

THE VIOLENCE OF WINE

Written by

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EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Vast black starry skies. 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 crowd together singing into their iPhones like rock stars. Crow Reservation radio KODH plays Crow Nation Rapper, "Christian Parrish Takes the Gun."

CHRISTIAN TAKES THE GUN (RADIO)
"Ladies and gentlemen..?"

Knowing every word of it and behind the wheel is team leader, Native Crow, EMILY HANNIGAN (15). Although too young to drive but not too brash to resist, Emily turns down the radio slowing the car like a seasoned pro while passing a BLM road marker.

EMILY HANNIGAN
Look. That's it right there. She
said 123, right?

Backseat to Emily is co-pilot, KAREN LONGEE (14). Karen, part Blackfoot, part Swiss is the GPS navigator. She calls out the road markers with an air-crewman's precision.

KAREN LONGEE
Confirming BLM road marker 123.
That is what she said. Man, there's
nothing out here.

Lastly, lead crew member, instigator and provocateur is LEVI MASHONEE (16). Levi, a full Crow Native is the first ballsy one to approach the boys on the other side of the room no one knows.

LEVI MASHONEE
The trailer should be to the right
somewhere but how do you even see
anything out here?

The Jeep slows.

The girls look out to see a beaten up side-by-side trailer which sits on a set-apart parcel of acreage.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dismally small place.

Three bored Latino teens sit before their computer screens prowling about social-media sites. Opportunistic and ever-prowling is TONO (18), his lethal sidekick-strongman is SEBAS (17), and the third is a younger, trans-boy, ALEXANDRO (15).

Alexandro paints his nails while scrolling.

SEBAS

Keep your eyes on that screen,
Player.

They look for "rage" announcements throughout the Bighorn Valley.

SEBAS (CONT'D)

We'll send you back where the world
has passed you by.

The phone rings. Tono picks up. Doesn't say much.

TONO (PHONE)

Okay. It's ready.

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.

Her breathing is labored but regular.

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.

With closed eyes, Wilma's finger rests naturally inside the guard.

EXT. METH SHED - NIGHT

Smoke plumes from a vent. Tono and Sebas approach the front door of the small shed-house. Alexandro stays back in the car. He thumbs through a magazine of youth fashion - Taylor Swift, Noah Schnapp, Olivia Rodrigo.

Tono knocks. The door opens. A METH CHEF (32) opens the door dressed in a full, head to toe, yellow haz-mat suit. He lifts up his mask and air filter.

METH CHEF
You're late.

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 lighted window. The three cautiously approach the weathered frame.

Suddenly the window slides open from the inside. Woosh! A backpack is tossed out from the bedroom. A bright-eyed, daughter to David and Debra Aarons, TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS (15) leans out. (Whispers).

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
What took you guys so long?

LEVI MASHONEE
The res. No signal.

Behind Tyler, Gravy sits and looks on licking his chops.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
Gravy. Shhhh... Go back. Go!

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

Tyler climbs out the window leaving it open. She grabs her backpack.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Okay. C'mon!

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.
My mom packed it then I put it in
after.

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! Tony Moly Petit
Bunny Gloss Bar.

Tyler hands a package to Levi.

LEVI MASHONEE
What's that? "Nude" is written on
the package. What's that mean?

EMILY HANNIGAN
It means now we can look like all
those Missoula white girls.

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.

"SUPAMAN" CHRISTIAN WITH A GUN (23), dressed in full Crow
colors and headdress, spins off-radar artists such as
Deerhunter, Banks, Lana Del Rey, Years and Years.

The air is filled with the rush of escape, the full freedom
of teen flight that's broken through, if only for a night.

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

TONO
We'll set up over there in the
corner.

Tyler, Levi, Karen and Emily enter the barn with their aged-
up, exotic "Charlotte Tilbury" styles. Knocking on the door
of full adulthood, the eager teens are eager to leave their
youthful skins back from where they came.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
There's over 200 people.

Scores of kids, Native and white teenagers mix and crowd the
barn, dance, sing along to the spinning cuts - fifteen going
on twenty-five.

KAREN LONGEE
Everybody in Montana is here.

Levi and Karen raise their phones to get all the video their memory sticks can fill.

EMILY HANNIGAN
And Wyoming.

EXT. RESERVATION ONE LANE ROAD - NIGHT

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

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.

Hip-hop, rap-thumping loudly drowns out nearly all conversation.

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.

MORE - VARIOUS

With baseball hat turned backwards, a warm and inviting smile is Bozeman boy RAVALLI NANCE (16) along with his friend FOREST SPRINGFIELD (15).

Ravalli and Forest walk past the Latinos on their own way toward the dance area and take notice of the younger Trans-Kid's fluorescent painted fingernails.

RAVALLI
Hey Forest, look at that kid's
fingernails. Ain't that something?
Piank as can be.

Ravalli and Forest push through the crowd and approach the three girls.

RAVALLI (CONT'D)

Hey.

EMILY HANNIGAN

Hey.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS

Hi...

RAVALLI

You guys from around here, Crow?!

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS

I'm half Crow, the rest are Lakota,
Crow mix.

RAVALLI

That's cool. I'm all just Chevy
trucks and rodeos. I don't dip
though, not like those other
rednecks back in Big Timber.

MORE - VARIOUS

The "Supaman" segues into another riff that sends the young crowd into a pushing/pulling frenzy. Cups of drinks are held high, spilled by the bumping and grinding!

D.J.

Take it up, take it up, take it
up!!!

CORNER OF BARN - MORE

Tono guards the view from the crowd and counts two fist loads of 100 dollar bills - upwards to 8 to 12,000 dollars - maybe more.

He signals for Alexandro to come closer.

TONO

Alexandro. Take this.

Tono bundles the big wad of cash up with a rubber band. Alexandro approaches and Tono stuffs the wads of cash inside Alexandro's coat pockets.

TONO (CONT'D)

It's everything we made over in
Pryor. Sebas, let's start giving
this stuff out.

(MORE)

TONO (CONT'D)

New customers by next week. Use the
burner phones for 'em to get back
to ya'.

Moving across the barn floor, Karen saddles up to Levi both
on their way toward the Latinos in the corner of the barn.

KAREN LONGEE

I bet they work on the ranches
around here.

Tono then stuffs a second handful of meth-baggies into
Alexandro's other pocket. The girls - arriving.

SEBAS

Mirar.

Unknown to the girls, the three handsome, young Latinos are
Sonoran apprentice Cartel distributors working their way up
the methamphetamine distribution food chain.

Levi and Karen approach - all smiles.

LEVI MASHONEE

You guys come in from one of the
ranches?

EXT. METH SHED - NIGHT

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

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

This will make you feel like you've
never felt. Only if you want to.
It's fun, free, it will make you
feel love.

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Tyler and Emily dance with Rav and Forrest but take notice
that both Levi and Karen are nowhere to be seen.

Tyler 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

An unsure Alexandro stands outside of the car nearby 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 her friends 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 to his crew in the car.

ALEXANDRO
No hablo engles.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Levi?

INT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

Sebas places the mirror of meth down on the floor.

SEBAS
Alguien está aquí.

Tono firmly looks Levi and Karen.

TONO
Stay in the car.

EXT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

The young men approach Tyler and Emily - charming, lethal and welcoming.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
Our friends are in your car.

Tono and Sebas move closer to Tyler and Emily.

SEBAS

We're just having a little fun. You can go back in the barn.

TONO

No, 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? C'mon!

Without warning, the Cartel members throw their jackets over the heads of the young girls. The move to the young teens is swift and decisive.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS

NO!

EXT. METH SHED - NIGHT

Crow and Bighorn authorities position themselves behind their vehicles and brand automatic weapons calling out to the lab cooker inside.

CROW POLICEMAN (BULLHORN)

Come out with raised hands!!

The meth cooker suddenly breaks out from a side door wearing his bright yellow haz-mat suit.

Weapons and scopes align on the target. 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 police and Bighorn cops huddle behind their vehicles.

Suddenly a massive explosion engulfs the meth shed throwing flame and fire in all directions with a spectacular concussion blast of incendiary.

CROW POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

Don't let him go!!

The cooker runs deeper into 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. Sitting in the middle is Tyler, next to her is Emily. Panicked for her very life, Emily can't stop talking.

EMILY HANNIGAN

Please?! Where are you taking us?
Stop the car. STOP THE CAR!! Let us
out. We'll walk back. It's ok. We
won't say anything!

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS

Quiet, Em. Please.

Emily begins to cry, shake and convulse. Impulsively she reaches over Tyler and then lunges for the wheel.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Emily! NO!

Her hands grip the steering wheel and she pulls it to the right!

EXT. DARK FIELD - NIGHT

The car violently whips off the road. Fence wire snaps! The car bounds through a barbed wire fence and into a wide open field.

SEBAS

Look out!!

Sliding sideways righting itself back onto the road again with a swinging back-end the car catches the road once more.

INT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

Tono straps in Levi's seat belt next to him.

TONO

Sebas! Get her out! Open her door.
Get her out the fucking car!!

EMILY HANNIGAN

NO!!

Sebas leans over the front seat and reaches for the right passenger door handle. First fighting to get out, now fighting to stay in, Emily scratches and bites Sebas' hands.

SEBAS

Arrrggh!!

Sebas slams Emily's face into the dashboard and finds the handle and opens the door. The car door swings open.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS

No!!

Tyler holds on to her friend. Sebas hits Tyler with the handle grip on his gun.

SEBAS

Let her go!

Sebas grabs Emily's hair and pulls her out of the car.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS

LET HER GO!!

EMILY HANNIGAN

No!!

Emily slides out but holds on to the car door while her feet and legs bounce about the passing road below.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS

Emily?!

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

KAREN LONGEE

Emily?

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD ACROSS THE VALLEY - NIGHT

Squad cars and firetrucks race across the valley floor in the distance. swirling lights travel at great speeds.

INT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

Sebas and Tono look on to the distant emergency vehicles.

SEBAS

They're heading east. Towards the
cooker. Turn off the lights.

Alexandro reaches down and turns off the car's headlights.

TONO
 Keep driving. Deja que los lobos se
 la lleven. (Let the wolves take the
 girl).

EXT. POMPEY PILLARS - NIGHT

The car comes to a stop in the middle of less than nowhere.
 Headlights go out. Beautiful starry night. Pitch black!!

INT. TONO'S CAR - NIGHT

Alexandro is behind the wheel. Tyler sits next to him - Levi
 and Karen shake in the back seat sitting between Tono and
 Sebas.

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. Your nails, maybe
 huh, baby boy?

Sebas lightly slaps Alexandro in the back of the head. he
 leans over and gives Alexandro a weapon.

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

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

Tono laughs.

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

Alexandro grabs the gun lying next to him and pushes his door wide open.

SEBAS
¡Ve por ella!

EXT. POMPEY PILLARS FIELD - NIGHT

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

Alexandro gives chase. Distance grows between Tyler and Alexandro from the sexual pillaging taking place behind them in the car.

Tyler sprints looking back at Alexandro. He's gaining. Tyler makes a quick move and strides to her left.

Alexandro makes up the ground and leaps from his feet and takes Tyler down to the ground.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
NO!!!

