

SCALPED
PILOT

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Based on the Graphic Novel
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SCALPED

EXT. THE BADLANDS - NIGHT

The Heavens aglow with the a full moon and countless celestial bodies. Evidence of whatever God you pray to.

We TILT DOWN to the mountain range of the Badlands. There is a primordial power and harmony in the trees, rocks and earth. An undeniable sense of mysticism. The sound of splashing water adds to it until we reveal--

A man standing in a clearing. Pissing. ARTHUR "CATCHER" PENDERGAST. If Iggy Pop was a Native American-Rhodes-Scholar-activist-drunk-madman-mystic, he'd look like Catcher. He wears mirrored aviators.

CATCHER

Shit.

Shakes some trickle off his boot and moves to FESTUS, his ancient horse. He finds a mason jar of MOONSHINE and drinks.

CATCHER (CONT'D)

No rest for the wicked eh, Festus?

Catcher suddenly spins, on edge. He pulls a buck knife.

CATCHER (CONT'D)

Who's there?

We SLOWLY PUSH IN on the woods. Leaves swaying. Branches crisscrossing in the wind. AMBIENT SOUNDS AMPLIFY -- The RUSTLING OF LEAVES. The CREAK of ancient trees.

LOW THUNDER GROWLS ACROSS the landscape. Catcher seems audience to something all is own. He falls to his knees and pulls off his aviators, eyes wide in religious epiphany.

CATCHER (CONT'D)

Yes... Yes... I'll do what I
can... But how will I know..?

Tears well in his eyes. Then suddenly, the spell is broken. Catcher scrambles to Festus and chugs more moonshine.

EXT. AERIAL - NIGHT

SPOTLIGHTS rove over the clouds, as if searching for a way into the heavens. We follow them down to--

EXT. THE CRAZY HORSE CASINO - NIGHT

A glittering monstrosity adorned with Native American motifs planted on the edge of the desert. It stands in stark contrast to the landscape around it.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE CASINO - NIGHT

A thoroughly modern casino decorated with a light Native American theme. Italian marble. Deep mahogany accents. No expense spared in bringing it to life. PEOPLE laughing, gambling and drinking with bacchanalian abandon...

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / HALLWAY - NIGHT

CHIEF LINCOLN RED CROW, wearing a tux, exits the doors of his apartment/suite. A formidable figure, Red Crow is the Lakota Chief, Tribal Council President and owner of the Crazy Horse. He walks down the hall lined with rooms. Coming from a door left ajar, he HEARS--

MAN'S VOICE

Please--

The MAN starts speaking in LAKOTA. We don't understand the words, but by his tone, he's begging for his life. His words are cut short by GAGGING. Red Crow moves to the door--

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Red Crow steps in. A MAN is on top of LAKOTA MAN WITH A BRAIDED PONYTAIL, strangling him. Brutal, hard work. The killer turns. Red Crow is shocked to see HIMSELF.

A RASPING SOUND turns Red Crow around and we SMASH CUT TO--

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Dark. Thick with fog. Red Crow, still in his tux, moves towards the RASPING SOUND. A YOUNG LAKOTA MAN lies in the mud, clutching knife wounds in his stomach. He looks at Red Crow, eyes full of fear. Red Crow sees a bloodied HUNTING KNIFE, with a carved bone handle, in his hand.

GUNSHOTS RING OUT. He whips around and we SMASH CUT TO--

EXT. BADLANDS - DAY

Red Crow finds himself on a dusty, deserted stretch of road. He looks down and the HUNTING KNIFE is now a GUN. An 80's model car is on the shoulder. He moves around it to find--

TWO DEAD MEN. Both in FBI windbreakers. One DEAD AGENT lies on his side, a bullet hole in his chest. The OTHER DEAD AGENT sits slumped against the car, part of his head blown off from a gunshot. His eyes open and fix on Red Crow.

DEAD AGENT
(low, guttural)
Hokay-Hey...

Red Crow drops the gun and we SMASH TO--

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / RED CROW'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Red Crow's eyes shoot open. He sits up in his bed, breathing hard. He turns to the bare back of a WOMAN, lying naked beside him, oblivious. He hastily dresses.

EXT. THE REZ - EARLY MORNING

Sun just breaking on the horizon. The peaks of the Black Hills in the distance, like broken teeth.

Red Crow walks out beyond the lights of the casino. He stands, peering out into the dark. A long beat passes. Red Crow starts to grow uneasy until--

A BULL ELK appears on a knoll at the edge of the woods. It pulls at leaves, antlers spread out majestically.

Red Crow's breathing eases. A calm settles over him as the demons from his dream are pushed away...

SMASH TO TITLES.

EXT. REST STOP - DAY

Along a lonely highway. A beat-up Ford Explorer is parked in the empty parking lot.

INT. FORD EXPLORER - DAY

A STATE TROOPER taps on the window. DASHIELLE "DASH" BAD HORSE (30) jolts awake in the back seat. He cracks the door.

TROOPER
Can't sleep here. Where you
headed?

DASH
Prairie Rose.

TROOPER
Casino?

DASH
No. It's where I'm from.

TROOPER
Then get there.

The Trooper heads back to his cruiser. Dash rubs his eyes. He climbs into the front seat and starts the car.

EXT. THE BADLANDS - DAY

Wide aerial. Dash's Explorer barreling through on a lonely stretch of highway.

CAMERA pushes ahead, moving across other-worldly terrain of buttes, stone pinnacles and spires that bleed into endless plains -- An explosion of textures and colors.

There's a primordial power to the landscape as well as breathtaking beauty. A smattering of buildings appear, growing more dense as we move forward:

THE PRAIRIE ROSE RESERVATION (aka "The Rez"). Like it was scratched out of the dirt with fingernails. It stands protected -- or imprisoned -- by the hard country around it.

EXT. THE REZ / VARIOUS - DAY

An old man and woman graze cattle on untouched land... Kids play on a suburban street of tract houses... Native American Gang-bangers smoke and drink in driveways of graffiti-tagged buildings... A dilapidated house surrounded by junk... A MAIN STREET where neighbors greet one another... A billowing American flag hangs upside down.

Incongruous to it all is THE CRAZY HORSE CASINO. A modern blight on the old world it dominates.

EXT. NEW DAY SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

A freshly painted building with a sparkling playground next to it. A crowd of LAKOTA FAMILIES has gathered, listening to the principal, MS. TAPIO. Red Crow stands next to her.

MS. TAPIO

Before we officially open our doors, it's our privilege to have Chief Red Crow here with us today.

Red Crow acknowledges the APPLAUSE with a politician's smile.

