

Wilma casts her eyes out to the vast territories.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

You'll know, whether she's here on this earth or gone from us. You'll only find it when stillness and movement are the same.

DAVID

I know the odds don't really exist to get her back.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

Pain, suffering, loss, the things of this world. They've quieted everything in us.

David looks over to Debra working in the garden.

DAVID

Quieted our relationships.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

Yes. There's no place for people like us anymore. Bradley calls it "Purgatory." The between-place of nowhere and somewhere. And hell. The absence of God. We're in it now? Where is he? Nowhere.

DAVID

You see things.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

I know why you've come back. It's more than just Tyler.

DAVID

Then why?

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

You're here not just for revenge.

DAVID

Then for what?

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

Retaliation. To find the one and make him pay. To take something back that's been taken from you. I see it. I know the feeling. The same has been taken from me. From Debra. From everyone who knew her. The world tells us to forgive. I've tried it but I'm just not so good at it.

DAVID

Me either, Wilma.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

Find your devils, David. You're actually here to get them back. But be careful. They'll come but you must manage them well. If you let them carry you, they won't carry you back - they'll cast you into a place where you won't recover.

DAVID

We're not there already?

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

No.

Wilma turns her gaze to her son, Bradley.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA (CONT'D)

Bradley would always tell me,
"Vengeance is Mine Saith the Lord."

DAVID

"And the day of disaster is near".

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

But you see, I'm not Catholic. So, if there's a little vengeance to spare, I could use a little bit of it myself.

EXT. ISOLATED COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

David drives. He looks off into the distance and sees a windswept home in the distance.

DAVID

That's it.

EXT. PRAIRIE HOME - DAY

David and Debra approach the front porch. He opens up the screen door and knocks.

An very eccentric woman opens the door.

An eccentric MIMI DEWANS (80) stands before the pair wearing an old robe, gray and stringy hair up in a failing bun, long dangling mismatched earrings, a broad and charitable smile, blue crystal eyes that can see far beyond what's in front of her and speaks with a French Canadian accent.

MIMI DEWANS

You must be the David and Debra?
Come in.

INT. PRAIRIE HOME - DAY

The Aarons step inside. A fire burns in the hearth. A cat lies nearby - very content.

Drawings and etchings fill the small space from floor to ceiling i.e., missing persons, suspects, personal portraits.

MIMI DEWANS

Forgive me for how cluttered my place is. I keep thinking I'm going to organize but it just never happens.

Mimi leads the two inside her kitchen.

MIMI

When someone disappears... the world forgets their face first. My Job is to remind it.

Mimi gestures for David and Debra to sit. More drawings are stacked both on the cabinets and the small refrigerator.

MIMI DEWANS

Please sit. It's less cluttered in here. I think. Well, maybe not.

DAVID

Thank you.

MIMI DEWANS

I heard from, Miss Harris. She spoke quite urgently. You're here for Tyler is that right?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Yes, Tyler.

MIMI DEWANS
I heard she was with friends. Did you bring their photos, too?

DAVID
We did.

Debra lays out a number of stills onto the table.

She spreads them out before Mimi. Mimi gives each one an in-depth look where no detail goes is unmissed.

MIMI DEWANS
She was thirteen when she disappeared?

DAVID
Yes.

MIMI DEWANS
She expects to be seen.

Skillfully Mimi reaches for her sketch pad and pencil.

She scans the photos with her keen eye running her finger along the photos edges.

MIMI DEWANS (CONT'D)
How long has she been gone?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Nineteen months. 577 days.

MIMI DEWANS
How old are these photos?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Between one to five years.

MIMI DEWANS
Often the right trait can trigger a memory if someone has seen her. A smile, an expression, a way about her, clothing. Tell me about her.

Mimi skillfully begins to bring pencil to paper. An accomplished hand and artist gets to work.

MIMI DEWANS (CONT'D)
Her hobbies, friends, ambitions, what she likes.

David and Debra begin slowly but then rely on the other confirming Tyler's likenesses.

DAVID
Alert kid. Smart.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
She likes soccer.

DAVID
Loves her friends. Outdoor girl,
like her mother.

David and Debra share a look.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Sense of humor, too. Tomboy kind of
kid. Sometimes funny, like...
David.

DAVID
A laugh you remember. A broad
smile. Alive. The kind of girl you
don't forget.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Resilient. Someone you want on your
team.

Mimi smiles at the couple and focuses in on the drawing.

David and Debra share a look. A breeze blows from the outside in through the curtains from the open kitchen window.

MIMI DEWANS
I'd like to spend some time with
this if that's okay? I want to give
it the detail it deserves. I'll
reach out.

David and Debra share a nod of agreement.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I guess we'll get to see how she's
grown up.

We hold:

EXT. BIGHORN RIVER - DAY

Two FISHERMAN (30's) and a NATIVE CROW GUIDE (20's) drift boat fish along the flowing current of the Bighorn River.

From the nearby shoreline, we pull back to reveal two, half buried in the riverbank, a human femur, a length of dark hair still attached to a partial skull.

The river moves around them. Indifferent.

FISHERMAN

Jesus..

INT. DAVID'S TRUCK - DAY

David and Debra drive. His phone rings. He looks at the display and sees it's Barbara Fasteagle.

DAVID

Hi, Barbara... Two bodies. Where?

EXT. BIGHORN RIVER'S EDGE - LATER - DAY

David's truck pulls to a stop. Neither he nor Debra moves.

Ahead - flashing lights. Crime tape. Figures gathered at the river's edge.

Debra grips the door handle. She can't open it. David reaches over. Places his hand on hers.

Forensic crime authorities have taped off the river access with wide, yellow crime tape.

David and Debra get out and approach the scene.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Please, please. Oh, god...

DAVID

We don't know yet, Deb.

Pete Mashonee, arrives along with second daughter Eldena. He gets out of his broken down car.

Hysterical, anticipating the worst.

Levi?