Tyler fights back.

ALEXANDRO
Stop!

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
Don't kill me!!

Alexandro turns Tyler around and places his effeminate yet firm, open hand and fingers over her mouth. Fluorescent fingernails press up against Tyler's cheek.

ALEXANDRO
Shhhh!

She can't breathe, bites his hand and tries to get up.

ALEXANDRO (CONT'D)
Stop. Stop! I'm not going to hurt you. Stop!

Tyler hyperventilates - hesitant. Alexandro takes his hand off of Tyler's mouth.

ALEXANDRO (CONT'D)
You have to be quiet. Please! I'm not like them. Stop fighting.

Tyler stops her swinging of hands.

Tyler cautiously tempers her struggle. Alexandro stands up. Tyler gets up and both teens look on to the scene taking place in the car from afar.

ALEXANDRO (CONT'D)
I'm from El Salvador. I was selling myself near Parque Infantil. They offered a way out for me in the beginning. Now they'll be butchered mi familia if I don't do what they say.

They see Tono's car in the distance and the kind of things made of nightmares.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
Are they going to kill them?

Alexandro takes off his jacket and gives it to Tyler.

ALEXANDRO
Take it. You have to run.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Are they going to kill my friends?

ALEXANDRO
Yes.

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

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Let me go.

ALEXANDRO
You can't help them. You have to run.

TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS
I'll die out there.

ALEXANDRO
We'll both die here if you stay. And, if they know you're alive, they'll find you, they'll kill you, kill your family. They'll find them. They won't stop until they do. You can't come back. You can never come back.

Suddenly two muzzle flashes pop brightly inside the car from the backseat. Pop, pop!

ALEXANDRO (CONT'D)

Go. Please.

Tyler turns towards the black Crow Nation Badlands. She begins running - where to? She has no idea...

INT. SIDE-BY-SIDE TRAILER - FOLLOWING DAY

Wilma Mankiller is followed by her dogs into Tyler's room. Gravy and the Colonel sniff and jump onto Tyler's empty bed.

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

Stoic, Wilma sits at her kitchen table. She 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.

EXT. HELENA REGIONAL MONTANA AIRPORT - DAYS LATER - 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.

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

I'm David Aarons. My wife Debra Yellowhawk Aarons.

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT

Officer Little Light. Crow?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

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, little on the walls but for the idea this is a police force with little resource.

DAVID
The barn was the last place you
think she was seen along with the
others?

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT
We think there's a good chance of
it. No evidence though. Pulled a
few of the social websites. They
post, they rage, then vanish, erase
the posts, find another spot, do it
again. There may be a good chance
she was there. It's where the kids
go. Did you know the other girls?

DAVID
What other girls?

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT
There's three others that have gone
missing.

Officer Little Light places photos of the three other girls on the desk before David.

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT (CONT'D)
Levi Mashonee, Emily Hannigan, and
Karen Longee. Do you know them?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
They're Tyler's friends. They live
on the reservation.

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT
Yes. I'm sure Tyler had a cell
phone. All kids do. If you could
check her bill and see if she had
made contact with them before she
came out. That would put them
together.

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
Time will erode any evidence. They
haven't been out to the barn?

OFFICER LITTLE LIGHT
No. Not yet. For better or for
worse... just the way it is between
the federal authorities and the
Crow Nation.

INT. CAR - DAY

David and Debra drive to the barn. The set of parents sit
nearly speechless - quiet shock.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I should've told Wilma, "No". I was
thinking it would be a good idea
for Tyler to come out - to not
forget where she came from.

INT. BARN - DAY

David and Debra enter. The space is completely void of any
trace.

DAVID
I remember she said, "I've already
called Emily and Levi." She was in
the back yard with her friends from
home.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
It was me who pushed it. I thought
she'd be safe out at the house so
far away from everything. But
"Everything" found her anyway.

David looks for any kind of trace evidence he can find -
nothing. An air current rustles the hay and debris about the
barn floor.

DAVID
I told her, "We'll talk about it."
I knew what was out here. I
shouldn't have let it happen.

EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY

The western sun begins to set. Tan grass blows. David and Debra both stand overlooking the vast Crow territories. The couple holds the hand of the other.

Tyler and friends - somewhere out there.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
A part of both of us is out there.
Lost, dead or taken.

Debra takes her hand out of David's turns away from the him and the vista moving back to the rental car.

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

David enters the room where Tyler climbed out the window.

Her bed is still left unmade, the window still open. David can feel her presence, reaches for her things.

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

A breeze lazily pushes the window curtains. He looks at the St. Christopher - the saint carrying an infant child across a roaring river.

DAVID
Not much of a believer, Chris but
if you can help her now to get
across...

David pockets the engraved St. Christopher.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'd definitely owe ya'.

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 P226 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.

We should be going if we're going
to make it in twenty minutes.

DAVID
Yeah.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I'm staying, David.

DAVID
Staying? What's that mean?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I'm going to stay.

A dressed-up, somber grandmother to Tyler, Wilma Mankiller enters the kitchen. Wilma can only speak in just barely a whisper. Instinctively she opens the cabinets and reaches for cans of dog food.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA
I'll get the dogs fed.

Gravy and Colonel Custer both sit dutifully at attention waiting to be fed.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
They'll be ok, mom. C'mon... We
don't want to be late for the other
families.

Wilma leaves the open cans of food on the counter.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA
Okay, then.

EXT. CROW VALLEY FLOOR - DAY

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

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

A deathlike, monochromatic, lifeless vapor grips the air. Family members of missing natives stretch out from left to right. Scores of childless mothers and fathers of Crow disappeared solemnly stand vigil.

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

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
We're here this morning to stand
vigil and account for our missing
sisters.

Other missing persons placards of Tyler are held by the MASHONEES, LONGEES, and the HANNIGAN PARENTS.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE (CONT'D)
Karen Longee, Levi Mashonee, Emily
Hannigan and Tyler Featherchild
Aarons.

David is still. The kind of "still" from which one rarely recovers. His world is transitioning to a place of isolation and he can't do a thing about it.

He keeps his eyes down to his feet. Daughter gone, and soon his wife no longer by his side.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE (CONT'D)
We look for them to be returned
home. Returned back to us.

Ravaged and breathless, David lifts up his eyes to see the vast search area before him - a 1,000-yard, blank and empty stare keeps his view on the horizon.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE (CONT'D)
We place our minds and hearts in
the condition of hope, where this
hope will not falter, equivocate or
tire. We shall stay in this hope as
long as it takes.

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 justice.

EXT. TENEMENT STREET ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

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

SCREEN READS: FULTON STREET CHICAGO - 7 MONTHS LATER

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - NIGHT

A slight rain falls on a car windshield.

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

David, life-worn, weary and very far-away sits in the passenger seat of an unmarked sedan along with partner, FBI AGENT DANNY JENNINGS (43).

AGENT JENNINGS

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

DAVID

One would think.

INT. MOB HOUSE - NIGHT

Mob guys play cards, smoke and drink. A couple of them keep their eyes out the window.

MOB GUY # 1

Maybe we send a message. You know?
A signal.

MOB GUY # 2

And say what?

MOB GUY # 2 (CONT'D)

I just don't like to be stared at.
Guys staring at ya'. I don't like it.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - NIGHT

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

DAVID

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 to stake out.

AGENT JENNINGS (CONT'D)

Look at this. To your right.

EXT. TENEMENT STREET ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

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.)
That doesn't look so good.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - NIGHT

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

AGENT JENNINGS
Maybe they sent them to smoke us out. See if we'd bite.

DAVID
They're not that smart.

David buttons up his coat and checks his weapon.

AGENT JENNINGS
We stay right here, Dave. We're staying put. This case has been three years in the making. You step out, you tip our hand.

DAVID
And, if I don't step out what's going to happen to the girl? We both know what's going to happen. She's never coming out of that building.

AGENT JENNINGS
Stay on your post.

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

DAVID
She's just maybe just a working girl getting the rent but it doesn't look that way to me.

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 out his semi-automatic Sauer with double stack magazines.

The freight elevator engages from the floor above, glides down and opens up on the first floor before the street-toughs and the girl.

They push the girl inside, step inside themselves and surround her. The elevator door closes and the wheels and cables begin the ascent upwards.

David quickly makes for the connecting stairwell access.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

David enters the narrow shaft and begins climbing with drawn weapon. We hear the elevator opening up on the floor above.

Violent protests emerge from the woman and more 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)

Access stairwell. They're going to rape or kill her. Or, both.

EXT. STREET - BUILDING - NIGHT

Two MOB ASSOCIATES (30's) casually step out from the front door of the building. They chat, reach for some smokes, pull up their coat collars, light up and toss their glances towards the unmarked FBI vehicle.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - NIGHT

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

AGENT JENNINGS (RADIO)
We got activity. They stepped out.

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

David pushes his way through the door and into a long empty hallway. It's empty. Station doors line the sides on each wall - dozens of them.

David's radio futzes.

AGENT JENNINGS (RADIO)
Shotgun Man and Bladel having a
smoke. They're here.

David finds a warehouse window overlooking the stakeout. He looks and locates the sedan below. He then sees what partner Agent Jennings sees - the Mob suspects.

DAVID (RADIO)
I see 'em. I'm coming down. Will
come from the south side behind
you.

David turns to get to the descending stairwell but then hears the woman's curdling scream. Caught between his partner and the crime above.

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 better get your ass down
here.

INT. BUILDING ROOM - NIGHT

David pushes the door slowly open to see a group of gang members taking their turns with the semi-naked woman on an old stained and torn mattress.

He steps forward, levels his Sauer.

DAVID

Drop the knives and get up. You
make a move, I'll put one right in
your throat. You first.

The gang members get up from the mattress.

GANG MEMBER # 1

Where'd you come from, you sneaky
white, Motha'-Fucka? We're just
having a little fun.

David holds his weapon to their faces. The men drop their
knives.

DAVID

Lady get your clothes and step up
and away from the mattress.

The accosted woman scuffles off the bedding and away from her
assailants.

GANG MEMBER # 1

What're you gonna' do white man?
Shoot us all?

David leans forward pushing his weapon to the face of lead
gang member # 1.

DAVID

It'll be you first if I do, brain-
trust.

EXT. STREET - UNMARKED SEDAN - NIGHT

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

INT. BUILDING ROOM - NIGHT

Gang members spread out. Then gang member # 1 lunges towards
David.

GANG MEMBER # 1

GET THIS WHITE FUCK!!!

David tucks his Sauer into his holster, lifts up his leg and
greet's his attacker with a punishing chest kick!

The gang member flies backward smashing up against the
window. The man drops to the floor.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - NIGHT

Jennings guns his car in uncontrolled 360's warding off more attacks.

AGENT JENNINGS (RADIO)
They're on me!! Get down here!!!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mob attackers begin firing.

Heavy ammo loads spray across other parked cars and abandoned buildings. Casings spill across the pavement bouncing about sidewalks and gutters like a thunderstorm of starlight pinwheels.

The sedan lights up in broken glass and shards of metal. Jennings ducks beneath the dash and reaches for his 45.