RED CROW

When I was a boy, there was a school here called "Our Lady of Mercy". The Government had sent Jesuits to teach us "savages" how to be good Christians. They gave us new names. Made us pray to a God that wasn't ours. "Kill the Indian to save the man" is what they said. That's the story of our people. Someone's always trying to change us. Move us. Forget us. This school was built with revenue made by the Crazy Horse Casino. Revenue allotted for programs that will build more schools. Help people get jobs. Build infrastructure. Invest in our future. We're writing our own story now. Thanks for coming.

Rousing APPLAUSE. The TEACHER hands Red Crow a smudge of sweetgrass which she then lights. Red Crow wafts the smoke to his face, then sets it in a bowl by the door to burn.

As the doors open, Red Crow steps off the stage. A group of 11 year-old BOYS approach.

BOY

That really happen to you?

RED CROW

What's your name?

BOY

Tommy.

RED CROW

No. Your *name*.

BOY

Otaktay.

RED CROW

I took a beating everyday from those Jesuits so you could have that name. You'll take a beating some day, too. But not for that. Whatever it's for, you remember one thing--

(pause for emphasis)

You find a way to give it back.

Red Crow moves off leaving the kids in awe. We follow him as he approaches--

SHUNKA. Full-Lakota. Red Crow's head of security. The keeper of Red Crow's secrets and a few of his own. He finishes a call on his CELL.

SHUNKA

We need to go.

Red Crow acknowledges his grave tone.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / VARIOUS - DAY

A three story indoor waterfall greets guests in the foyer.

The main floor is broken into table games, slots and card tables. A large bar sits in the center of the floor. WAITRESSES in faux-deerskin uniforms deliver drinks. Low lights and air pumping 68 degrees, 24/7, render day or night irrelevant terms.

There are more NON-NATIVES than not.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Red Crow sits at the head of a long table across from HOYT TALL TREES. Shunka stands vigil in the back.

TALL TREES

My daughter's been known to see one of his sons. Kid's a chip off the old shitpile, too.

Tall Trees shakes his head. Red Crow urges him to get to it.

TALL TREES (CONT'D)

She says he likes to talk big.
Like he's in the know.

(MORE)

TALL TREES (CONT'D)

Anyway, she told me he was boasting about how One Star's planning on bringing you down, Chief.

RED CROW

With what?

TALL TREES

Said it had something to do with the way you opened the casino.

Red Crow flashes a look over at Shunka. A glimmer of concern in both of their eyes.

RED CROW

One Star voted to open the Crazy Horse like the rest of the Council. Why the change of heart?

TALL TREES

Well... According to the kid, his old man's been having visions.

RED CROW

Visions.

TALL TREES

I wouldn't have even mentioned it, but One Star's bloodline being what it is...

RED CROW

I appreciate you coming, Hoyt.

Red Crow nods. Tall Trees leans in.

TALL TREES

Chief, I wanted to ask you 'bout something else. Me and Mae have been trying to secure one of those new Home Owner's subsidies.

RED CROW

I'll put a word in to the BIA.

TALL TREES

I appreciate that, but I'm afraid it's too late. I hear it's gonna be rejected 'cause of my record. My daughter, she's friends with the kid who works at the BIA office... I was hoping that maybe you could extend me some credit.

(MORE)

TALL TREES (CONT'D)
 And you should know, I didn't tell
 anyone else about this. One Star,
 I mean.

Red Crow registers extortion, even at this low-level.

RED CROW
 Anything you know that doesn't
 require your daughter sucking
 someone off?

Tall Trees shrugs, sheepish.

RED CROW (CONT'D)
 I'll handle it.

TALL TREES
 Obligated, Chief.

Tall Trees scurries out quickly.

SHUNKA
 He's talking about Bowman and
 LeMoine.
 (off Red Crow's nod)
 And a "vision"?

Red Crow just shakes his head...

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / SUITE - DAY

Floor to ceiling windows offer a panoramic vista of the
 Badlands. Sitting naked on the bed is TAYLOR JERGENS. A
 suit is laid out next to him. He takes in the view.

JERGENS
 Beautiful.

He shakes his head in disbelieving appreciation. Stacked on
 the night stand are a dozen books about Lakota history and
 culture: "Lakota Belief and Ritual", "The Lakota Way",
 "Lakota Society", etc...

JERGENS (CONT'D)
 You know when I was first assigned
 here, I thought I was being
 punished. All I had heard is what
 a hell-hole it was. But, I have to
 say... I am smitten.

A BEAUTIFUL LAKOTA WOMAN steps out from the bathroom.

LAKOTA WOMAN

I have to go.

Jergens offers out his hand, holding several CASINO CHIPS.

LAKOTA WOMAN (CONT'D)

You want me tomorrow?

JERGENS

Do you think we could see one another without any... Commercial obligations?

(off her confusion)

I like you. I would like to have a proper evening with you. Could we do that?

The Lakota Woman doesn't seem to know how to take it. There is also a sense that Jergens isn't looking at her as a person, but rather as an idea.

A CELL VIBRATES on the table. Jergens grabs it and answers.

JERGENS (CONT'D)

Johnny. Good, thanks... You get this week's numbers? I wasn't surprised. Like moths to a flame out here...

(a glimmer of surprise)

You are? No, of course you should see it... When are you thinking of coming?

Jergens then breaks into RAPID FIRE HMONG. The LAKOTA WOMAN cocks her head, unsure of what to make of the man before her. Jergens waves her off as continues his conversation.

EXT. ONE STAR'S RANCH - DUSK

A compound of barns ringing a ranch house on a flat expanse of dirt. Dormant farm equipment litters the property.

Red Crow's CAR comes to a stop in front of the house. He's met by HAPPY ONE STAR (30's, Lakota). A few OTHER LAKOTA MEN gather behind him.

RED CROW

Need to speak to your father,
Happy.

Happy cradles a scope-mounted rifle. He hocks a thick loogie and motions over his head to a small JOHN DEER TRACTOR kicking up red dust in a dirt field.

EXT. FIELD - DUSK

Red Crow walks to the center of the field. The John Deer comes to a stop in front of him. HENRY ONE STAR (50's), emerges from the enclosed cab.

ONE STAR

Strange how the dirt gets this color. Reminds me of what the old timers used to say about the Rez:
"Blood in the dirt--"

RED CROW

"Voices in the thunder." I heard it growing up, too.

ONE STAR

You ever believe any of it?
Voices. Visions. Dreams.

Red Crow sets his jaw. Small shake of his head.

ONE STAR (CONT'D)

Me either. None of it. 'Til the other day. I was riding along the Owl Ridge. Same as I do every day. I was coming up on the overlook...

RED CROW

I know it.