Pete rushes the scene towards the crime tape.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

Hey?! Don't let Pete cross that tape! PETE?! Stop him!

Pete is held back by Crow Police Officers. Skeletal remains protrude in the mud before him.

PETE MASHONEE
 Nooo.. Nooo.. That's my daughter,
 that's my Levi!! Nooo!

Crow police move him away from the crime tape and that of corrupting any evidence.

Chief Gardipee approaches David and Debra.

CHIEF GARDIPEE
 We asked the Bighorn forensics
 teams and investigators to come in.

DAVID
 Who found the bodies?

CHIEF GARDIPEE
 A couple of drift fisherman on a
 guided tour.

DAVID
 How long do you think they've been
 there?

Gardipee deflects. Off to the side, the fisherman and guide give their statements to the federal investigators.

DEBRA
 How long, Andy?

CHIEF GARDIPEE
 13-17 months. Maybe more. It might
 line up. We can confirm it if we...

Suddenly, Pete Mashonee rushes towards the river bank. He jumps in and is swiftly carried down the current.

Suddenly, Pete Mashonee rushes towards the river bank.

CHIEF GARDIPEE (CONT'D)
 Get him out before he drowns!

The Crow police rush for the drift boat, jump in it and begin rowing towards the drowning Pete Mashonee.

CHIEF GARDIPEE (CONT'D)
 Goddammit.

DAVID
 We'll come by your office.

INT. CROW POLICE OFFICE - LATER - DAY

A FORENSIC OFFICER (40's) swabs the inside cheeks of David and Debra. She places the swabs in a plastic evidence bag.

Chief Gardipee comes in as the Forensic specialist exits.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

Took some doing to get Pete out of the Bighorn but he did give us a sample.

DAVID

What about the bodies? Any type of death indicated?

CHIEF GARDIPEE

The bodies are at the coroner's office now.

Gardipee hesitates.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

They had to find something.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

We think they didn't drown. There were holes consistent with entry and exit wounds. Both in the head.

DAVID

Execution style.

Gardipee doesn't answer.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Cartel.

Debra covers her face with her hands and rest's her head on her knees - broken.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

As soon as we get the results back, will let you know.

Chief Gardipee wants to say one more thing but just can't get there. Quiet.

DAVID

Maybe a good idea for you to stay with Wilma. We're all going to need each other.

INT. BIGHORN COUNTY WALMART - DAY

Tono and Sebas push their cart up and down the Walmart aisles looking for all the available ingredients to cook methamphetamine i.e., nail polish remover, paint thinner, antifreeze, cat litter, fertilizer, batteries, paint varnish, thinner.

INT. PRAIRIE HOME - DAY

Mimi Dewans scans her drawing of Tyler. Canon scan lines reveal in haunting detail Tyler's eye catching likeness.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - DAY

Tono opens up the back of his van. Sebas pushes back all the loaded boxes deeper into the vehicle to load up more.

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - DAY

David stands over his own printer. Mimi's drawing of Tyler slides down the tray.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LIVINGSTON'S ACE HARDWARE - DAY

Alexandro pulls into an empty parking space in a second van next to Tono and Sebas. He rolls down the window.

ALEXANDRO

Empty.

Tono and Sebas get out of their own van and head into the hardware store to get more fertilizer and paint thinner.

TONO

Take ours back and unload it at the warehouse and meet us back here.
¡Apurarte!

INT. WILMA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Debra places Tyler's sketch on the kitchen table in front of Wilma.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

Chief Gardipee?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Nothing yet.

INT. BILLINGS GAZETTE OFFICE - DAY

Investigative Reporter Jade Mabie stands over her printer.

Tyler's image prints. David's note reads: **"Two teen female bodies found submerged in the Bighorn River - bullet holes through the heads"**.

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Marcia pulls up David's email. She opens it to see Tyler's likeness. Note: **"Two bodies found in the Bighorn River - bullet holes..."**.

INT. MISSING PERSONS ADVOCVATE OFFICE - DAY

Tyler's face fills Barbara's computer screen.

An ASSISTANT (20's) to Barbara Fasteagle comes into Barbara's office with the printed image of Tyler.

ASSISTANT

Mimi Dewans' drawing is here.

Barbara holds it before her - energized, alive again.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

Okay. Let's get this up on our social media pages and call Jason Riggs with the billboard company. Highway 15 north and south, from Powder River to Broadwater and anywhere else he'll give us. Get it up!

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Two vans pull inside the warehouse. Alexandro gets out and closes the warehouse door.

Boxes and boxes are stacked alongside pallets of fertilizer, paint materials and antifreeze.

EXT. CROW POLICE STATION - DAY

David and Debra step out of their car anticipating the worst kind of news a parent could receive.

INT. GARDIPEE'S OFFICE - DAY

Gardipee shuts the door. David and Debra sit across from the Chief.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

The results came back... We have some matches.

The Chief hands David a file. He opens it.

CHIEF GARDIPEE (CONT'D)

The two bodies we pulled out of the Bighorn were that of Levi Mashonee, and Karen Longee. Confirmed gunshots to the head.

DAVID

That leaves Emily Hannigan and Tyler. They're either alive, or just not yet found.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

Bodies were too decomposed to see if any sexual assault had occurred.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Have you told Pete Mashonee?

CHIEF GARDIPEE

We did. He went 5150. He's on watch at Bighorn County. He tried to shoot himself.

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - NIGHT

David sits before his computer scanning page after page of local escorts in search of Tyler.

Flash after flash, we see direct contact numbers of provocative young women, 24-7, Asian All Stars, Milfy Milfs, "Let me be your Muse"... "For those who desire the Finer Things"...

While searching for Tyler, David replays the Lazcano recording.

ANTONIO LAZCANO

"We'll have new maps of our pick-up locations, including floats down the Bighorn River. Supply lines completely out of reach."

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A flashlight crisscrosses the narrow street. David searches the back entrances of local businesses, parked cars and shallow entrance ways.

David comes across frozen drunks and homeless but no Tyler.