He begins returning fire through his windshield. The firefight, now fully engaged, lights up the street.

AGENT JENNINGS (RADIO)
Jesus Christ, Dave! I'M PINNED
DOWN!!

INT. BUILDING ROOM - NIGHT

David Aarons reaches for a nearby pipe.

DAVID (RADIO)
I'm coming.

Gang member # 2 rushes David. David swings the pipe into the face and teeth of a second man. CRUSH! Lips split, teeth split, blood flows!

David grabs what's left of the shaking woman's clothes and tosses them towards her.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Get out in the hall and stay there.

Outside, the pulsing spray of semi-automatic weapons. David rushes to the window to see...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mob bosses running back inside the building and their muscle unloading on the sedan of his partner.

INT. BUILDING ROOM - NIGHT

An attacker wields a knife wildly at Aarons. Swings. Woosh!

WOMAN

To your right!

David turns, spins and kicks pushing the second attacker fully out through the warehouse window crashing through the pane of glass!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The man is thrust out of the third floor warehouse falling violently to his death between the sedan and the Mob's gunman.

GUNMAN

Who the fuck is that guy?

INT. BUILDING ROOM - NIGHT

With no time, David makes swift business of the last two gang members by taking a 2 x 4 across both knees and heads.

DAVID

Lady - get to the freight elevator!

INT. BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

David grabs the hand of the near naked victim and quickly leads her down the hallway towards the stairwell.

DAVID (RADIO)

Hold on, Danny. I'm coming!!

AGENT JENNINGS (RADIO)

Better get here fast, these fucking monkeys are all over on my ass!!!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Agent Jennings looks up through the open windshield.

AGENT JENNINGS (RADIO)

You better hurry, Davey boy.

The sedan continues taking on a hail of gunfire.

AGENT JENNINGS (CONT'D)

My ass is hanging out here!

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

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

David pushes the girl to safety and begins to openly return fire to the goons firing onto his partner. Mayhem!

DAVID

Get down!

A triangle of weapon exchange explodes! Live rounds and blasting canyon echoes ricochet skyward.

INT. UNMARKED SEDAN - NIGHT

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!

FULL SCENE - MORE - VARIOUS

Agent Jennings speeds sideswiping the mob muscle, throwing one of them across the sidewalk into a fire hydrant.

He barrels back towards David and the girl. The car slows. David gets a door open and pushes the girl inside.

David dives into the back seat.

DAVID

Go!!

Agent Jennings barrels around the corner while a dozen FBI squad cars roar past the sedan towards the shooters in a clean-up mission.

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 but is a million miles away where his mind floats somewhere over the Crow Nation and that of his wife and daughter.

DR. LAWRENCE

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

DAVID

I have.

DR. LAWRENCE

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

DAVID

Yes and no. No report really captures what the moment was but I'd agree it's pretty close.

DR. LAWRENCE

Man died from a third story fall.

DAVID

It wasn't my intention to kill anybody. It was just to get the girl out.

DR. LAWRENCE

I see here Special Forces? Specialize in a certain area?

DAVID

Reconnaissance and surveillance - hostile environments. Sabotage and demolition.

DR. LAWRENCE

Okay. So, what happened?

DAVID

There were four of them. I got into the room with the perps. One was raping the girl, the others were waiting their turn. A couple of them had their knives out. I was outnumbered. The first one came at me, I kicked him in the chest and he flew backwards. The second one then tried and he's the one who went through the window.

DR. LAWRENCE

And, Agent Jennings?

DAVID

Danny and I were on a stake. We'd been in the car for fifteen hours or so.

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

Across the street from the target,
the four we're talking about
emerged, pushing the woman into an
abandoned building.

DR. LAWRENCE

Was she resisting?

DAVID

Yes.

DR. LAWRENCE

Scared?

DAVID

Yes.

DR. LAWRENCE

And, you thought she was in
jeopardy?

DAVID

She was in trouble, absolutely.

DR. LAWRENCE

And, when you told Agent Jennings
you were going to follow?

DAVID

He didn't want me to go. He said it
wasn't our case.

DR. LAWRENCE

But you went?

DAVID

I did.

DR. LAWRENCE

And, left your post.

DAVID

I did. She was either going to be
raped, killed, or both. So, yes I
left my post. Trying to protect,
trying to serve.

Dr. Lawrence goes deeper into David's file.

DR. LAWRENCE

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

David shifts a bit more uncomfortably in his chair.

DAVID

Okay, sure... I met my wife when I was stationed in Havre Montana. I was in the reserves after my initial enlistment. She's Native American originally from the Crow Reservation, Central Montana. Debra was my spotter, actually. I trained as a long-range sharpshooter among these other areas I mentioned.

DR. LAWRENCE

You trusted her?

DAVID

With my life. Every shot you take consists of countless calculations. Factors like temperature, weather, wind, and so on to ensure the round strikes the intended target. Your eyes have to be down field. Spotters have your back. She carried an M-4. Sniper rifles aren't good if you get jumped and you have to fight your way out.

DR. LAWRENCE

And, you trusted her.

DAVID

She had my life in her hands.

DR. LAWRENCE

Are you still together?

DAVID

Not at the moment. We have a daughter together named Tyler. Tyler went to visit her grandmother on the reservation and we think she was abducted. Disappeared. We're going on eight months now. I've been over every inch of Montana looking for her.

DR. LAWRENCE

I see. I'm sure it's frustrating. Frustrating enough to use excessive force?

DAVID
I defended myself. They just
weren't ready for me.

INT. BUREAU OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS - WEEKS LATER - DAY

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

FBI INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICER
We're here today to ask a broader
set of questions. We're not
convened to impugn you, Agent
Aarons. Explorative type probing so
we can get a clear picture of the
day and your actions in it.

DAVID
I understand.

FBI INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICER
Okay. Let's begin. Please state
full name and how long you've been
with the Bureau.

DAVID
David Randal Aarons. I've been with
the FBI for 17 years. Three years
in the U.S. Army. Two years in
reserve.

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

David unpacks his high-powered, long range Steyr HS 50 sniper rifle. His best friend, MARTIN DELANELY (39) peers through a SV28 military spotting scope w/ tripod.

DAVID
The consensus is they think I'm not
in control of my decision making.
Endangered my partner by leaving my
post.

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.

Down range, a rubber dummy holding an automatic rifle is perched partially behind a tree. David sets up his tripod and rest his Steyr HS pointing downrange.

DAVID

Maybe they're right. Crow Nation is like a hole in the earth and I can't find the place in my head to manage it. I think I did put my Danny in jeopardy. They were firing on him, and I wasn't there. Crows don't trust the Feds, County Sheriff pays lip service to the Crow. Evidence eaten up by the weather, lack of manpower. Tyler didn't have a chance and I don't have the discipline any longer to stay at my post.

David lies down on his stomach, squints through his scope. Martin eyes the target through his spotting scope.

DAVID (CONT'D)

2.1 MILS at 400 yards.

MARTIN

Locked in. 2.1 at 400.

DAVID

Cartel running roughshod. People hiding, up there. People taking what they want.

MARTIN

Slight wind from left to right. 1 MOA.

DAVID

Left one, copy.

MARTIN

You talk to Debra?

DAVID

Barely. Since she stayed, it's like we don't even know each other anymore. When we do, it just brings it all up again. My voice, her voice. Always turns bad real quick.

MARTIN

Dial in 9.75 MOA from your 100 yard zero.

DAVID

And, whether Tyler's dead, missing or somewhere in between, it's my life now.

MARTIN

I'd try and find a way to take something back.

DAVID

What do you mean?

MARTIN

Someone knows something somewhere but you won't get it with the Crow police or the Bighorn Sheriff's Office. You know that. I'd push where the Feds can't, where the Sheriff won't and where the Crow don't want to. That's where you'll get your answers about Tyler.

David breathes in calmly.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Send it.

David squeezes the trigger. POW! 400 yard kill shot to the target dummy's head.

DAVID

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

INT. INNER-CITY POST OFFICE - DAY

David steps up to the post office counter. MAIL CLERK (50's) tucks some stamps away.

MAIL CLERK

How can I help you?

DAVID

I'd like to place a hold on my mail.

MAIL CLERK

Okay. For how long?

DAVID

How long can you hold it?

INT. CHICAGO SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

David reaches up a high aisle and pulls down a camouflaged two-man tent. He gets a small heater, camo winter gloves, tactical weather gear, camo face paint, a backpack, a winter coat.

Another aisle - David retrieves food packs, hand-warmers, a Stealth-Angel backpack, water bottles, a dozen flares, a flare gun and a rhino blind.

STORE COUNTER - MORE

David looks over the knives in the case. He sees, cutting blades, folding knives, fixed blades, and throwing blades.

David's eyes lift up to see all the available ammo behind the counter.

Clerk TOM TOLSON (60's).

TOM

Can I help you with you anything?

DAVID

Yes... I'll take the fixed blade, the Kershaw, the Endura 4, and the Sebenza.

TOM

Good choices.

DAVID

I'd like to get some ammunition, too.

TOM

Sure, what'd you have in mind?

DAVID

5 boxes each of the 661-grain for a Steyr HS 50.

TOM

Long range. Okay.

DAVID

Do you have the "Raufoss?

TOM

Supersonic? We do.

DAVID

Okay. And, 5 boxes each of those, stock loads for a Luth-AR, and Glocks 29 Gen 4, the 29-SF and the 40-Gen 4 MOS. And, all this gear.

TOM

Loaded for bear, huh?

DAVID
I think maybe more than that.

INT. DAVID'S GARAGE - DAY

David backs his truck inside his garage. He closes the garage door behind him. He gets out and makes his way to his gun safe and cabinets.

Safe tumbler spins, the gun safe opens.

Inside David reaches for his collection of Glock handguns, his Remington Arms Bushmaster, his AK-12/200, the AAC Honey Badger 300 Blackout and an Austrian Jagdkommando SOG with the slide loading magazine.

He opens the back of his truck hatch.

He begins loading up his arsenal for the drive to Montana - his long range rifles, and close combat assault weapons but he's got more, C-4, detonators, transmitters, mercury tilt switches.

He pushes his back seat down to make room and places his arsenal beneath the cover of an open sleeping bag.

David then moves to another part of his garage.

He opens a series of other cabinets. He reaches and loads up 3/4 inch black PVC pipe, rolls of duct tape, antifreeze, pliers, screwdrivers, a small hand torch, tarps and more.

INT. DAVID'S HOME - DAY

David enters through his garage.

The home is empty, quiet. It briefly comes to life with the familiar voices, familiar smells from the kitchen and the sounds of a family.

His wife, Debra calls out to him in his mind's eye from the kitchen.

DEBRA (O.C.)
David? You home? That you?

DAVID
Yeah, it's me. Home from the range with Marty.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David looks inside to see wife, Debra. She's beautiful, content, cleaning vegetables over the sink. She turns - smiles.

DAVID

Hi.

DEBRA

My mother called today. Wants to have Tyler come visit. Stay on the res.

DAVID

Fly out by herself into Bozeman?
Her first grown up thing?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

What do you think?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

David enters. He hears his daughter's voice and laughter along with her other friends wafting through the window from the backyard.