EXT. OWL RIDGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

One Star rides a young mare along a narrow trail. Dappled sunlight peeks through thick trees and brush. The trail curves. The trees and brush thin revealing the blue sky.

ONE STAR (O.S.)

From there, the Rez, the sky, the Badlands, everything looks like it was painted by God himself.

One Star rounds the bend into blinding sunshine.

ONE STAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But not that day. When I was a kid, I remember seeing pictures of Nagasaki after they dropped the bomb. That's what it looked like.

One Star stands on the overlook. Below is the Rez. It now sits in an ocean of RED DIRT. Not a blade of grass or leaf on a tree. Like a Dorthea Lange Dust Bowl photograph.

The homes and buildings look decrepid. Abandoned. Even the CRAZY HORSE.

ONE STAR (CONT'D)

Then I heard him.

EXT. ONE STAR'S RANCH / DIRT FIELD - NIGHT

One Star turns to Red Crow...

ONE STAR

He told me that the Rez had been poisoned. By *Hestovatoheko'o*. The monster with two faces. He snuck in the poison that killed the Rez. The voice told me that I had to stop him. Wasn't until later that I realized it was my Grandfather talking.

RED CROW

And the Crazy Horse is that poison.

ONE STAR

No. You're the poison.

RED CROW

You voted like all the others to overturn Prohibition and open the casino.

ONE STAR

I know what it took to open it. I know *everything* it took.

One Star gives Red Crow a pointed look.

RED CROW

You're part of this too, Henry. I go down, you come with me.

ONE STAR

I'm sure they'll look favorably on my cooperation. And frankly, if they don't it'll still be worth it.

RED CROW

Enough, Henry. Just tell me what you want.

ONE STAR

This isn't a negotiation, Chief. It's a *calling*.

RED CROW

To what?

ONE STAR

To change. We've both done regrettable things in our past.

RED CROW

Then why would the spirits bestow such lofty ambitions on us?

ONE STAR

Isn't it obvious? Because we're the ones who need saving.

He looks at Red Crow with the resolve of a recent convert. The wind picks up, swirling CRIMSON DUST around them.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Red Crow with Shunka and Jergens, who in his suit, dons the air of a corporate executive.

RED CROW

Bowman and LeMoine were the State Legislators overseeing the casino build. They were going to hold the casino proposal hostage in committee for years. It's what they do. It's the way they keep control. Bleed us of fees.

JERGENS

So you paid them off.

RED CROW

I saw a short cut. I took it. One Star was the go-between.

JERGENS

I don't remember agreeing to that.

RED CROW

And I don't need anyone's permission to build on my land.

JERGENS

You do when someone else is paying for it. Minneapolis has invested a lot into this place, Chief.

Red Crow bristles at the inherent condescension.

JERGENS (CONT'D)

One Star's been sitting on this information for months. Why's he so interested in having you indicted now?

RED CROW

He had a vision telling him to.

JERGENS

A vision?

SHUNKA

A message from the spirit world. One Star comes from one of the oldest Lakota families. His grandfather was the last of the *wica*--

JERGENS

Wicasan wakan. A holy man.
(off their surprise)
I like to know the people I'm in business with.

RED CROW

Then you know it's a sacred thing to the Lakota. People here take it seriously.

JERGENS

Including you?

Red Crow wrestles with that for a moment.

RED CROW

One Star's never done anything out of the goodness of his heart. I don't care what kind of visions he's having. Someone's behind him. Paying him. I just need to find out who.

JERGENS

Sounds like a lot to do in a short amount of time.

SHUNKA

Why a short amount of time?

JERGENS

One Star's not going drag his heels taking this to the State DA, now that he knows you're onto him.

(MORE)

JERGENS (CONT'D)

And because the Hmong are coming.
Four days.

Red Crow and Shunka share a look of concern.

RED CROW

I thought they preferred being the
silent partner.

JERGENS

You're a victim of your own
success. They think you've built
them a giant ATM. They want to see
it.

RED CROW

The Crazy Horse is about more than
just turning a profit.

JERGENS

Not to them.

(lets that land)

If One Star has you thrown in jail,
the Hmong will have to take over.
And they didn't get into this to
run a casino. They just want to
make money. They'll do whatever
they can to maximize their profit.
That means they'll bleed the
Reservation dry. Drugs. Guns.
Prostitution. You name it, they'll
bring it. And after they've
squeezed every red cent out of your
people, they'll pack up their tents
and let the whole damn place rot in
the sun.

Red Crow absorbs this. Knows it's not an idle threat.

JERGENS (CONT'D)

Maybe you should resolve this in a
more... definitive way. Like
finding a deep, dark gorge and
throw One Star down it.

Said without irony.

RED CROW

I'll handle it my way. Before they
get here.

JERGENS

I thought that was your way, Chief? You might not know this, but we could have invested in any number of casinos. We chose yours because you have a knack for finding simple solutions to complicated problems. Don't let us down now.

Jergens heads out.

SHUNKA

I remember you saying the day would come when you'd regret falling in with the Hmong and their *washicu*.

RED CROW

Mark your calendar.

SHUNKA

But he's got a point. Wouldn't be easy, but we could get to One Star.

RED CROW

No.

SHUNKA

It's not the first time we thought about it.

RED CROW

(definitive)

No one touches One Star.

Shunka reacts with surprise and confusion at Red Crow's display of mercy. But he bites his tongue and nods.

INT. DASH'S CAR / REZ STREETS - DAY

Dash drives through various streets, taking in what he sees:

A group of LAKOTA MEN sit around junked cars in the overgrown yard of a trailer. They LAUGH passing bottles of beer.

The face of a limestone hill, decorated with ANCIENT LAKOTA PETROGLYPHS. Next to the mystic artwork is large banner reading: "THIS WAY TO THE CRAZY HORSE CASINO."

Then MAIN STREET. An odd mix of shops and stores, all recently painted at an attempt at homogenization. NATIVES and NON-NATIVES alike on the street, regarding each other like zoo animals.

Dash looks up and SLAMS on the brakes. Through the windshield, a SHIRTLESS LAKOTA BOY rides bareback on a horse across the street. He coldly flips his middle finger at Dash. Dash shakes his head and drives off...

INT. DASH'S CAR - DAY

Dash parked across from a dilapidated barn sitting in an overgrown field. He stares at the barn, lost in thought...

EXT. BARN - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A 10-YEAR OLD DASH stands staring at something in wide-eyed horror. We PAN TO REVEAL that he's looking at a DEAD LAKOTA MAN slumped up against the barn, a bullet hole through one eye. The wall behind him is splattered in blood. YOUNG DASH tries to look away but a pair of hands hold his head still.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Don't look away, Dash. I want you to always remember this. This is what can happen to you on the Rez.