EXT. BIGHORN RIVER - FOLLOWING DAYS - DAY

David floats down the Bighorn Sheep Canyon along with a talkative guide, BRIAN LITTLE FOXES (20).

Beautiful, massive iron gold canyons rise from the waters and fill the Montana sky.

He scans the cliffs, along with the small shack-type structures along the way - eyes open for any illicit meth manufacturing.

BRIAN LITTLE FOXES

... it's the elderly that become easy targets, steal from them, beat them for their money. There's all these things now going on the res - it's starting to hit. We all know where they're doing it - but it's the BIA. Stretched too thin, or not interested. There's some even along the river.

DAVID

Can you show me?

BRIAN LITTLE FOXES

Yeah... Don't have to go too far.

EXT. BIGHORN VISTA - DAY

Brian Little Foxes leads David to the vista rim above the Bighorn River. Against its river bend, we see a shed which emanates smokes from its roofline.

Little Foxes points to it - then another and another some 500 yards away.

Through his spotting scope, David surveys the wide open back spaces to the river to see stacked gasoline cans, palettes of fertilizer bags.

BRIAN LITTLE FOXES

You can smell it. Nasty. They starting floating it down the river. If approached, they just sink it. The BIA has stopped trying. Or, they're paid off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Warehouse door ratchets up.

Tono and Sebas stand before their stacked boxes of stolen pseudoephedrine, epinephrine, fertilizers and paint thinners.

Half a dozen METH COOKERS step inside the warehouse and begin loading up their vehicles.

INT. HARDIN HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Crow Sheriff Candidate Frank Kappler Two Wolves stands at a podium opposite stocky, incumbent Sheriff Candidate JOHN LINDER (53).

David and Barbara Fasteagle sit in the front row.

Behind her, Jade Mabie from the Gazette and Marcia Harris from the D.A.'s Office.

FRANK KAPPLER

The focus of this election in large part is how the reservation itself, who pays into the Bighorn County tax base, is being red-lined and sees little actual benefit - particularly when it comes to sustained investigations into missing persons.

JOHN LINDER

I'd like to respond to that. Days or weeks go by before we're even contacted. These treaties between nations need to be ratified where access is provided on a moment's notice. Evidence is too fragile, suspicion too high which brings any follow-up to a grinding halt.

FRANK KAPPLER

That very pretense has relieved us of large amounts of our lands. Our Crow people have a healthy appreciation for colonial attitudes.

JOHN LINDER

The cartels are setting up shop, trafficking, and manufacturing their poison in your sacred mountains. This isn't Custer's Last Stand, Frank, it's yours.

INT. FATHER BRADLEY'S TRUCK - FOLLOWING DAYS - DAY

Father Bradley drives, David sits up in the passenger seat, while a quiet Alexandro sits in the backseat behind him.

NEWS RADIO (V.O.)
 ...and last night at Hardin High,
 the two candidates for the Bighorn
 County Sheriff's seat squared off.

EXT. BILLBOARD - INTERSTATE 15 - DAY

Workers mount the massive vinyl. Tyler's face rises into the sky. Her eyes look out over the highway.

Father Bradley passes beneath the Missing Persons Billboard.

NEWS RADIO (V.O.)
 Crow candidate Frank Kappler Two
 Wolves pressed the issue of law
 enforcement red-lining
 investigative resources...

Alexandro looks over to his left and sees a stack of "Missing Persons" Flyers - the girl he saved from Tono and Sebas on the night of the attack.

NEWS RADIO
 Incumbent John Linder pushed back
 with his reservation access
 rebuttal.

EXT. BIG BELL MOUNTAIN RANGE - OUTDOOR CHURCH - DAY

Father Bradley conducts a small mass for the locals in the area against an abandoned, wind blown structure pocked from floor to ceiling with bullet holes.

Faded, painted murals of the Mother Mary signifies a cartel presence.

A scattered congregation consists of Lakota ranching families, Latino farm workers and rural folks who live on the outskirts.

Alexandro bows his head and stands by the makeshift alter and provides assistance to Father Bradley where needed.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
 "Receive my words and the years of
 your life will be many."

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

David sits on a small knoll and surveys the countryside with his binoculars.

Small sheds lie in the distance. Some with smoke, others without.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK (V.O.)
 "Keep thy commandments and you will
 live."

EXT. METH SHED - FOLLOWING DAYS - DAY

RIVER FLOATERS (40's) load up two small drift boats with freshly cooked, meth package.

EXT. BIGHORN RIVER - DAY

Posing as fisherman, the carriers float southward down the majestic Montana waters.

EXT. BIGHORN RIM - DAY

From above, David looks through his scope down to the boats below.

Perched next to him is his Steyr HM 50 and open case covered in a camo netting.

David inventories the river carriers, the loads the boats carry and the red gas tanks at the stern of each.

He rolls over to his weapon fitting like a hand in glove.

David closes his left eye and squints into his rifle scope with his right.

He sites in the carriers below and engages a 661 grain single round into the Steyr 50 chamber.

David rests his trigger-finger inside the cold hammer forged barrel guard.

He locks his gaze and scope down to the first floater below onto the four-gallon, red gas tank on the first lead float boat.

DAVID
 Say it, Marty. "Send it."

David squeezes.

The Raufose round with the penetrator, high-explosive components flies from the Bighorn rim to the river below.

Hitting the boat's rear red gas tank.

Fire and an explosive rush overtakes the small craft igniting its highly volatile contents.

Instantly, a second explosion ignites!

A flaming boater is thrown into the water.

Calmly, David pulls the bolt of his rifle back and engages a second high-grain round.

His gaze falls on to the second boat. He takes a deep breathe in and calmly exhales.

The second boater guns his outboard but to no avail.

David squeezes his trigger and lets the second round fly.

The red gas tank on the second boat ignites instantly, detonating yet another second explosive fireball.

The second carrier flies skyward and into the frigid river Big Horn waters.

David watches the burning wreckage drift downriver.