Through the light curtains, David sees daughter Tyler playing with her friends in a competitive game of lawn croquet.

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. She wants me to visit. I've already called Emily and Levi.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David swings open the kitchen door but now the room is painfully empty, Debra gone, the familiar smells absent - no dinner prep, no vegetables cut, no steaming water on the stove and no Debra - just a vacuum of a life no longer there.

DAVID

Deb?

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

David steps out from his family room glass door. The yard is empty.

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.

David scrolls articles of "Missing Persons" in Bighorn County, Expansion of Cartel Organizations, his own photo in the Butte Gazette, Bighorn News..."Grieving Father Searches."

David removes the thumb drive and tucks it in his shirt pocket.

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

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

He looks around the room - nothing is left for him here any longer.

INT. TYLER'S BEDROOM - DAY

David enters. He turns on the light. Empty but of Tyler's things.

There's nothing in it that's been changed or even moved since the day Tyler got on the plane to Bozeman Montana.

Family photos and posters adorn the walls.

In the corner, Tyler's birdcage and inside, Tyler's favorite Common Redpoll Finch.

David crosses over and sits before the cage.

He sees Tyler's handwritten yellow crayon name for the finch - **"MRS. WHISTLES LIVES HERE"**.

David fills his palm with seed. The bird jumps into David's open hand and begins pecking at seed.

DAVID
C'mon, Mrs. Whistles

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

David steps out to the backyard with the bird cupped in his closed hands. He opens them. The bird looks at David and David back to the bird.

DAVID
You're free.

David nudges it along. The red bird skips off David's fingers and takes flight.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Time to fly.

EXT. FLYING J TRUCKSTOP DINER - DAYS LATER - DAY

Eighteen wheelers come and go off highway 93 - gas up - pull out. It's cold - a cutting, sharp north wind blows.

SCREEN READS: BIGHORN COUNTY, MONTANA

INT. FLYING J TRUCKSTOP DINER - DAY

A young girl sits alone turned away from us in the far corner of the restaurant diner. Next to her is her school backpack.

She keeps her eyes downward to the table with a pencil in hand and looks to be doing her school homework.

The girl has fading color streaks in her hair. Her span of shoulders wane from the weight of a taking-world.

A pencil lead works across math problems on her workbook.

We move closer to see LESLIE (14). In a poor physical state, she barely nibbles on some dry toast while tucking a handful of table-jellies into the pockets for a later snack.

INT. RESTAURANT BATHROOM - DAY

Tono, now twenty-three years old comes out of the men's bathroom. He casually walks back over to the awaiting Leslie.

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

Tono sits. Leslie looks up from her workbook then naturally back down once more.

TONO
The waitress come by?

LESLIE
No.

TONO
Anybody talk to you?

LESLIE
No. No one.

Tono pushes forward his remaining breakfast across the table and slides away her work pages.

TONO
C'mon, forget that.

LESLIE
I like doing it. It's something to do, other than this.

TONO
C'mon. You gotta' eat something.

Leslie tucks her workbook and pencil into her backpack.

LESLIE
I don't like to eat before I have to do it. I threw up that one time. The guy slapped me.

Leslie half-heartedly pokes and stabs Tono's eggs.

TONO
But think of the money you're making, Les. Where you're going to be!

LESLIE
How come I never see any of it?

TONO
I'm saving it that's why. It's what I pay for breakfast with, the hotels with, the bus rides with to other places. All of it isn't free. We make enough, that way both of us can get out of these truck stops. Maybe later we start working the Indian Casinos. Nobody else is doing these things for you.

LESLIE

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

TONO

C'mon, let's go over it. Say it back to me again.

LESLIE

When the truck comes in, he's going to park in the overnight area. We give it a few minutes, then I walk over to it and knock on his sleeper cab. Meet you in the car after around the building. No more than a half hour.

TONO

And this time it's 900. Right?

LESLIE

Right. Yes. 900.

TONO

And, he can do everything. Right?

LESLIE

Right.

TONO

Hey? C'mon. Head up. You know I wouldn't ask this if I didn't love you.

Tono looks out the window. He sees the 18 wheeler he's been expecting.

TONO (CONT'D)

Real calm, like walking to school.

EXT. FLYING J DINER - DAY

Leslie steps out from the diner doors. Across her stomach a tattoo reads, "Daddy's Girl."

Montana winds cut across the young girl's body like a honed boning knife. She pulls up her coat but doesn't get much warmth for her exposed legs.

Tono gives her a nod through the window.

TONO

Good girl.

Leslie turns and begins walking toward the overnight parking area asserting muscle in her teen stride to be done with what she has to do one more time.

EXT. TRUCK SLEEP CAB - DAY

Leslie knocks on the cab door. It opens, a large hand extends outward to bring her up the steps. She takes it and is pulled up inside.

LESLIE
Hi, I'm Brandy.

The cab door shuts.

FULL SCENE - MORE

Suddenly, from all surrounding areas, local, federal and county authorities pinch the Freightliner 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!

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

With hands held high, the TRUCKER (60) is held at gunpoint.

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
Fuck me...

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, kicking the ball from left to right making her way to the goal before handsome father and Sonoran Cartel member ANTONIO LAZCANO (40).

Theresa kicks in the ball for the goal and the sidelines erupt. Theresa's cartel father is pleased.

He's then 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
Rafael. The shipment.

Lazcano takes the phone.

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

Lazcano, hands the phone back to Nazario.

ANTONIO LAZCANO (CONT'D)
Take Theresa and Dahlia to the
Cattleman's compound. Keep them
there. Rafael will meet us at the
ranch house. Start making phone
calls and get back. We're going to
have to answer for this.

INT. LAZCANO MONTANA RANCH HOUSE - ROOM - DAY

Three ruthlessly handsome and well-dressed Sonoran mercenary Cartel Associates stand before a flat screen; Antonio Lazcano, Nazario Morales, and barbarous, RAFAEL LEYVA (50).

RAFAEL LEYVA
It's all over the news.

NEWS BROADCASTER (TV)
 Montana Highway Patrol seized
 nearly 98 pounds of methamphetamine
 in Stillwater from Las Vegas to
 Missoula headed to Northern Montana
 today. Apparently a trafficked
 youth was also involved and whose
 identity is being held by
 authorities.

Nazario turns off the television.

RAFAEL LEYVA
 Tono was to keep eyes on the load
 and make contact with the driver.

ANTONIO LAZCANO
 And, the girl?

RAFAEL LEYVA
 He sent her in for the driver
 first. Tono traffics.

ANTONIO LAZCANO
 He brings the authorities into the
 middle of my delivery? This fucking
 guy!!

RAFAEL LEYVA
 You want me to pick him up.

ANTONIO LAZCANO
 Not yet. He's got to learn, and
 others have to understand by his
 example. Feet, hands, and heads. In
 that order. Let 'em watch what's
 happening because of their little
 boy, Tono. And, when I see the
 video, I want to be entertained.
 Then, we'll pay him a visit.

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

A string of used-car marker flags dangle broadly over a dark,
 narrow and ascending street. Small, shuttered houses line the
 sidewalks.

A group of four Mexican men, two DRUG LIEUTENANTS (30's) and
 two SONORA HITMAN (20's) smoke cigarettes and walk towards
 us.

With loosely swinging machetes, the men gravitate toward a
 targeted home.

SONORAN HITMAN

This is it.

They stop, approach the front door and drop their burning cigarettes.

DRUG LIEUTENANT

Como esta? Anyone home?

The hitman kicks it in!

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAVID'S TRUCK - DAY

David drives. Billings KGHL 790 provides weather and sports.

US 212 and I-90 run east through Billings towards the town of Crow Agency - mile markers 434 and 510.

We see a billboard that reads FRANK KAPLER TWO WOLVES FOR BIGHORN COUNTY SHERIFF.

EXT. CROW AGENCY - DAY

David drives deeper into the Crow sovereign nation, a place in parts which houses squalor, windblown side-by-side trailers, 1970 HUD Housing structures, Crow graffiti, boarded up and abandoned homes, posters of native warrior heroes, kids playing with broken down jungle-gyms.

David turns down a street of spread out homes and sees a Catholic Church steeple in the distance.

He turns off the radio - approaches.

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR CROW CATHOLIC CHURCH - SUNDAY - DAY

The Holy communion host is held high before the figure of the Christ.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK (50) (brother to Debra and son to Wilma) leads an intimate Catholic mass of Crow, Lakota and other Christian Reservation parishioners.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK

Oh, Lord. Heavenly Father,

Father Bradley wears a heavy beard along with thick, black-framed glasses, not heavy-set but affably formidable.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK (CONT'D)

...we praise and thank you for your
grace and through your Son Jesus
Christ, you establish the supper...

David arrives and sits in the back of the small church.

In the pew before him to his right, is the young trans kid, with colored nails. He is Alexandro - the boy among those who had abducted David's daughter, Tyler.

Father Bradley and David make eye contact.

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

Keeping his eyes down, Alexandro turns and reaches out his hand toward David.

ALEXANDRO
La paz sea con vosotros.

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. Looks like
a dump outside but inside is pretty
comfortable.

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - LATER

Bradley and David enter.

Inside, a simple bed, kitchen area and small living room - liturgical items for the mass i.e., chalice, small bottles for wine and water, priest vestments.

DAVID
The smell of incense reminds me of
being sent to the Monsignor's
office when I'd get in trouble.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
We all had our "Sister General
Knuckle-Crackers" didn't we?

DAVID
I noticed in mass Crow, Latinos, a
few whites.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
 Salish, Kootenai, Blackfoot. It's
 pretty easy to get killed around
 here so they come - feel safe.
 Hide. I even do masses out in the
 ranges on occasion. You know? Take
 the mass to them.

Bradley pulls a cigarette out of a pack - tempted then
 resists, puts it back.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK (CONT'D)
 I trust you let Debra know you'd be
 coming to the res? You're just not
 showing up, are you?

DAVID
 I picked up the phone seventeen
 different times but...

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
 Yeah. How do you ask a mother to be
 a part of a cold case?

DAVID
 I don't know. I don't think I'll
 ever know. It never goes away,
 Brad. The questions. Not even for a
 second.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
 You know you're not going to be
 welcomed around here, David. Good,
 bad or indifferent, you'll be seen
 as a colonizer - a white man in a
 sovereign territory, scratching up
 old Crow scars?

DAVID
 Well, the scars I'm interested in
 just also happen to be mine, too. I
 hope they'll understand that.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
 Just a word of caution. Tread
 carefully.

Bradley smiles at David.

DAVID
 I get it.

The Friar pours a little red wine for himself and David.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
Cheers. A little wine for
recovering Catholics.

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. She holds frozen momentarily like being hit with
a hot shocking wire.

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. She places 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 about any of that.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I get off at 1. You can wait
outside if you like.

EXT. HARDIN COWBOY BAR - 1 AM - NIGHT

Five hours later. A wind blows, it's cold.

Neon flashes reds and blues over David who stands at the end of the building near the parking lot. He waits.

Exiting the bar is Debra alongside the same handsome cowboy that was inside. They exchange private words.