YOUNG DASH

I don't want-- Please-- Mom--

Young Dash tries to turn but his mother's hands are firm. The SOUND OF A RINGING CELL bleeds over--

INT. DASH'S CAR - RESUMING

Dash snaps out of his daze and answers--

DASH

Hello?... I'm not avoiding you, I was going to call... No, no problems... I'll let you know when I get settled... What? No, I wouldn't say it's good to be back.

He hangs up. One last look at the barn before he drives off.

EXT. THE REZ / FOREST ROAD - NIGHT

Headlights pierce a dark road surrounded by woods.

INT. CAR - SAME

A young couple, KEN and BARBIE blonde. Ken drives. Barbie wears a paper novelty headdress with "THE CRAZY HORSE CASINO" emblazoned across it. She playfully leans back and tickles his ear with her toe. Ken looks at her with drunken lust.

KEN

Wanna see an old Indian trick?

She GIGGLES as Ken reaches under her skirt.

KEN (CONT'D)

What the hell?

The car stops. A MAN'S BODY lies in the middle of the road. Ken cracks the door to get out when the MAN suddenly rises. His face is smeared in black and red make-up, like grotesque war paint. A tomahawk hangs from his hand.

BARBIE

Go! Just go!

Ken SLAMS the DOOR. Before he can reverse away, a TRUCK pulls up behind him, boxing them in.

Barbie screams as FOOTSTEPS THUD heavily on the car. Someone walks from the truck onto the roof of the car. The SPLASH of liquid. Gasoline cascades down over the windows. Then--

A SECOND MAN leaps off the roof onto the hood. His face is also painted in grotesque war paint. He leers menacingly.

SECOND MAN

Get off our Rez.

He then disappears back over the roof. Ken's eyes go wide as the First Man sends an ORANGE STREAK hurtling at them.

The FLAMING HEAD OF THE TOMAHAWK embeds itself in the windshield with a CRACK! The gasoline covering the car ignites. The truck ROARS away.

Ken pulls Barbie out of the burning car. They huddle on the side of the road. Barbie cries, the paper Crazy Horse Headdress still on her head.

END OF ACT I

ACT IIEXT. THE CRAZY HORSE - EARLY MORNING

Faint morning light falls on the mega-wattage of the casino.

INT. RED CROW'S SUITE - EARLY MORNING

Red Crow's eyes snap open. He jolts upright, breathing hard. More bad dreams.

EXT. THE REZ - EARLY MORNING

Red Crow stands out beyond the parking lot, scanning the treeline for the ELK. The sun rises, but nothing emerges from the woods. Red Crow grimaces, unnerved.

EXT. PRAIRIE ROSE SHERIFF DEPT. - MORNING

A charmless bunker of a building on the edge of town.

INT. PRSD / FALLS DOWN'S OFFICE - MORNING

Ken and Barbie sit across from SHERIFF FRANKLIN FALLS DOWN (40's). His empathic eyes suggest a fairness but also a keen intelligence. Under his wry cadence is a deep investment in the Rez and its people. The CHARRED TOMAHAWK lies on the desk in front of him.

FALLS DOWN

Anything else you noticed?
Clothes? Jewelry? Maybe a tattoo?

BARBIE

Just that make-up.

FALLS DOWN

You said you were coming from the Crazy Horse. Did either of you have anything to drink?

KEN

It's a casino. Are you trying to say this was somehow our fault?

FALLS DOWN

Just trying to get a full report.

KEN

I'm sure if it were reversed and this had happened to one of your own instead of us, you'd do a hell of a lot more than write a report.

FALLS DOWN

Actually, if it were reversed, I wouldn't have the authority to do anything. We here at the honorable Prairie Rose Sheriff's Department have no jurisdiction to pursue a non-native. Just one of our many local ironies. I've got your information. I'll keep you posted.

Ken and Barbie share an impotent look before standing.

BARBIE

You know, people like us spend a lot of money here. You should keep that in mind.

FALLS DOWN

Oh, I do, miss. Every day.

BARBIE

Well, I'm still going to write a bad review on Yelp.

With that, she and Ken leave. Falls Down leans back. Pushes back the brim of his hat. He holds up the CHARRED TOMAHAWK.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE - DAY

The floor still steady with business. Dash sits alone at a blackjack table, downing the latest in many beers. Dash checks his cards. Jack and Ten. The DEALER takes a card on a 15... 21.

DASH

Shit. Go again.

He downs the drink. Cards fly out. Dash shows 19. The Dealer, 18. Dash pushes in all his chips. The Dealer hits... And get a deuce.

Dash SLAMS his fist down on the felt.

DEALER

Just a bad run, sir.

DASH

A bad run..?

Dash throws his cup of ice at the Dealer. Dash then leaps up, grabs him and pulls him over the table.

ACROSS THE ROOM

THE PIT BOSS sees Dash pummeling the Dealer. He speaks into a MIC in his wrist.

DASH continues to beat the Dealer when a pair of SECURITY GUARDS arrive. One pulls Dash off and tries to put him in a headlock but--

Dash WHIPS his head back, shattering the Guard's nose. The SECOND GUARD steps in and swings. Dash ducks the punch, then sweeps the Second Guard's leg and drops him.

In the blink of an eye, FIVE MORE GUARDS are on him. Dash impressively holds his ground, but he inevitably disappears under a barrage of fists and feet.

INT. TRADITIONALISTS OFFICES- DAY

A clubhouse feel. A long conference table with mismatched chairs. A few desks ring the walls. Several posters on the wall: NDN 4 LIFE. A POSTER OF MANDELA. EINSTEIN. REMEMBER WOUNDED KNEE. And one entitled, "FREE LAWRENCE BELCOURT."

SIGNS and BANNERS protesting the Crazy Horse opening lie abandoned in a corner.

At the table going over paperwork is GINA BAD HORSE (50's). A strong presence whose kind face and sharp eyes mask a ruthless intensity. In short, a leader.

One of her traditionalists, BETH (30's), hangs up the phone at a desk, a look of confusion on her face. She glances over at Gina, then moves to another traditionalist, ALAN BLACK HORN. They speak in hushed voices before coming to Gina.

BLACK HORN

Gina? You know that we've been working on securing the Evacuation and Removal exemptions.

GINA

Of course.

BLACK HORN

We sent John over to the State Office to try and expedite it, but--

BETH

I just got off the phone with John. He said you called him and told him not to bother.

GINA

That's right.

Beth and Black Horn exchange a confused look.

BETH

We can't have the Short Hills protected without that. We have the geological study. The archeology report. The North Dakota State provisions. The E and R exemptions are the last thing we need to fulfill the application.