With extreme economic movement, he calmly breaks down his weapon and places it expertly into his carrying case.

EXT. METH SHED TWO - DAYS LATER - DAY

David pulls up in his truck. A cooking shed plumes with smoke from its stove-pipe fireplace.

A TWEAKER-COOKER (30) rushes out from the front door and gallops over to David's truck.

TWEAKER COOKER

Hey, man!!! What are you doing
around here?

David opens his truck door and steps out.

He pulls out a 12 gage orange flare pistol. He points and fires directly inside the door of the shed.

Fire and explosion engulf the small shack sending sheets of metal raining down in fiery pieces.

TWEAKER COOKER (CONT'D)
HEY, MAN?? WHAT THE FUCK WAS THAT?

DAVID
Get out of these mountains.

EXT. MOBILE HOME - FOLLOWING DAYS - DAY

David knocks on the door of an isolated mobile home in the middle of nowhere.

A SECOND COOKER (40) opens the door and it's David who stands front and center.

DAVID
Was wondering the best direction
away from the blast?

SECOND COOKER
What blast?

David then reveals a pipe bomb made out PVC and C-4 with a mercury timer.

He tosses the homemade bomb inside the mobile home.

DAVID
This one.

David turns and walks away from the mobile home.

SECOND COOKER
Are you crazy??

The man bolts past David knowing what is to come.

David strolls back to his truck - then, fire and burning metal.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LINE - DAY

We see bits and pieces of two native men on horseback making their way through a thick tree-line.

Thick dark feathered headdresses - CHEYENNE DOG SOLDIERS.

EXT. MOBILE HOME SITE - FOLLOWING DAYS - DAY

Chief Gardipee, along with his officers survey the black, scorched earth.

Pieces of the mobile home lie in chunks and ruins all over the site.

ALCOHOL TABACCO AND FIREARMS AGENTS survey the blast pattern, blown remains for explosive residue with lab field kits.

An ATF Agent approaches the Crow Police Chief.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

What are we looking at?

ATF AGENT

Elements of a meth shed as well as traces of ammonium nitrate, and ammonium perchlorate.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

What's that mean?

ATF AGENT

C-4. Either he blew himself up, or somebody did it for him. But one more thing.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

And, what's that?

ATF AGENT

Powdered aluminum. Kind of stuff someone uses to send a message. You got a war out here, Chief?

INT. WILMA'S MAILBOX - MORNING

At the end of the long, gravel driveway, Wilma's mailbox stands alone.

Debra walks up, the morning sun glinting off the metal. She reaches in and pulls out the day's mail.

Among the usual bills and flyers, a crisp, official-looking envelope catches her eye. Her name and address are typed clearly on the front.

She tears it open carefully. Her eyes scan the contents.

INSERT - THE DOCUMENT

"In the event of the death of David Randal Aarons, the life insurance benefit is to be paid to beneficiary: Debra Yellowhawk Aarons."

Debra exhales slowly, the weight of the words settling over her.

EXT. LAZCANO RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The ranch house glows like an island of light in a sea of black.

From the tree-line, David lies prone in darkness.

Through his binoculars...

Armed security patrol the perimeter. Cigarettes burn. Rifles hang loose but ready.

A man laughs. Another checks his watch.

David lowers the binoculars. Watches. Waits.

Calculating.

He disappears into darkness.

INT. HORSE BARN - NIGHT

Moonlight spills through slats in the wood. Horses shift. Breathe. Sense him.

David moves stall to stall, releasing latches with careful hands. Metal CLINKS softly.

David stills. Waits. No alarm. He slides open the rear barn door. Cold night air pours in.

He slaps the lead horse hard on the hindquarters. It bolts. The others follow.

Thunder erupts.

EXT. FRONT OF LAZCANO'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The horses explode into the open yard. Security men dive out of the way.

SECURITY PERSONNEL

Look out! Look out!

Floodlights snap ON - harsh, blinding. Chaos. Hooves pound. Men shout.

INT. REAR LIVING ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Security rushes out the rear doors, abandoning their posts. The house is exposed.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The front door bursts open.

Lazcano steps out in a silk robe, furious, disoriented.

LAZCANO

Who let the horses out?!

EXT. SIDE OF LAZCANO'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

In the confusion, David moves along the wall, glued to shadow. Invisible.

From outside, David slides the glass door open just enough.

Slips inside. Closes it behind him. Silent.

EXT. FRONT OF LAZCANO'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Men scramble, chasing horses into darkness.

LAZCANO

Get them back in! Now!

Lazcano turns, retreating inside. Door shuts. Locks.

INT. LAZCANO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house is warm. Quiet. Distant shouting outside.

In the kitchen, Lazcano locks the interior door - irritated, unaware.

David watches from the shadows - patient.

The hunt has moved inside.

Lazcano is seen in the kitchen area locking the inside kitchen door.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Lazcano makes his way up the stairs with a cup of hot chocolate held in his right hand.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lazcano gets to the second floor and makes his way down the hallway towards his master bedroom.

The door is ajar, a light splashes out from within.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lazcano enters.

He crosses the room, pulls back the window curtains and sees his security detail corralling the horses back into the barn below.

He closes the curtains and turns. He crosses the room and heads towards the master bathroom - enters.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sink water runs.

Antonio Lazcano brushes his teeth. Comfortable. Untouchable.

He spits. Opens the shower curtain.

David stands inside. Ski mask. Glock pressed to Lazcano's forehead.

Still. Waiting.

DAVID
Antonio Lazcano.

LAZCANO
Who are you?

DAVID
Turn around. Take off your robe and
shake it.

Lazcano does and a small Snubnose .38 Derringer drops on to the mexican tile floor along with his rosary.

David picks up the robe and tosses over Lazcano's back.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Put it on. Walk.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

David marches him inside. Pushes him down onto the edge of the bed.

DAVID
Sit. Back to me.

Lazcano sits facing away from David.

David removes his ski mask and pulls it down over Lazcano's head to cover his eyes.