The cowboy gives a nod to David, turns and heads to his truck. Debra strolls down to where David is standing.

The tension of separation - palpable.

DAVID

That's the same guy who was at the bar 5 hours ago. He must have felt threatened to have waited that long.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

They're protective around here. That's what happens when you just show up.

DAVID

I thought your brother might've mentioned it.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Bradley? Why?

DAVID

I'm staying with him at the Capuchins.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Bradley's guest quarters for the visiting priests?

DAVID

That's where I'm staying.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

I'm not going back to Chicago, David.

DAVID

I'm not asking that.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Then, what is it?

DAVID

I killed a man.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Killed a man? You on the run?

DAVID
No. Stake-out, line on duty. The
Bureau put me on administrative
leave.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
And, now you're here.

DAVID
I'm going to find out what happened
to Tyler, Deb. One way or the
other. I'm just letting you know.
It's why I'm here.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
What's different now from the other
times?

Debra lights up a cigarette.

DAVID
You smoke now?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Why not? What the hell else am I
going to do around here? You know,
you're not the only piece of
collateral damage in this.

DAVID
I didn't come here to fight, Deb.

The topic of their abducted daughter has peeled off the scar -
raw, on the surface.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
No, but you just stroll in and you
know what you're doing. You think I
don't go to the survivor's
meetings, check in with the Crow
police? They see me coming a mile
away and hide behind their little
desks. It's pathetic. Then the life-
part of course, frozen you know,
where just sometimes I want to feel
okay, have a friend, have normal
thoughts, feel attractive. But I
can't and I don't. And, you can't,
and you don't, and it hurts. I'm
pathetic.

(MORE)

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)

And, you come in, sit at my bar
like I can take it, and just rip it
wide open again and all just
unannounced.

DAVID

This trip is different.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Then, what are you going to do this
time? You want to find Tyler in a
puddle of bones just to confirm
everything? We've combed every part
of the res, every inch of it and
talked to a thousand people.
Tyler's gone David and she'll
always be gone. I'm learning to
accept that. I'm in hell already.
Why do you want to remind me of it?

DAVID

Maybe coming was a bad idea. But
I'm just letting you know I'm here.
I'm not living the rest of my life
in the middle, Deb. In some "in-
between". I'm going to find out
what happened, and I'm going to
bring an end to it - either way.
I'm going to bury my daughter
properly, or I'm going to find out
who did this and probably bury
them.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Lazcano, Moralles and Rafael Leyva get out their car.

INT. OIL CHANGE SHOP - NIGHT

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

ANTONIO LAZCANO

Hello, Tono.

Tono turns to see the three of the Cartel regional bosses
Lazcano, Rafael Leyva and Nozarro Moralles 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 "some",
Tono. That's a lot of product. It's
a lot of loss. 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. Turns out you cut a side
deal with our long-hauler. Sending
your little girlfriend straight to
our driver. Dragging the
authorities right to our shipment.

Tono's head drops.

ANTONIO LAZCANO (CONT'D)
We were taken down by a Vice Squad
and Child Protective Services,
Tono.

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 - like you, to be
something more. I saw what was
available. The women, the money.
But, I also knew the cost to have
it. What it meant to keep it. Like
a bride to her groom, or a priest
to his faith - once you say "yes",
this decision, can 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. We see on it the men who carry the machetes down the Calican Mexican street.

TONO
No.

The front door is kicked in. We hear 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 familia. We must learn, we must grow, Tono.

Tono shakes his head, "Yes."

ANTONIO LAZCANO (CONT'D)
And, there is no better way to remember our mistakes than with a little pain. To clear the mind. To once again "test" those 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)
The next time, think twice about running a side-business without asking us. Do it.

Tono places his right hand into the white hot flame.

TONO
Arrrrhhh!!!!

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - 2 AM - NIGHT

David carries in the last of his weapons into the Friar's living quarters.

He places them on top of the trailer's second bed, the Austrian Jackkommando SOG, the Steyr HS 50 gun case, the Honey Badger 300, the 270 Remington long gun, all the ammo, grenades, cartridges, detonators.

He covers it all with Friar's bedspread, which has the crucifix of Jesus spanning across its length and width.

David sits methodically before the glow of his computer screen. He puts into the side of his computer a thumb drive.

He opens up a file and we see the FBI logo. More clicks gets us to A MONTANA SONORAN CARTEL CRIME TREE.

Familiar and other cartel members up and down the Sonoran crime ladder include: **ANTONIO LAZCANO, NAZARIO MORALLES, RAFAEL LEYVA, VARGAS NUNES, GABRIELLE FREDDY, HUGO CLEMENT** - dozens more.

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. This time around there's 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 and her friends.
Emily Hannigan, Levi Mashonee and
Karen Longee.

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

JADE
Of course. Yes. Your wife is Crow?

DAVID
Debra Yellowhawk. My probable ex-
wife. Our marriage isn't surviving
it.

JADE
Most don't I'm afraid. A white
father returning to the Crow Res to
find his 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 could
just be the face of this election.

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

DAVID
If agreeable, I'd like to send you
what I find. Then, you could decide
if there'll be a story worth
writing.

JADE
I'd be agreeable.

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 - DAY

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

MARCIA HARRIS
I've read all what you've sent. I'm not sure what I can do for you until, as you know, a case is brought forward. There's no suspects, or probable's, or even any evidence about your daughter's missing status.

DAVID
Let me ask you this.

David places an official looking document before Miss Harris. Harris reads: **"The County Attorney's Office will utilize the investigative subpoena under Montana Law to ensure the "complete" production of evidentiary materials".**

DAVID (CONT'D)
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. We all know Montana's dirty little secret. Bighorn county has 12,000 residents. The Res itself has 8,000.

(MORE)

MARCIA HARRIS (CONT'D)

If a missing persons investigation initiates from the Crow Nation and stalls for whatever reason, like investigators sitting on evidence, then tax dollars won't be spent on missing Crows - it can be redirected towards the whiter constituents.

DAVID

Who vote.

MARCIA HARRIS

Yes.

DAVID

Red lining law enforcement. And, people who go missing, generally stay missing.

MARCIA HARRIS

Yes. We have a forensic artist we sometimes contract out for different cases. She's a little eccentric to say the least but she's very good, very accurate. An updated profile would help your search.

EXT. CROW FAIR ARENA - DAY

Dramatic pounding of buffalo drums precedes the entrance of the official pageant and MILITARY SOCIETY OF THE CHEYENNE NATION - **THE WARRING DOG SOLDIERS.**

Crow men, women and children dressed in full Native costume-regalia enter the arena dancing in a preamble to the battle-reenactment of Summit Springs.

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

That should get us some needed exposure for Tyler and the others if she'll consider writing about it. And, the D.A.'s Office?

DAVID

Marcia Harris, assistant D.A. She said she'll keep her eyes open from the inside. If I 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

Seemed to think it had to do with the allocation of investigative money.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

Red lining.

DAVID

Yeah.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

And, Debra? How is she holding up?

DAVID

Somewhere between smothering and choking.

MORE - VARIOUS

The dancers in the arena begin to retreat back through the entrance from where they came. Silence grips the air with a tense-like expectation.

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

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

My favorite part. Cheyenne Dog Soldiers. Mercenaries.

Suddenly, a dozen feral-like dogs enter. They're wild, unkempt. They take up trained, predisposed guarding positions throughout the ring and bark rapidly at the spectators.

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.

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

DAVID
Bad-asses.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
Real, bad-asses.

Headdresses and warring painted faces of black with white stripes, whitewashed body armor, feathers bent and weapons held high, the Dog Soldiers taunt and arouse the spectators with warlike terror and fear.

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

Horses enter with warring enemy riders. The Dog Soldiers pull them off their steeds in a pantomime dance of death, attack and colonizing peril.

The crowd erupts in applause!!

BARBARA FASTEAGLE
They fought the white man 200 years
ago. Now our lands are overtaken by
cartels.

DAVID

If you gave me ten of those guys,
I'd get your lands back.

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.

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

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.

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.

The crowd of 50 erupts!

FRANK KAPPLER (CONT'D)

My platform is a simple one - equal
and fair legal resource for the
Crow Nation. Resources to fight the
poisonings of our youth, the
establishment of a missing persons
database, and a well-funded
enforcement arm to fight the
cartels that we know are up in our
sacred mountains.

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 Aarons.

CHIEF GARDIPEE
I do. Sorry about the
circumstances.

David and the Chief shakes hands.

DAVID
I appreciate you meeting us out
here today.

CHIEF GARDIPEE
Let's call it "professional
courtesy". I know you're an agent
with the FBI.

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
I get it. No, worries.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

Well, you both are here. What we know is that there was a party here. We don't generally encourage family to open up their own cold cases, Mr. Aarons but we're not going to stop you either. Debra Yellowhawk is Crow, your daughter, half Crow. We honor that.

DAVID

I'd like to work alongside you if possible.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

Well, I'm not sure what you know or don't know having been married to a Crow, let me suggest a bit of weary caution. The cartel is entrenched in these mountains from Pompey Pillars to Yellowstone National Park. I have no man power to find them. I'm just 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.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

He knows you're here and he didn't throw us off the site. Count that as your first win.

With an inspector's eye, David crosses the expanse of the barn floor. Barbara follows.

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 secret weapon.

DAVID
 Deb was a hawk on this stuff.
 Didn't want her growing up too
 fast. 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 an 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.

INT. SIDE-BY-SIDE TRAILER - NIGHT

Wilma's dogs, Gravy and Colonel Custer dutifully sleep 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 her grandmother's 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.

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 right here.

EXT. BACKYARD OF LEVI MASHONEE'S - 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.

CROW TOUGH
Go home, white man.

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 sitting 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?

ELDENNA

I knew they were talking on the phone a lot. She was sneaking out the window, taking my brother's jeep. She wanted me not to say anything. We made a pact, you know - a sister pact. That 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 one onto the steps.

ELDENNA (CONT'D)

Wait a sec. That's my dad.

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

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

Pete sits. His eyes are glossed both by liquor and sadness. He speaks in fractured sentences inside tangled thoughts.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

Pete Mashonee, this is David Aarons.

PETE MASHONEE

The father to Tyler Featherchild?

DAVID

Yes.

PETE MASHONEE

I know you. We met when Barbara led the search party.

DAVID

Yes.

PETE MASHONEE

I'm different now. I see the world for what it is, not what it should be.

DAVID

Our daughters were friends. I offer
my own friendship if you'll have
it.

Dark clouds tumble behind Pete Mashonee over the mountains in the distance. Pete's thoughts are jumbled, disconnected, out of order.

PETE MASHONEE

Okay... It's time for me to do something. Not sure what but something. I've been avoiding some questions I'm trying to face. I need the truth, I need justice. I feel Levi is alive - I hope.

DAVID

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

PETE MASHONEE

They're all rumors, pretty terrible, pretty haunting - drive a man crazy. I want to see who these people are. They're in front of me sometimes when I sleep, somewhere but I don't know who... I wish I did but I don't trust anybody right now. Search for Levi is everything. I put everything on hold. Where do we still look?

Pete stumbles back up top his feet again. Eldena steadies Pete's steps.

ELDENNA

I have to go.