GINA

I know.

BLACK HORN

We don't have much time. If we miss the application deadline, we can't have the land protected.

GINA

(good-natured sarcasm)
My god. There's a deadline?

BLACK HORN

Gina--

GINA

I called John off because they're more likely to stonewall us if we go banging on their doors than if we play nice.

BLACK HORN

I just wish you would have told us.

GINA

I dealt with these people my whole life, Alan. I know what I'm doing.

Gina looks at them with a smile but with a hardness in her eyes that won't be challenged. Black Horn and Beth both back off, despite their questions.

Falls Down enters, a messenger bag over his shoulder. Gina goes to greet him.

GINA (CONT'D)

Sheriff.

FALLS DOWN

Gina. Sorry to interrupt.
(re: paperwork)
Looks official.

GINA

We're applying to have the Short Hills made into protected land.

FALLS DOWN

Beautiful out there.

GINA

And we're going to keep it that way. What can I do for you?

FALLS DOWN

Had another incident last night. Couple of casino guests were attacked.

GINA

Hope no one was hurt.

FALLS DOWN

Just a rental car. Seems like it was locals.

GINA

What makes you say that?

Falls Down pulls the CHARRED TOMAHAWK, wrapped in plastic, from the messenger bag.

FALLS DOWN

Who says we're losing our culture?

GINA

We all knew this was coming. I'm surprised it hasn't been worse.

FALLS DOWN

That's what I want to prevent. I know that when you were fighting the casino opening, some of your people took things a little far.

GINA

That's why they're not part of our organization any more.

FALLS DOWN

Any of them capable of this?

GINA

Maybe. But there are a lot of people who don't like the casino, despite what Red Crow says.

FALLS DOWN

That's what worries me. Things like this tend to inspire all the wrong kinds of people.

Falls Down's tone is more foreboding than he intended.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / SECURITY ROOM - DAY

A windowless room somewhere deep in the bowels of the casino. A pair of SECURITY GUARDS keep eyes on a phalanx of monitors covering the casino floor. Red Crow stands eyeing the silent images, flanked by Shunka and Jergens.

JERGENS

You've made some interesting enemies, Chief. Everyone from the former Congressmen of your district to the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

RED CROW

One Star wouldn't throw in with an outsider. Not unless he was forced to. That much I respect about him.

SHUNKA

What about the gangs?

RED CROW

I was thinking the same thing.

JERGENS

But which one? You cracked down hard on all of them before the casino opened.

RED CROW

Young Boy.

JERGENS

Who's that?

SHUNKA

Runs the gangs up in the Flats.

Shunka's CELL RINGS. He angles away to answer.

JERGENS

What's his particular objection with you?

RED CROW

I killed his brother last year.

JERGENS

That sounds personal.

Red Crow motions to a monitor where a black jack table is being cleaned up.

RED CROW

What happened at table eight?

Shunka hangs up the CELL.

SHUNKA

That's what the call was about. A kid busted up one of the dealers.

RED CROW

So throw his ass out.

SHUNKA

He says he knows you.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / RED CROW'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF THE UNBLINKING EYES OF A RATTLESNAKE. We PULL BACK to see it inside a large glass aquarium lining one wall. Inside are the coiled bodies of THREE RATTLESNAKES.

The rest of the room is intimate, holding keepsakes from his rich and varied life. A few framed PHOTOGRAPHS in his desk. Among them is a PHOTO of A YOUNGER RED CROW, standing behind a BEAUTIFUL LAKOTA WOMAN and YOUNG LAKOTA GIRL. His wife and daughter, CAROL. A happy time, long ago.

Dash sits in a chair, his face bruised and bloodied. Red Crow sits on the edge of the desk. He holds Dash's KANSAS DRIVER'S LICENSE.

RED CROW

Bad Horse. You were friends with my daughter Carol, right?

DASH

Yeah. What happened to her?

Red Crow glances at the OLD PHOTO OF HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

RED CROW

She took it hard after her mother passed. She's around. Somewhere.

A twinge of bitterness in Red Crow's words.

DASH

You don't talk?

RED CROW

I would if I could find her. You been gone a long time, Bad Horse. Your mother sent you away didn't she?

DASH

When I was 13. Went to live with a foster family in Nebraska.

RED CROW

Why?

DASH

You'd have to ask her.

RED CROW

What does she think about your inauspicious return?

DASH

Don't know. Don't really care.

Red Crow seems to be silently evaluating him, like a cog to be placed within a complex machine.

RED CROW

I've known your mother for a long time. She was one of my original Dog Soldiers.

Red Crow motions to A FADED PHOTO of a group of defiant, proud LAKOTA. A YOUNGER RED CROW, in front along with CATCHER and GINA BAD HORSE.

DASH

I know. Activists.

RED CROW

Revolutionaries. Your mother, the toughest. We were going to change the world.

DASH

No offense, Chief but I heard all
about your Dog Soldiers growing up.
It's all my mother cared about.

Dash makes no attempt to mask his bitterness.

RED CROW

That was your mother's problem.
Never could temper her passions.

Dash cocks his head at Red Crow's odd phrasing.

RED CROW (CONT'D)

So what are you doing back here,
Bad Horse?

DASH

I'm looking for work. Looks like
you could use me, judging from the
Mall Patrol you got for security.

Red Crow notices the SEMPER FI TATTOO on Dash's arm.

RED CROW

Try the gas station in White Haven.

Red Crow stands to signify the end of the meeting.

DASH

(reluctantly)

I need help. I was doing some
business in Michigan with the
Chippewa. Off the Ontonagon
Reservation.

RED CROW

Rough crowd.

DASH

Paranoid, too. We had a
misunderstanding. Parted ways in a
hurry.

RED CROW

And you know they couldn't look for
you here without my say so.

DASH

I'm not looking for a hand-out. I
earn my way.

There's a slight air of desperation in Dash's voice.

RED CROW
I'm trying to build something here.
Help the tribe. That interest you?

Dash can't hold his tongue.

DASH
Not really.

RED CROW
They're your people.

DASH
No they're not. The Rez breeds
alci's and losers. Now maybe your
casino's going to change all that,
but you ask me, it just looks like
they got a nicer place to drink.

RED CROW
You got your mother's mouth. I'll
give you that. I have plenty of
Indians who can fight. I need more
who can think.

Red Crow motions to Shunka. He opens the door and waves in a
couple of SECURITY GUARDS to escort Dash out. Dash takes a
last look at the PHOTO OF CAROL and RED CROW'S WIFE.

As he exits, he passes JERGENS coming in. Dash makes mental
note of him.

SHUNKA
You want him off the Rez?

RED CROW
He'll find his way off, one way or
another.