The Glock presses into the base of Lazcano's skull.

DAVID (CONT'D)
If you speak out of turn
or if anyone walks in, you die
first.

LAZCANO
My wife is gone for the week. No
ones here.

DAVID
We're going to have a little one-on-
one. You're going to help find
someone for me.

LAZCANO
You probably have me confused with
somebody else, but maybe I can be
of help.

DAVID
Antonio Lazcano, wave of attacks,
30 dead in a Mexican airport,
extortion, murder, drug running,
human trafficking. Do I sound
confused?

LAZCANO
What do you want?

David lays down Tyler's missing person's flyer on the
bedspread before Lazcano. He takes off Lazcano's ski mask.

DAVID
Keep your eyes forward or you'll
get one in the neck.

Lazcano sees the missing person's flyer of Tyler.

LAZCANO
What about her? I don't know this
girl.

DAVID
You're going to. Focus, Antonio.
Look at her face. She went missing
with three other friends on the
Crow res at a rage party about
nineteen months ago.

LAZCANO
I don't know her.

DAVID
 You're going to find out for me.
 With all of your pull and
 persuasion. Two of them were just
 found in the shallow mud of the
 Bighorn river.

David tosses an envelope onto the bed before Lazcano.

DAVID
 Open it.

Lazcano does. Photos of Dahlia, his own wife, Theresa, his
 daughter, the Cattleman's Compound.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Someone is going to pay a price,
 and maybe it's your own daughter
 this time. Just say the word.

David places the ski mask back over Lazcano's head.

LAZCANO
 You can't outrun us.

DAVID
 I'm not running away, Tony. I'm
 running towards you. This is the
 part you start helping me.

David tosses the rosary onto Lazcano's bed. The cross faces
 Lazcano.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Found this on the floor. You'll be
 needing it.

The gun presses harder. David places ski mask back over
 Lazcano's head.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 Just sit there for a while. Lo
 entiendes?

INT. RAFAEL LEYVA'S WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

The closet light CLICKS ON. Rows of immaculate suits.

Italian leather shoes aligned like soldiers. Rafael Leyva
 steps inside, removing his cufflinks.

He freezes.

A MEXICAN CLOWN EFFIGY drops and hangs from the ceiling by its neck.

Its feet sway gently. Creaaaaak.

Leyva draws a weapon whipping around - empty.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Dressed in a black dinner jacket and walking along with his companion, Nazario Morales strolls towards his black 2026 BMW 7-Series.

A tilt timer dangles from his gas cap. Tic. Tic, Tic..

Flame and fury engulf the underground parking lot. A wall of combustion clings to the ceiling and rolls forward.

INT. ANATONIA LAZCANO'S RANCH HOUSE - 2 A.M. - NIGHT

Fire crackles in the stone hearth.

Rafael Leyva stands rigid. Nazario Morales shaken and a bit burned, but okay.

The Mexican clown effigy leans against the fireplace. Its painted grin is even more disturbing with good lighting.

Lazcano studies it. He pulls the stapled flyer free.

Tyler Yellowhawk stares back at him, accusing, demanding.

Lazcano doesn't blink. He feeds the clown into the fire.

It catches fast. Burns hot. Collapses inward.

LAZCANO

This man thinks fear is currency.

Leyva says nothing.

LAZCANO (CONT'D)

He burned our sheds. Sank our boats. Now he walks into our homes.

A beat.

LAZCANO (CONT'D)

Get our people onto the reservation. Every Shed, every route, every contact. Get the details. Find the families, friends. Anyone connected to the girls.

Leyva hesitates.

LAZCANO (CONT'D)
He wants her found.

Lazcano steps closer. Firelight dances in his eyes.

LAZCANO (CONT'D)
Lets find her.
(beat)
Then bring me the man who's doing
this.

Leyva nods. He understands. This is now war.

ANTONIO LAZCANO
I want to see his face.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING AREA - FOLLOWING - DAY

ATF Explosive Enforcements Agents swab burned and black residue for explosive trace elements.

INT. BIGHORN GENERAL HOSPITAL - FOLLOWING DAYS - DAY

Three CROW STRONGARMS (30's) stroll down the hospital hallway. They enter Pete Mashonee's room.

They see Pete sleeping breathing on a respirator. Daughter Eldena sits by his side.

CROW STRONGARM # 1
Pete Mashonee?

ELDENNA
My dad.

PETE MASHONEE
Okay. We'll let him sleep.

They respectfully back out taking note of Levi's family.

EXT. BIGHORN RIVER BANK - DAY

Chief Gardipee walks with Officer Little Light. The two approach the remnants of two splintered drift boats.

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT
Someone said they heard a shot from
the rim. Then the explosions.

The Chief looks up to the canyon rim.

CHIEF GARDIPEE
 Sniper. Cartels don't hunt like
 this. Mobile home explosion, C-4.
 Splintered boats. Someone declared
 war.

EXT. RESERVATION BACK ROAD - DAY

David climbs to the peak of Crowfeet Mountain with his gear.
 He coordinates his position with a handheld map - Meth Sheds
 in his sites.

INT. MARKET - DAY

Debra loads up her cart with a few select items for dinner.
 She picks up a cash rap Crow Gazette.

Headline reads: "**EXPLOSIONS HIT RES.**"

EXT. SIDE-BY-SIDE - WILMA MANKILLER CHAPAS - DAY

Later afternoon.

A dirty Impala approaches the end of Wilma's gravel road.

Tires quietly crackle over loose rock.

The car stops. Engine's cut.

The three Crow Strongmen step out, closing their doors
 quietly.

INT. SIDE-BY-SIDE - WILMA MANKILLER CHAPAS - DAY

Wilma sits in her familiar chair before the TV. She makes a
 quick adjustment to her air hose and closes her eyes.

Colonel Custer and Gravy sleep ever-vigilantly on either
 side.

Food and water nearby.