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

PETE MASHONEE

Who do we hit? Who?

INT. TONO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

Tono (burned hand in a glove), Sebas and Alexandro comb through local escort newspapers and websites i.e., Escort Alligator, List-Crawler, Adult Friend Finder, The Bozeman Backpage.

TONO

Get them to meet you in a public place. Buy them breakfast. It's when they're the hungriest.

They circle names, and photos making short lists of phone numbers who they may approach, represent and traffic.

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

SEBAS

What's your problem., Alexandro?

ALEXANDRO

I just don't want to do this anymore.

Sebas gets up and towers over the Trans Kid. He slaps him across the face!

SEBAS

You want to go back to San Miguel?

ALEXANDRO

No.

SEBAS

Pon esas unías de mariquita en ese chico/chica del teclado. Haz tu lista, Alexandro! Find them, make it happen. Like the commercial says. Just do it.

EXT. FAMILY PROMISE OF YELLOWSTONE - DAY

Alexandro stands outside of the youth homeless center with a cigarette burning in his painted fingers trolling for trafficking possible.

A few kids enter - he tosses the smoke and steps inside.

ALEXANDRO

Hey?

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 - retreats back into the dark cover.

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.

He pushes through the door.

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - LATER - NIGHT

From a rainy night and caught off guard, David enters to see his ex-wife Debra sitting in a chair waiting for him. He tucks the weapon in his back of his pants covering 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 now we're even. You know?
You showing up at my bar
unannounced? It was raining.
Bradley let me in. I didn't think
you'd mind.

David casts his eyes over to the Friar's bedspread which covers his cache of weapons.

DAVID
I don't mind. I think he's got some
wine around. Priests always have
wine around. Can I get you
something to drink?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
No. That's alright. I want to tell
you I want be with you when you go
see Wilma. I know you'll be heading
over there.

DAVID
I was actually hoping you would. I
didn't know how we left it, or how
to ask.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I probably overreacted. But, she's
not the same. She blames herself.

DAVID

Yeah. I met with Chief Gardipee at the barn with Barbara today. We started there. Then, saw Pete Mashonee this afternoon.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

He talk to you?

DAVID

We spoke with Eldena. Then he came out. Sat with us.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

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

DAVID

Yeah. I also met with the Assistant D.A. She gave me the name of a forensic artist. I'd like to get a sketch of all the girls if it's possible but start with Tyler. Bring what photos we might have. Sit with her. The both of us, if that's possible?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Um, maybe. Everything I have is at Wilma's.

DAVID

Barbara could use it, too. The more we get the better for social media. She wants to update her site.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Really pulling off the Band Aide, aren't we? It scares me, David. There's something safe about "not-knowing".

DAVID

Scares me too just for the record.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

I have to go.

DAVID

I'll walk you out.

EXT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Rain falls. David walks Debra back to her car.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Is tomorrow okay? I'm off in the
morning.

DAVID
Tomorrow's good.

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.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
I'll come by 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. At a long table - half a dozen of their regional distribution traffickers.

ANTONIO LAZCANO
You're all here because we've lost
our supply for the next two years.

Close on the TV - another newscast presents an in-depth segment on the infiltration of fentanyl and human trafficking.

NAZARIO MORALLES
We're now on the national radar.

Antonio approaches the table and stands before his hardened men.

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

RAFAEL LEYVA

And, if another cartel comes in
with new product?

ANTONIO LAZCANO

Then it's war. We don't want a war
so we can't give up the territories
we've built. That's why we're going
to ramp up our own production. All
across the reservations. Crow,
Lakota, Cheyenne, and all out of
Federal and County jurisdictions.
Get your hands on all the
pseudoephedrine, ephedrine,
antifreeze, drain cleaner and Freon
you can. I want those labs cooking
within a month. We'll have new maps
of our pick-up locations and new
routes to get it out, including the
Bighorn River itself. Find the best
chefs. We're going to put it out of
reach of every law enforcement
agency in the west starting with
the Crow reservation.

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.

He tucks away his recording device. He's got what he needs.
David steps away and is quickly lost in the darkness.

EXT. HILLSIDE - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

David kneels down and unzips his long gun rifle case. He
assembles the HS Steyr 50 long gun - finds his spotting
scope.

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

He lays his body down and whirls the barrel of the rifle over
the ranch house dinner window. Crosshairs find themselves on
the heads and necks the cartel leaders and their associates.

David then leads his barrel over to an adjacent tractor shed.
Before it is 500 gallon submarine shaped propane ranch gas
tank.

He double checks his spotting scope.

DAVID
400 yards. 3.1 MILS. 1 MOA. No
breeze.

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

DAVID (CONT'D)
Send it.

David squeezes the trigger.

A supersonic Raufoss velocity round flies across the ravine and penetrates the natural gas tank and KABOOM!!! 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 from the table. 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 HS 50 and packs it back into his rifle case.

David reaches for his long range camera taking back once more his firing position. He begins snapping photos of Antonio Lazcano, Nozario Moralles, Rafael Leyva and all the other cartel assets outside the ranch house.

Snap! Lazcano. Snap! Moralles. Snap!! Leyva. Others...

EXT. LAZCANO RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Fire and flame begin to diminish. Cartel associates pick up the ranch water hoses, put out fire and flame.

Antonio keeps his eyes out on the dark horizon. Leyva approaches.

RAFAEL LEYVA
Gas tank explosion.

ANTONIO LAZCANO
Maybe. Or, maybe one of our competitors. Get our guys out there. Walk the parameter.

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 nights images of Lazcano, Morales and the others fill his screen. He carefully scrolls through each image.

David puts into his laptop his own 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 rearrests, 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 Morales.

NAZARIO MORALLES - "With Brother Joaquin "Zambada" Morales, helped moved the Sonoran cartel hard into methamphetamines, producing prodigious quantities in large labs. Previously indicted in 2018 in Washington on drug trafficking charges, and human trafficking.

Second click: Morales video - handcuffed, Morales is bullied into a Washington D.C. riot arrest wagon.

Swipes to photo of Rafael Leyva.

**Leyva previously also charged in Chicago and San Diego.
Released on arrest technicality.**

Third file click: More video news clips of Leyva with a crowd of microphones and press in front of him with his lawyer pronouncing his client's innocence - travesty of justice, etc.

David closes his laptop. He gets up from his chair reaching for his Steyr 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
We are heartened by today's homily
in the words that are given to us.

David enters from the rear of the church.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK (CONT'D)
It tells us, "She will honor you,
she will present you with a crown
of beauty".

He sits and once more sees Alexandro before him. Alexandro slightly turns - cautiously reveals his bruised cheek and eye.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK (CONT'D)
"Love her and she will guard you."

INT. DEBRA'S CAR - DAY

Debra drives. David sits in the front and brother Bradley sits in the back with the window rolled down. He smokes.

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

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
 Alexandro. He helps me sometimes
 when I do 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 - one for Debra and one for Tyler.

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, 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 then gets up from the table.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
 Mom?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 Let her go, Brad. Maybe there's
 some things around the house we can
 do.

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 wood on the edge of the property.

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 to each other 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 know, whether she's here on this earth or gone from us, you'll only find what you are looking for 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 us, quieted our bones, quieted our strengths.

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.

DAVID

Something like that.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

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

DAVID

And, why's that?

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

You're here for retribution. Revenge. Someone to pay a price. To take something back that's been taken from you. I see it. I know the feeling. The world tells us to forgive. I try but I'm not so good at it.

DAVID

Me either, Wilma.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

Find your devils, David. You're here to get them back. Here to get the fight back in your life. But be careful. They'll come but you must manage them well. If they overtake you, they'll unmake you. They'll cast you into a place where you won't recover.

DAVID

I think I've already gone through that door.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

Not yet.

Wilma turns her gaze to her son, Bradley.

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA (CONT'D)

Bradley would always tell me, "Vengeance is mine sayeth the Lord."

DAVID

"And the day of disaster is near".

WILMA MANKILLER CHAPA

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

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

David enters the room where Tyler was last seen - always looking for a determinative piece of evidence - something he may have missed.

The open window near the bed looms blowing a fresh breeze into the room - a portal only to a family's devastation.

EXT. ISOLATED COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A windswept home lies in the distance.

DAVID

That's it.

EXT. PRAIRIE HOME - DAY

David and Debra approach the front porch. David opens up the screen door and knocks. An older woman opens it.

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 Aarons? Come in.

INT. PRAIRIE HOME - DAY

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

MIMI DEWANS (CONT'D)

Please sit. It's less cluttered in here. I think. Well, maybe not. It just never seems to stop.

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 the photos?

DAVID

We did.

Debra lays out a number of photos 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's fifteen?

DAVID
Yes.

MIMI DEWANS
Beautiful girl. Beautiful parents.

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
210 days.

MIMI DEWANS
How old are these photos?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Between one to five years.

MIMI DEWANS
Won't be much change from the latest photo, but 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
Yeah...

DAVID
She likes soccer. Loves her friends. Outdoor girl, like her mother.

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.

DAVID
Yes. She had plans for herself.
College plans.

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.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Maybe so.

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

David and Debra share a nod of agreement.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Of course.

EXT. BIGHORN RIVER - DAY

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

From the nearby shoreline, we pull back to reveal two half-
submerged figures protruding from the river mud.

FISHERMAN
Jesus...

INT. DAVID'S TRUCK - DAY

David and Debra drive. David's 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 close to the scene of the recovering bodies. Forensic crime scene authorities have the area taped off with wide, yellow crime tape.

David and Debra approach the scene.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Oh, god...

DAVID
We don't know, Deb.

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

PETE MASHONEE
Levi?

Pete rushes the scene and the crime tape.

CHIEF GARDIPEE
Hey?! Don't let Pete cross that
tape! PETE?!

Pete is held back by Crow Police Officers. Bodies in the mud lie before him.

PETE MASHONEE
Nooo.. Nooo.. That's my daughter,
that's my Levi!! Oh, god no...

Crow police console Pete and 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
Some 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
Looks like a couple of months.
Maybe more. It might line up. We
can confirm it if we can get a DNA
sample from both you.

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

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 a 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 we did and got a
sample.

DAVID
What about the bodies? Any type of
death indicated?

CHIEF GARDIPEE
The bodies are over 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 both in front and back consistent with entry and exit gunshot wounds. Both in the head.

DAVID

Execution style.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

Yes.

DAVID

Cartel.

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

CHIEF GARDIPEE

That's their style. As soon as we get the results back, will let you know.

Chief Gardipee exits the room.

DAVID

Maybe a good idea for you to stay with Wilma. She's going to need you right about now.

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 and 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.
¡Apurarse!

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 ADVOCATE OFFICE - DAY

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

ASSISTANT

Mimi Dewans' drawing is here of Tyler Yellowhawk.

BARBARA FASTEAGLE

Okay. Let's get this up on our social media pages and call Jason Riggs with the billboard company.

(MORE)

BARBARA FASTEAGLE (CONT'D)
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 pulls down 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 found yet.

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's on a 5150 hold at
Bighorn County. He tried to shoot
himself. We took the gun out of his
hand. I have a deputy locating the
parents of Karen Longee and Emily
Hannigan now.