JERGENS
Cars are waiting.

Red Crow leads them out.

EXT. THE CRAZY HORSE - NIGHT

Dash is shoved out into the parking lot by the Security
Guards. Dash turns to see a BLACK CAR idling nearby. It
pulls away as soon as Dash sees it.

EXT. THE FLATS - NIGHT

A world unto itself. Rows of government tract houses. Gang-tags everywhere. The Rez's South Central. Sense of dread hangs thick in the air.

LOUD RAP bleeds over from--

INT. YOUNG BOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dim lighting. The air is hazy with smoke. Pills, powder and various drug paraphernalia litter a small table. A FEW SIOUX GANG-BANGERS lie around, grinning in a drug-induced euphoria.

Entwined with a LAKOTA GIRL on an old Lazy-Boy is CHEYTON YOUNG BOY (25). She puts a pill onto her tongue, then passes it to Young Boy via a deep kiss.

The Gang-bangers all have TRIBAL TATTOO'S, vaguely Native American in design, creeping up their arms and necks.

The DOOR BURST OPEN. Shunka and four of HIS MEN enter, guns trained. Young Bear and the others immediately react. One of the Gang-bangers reaches down for a gun on the floor.

Shunka CRUSHES his hand with his heel.

Another Gang-banger is pistol-whipped into submission. A few others, simply too wasted to fight.

Young Boy pushes the Girl off of him, grabs a sawed-off shotgun leaning against the Lazy Boy. He bolts for the kitchen, firing blindly behind him. Double-ought buck punches a hole in the wall.

INT. YOUNG BOY'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Young Boy flips over a table. Crouches low behind it. He pumps another shell into the chamber.

SHUNKA (V.O.)

Young Boy. We just want to talk.

YOUNG BOY

Bullshit!

Young Boy fires randomly out the kitchen door. Three BLASTS in a row, splintering the door frame and wall.

Young Boy realizes he's cornered. He turns and BLOWS out a window with another shotgun blast. He leaps out into--

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Landing hard and clumsy. He looks up and sees Red Crow standing over him.

RED CROW
Hello, Cheyton.

Young Boy swings his shotgun up. Red Crow grabs it with one hand and punches Young Boy with the other.

LATER... The Lakota Gang-bangers are lined up outside, watched by Red Crow's men. Red Crow, Shunka and Jergens have Young Boy off to the side. Shunka holds Young Boy's shotgun and a duffle bag filled with a potpourri of drugs.

SHUNKA
Found this in the basement.

RED CROW
So this is why all the shooting.

Young Boy eyes Red Crow with a mix of fear and contempt.

RED CROW (CONT'D)
Your brother and I had a similar problem.

YOUNG BOY
Wasn't a problem while you were taking a cut.

RED CROW
He was dealing to kids. He told me he'd stop, but he lied.

YOUNG BOY
I know what you had your bitches do to my brother.

Red Crow takes the sawed-off shotgun from Shunka.

RED CROW
No, Cheyton. Your brother I dealt with myself.

YOUNG BOY
We're not selling. That's our stash.

RED CROW
I'm glad to hear that. But I want to know what you've been doing with Henry One Star.

YOUNG BOY
One Star? I don't know anything
about One Star.

Red Crow points the muzzle at Young Boy.

RED CROW
I used a gun just like this on your
brother. I remember because his
teeth flying right out the back of
his head. They shot out so fast,
they stuck in the damn wall.
(shakes his head)
I've killed a lot of people in a
lot of ways, but I have never seen
anything like that. How are your
teeth, Cheyton?

Red Crow pushes the shotgun against Young Boy's cheek.

YOUNG BOY
Chief-- I'm telling you--

RED CROW
You know what happens if you lie to
me, Cheyton.

YOUNG BOY
I SWEAR! I'M NOT LYING!

Red Crow nods, seemingly placated. He eases. But suddenly,
BOOM! He shoots!

Young Boy collapses. For a moment, he looks dead. Until we
see that Red Crow shot wide. Young Boy writhes on the
ground, clutching his deaf ears.

YOUNG BOY (CONT'D)
Oh god oh god oh god oh god--

Red Crow hands the shotgun back to Shunka.

RED CROW
It's not him.

Jergens gives Red Crow a nod and a grin, momentarily appeased
by the Chief's display of cruelty.

INT. RED CROW'S SUITE - NIGHT

Red Crow enters. Slumps down on a chair and loosens his tie.
He checks his watch -- 3:03AM. He eyes his neatly made bed
like a torture rack.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / PIT - NIGHT

A healthy crowd for this late. Red Crow approaches the PIT BOSS overlooking the floor.

PIT BOSS
The bad don't sleep, right Chief?

RED CROW
How's the floor?

PIT BOSS
Steady. Guess it helps being the only game in town.

Red Crow looks at the Pit Boss.

RED CROW
What did you say?

PIT BOSS
I'm just saying that it helps being the only casino around.

Red Crow nods, wheels turning in his head. He turns to leave when he spots a GANG-BANGER moving through the floor. He has TRIBAL TATTOOS exactly like Young Boy and his gang. Red Crow follows after him.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / MAIN FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Red Crow pushes his way through the crowd, trying to catch up with the Gang-banger. He sees him exit through a staff door.

EXT. THE CRAZY HORSE / LOADING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Red Crow emerges from the casino. He sees the Gang-banger standing in the shadows. Red Crow pulls a gun.

RED CROW
Young Boy's braver and dumber than I thought. Step out of there.

The Gang-banger steps into the light. We see that the LOWER HALF OF HIS FACE IS MISSING. Like it was blown off by a shotgun. Red Crow steps back in shock.

A MAN'S VOICE
Chief?

Red Crow whips around. Sees a JANITOR. When Red Crow turns back, the Gang-banger is gone.

JANITOR

You okay?

Red Crow stands, blinking at the shadows...

END OF ACT II

ACT IIIEXT. THE REZ / ROAD - EARLY MORNING

The sky just turning light. Catcher crests a hill on Festus. A MAN huddles in a street lamp's pool of light.

CATCHER
You alright, friend?

The Man stands and faces Catcher, revealing himself to be a LAKOTA WARRIOR, dressed in traditional deer skin clothes and moccasins. He looks to Catcher, starts to speak, but instead of words A SHARP, BLACK CLAW extends out of the Sioux's mouth. Then another. And another.

Catcher watches, frozen in terror as SPIDER LEGS stretch the Sioux's jaw until it SNAPS! The SIOUX is then RIPPED IN HALF as he gives oral-birth to a GIANT BLACK SPIDER.

Catcher shuts his eyes. Mutters a PRAYER. When he opens them, the street is empty. Catcher looks up at the sky.