EXT. SIDE-BY-SIDE - WILMA MANKILLER CHAPAS - DAY

The Crow strongmen fan out on either side of Wilma's side-by-
 side.

INT / EXT. SIDE-BY-SIDE - WILMA MANKILLER CHAPAS - DAY

Crow Muscle # 1 peers through the kitchen window. He can see
 the legs of Wilma stretched out from her chair.

A fire burns in a pipe stove. Crow Muscle # 1 signals the other to move around the side-by-side.

The rear of the structure, Crow Muscle # 2 finds a door whose lock is open.

He enters. Colonel Custer's ear twitches - Custer lifts up his head.

Crow Muscle # 3 slides open the guest room window and climbs inside.

He makes his way into the room and into the small connecting hallway.

Muscle # 2 appears out of the 2nd room and into the hallway meeting up with the first.

Muscle # 3 comes out of the utility room and meets up with the others. TV from the living room is loud.

MUSCLE CROW # 3
She's in the living room on the
other side of that chair.

The Muscle men draw out their knives.

EXT. WILMA'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Debra's tires crackle over Wilma's gravel entryway.

She looks up to see the shabby Impala parked at the entrance of Wilma's side-by-side.

Debra stops the car. It's quiet. Something's not right. She gets out of the car.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
WILMA??

INT. SIDE-BY-SIDE - WILMA MANKILLER CHAPAS - DAY

The Crow muscle thugs enter the living room but Wilma is gone.

Suddenly Colonel Custer leaps to the body of Crow Muscle # 1 and launches a bloodthirsty attack on the intruder - vicious, savage.

Colonel Custer locks on to the man's crotch and rips ferociously back and forth.

Gravy leaps to the legs of Crow Muscle # 2 and begins biting flesh and bone.

The dog pushes the Muscle # 2 up against the red hot stove which burns his arms and legs! Gravy shreds.

MUSCLE # 2
Arrrrggg!!!!

Wilma appears from the laundry area poised with her 2 shot snake slayer.

She fires a shot to the head and chest of Crow Muscle # 3.

The man is pushed back through the main living room window. SMASH!!

Wilma exits the backdoor.

Inside, the dog attacks grow only more brutal. The Muscle Crow scream for mercy but Wilma's dogs will have none of it.

EXT. SIDE-BY-SIDE - WILMA MANKILLER CHAPAS - DAY

Debra rushes up to see her mother escaping down the backdoor steps of the trailer stripping her air hoses off her face.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA
Your car. Get your car!!

Debra and Wilma run towards Debra's car passing the Impala.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA (CONT'D)
Wait.

Wilma pulls a couple of snake slayer shells out of her pocket and loads up her rifle. BOOM!

One tire gone of the Impala. BOOM! Passenger tire explodes.

She fires another in the windshield for good measure.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA (CONT'D)
My dogs.

Wilma whistles.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA (CONT'D)
Gravy? Custer? Let's go!

The dogs appear from the rear of the side-by-side sprinting towards Debra and Wilma.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA (CONT'D)
That's it. There's my babies. In the car!

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
C'mon, mom. Let's get out of here!

INT. OIL CHANGE SHOP - DAY

Alexandro is zip-tied to a chair. Beaten. Tyler's missing flyer stapled to his chest.

Tono studies him. Sebas lights an acetylene torch.

WOOF. The white flame inches toward Alexandro's face.

TONO
You were told what to do.

A beat. The heat intensifies.

ALEXANDRO
I know where she is.

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - NIGHT

David enters, caught off-guard. Debra. Wilma. The dogs. Father Bradley - wait.

DAVID
What are you doing here?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Wilma just survived a home
invasion. Three men. Knives.
(beat)
And I got your ten-million-dollar
insurance policy.

She pulls back the bedspread. The arsenal exposed. Rifles. Sidearms. Explosives.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
You're not searching for Tyler.
You're hunting.

Silence. David doesn't deny it.

DAVID
I'm hitting Lazcano's labs. Forcing
him to give up the ones who took
her.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
You're using the cartel's manpower
to find our daughter?

Debra studies him. Then calmly produces the policy.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
I'm signing it over.

She signs. Hands it to Bradley.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
You take Wilma and go to Chicago.
You both aren't safe here.

Bradley hesitates.

BRADLEY
I can't just leave.

DAVID
If they know you're family, you're
leverage Brad. She's right. I'm
sorry.

That lands. Debra crosses to the rifle. Loads it smoothly.
She knows exactly what she's doing.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
You can't watch your own back when
you're eyes are downrange.

She picks up the spotting scope. Checks it.

DAVID
You're not coming.

She meets his stare.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
You don't have a say in it.

A beat. Bradley exhales.

BRADLEY
Mass is at midnight.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Do your mass, Bradley, because were
going to need it.

EXT. CROW NEIGHBORHOOD - 12 AM - NIGHT

Dozens of midnight churchgoers hum Gregorian tones and
prayers while carrying lighted handheld torches.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
In the name of the Father, the Son,
and the Holy Ghost. Let us begin.

EXT. RESERVATION ROADS - NIGHT

Headlights streak through the dark. A convoy of F-150s roars toward distant sheds and grow sites.

Cartel soldiers arm themselves. War mobilizes.

EXT. POT FIELD - NIGHT

David moves through waist-high plants soaked in accelerant.

Debra in camo watches the perimeter, Jackkammando steady in her shoulder.

David strikes a flare. Red light burns across his face.

He drops it.

WOOSH.

The field ignites in a rushing wall of flame.

EXT. RES HILL - VANTAGE POINT - NIGHT

A sharp wind sweeps the ridge.

In the distance a shed and a natural gas tank.

David rests his fingers inside the Steyr trigger guard. Debra to his left bears down through the infrared M151 scope.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
200 yards. Gas tank to right. Wind
from the left. Shooter to one
bravo. Send it.

David squeezes his trigger. In the distance, fire and flame.

EXT. CROW NEIGHBORHOOD - MIDNIGHT - NIGHT

The congregation slowly strolls toward the Capuchin church in the distance gathering followers as it snakes its way through the Crow neighborhood.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
"When you run, you will not
stumble".