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 the Bighorn River itself. We're going to put it of reach of everybody".

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 drunks and homeless but no Tyler.

Another alley, another and another.

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 David's 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. It's nasty. They float that crap down the river. If approached, they just sink it. The BIA has stopped trying. Or, they're paid off. No one knows.

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.

EXT. ONE LANE DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Meth Cookers with their loaded trucks take their various forks in the road to the high country.

INT. HARDIN HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Crow Sheriff Candidate Frank Kappler Two Wolves stands at a podium opposite stocky, incumbent Sheriff Candidate JOHN LINDER (43).

Barbara Fasteagle and her associates all 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, sees the actual benefit of our tax dollars - particularly when it comes to sustained investigations into missing persons.

JOHN LINDER

I'd like to respond to that. More often than not our obstruction of being allowed on the reservation is the very thing that keeps us at arms length from these missing persons cases. These treaties between the nations need to be ratified where access is provided on a moment's notice. Evidence is too fragile and there's a deeply embedded suspicion of our own authority, which brings any follow-up to a grinding halt.

FRANK KAPPLER

And, 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 methamphetamine in your sacred mountains. I'm sorry Frank. This isn't the Battle of Little Bighorn anymore, this is the Battle of the Alamo!

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 David.

NEWS RADIO (V.O.)

...and last night at Hardin High, the two candidates for the Bighorn County Sheriff's seat squared off.

They pass beneath a Missing Persons Billboard with the photos of Tyler, Levi, Karen and Emily Hannigan.

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." He sees the face of the girl he saved from Tono and Sebas on the night of the attack.

NEWS RADIO
Incumbent John Linder pushed back.

It Reads: **"MISSING PERSON - TYLER FEATHERCHILD AARONS; Height 5'4 - 110 Pounds, Hair Brown, Eyes Brown, Last Seen - Crow Res February 22, 2023. Please call 800-MIS-SING.**

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. The 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

Away from the mass below, David sits on a small knoll and surveys the countryside with his binoculars.

Small and distant 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 up with freshly cooked, packaged meth.

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 load both 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

"Send it."

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

Hitting the boat's rear red gas tank - KABOOM!!! 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 from a violent concussion blast.

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 (CONT'D)

"Send it."

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 sending the second carrier flying skyward and into the frigid river waters.

David, with extreme economic movement, 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? This is private
 property, man!!!

David opens his truck door and steps out. He pulls out an Orion, 12 gage orange flare pistol. He points and fires a Comet 12 gage Red Shell directly inside the door of the shed.

KABOOM!! Fire and explosion engulfs the small shed sending sheets of metal raining down in fiery pieces all around the truck, David and the Tweaker.

TWEAKER COOKER (CONT'D)
 HEY, MAN??

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 if that way was 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 tilt timer. He tosses the homemade bomb onto the roof of the mobile home.

DAVID
 This one.

David turns and walks away from the mobile home.

SECOND COOKER
 Are you fucking crazy??

The man bolts past David knowing what is to come. David strolls back to his truck - then, KABOOM!!

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LINE - DAY

We see bits and pieces of two native men on horseback making their way through a thick tree-line. Their faces are painted with dramatic streaks of black and white paint and they wear thick dark feathered headdresses - CHEYENNE DOG SOLDIERS.

The native men look out to see a meth shed burning and smoke churning. They pull their horses back and retreat into the cover continue making they're way up the hillside grade.

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 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

All the 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. He wanted it to burn - burn red hot.

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIDGE LINE - DAY

The Dog Soldiers gather now by the dozens pulling their horses back into the shadows of the tall trees and vanish back into the dark forest.

INT. WILMA'S MAILBOX - MORNING - DAY

At the end of the long driveway to Wilma's trailer sits a mailbox. Debra approaches and reaches in for the mail.

She sees her name and address on an official looking envelope.

She tears it open to see herself as the beneficiary of separated husband David's life insurance policy. She scans and reads; **"In the Event of death of David Randal Aarons, life insurance benefit is to be paid to beneficiary Debra Yellowhawk Aarons."**

EXT. LAZCANO RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

David surveys Lazcano's home from a pitch black nearby tree-line on the property's edge. He scans the lighted rooms through his binoculars. A number of Lazcano's men patrol the grounds with automatic weapons.

David makes his way down the rolling knoll keeping his eyes keenly on Lazcano's security personnel.

INT. HORSE BARN - NIGHT

Inside, David approaches the horse stalls. He quietly opens them up and leads each horse out into the common paddock area.

David slides open the rear barn door and slaps the lead horse on the hind quarters. The others follow galloping out into the dark open spaces.

EXT. FRONT OF LAZCANO'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Security personnel dive away from the stampede of horses.

SECURITY PERSONNEL

Look out!!

Lazcano steps out from the main ranch house door pulling up his robe.

Bright lights flood the front of the home. A dozen horses gallop in all directions.

LAZCANO

Who let the horses out of the barn?

EXT. SIDE OF LAZCANO'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

David creeps along the side of the home amidst the distraction.

LAZCANO (O.C.)

Get 'em back in!

EXT. FRONT OF LAZCANO'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Lazcano turns back inside the house and shuts the door behind him.

INT. REAR LIVING ROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Lazcano's security personnel rush out from the back living room door. From the outside, David slides his way in the living room and closes the glass door it without a sound.

Lazcano is seen in the kitchen area locking the inside kitchen door. David quietly makes his way up the staircase.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT

David makes his way down the hall towards the master bedroom. He enters Lazcano's bedroom. Plush with all the ear-markings of Cartel wealth.

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

Lazcano places his cup down on the sink, opens a drawer and reaches for both his toothbrush and toothpaste. He runs the water, begins to brush his teeth. He spits out the water and places his toothbrush back in the drawer.

Lazcano moves to the shower pulling back its curtain.

David, with head covered in a ski mask, points his Glock Gen 4 with directly to Lazcano's forehead.

DAVID

Antonio Lazcano. The mayor of Sonora. Part time Montana rancher, part time cartel member. You cover all sorts of territory, don't you?

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

DAVID (CONT'D)
In the room.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

David marches him to the edge of the bed pushing him forward.

DAVID
Sit there with your back to me.
We're going to have a little one-way chat.

Lazcano sits and turns away from David. David takes off his ski mask. He places it over Lazcano's head and pushes his Glock into Lazcano's neck.

DAVID (CONT'D)
One word, or if anybody comes in, you're the first to take one. Understood?

LAZCANO
Yes.

DAVID
You've got quite a little racket going on up here in Big Sky Montana, don't you?

LAZCANO
You probably have me confused with somebody else. Maybe I can be of help.

DAVID
You will be. Antonio Lazcano, you have a nice little resume. Wave of attacks that left 30 dead in a Mexican airport, extortion, murder, drug running, human trafficking. You partner with Nazario Morales, Sonoran meth cartel, and Rafael Leyva, also charged in Chicago and San Francisco. Drug running, mayhem, murder. You come into these Indian reservations and set up shop because you know the Crow, Lakota, Cheyenne can't get along with the federal authorities. Do I sound confused?

LAZCANO
What do you want?

DAVID
You're going to find someone for
me.

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

Lazcano sees the missing person's flyer of Tyler.

LAZCANO
Missing persons? I don't know this
girl.

DAVID
You're going to. Focus, Antonio.
Look at her face. She went missing
with three other friends seven
months ago on the Crow res at a
rage party. At an empty barn. Two
of them were just found in the
shallow mud of the Bighorn river.

LAZCANO
Why not go to the authorities?

DAVID
Oh, we have. But, with the kind of
pressure you can bring, you might
be a bit more helpful to me.

LAZCANO
I've never seen her. I don't know
anything about her or her friends.

DAVID
Maybe. But you'll know how to find
the ones who do. You're going to
look. And, you're going to tell
your people to look.

David tosses an envelope onto the bed before Lazcano.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Open it.

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

DAVID (CONT'D)
Dahlia Lazcano, Theresa. Someone is going to pay a price. Maybe your own daughter. Starting to get me?

LAZCANO
You can't outrun us.

DAVID
It's just you I'll be outrunning.
Mr. Lazcano.

David fires a shot right beside Lazcano's head into the pillow.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It was me who sank your boats, torched your shed and took out your mobile home. And, there's going to be more until you find what I'm looking for. I'm quite sure, your friends down in Sonora aren't going to appreciate their boy in charge up here letting their markets go to other cartels. Lo entiendes?

David pushes the Glock deeper into Lazcano's neck. He places the ski mask back over Lazcano's head.

LAZCANO
I understand.

DAVID
Good. I thought you might.

The Glock from Lazcano's neck is pulled back. Lazcano finally takes off his ski mask and turns around - an empty room.

INT. RAFAEL LEYVA WALK-IN CLOSET - NIGHT

Rafael opens his closet door. Well-dressed from an evening out, Leyva turns on the light to see - a Mexican clown effigy hanging by the neck with feet swinging inches above the ground.

Leyva whips out his gun and whirls it in front of him. Walk-in closet is empty.

Stapled to the clown's chest is a missing person's flyer of Tyler and her friends. ¿Dónde estoy?" (Where am I?).

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING AREA - NIGHT

Dressed in a black dinner jacket and walking along with his companion, Nazario Moralles strolls towards his black 2023 BMW 7-Series. A mercury tilt timer dangles from his gas cap. Tic. Tic, Tic - KABOOM!!! Flame and fury engulf the underground parking lot. A wall of fire clings to the ceiling wall and rolls forward.

INT. LAZCANO'S RANCH HOUSE - LATER - 2AM - NIGHT

Lazcano, Moralles and Leyva stand before an open fire. The clown from Leyva's closet rests against the fireplace.

Lazcano takes the stapled flyer from the clown's chest and brings Tyler's flyer closer. He pushes the rest of the straw scarecrow into the fire.

LAZCANO

Get our people out to the res.
Sheds and distribution routes.
Don't be shy about it. Find the
relatives of these girls and let's
see if Tono knows anything. Bring
everything we've got.

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.

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.

CHIEF GARDIPEE

Mobile home explosion with C-4.
Splintered boats. We might just
have a cartel war on our hands.

EXT. BOARDED UP HOUSE - NIGHT

In a weathered 1961 Impala, the Crow Muscle slowly pass by the abandoned Hannigan home. Weed infested, the parents are long since gone.

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - DAY

David pulls back the guest bedspread to reveals his arsenal of weapons i.e., Glock handguns, AK-12/200, the 300 Honey Badger Blackout, ammo.

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.

The 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 of the Impala, 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. Gravy pushes the Muscle # 2 up against the red hot stove which burns his arms and legs! Gravy shreds.

MUSCLE # 2
Arrrggg!!!!

Wilma appears from the laundry area poised with her Thompson/Center G2 Contender 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. 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!

INT. OIL CHANGE SHOP - DAY

Alexandro sits in the chair before Tono and Sebas. He's been severely beaten. Tyler's missing person's flyer is pinned to Alexandro's shirt.

SEBAS
We know what happened to three of them. But yours? You didn't kill her did you? You didn't do it like we told you!

Tono hits Alexandro once more.