CATCHER (CONT'D)
Okay, then...

Catcher eases Festus down the road.

EXT. STREAM BANK - DAY

A fast moving stream cuts through the woods. Dash searches along its rock-strewn bank. He finds a large RED ROCK and pulls it free, uncovering a rusted METAL BOX. He pulls it open. Inside are a few stone arrowheads, a rusted buck knife and a decades old PLAYBOY MAGAZINE.

Also underneath is a faded PHOTO of A TEENAGE CAROL RED CROW, smiling shyly at the camera, her inevitable beauty burgeoning. Dash pockets the photo.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE - DAY

An ANCIENT LAKOTA WOMAN feeds coins into a slot machine. She mutters a LAKOTA PRAYER before pulling the handle.

INT. RED CROW'S OFFICE - DAY

Red Crow at his desk. Eyes heavy from a lack of sleep. Sheriff Falls Down is across from him. Hat on his knee. A degree of polite antagonism hangs in the air.

FALLS DOWN

It's not the first one of these attacks aimed at casino guests. And it's not going to be the last.

RED CROW

But no one was hurt.

FALLS DOWN

Just a matter of time now. You ever consider puttin' a curfew on the guests? Or a last call?

RED CROW

Last call? You don't spend much time in casinos do you?

FALLS DOWN

I'm outdoorsy.

RED CROW

People don't come to gamble. They come because no one's telling them what to do. Not bosses. Nagging wives. Or pain in the ass kids. Putting restrictions on that is bad for business.

Shunka appears at the door.

FALLS DOWN

Been pretty tame so far. Bikers pissin' on Prayer Rock. Couple of fights 'tween locals and non-natives. What happens if one of your guests ends up dead in a ditch. Or a drunk driver kills a kid? How good for business is that going to be?

RED CROW

I know you won't let anything like that happen, Sheriff.

FALLS DOWN

No, I won't.

A glimpse of teeth behind his folksy congeniality. Falls Down stands and motions over to the aquarium of rattlesnakes.

FALLS DOWN (CONT'D)

Your snakes look hungry.

Falls Down exits, his words leaving an impression.

SHUNKA

Was that a warning or a threat?

RED CROW

Good question.

SHUNKA

You said you found something.

Red Crow hands Shunka a few documents.

RED CROW

You remember when we were in the first phase of the casino, all the problems we had with the EPA, the planning board... Allegations of misconduct.

SHUNKA

We always figured it was someone on the inside making a play. But we never found a leak.

RED CROW

I don't think it was coming from the inside. Those are filings with the state commission. Application for a gaming license.

SHUNKA

(scanning documents)

River Rock. They want their own casino.

RED CROW

Find Josh Kill Deer.

EXT. THE REZ / PARK - DAY

A large DRUM CIRCLE. Boys and Men pounding traditional skins in time. LAUGHS and WHOOPS as the beats grow. LAKOTA FAMILIES on picnic blankets. Arts and craft booths. A Rockwellian tableau, but with a Native twist.

A BANNER READS: PINE RIDGE HARVEST FESTIVAL.

Dash moves along the periphery of the crowds and activity. He holds Carol's photo in his hand, trying to imagine what she would look like now and scanning the park for that imagined face.

ACROSS THE PARK, we see Gina heading across the grass, approached by all with familiarity and reverence.

She AD-LIBS greetings. We follow her towards a food covered picnic table where a group of her TRADITIONALISTS are gathered, including Beth and Alan Black Horn.

BETH

Good news. We got the E and R exemptions in. Turns out it wasn't as hard to get as we thought, especially when you can bullshit as good as Alan Black Horn!

A smattering of APPLAUSE. Gina claps with a tight smile.

BETH (CONT'D)

We should be able to submit the proposal next week.

GINA

That's great. Good work.

Small talk breaks out. Food is passed.

GINA (CONT'D)

Now that we have it, we should think about whether or not we want to make the proposal.

Surprised looks exchanged around the table.

BETH

What do you mean?

GINA

Once the land is protected, you can't undo it.

BLACK HORN

I thought that was the whole point.

GINA

The point was to preserve the land and keep it. Protected land is a federal designation. We're basically giving it to the government.

ACROSS THE PARK, Dash stops searching. Like looking for an imaginary needle in a haystack. He heads for the street.

BACK TO GINA with her traditionalists...

BLACK HORN

What's the alternative?

GINA

We can put the land in a trust.
Find a private buyer. Someone on
the Rez.

A SILENCE falls. Black Horn and Beth share a look.

BLACK HORN

(to the others)

Could Beth and I have a word with
Gina, please?

The others leave the table.

BLACK HORN (CONT'D)

You said that after losing the
casino fight, this was the next
best thing we could do for the Rez.
Now it seems like you don't want it
to happen at all.

BETH

The others are confused, too.

BLACK HORN

So you want to tell us what the
hell's going on?

Gina takes in the suspicion and anger aimed her way.

GINA

You're right. I'm sorry. I'm
just... over thinking things. Get
everyone back. Let's eat.

Gina smiles, urging Black Horn and Beth go and round up the others. She sees Dash walking up a grassy slope to the street. She doesn't recognize him but some buried maternal instinct kicks in. She rises and follows, but when she crests the slope, he's gone...

INT. BADLAND'S MECHANIC - DAY

Littered with half-assembled cars and body parts. Dash approaches the garage.

INT. BADLAND'S AUTOBODY / GARAGE - DAY

Littered with car parts and equipment. Dash enters and finds MATO, a hulking Lakota working under a car on risers.

MATO
What do you need?

DASH
Are you Mato?

MATO
That's what the shirt says.

Mato taps the name patch on his mechanic's shirt.

DASH
It's Dash. Bad Horse. You
remember me?

Mato brightens with surprise.

MATO
No shit. Bad Horse.

Later... Dash and Mato drinking beers over the hood of a car.

MATO (CONT'D)
Sounds like you covered some
ground. Marines. Afghanistan.
Damn.

DASH
Not like it was fun.

MATO
Not like you missed out being here.

Dash shows Mato the old PHOTO OF CAROL.

DASH
You remember Carol Red Crow?

MATO
'Course.

DASH
You know where I can find her?

MATO
You don't want to mess around with
that, man. Trust me.

DASH
Because she's the Chief's daughter?

MATO
For starters.

DASH

I heard they don't even talk.

MATO

Story is that she was seeing a guy who worked for her father. Big no-no. Supposedly, Carol and this guy were going to leave the Rez together. Chief found out. Put the poor sap down.

DASH

Come on...

(off Mato's shrug)

I don't want to date her. I just want to say hello.

MATO

Alright... I heard she hangs out at the bars in White Haven. But fair warning -- She's not that cute little kid anymore.