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

A car comes to an abrupt stop. Leyva and Moralles hurriedly get out. Lazcano stands nearby and awaits their news.

RAFAEL LEYVA
He's taking out everything we got.

EXT. CROW RESERVATION HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Trucks and personnel.

Cartel soldiers ready their own high-velocity weapons, maps, walkie-radios, communication headsets, flak jackets, long range guns.

They take to the hills above.

EXT. BIGHORN RIM - NIGHT

Debra scopes the next target. David engages a shell into the Steyr.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK (V.O.)
"Do not set foot on the path of the wicked, or walk in the way of evildoers".

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Send at will.

David sends the round 300 yards into a meth shed gas propane tank. FIRE!

EXT. SMALL MOTEL - NIGHT

Tono's car.

Alexandro points to the small rundown motel.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK (V.O.)
"Turn from it and pass on by. They cannot sleep unless they do evil".

EXT. CROW NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A gathering congregation continues to grow with more Crow carrying lighted torches through the streets.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
"They are deprived of slumber until they make someone fall."

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Alexandro uses a room key and opens up the motel door. Light from the outside bathes the dark room on the inside.

On the bed, a girl sits.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK (V.O.)
 "The way of the wicked is the
 darkest gloom".

INT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

Tono and Sebas wait in the front seat. The butchers keep their eyes glued to the hotel door.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK (V.O.)
 "They eat the bread of wickedness".

EXT. CHURCH STREET - NIGHT

Father Bradley makes a turn. Crow and lighted torches follow. The church's steeple now in view.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
 "And, drink from the wine of
 violence".

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

David and Debra climb the narrow trail, panting, sweating. Running for the lives.

GUNFIRE ERUPTS from above. Sporadic automatic fire.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 Incoming!

David grabs her - they dive as rounds shred trees and dirt around them.

DAVID
 They're above us.

The couple shares a look.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 Well, you got their attention.

DAVID
 You glad you came?

The two smile at each other.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 At least we're arguing again.

Debra's bends on her knee and the Jackkammendo cracks through the dark returning fire. David drops two attackers with the Steyr. Pow! Pow!

More silhouettes appear along the ridge. They're surrounded.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
They're getting in position. They
brought everything.

Bullets hammer their position.

DAVID
So did we.

David dumps his pack. Two grenades roll into his palm. He
presses one into Debra's jacket.

Hands her a Glock.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Semi-auto on.

She nods. The attackers advance. Closer.

DAVID (CONT'D)
When I move - you move.

A breath. Keeping guns pointed.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Now!

Both zig zag down the hill while firing openly sprinting to a
cover point. Dive behind it.

Rocks splinter from incoming fire.

DAVID (CONT'D)
They brought the Calvary.

Below them - a steep wooded drop.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I don't know how deep that ravine
is. But if we could survive it we
might have a chance.

Gunfire inches closer. A beat. Unexpectedly quiet between
them.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
You know, I was furious when you
walked into my bar. You know, you
should've called.

DAVID
I tried. But I didn't. Sorry.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I was glad you came in.

A bullet cracks overhead.

DAVID
And, Cowboy Bob? At the bar?

Even now – a ghost of a grin.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
It's Cowboy Rudy and Cowboy Rudy is
gay.

David sits astonished – laughs despite the circumstance.

DAVID
Were you going to tell me?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
You deserved to sweat.

Another wave advances. More incoming explodes in the trees overhead. David pulls pins from his concussion grenades.

He rises – throws grenades wide. Boom. Boom. Smoke and concussion blast the ridge.

DAVID
GO!

They run between the tickets. Gunfire chases them. David jerks – hit in the shoulder. Both dive over the hillside and begin tumbling downward.

EXT. HILLSIDE – NIGHT

Rolling violently through brush and rock, rounds snap overhead. Debra fires upward as they crash downward.

Finally the tumbling downwards ends. Both take refuge between two large protective trees.

EXT. HILLSIDE – NIGHT

Oncoming. Mercenaries descend with a continuous barrage of relentless firepower. It's nonstop!!

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
You're hit.

Debra places the Glock in David's hand and rests his finger inside the guard.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)

There.

Mercenaries inch closer. David surveys they're one last move to get out.

DAVID

(beat)

The only play we have is that mound across the open field. There's else nothing left. Try to find a ditch and grab cover.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

It looks that way if they don't shoot us in the backs first.

David takes it all in - the death of both more than likely.

DAVID

(beat)

You and Tyler were everything to me. I didn't mean for any of this.

Both share a look. Debra moves closer.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

Debra leans in and kisses him. David and Debra look out to wide open field before them.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)

Well, if Tyler is out there, that's where I'm going. Where she is.

DAVID

Yeah.

Suddenly, Debra bolts forward at a full sprint. David is right behind her.

EXT. WIDE OPEN FIELD - NIGHT

David and Debra sprint into the open. Gunfire trenches dirt at their heels.

A mercenary drops to a knee. Takes aim at David's head.

Finger tightens...

THUNK.

The rifleman freezes. A spearhead bursts through his chest.

He collapses. Behind him we see a line of mounted warriors emerges from the smoke.

Faces streaked in black and white. Feathers tearing through the wind.

The cry splits the night.

DOG SOLDIERS

YEEEEEE!!

Two dozen riders explode from the treeline. They hit the mercenary line like a storm front.

Chaos. Horses thunder. Gunfire shatters. Men scatter.

Arrows arc through smoke. Steel flashes in moonlight. The hillside becomes motion and dust and history returned.

David pulls Debra down behind a low berm. They watch, not horror but recognition.

The tide has turned. Mercenaries break. Riders pursue. The field belongs to the horsemen. Within minutes...

Silence.

Smoke drifts.

The last gunshot echoes into nothing. A mounted Dog Soldier raises his spear high.

The warriors answer with one final cry. It carries across the hills.

David and Debra stand slowly.