Tono signals to Sebas to ignite the acetylene torch. WOOF! Fire. Tono brings the white hot flame closer to Alexandro's face.

ALEXANDRO
I know where she is.

INT. CAPUCHIN FRIAR GUEST QUARTERS - EVENING - NIGHT

David enters the Friar's quarters to see Debra, Wilma, her dogs and Father Bradley waiting for him.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Out on a little recon mission,
David?

DAVID
What are you all doing here?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
We thought we'd wait here for you
until you came home. Have a little
family come-to Jesus, get-together.
Wilma just escaped a home invasion
from three native assholes, I got
your 10 million dollar insurance
policy from Boston Life Global and
now this.

Debra pulls back the bedspread which covers David's arsenal.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
Austrian Jackkommando, your
Remington 270, the Honeybadger 300,
Glocks, grenades, the Steyr,
Raufoss supersonic rounds. You
emptied out your safe.

DAVID
I didn't want to leave them in
Chicago.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I'll bet. You're not here to find
Tyler are you, David? You're here
to find the ones who took Tyler.
You're hunting. And, now they're
hunting. You, and us, aren't they?

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
Might be time to speak some truth
if you have it, David.

David sits.

DAVID

I'm taking out all the meth labs
and grows on the res as a way to
leverage Anthony Lazcano to find
the one who took, Tyler. I'm sorry.
We'll need to make arrangements to
leave soon as possible.

Debra produces the insurance policy. She sits at David's desk
and signs it over to Wilma and Bradley.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Take this Bradley. You and Wilma
are now the beneficiaries if
something happens. Get mom's things
from her trailer and get to the
house in Chicago.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK

I just can't leave here.

DAVID

If they know you're related,
they'll find you here.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

There's a key under the mat in the
backyard. You both need to go.
Brad, have to look out for Wilma
now.

Debra crosses to the guest bed and picks up the Austrian
Jackkommando.

DAVID

What are you doing?

She clicks a cartridge stack into the rifle. She knows how to
handle it, she's good at it, familiar with it.

Debra then reaches for a long-familiar spotting scope.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

Hmm. The M151, 12-40x, 60mm
objective lens, Leopold MilDot, fog
proof. Good choice.

DAVID

You're not coming with me.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS

No one's got your back if your eyes
are on the target.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK
At 12, we have a processional mass.
I can't just walk away.

DEBRA
Do the mass, Brad. It sounds like
we're 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

Cartel soldiers drive their numerous F-150's towards their labs and grows. The war's been declared.

EXT. POT FIELD - NIGHT

David brings a hot flare to a pot-grow drenched in fire accelerant. Debra stands by carrying the Jackkammando.

The field goes up in flame. WOOSH!

EXT. RES HILL - VANTAGE POINT - NIGHT

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. Shooter to one bravo.

DAVID
Contact. Meth stream from stove
pipe. Gas tank side right of
structure.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Send it at will.

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
 "Your steps will not be impeded,
 when you run, you will not
 stumble".

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

A car comes to an abrupt stop. Leyva and Morales hurriedly get out. Lazcano stands nearby and awaits their news.

RAFAEL LEYVA
 He's taking out everything we got.

EXT. CROW RESERVATION HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Cartel soldiers gather with their own high-velocity weapons, maps, walkie-radios, communication headsets, flak jackets, long range guns, close combat hardware, and night vision instruments.

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 it 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

The 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.

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

Working their way up a trail, suddenly David and Debra begin taking incoming fire. David reaches for Debra's hand and both dive for cover.

Live rounds shower the ground, the trees, the bushes - all that surrounds them.

DAVID
 We knew this was coming.

Debra returns fire with her Jackkammando.

David scouts through the spotting scope and wields his Steyr. David returns fire but the single shot isn't the weapon for the close assault.

He throws down the rifle and produces two more Glocks out of his backpack. David returns fire.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
 We're pinned.

More incoming rounds shred the trees and overhanging limbs all around our heroes. There's no room to move.

DAVID
They're bringing everything they
have.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
And, we're out of everything we
brought.

David dumps his handguns out of his gunny bag.

DAVID
Not yet.

Two grenades drop before him. He tucks one inside Debra's jacket, checks the Glocks for full clips and hands one of them to Debra.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It's on semi-auto.

Debra returns fire with her Glock, an endless return assault.

Cartel mercenaries continue to grow in number and take up their killing positions. The vicious assault only escalates.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Follow me when I make a move.

David and Debra reload with full clips.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Now!

David and Debra lay down return assault fire and make a run to shield themselves behind a large rock.

Ground debris pounds around their feet trenching deep gutters with the big rounds. Both dive and find momentary cover.

DAVID (CONT'D)
There's too many.

A nearby descending hillside may provide their out.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
The hill. If we can get to it, we
can find cover in those trees.

Both momentarily catch their breaths. Mercenaries position themselves for the final push. Death is imminent.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
You know, I was mad at hell at you
when you just walked into my bar
without calling.

DAVID
Yeah, I know. I'm sorry about that.
I knew you would be. I was never
any good at calling ahead. I tried
though - just didn't know what to
say.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
But I was glad that you did. I was
glad you came in.

DAVID
What about the Cowboy Bob? It
looked like I was pretty much
forgotten by that point.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Well, you deserved that part. For
coming in. Not letting me know.

DAVID
I suppose.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
But, you should know, Cowboy Bob is
actually Cowboy Rudy. He's gay. He
got dumped by one of our waiters. I
was getting him through it.

David can only laugh.

DAVID
That's the Crow way. Were you going
to tell me at some point?

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I guess, eventually.

Incoming fire gets closer and closer all around them. David
preps the grenades he has.

DAVID
Grab what you can. Count of three.
One, two, three!

David stands and throws his concussive grenades on either
side of incoming attackers. Boom! Boom! Cover smoke fills the
air.

DAVID (CONT'D)

GO!

David and Debra make a run for the nearby hillside. A barrage of hellfire chips, cuts, and obliterates all that is around them.

David is hit in the shoulder as both dive over the lip of the hill. The inertia of the fall carries them both down breaking through limbs and twigs, summersaulting over bushes and rocks.

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

David and Debra continue to tumble violently down the mountainside while also taking more incoming fire.

Debra fires back with her Glock Auto putting up a worthy return but there are too many of them.

EXT. CAPUCHIN CAHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

Father Bradley stands before the entrance of the small church. He turns to his lighted congregation.

FATHER BRADLEY YELLOWHAWK

"Do not swerve to the right or
left, turn your feet away from
evil".

EXT. HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Forty 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. That'll do it.

Mercenaries inch closer.

DAVID

The only play we have is that mound
across the open field. There's
nothing left. They're coming down
these thickets like rats off a
ship. 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
I'm sorry, Deb. I didn't mean for
any of this. But, I'm also glad
you're here.

David leans in to kiss her.

DAVID (CONT'D)
You and Tyler were everything to
me.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
You both were everything to me too,
David... everything.

DAVID
I love you.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS
I love you too, David.

David and Debra look out to wide open field before them.

DEBRA YELLOWHAWK AARONS (CONT'D)
Well, if Tyler is out there
somewhere, that's where I'm going.
Where she is.

DAVID
Yeah.

Suddenly, Debra bolts forward at a full sprint. David is
quick to follow.

DAVID (CONT'D)
RUN!

EXT. WIDE OPEN FIELD - NIGHT

David and Debra gallop as fast as they can for as long as
they can. Gunfire continues to trench ground around them.

A lead mercenary drops to a knee and zeroes in on David's
head and shoulders. He brings his finger within the trigger
guard. Slight pressure as...

A long javelin-like spear is plunged into the back and
through the chest of the mercenary sharpshooter. Blood and
shock pour out both in equal measure.

The shooter looks up to see the wild, warring face of a man whose body is covered in white and black, striped war-paint and head covered in a thunderstorm storm of black Crow feathers - he is a very lethal CHEYENNE DOG WARRIOR.

Two dozen Dog Soldiers on horseback appear from the smoke-filled treeline.

The Native Warriors screams the cry of battle!

DOG WARRIOR
YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!

FULL SCENE - FIELD - HILLSIDES - MORE

Scores of Cheyenne on horseback descend from the hillside thickets above. Their horses plough furiously down the hill and through the positioned cartel mercenaries.

Warrior hatchets slice through the protective flak jackets of cartel associates. Arrows catch themselves in the throats of the enemy and Lazcano's mercenaries are cut down with prejudice and without mercy.

Raging Dog Soldiers escalate both their cries and calls for battle.

Riders crisscross their footed enemies and cut them down like standing corn at harvest. But that's not enough, there's more. Necks are slit, stomachs are cut open and the field drips with the enemies' blood like the fateful Battle of Little Bighorn.

Cartel members run but to no avail.

Hurled spears catch fleeing shoulders and legs. Wounded men are executed with lethal force. Cartel blood flows like the Bighorn River itself. Flaming arrows pierce enemy, faces, cheeks, thighs - FIRE!

Scalps are taken, chests are penetrated with knives, and terrifying screaming Dog Warrior faces are the last things the executed see.

It all becomes a horrifying spectacle of war, battle, close proximity executions and all without an ounce of mercy.

David and Debra scurry to a safe position and look on in both horror and relief. The scene goes on until every cartel mercenary is dead and no longer a threat.

The lead Dog Soldier holds his spear high in victory! Screams the wild, yelping Cheyenne War Cry.

EXT. FRONT OF CHURCH - EARLY MORNING - DAY

David and Debra approach the front of the church.

DEBRA
We need to go. I'll check on Wilma
and Bradley.

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. It's quiet. 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, shy to meet the face of Jesus above.

DAVID
Looks like I've made a mess of it.

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.

DAVID
I couldn't find her. I couldn't do
it... My daughter... gone.

All of the fighting and all of the loss catches up. David breaks down from it all - a parent's loss of a child. He begins to weep from the loss and his own effort producing only mayhem.

David looks the St. Christopher dangling from his bloodied fingers.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I guess we didn't make it across
the river. Just didn't make it.

EXT. CROW STREET - MORNING - DAY

Tyler turns to face Alexandro. Tono and Sebas look on. Tyler leans in and whispers in the boy's ear.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Don't be like them. Keep fighting
to be yourself.

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

We see from behind the young girl enter the church. David sits hunched over in the front pew.

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 father.

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 her dad.

Both David and Tyler hold the other's hand and the tears and smiles begin to release and flow.

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.

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 file
folder of notes.

A note from David reads: **"Write it well, all the best - David
Aarons.**

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
In other news, Cartel syndicate
associates, Antonio Lazcano, Rafael
Leyva and Nazario Morales were
arrested today in a joint task
force with both Crow and Federal
Authorities...

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. In the dark,
I was running in circles.

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's why I
stayed away. They said they'd kill
his too if they knew.

INT. CAR - CHICAGO - 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. Stay
warm. 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 -
home is looking pretty good right about now.

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.

TYLER YELLOWHAWK AARONS
Mrs. Whistles? Where'd she go?

DAVID
I set her free before the trip.

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
There she is. There's Mrs.
Whistles.

DAVID
What?

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
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.

He crosses back to the room entrance, turns off the light and shuts the door

We fade to black...

THE END