Alive.

EXT. FRONT OF CHURCH - EARLY MORNING - DAY

David and Debra, spent and exhausted approach the front of the church.

DEBRA

I'll check on Wilma. Get packed.

DAVID

I'll be there in a few minutes.

INT. TONO'S CAR - DAY

Driving. The back of a girl's head looks familiar to us through the rear windshield. Alexandro sits to her right.

INT. CAPUCHIN CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

David enters.

The church is empty. The heavy wood beams crisscross above him. The smell of incense emanate.

Christ and the crucifix hangs above.

The face of the Christ faces David below - almost to be staring at him - inviting a kind of conversation.

David moves to the front of the pew and sits. He looks to the alter, hesitant to meet the eyes of Jesus above.

DAVID

Why? Why did you take her away from me?

EXT. RESERVATION STREET - DAY

From behind, Alexandro walks with Tyler towards the Capuchin church. Tono and Sebas stand near the car looking on.

INT. CAPUCHIN CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

Tyler's St. Christopher dangles from David's fingers. Blood drips down the chain and over the small medal.

David brings it closer. He breaks...

DAVID

I couldn't find her. I couldn't do it... My daughter... gone.

St. Christopher dangles from his bloodied fingers, the saint carrying a child on his shoulders across a raging river.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I guess we didn't make it... Just didn't make it.

EXT. CROW STREET - MORNING - DAY

Tyler turns to face Alexandro. Tono and Sebas look on. She leans in and whispers in the boy's ear.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
You're not like them. Remember
that.

ALEXANDRO
Go inside. They'll find you there.

Tyler stares deep into the eyes of her abductor. She kisses
him on the cheek.

Tyler turns and enters the church.

INT. CAPUCHIN CATHOLIC CHURCH - DAY

From behind the young girl enters. She sees a man hunched
over in tears in the front row - her father.

David senses and turns to see his daughter standing before
him at the back of the church.

Tyler walks to the front rows and holds still before her dad.

She stands traumatized, a far and away look in her eyes but
alive.

David, stunned and quieted reaches out to her. Tyler extends
her hand to his and sits next to him.

Both David and Tyler hold the other's hand and the tears and
smiles begin to release and flow.

David holds her, Tyler him - never letting go.

EXT. LAZCANO'S RANCH HOUSE - DAY

A long stream of federal unmarked cars make their way up the
one lane road to Lazcano's.

INT. CROW POLICE STATION - DAYS LATER - DAY

Barbara Fasteagle sits before Crow Chief Gardipee and a
FEDERAL ATF AGENT (40).

The recording of Lazcano and his men is played for the two
men.

LAZCANO (RECORDING)
We now have a vacuum of product. A
hole in our market.

Click off.

ATF AGENT
And the C-4 and the explosions?

CHIEF GARDIPEE

He's done us a favor don't you
think, Agent Black? Our Crow office
won't be pursuing this.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Tyler and family members place three sets of flowers on the
road where Levi, Karen and Emily were murdered.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS (V.O.)

It was Alexandro. He didn't want to
kill me. He wasn't like the others.

INT. KUSM-TV STATION - DAY

A NEWSCASTER (40's) reads from his prompter behind the news
desk.

NEWSCASTER

In election news today, Crow
candidate Frank Kappler Two Wolves
just did edge out Bighorn incumbent
Sheriff, John Linder...

INT. BILLINGS GAZETTE OFFICE - DAY

Investigative Reporter Jade Mabie opens up a large parcel
folder of David's files.

A note from David reads: **"Write it well, all the best - David
Aarons.**

Jade begins her story. Headline reads: Father finds Missing
Daughter...

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS (V.O.)

He gave me his jacket. And there
was money in it.

INT. BIGHORN DEPARTMENT OF CRIMINAL INVESTIGATION - DAY

Tyler sits at a table. DETECTIVES (40's) sit across from her
and listen.

David, Debra, D.A. Assistant Marcia Harris look in through a
two-way mirror.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS

I ran as far as I could. Alexandro
came back the next day and he found
me. I didn't get far.

DETECTIVE

Why didn't you come back to your grandmothers'?

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS

He said if they knew I was alive, they'd kill my family. That they'd kill his too...

INT. CAR - CHICAGO - DAYS LATER - DAY

Tyler sits in the backseat looking out the window to her familiar neighborhood.

David drives with Debra to his right and Wilma sitting behind him.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS (V.O.)

He got me to a truck stop. I could eat and go the bathroom there. He said he knew someone in North Dakota that would take me in. A woman who would pretend to be my mother. She got me an ID with a name on it. We cleaned small hotel rooms and private homes. No one ever asked me anything. When they did, she just told them I was her daughter.

EXT. DAVID'S HOME - DAY

The car pulls into the front. Our heroes slowly get out.

DAVID

You're home Tyler. We're all home now.

INT. TYLER'S BEDROOM - DAY

David and Tyler enter.

All is the same except for the open bird cage and the missing Common Redpoll Finch.

Tyler approaches her precious bird cage. It's Empty.

Tyler moves to open the window. She leans out of it looking at the familiar trees and other houses.

Suddenly on the window sill, the Common Redpoll Finch appears.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Mrs. Whistles.

Tyler extends her fingers out to the finch on the ledge and the bird springs back on to her hand like she always has.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
Look, dad. She came back.

Tyler glides the bird back inside the window and leads it into the cage.

Mrs. Whistles jumps back inside to its familiar perch.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
Now she's home, too.

DAVID
Yeah... She sure is. C'mon, lets go help your grandmother get settled.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Okay.

David leads his daughter back out of the room. He turns back to see the open window and to the red finch in the cage.

DAVID
Tyler, you go ahead. I'll be down.

David crosses back to the window and closes it shut.

Locks it. He then reaches over to the bird cage and opens its swinging bamboo door.

He looks to the locked window and to the open bird cage - balance.

He crosses back to the room entrance, turns off the light switch and shuts the door

We fade to black...

THE END