Mato motions to the photo as he crushes his beer can.

EXT. FEED LOT - DAY

On the outskirts of the Rez. Red Crow's car pulls up. He steps out to see Shunka and Jergens waiting for him.

SHUNKA

We found him.

RED CROW

(to Jergens)

You didn't have to come.

JERGENS

I enjoy watching you work, Chief. And we're on a clock.

Red Crow ignores the sarcasm. Shunka leads them inside.

INT. CATTLE PENS - DAY

A large warehouse. A small herd of cattle are corralled behind a maze of fencing. Dozens of eyes watching as the three men weave their way deeper inside.

They round a corner to an empty pen. A GATE separates it from the cattle. A few of Red Crow's men ring the fence. Alone in the pen is JOSH KILL DEER.

KILL DEER

You want to tell me what this is about, Chief?

RED CROW

Just need a word.

KILL DEER

We got a nice Council office over at River Rock. Even got an espresso maker.

RED CROW

We know you were spreading lies when we were trying to open the Crazy Horse, Josh.

KILL DEER

Well, then I must not have done a very good job. Hear business is booming.

RED CROW

We also know that you have plans for a River Rock casino.

KILL DEER

Every tribe in every state wants a casino, Chief.

RED CROW

Two casino's, this close together. Neither will turn a profit.

KILL DEER

That's why we haven't pursued it.

RED CROW

But I think you have. What are you offering Henry One Star?

KILL DEER

What?

The BOOM of a SHOTGUN JOLTS everyone in the place. Shunka stands by the pen of cattle with a scatter-gun. The cattle start bucking against the fencing.

RED CROW

That gate opens and you're going to get pulverized by a few tons of panicked beef.

BOOM! Another shotgun blast. The cattle are riled, near a stampede. One of Red Crow's MEN stands by the separating gate, ready to unleash the stampede on Kill Deer.

KILL DEER

Alright. When you were building,
we put out some stories to make you
look bad, hoping to stop the build.

Shunka shakes his head.

SHUNKA

(subtitle from Lakota)
We should kill him just for that.

Red Crow holds him off with a raised hand.

RED CROW

And One Star?

KILL DEER

I don't know anything about it.

The fence RATTLES. The cattle, nearly rabid.

RED CROW

I'm not going to ask again.

Kill Deer musters one last bit of bravado.

KILL DEER

Then you're just going to have to
kill me.

Jergens watches Red Crow more intently than he does Kill Deer. And perhaps sensing something in Red Crow's eyes--

Jergens moves to the gate and opens it. A THUNDER OF HOOVES as the panicked CATTLE rush in.

Kill Deer runs for the fence. One of RED CROW'S MEN is about to knock him back down but RED CROW pushes him out of the way and pulls Kill Deer over as the tidal wave of CATTLE SLAMS into the fence.

Red Crow meets the disbelieving stares of Shunka and his men. They all look away, as if trying to save him face.

Red Crow turns and heads out alone. Jergens watches him go. Turns to Shunka.

JERGENS

Do you have any idea what's going
on with him?

Shunka, even as the loyal soldier, shakes his head.

EXT. CATCHER'S SHACK - NIGHT

Planted somewhere deep off the beaten path. Rusted corrugated roof. Catcher stands by a homemade moonshine still, sampling from a mason jar. He winces at the taste before stumbling inside.

INT. CATCHER'S SHACK - CONTINUOUS

A table is covered with dirty mason-jars holding remnants of his homemade swill. Swollen books jammed into a bookshelf -- Chaucer. Wordsworth. Byron. Heroditus. Blake.

Old newspaper clippings line the wall. An unofficial timeline of Rez history, filtered through a chaotic mind.

Catcher enters. A noise WHIPS him around, an old COLT six-shooter fast in his hand, and finds Red Crow.

CATCHER

Gonna get your head blown off one of these days, Linc.

Catcher hands him the mason jar. Red Crow sniffs. Grimaces. Offended, Catcher takes it back.

CATCHER (CONT'D)

Not a social call, eh?

RED CROW

Henry One Star is going to testify that I made bribes to get the Crazy Horse opened.

CATCHER

Not like One Star to take the high road.

RED CROW

He said he's had a vision. Says his Grandfather told him that I'm going to bring the Rez down.

CATCHER

Vision, huh?

RED CROW

Is it even possible?

CATCHER

Caleb One Star was *wicasa wacan*. A favorite of *Wakinyan*, the Thunder Beings. A man of great visions. Could be. What did One Star see?

RED CROW

Something about a two-faced monster.

CATCHER

You sound skeptical.

RED CROW

One Star's been using his family name to steal from the Rez since he was old enough to count. Land grabs. Colluding with mining companies. Yeah, I'm skeptical.

CATCHER

Then what are you asking me for? Unless you been having some visions of your own, yeah?

Red Crow is floored. Even so, he's not ready to share.

RED CROW

I miss the days when you could give me a straight answer.

Red Crow starts for the door but--

CATCHER

Hestovatoheko'o. The two-faced monster. Old story. Esoteric. 'Specially for someone like One Star. If he's lying, he didn't come up with it on his own. Have to be someone with a pretty good idea about the old ways.

Catcher motions to the wall of clippings -- A yellowed article entitled, "DOG SOLDIER SOCIETY ACTIVISTS MARCH ON WASHINGTON". The date is 30 years ago. Leading the march is a YOUNG RED CROW and A YOUNG GINA BAD HORSE.

Red Crow leans back, blind-sided...

END ACT III

ACT IVEXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A footpath cuts through thick woods. Henry One Star navigates it by moonlight. A DEEP GROAN fills the air, like a voice in pain. The breeze lifts. More GROANS and SHRIEKS. One Star looks to the source of the sounds -- THE PRAYER HOUSE, an old building of timber and mud, deep in the trees. One of the GROANS warps into a voice--

VOICE

Henry.

Gina steps out from the Prayer House into the dim moonlight.

INT. THE PRAYER HOUSE - LATER

A single, large room. Dirt and leaves on the floor. The GROANS and NOISES come from the wind passing through cracks and holes in the walls. One Star and Gina speak in the dark.

ONE STAR

You came to me looking for a way to get him, Gina. This was my price. The Short Hills for Red Crow. I even agreed to all that bullshit with the visions like you asked. Now you say you can't deliver?

GINA

My people have been working on the Hills for months. I can't tell them to just pull the plug.

ONE STAR

You're Gina Bad Horse. They'll do whatever you say.

GINA

Not this time. I can get you money.

ONE STAR

The timber and copper in those hills is worth more than you could scratch together.

GINA

I'll get anything else you want. Just do this first.

One Star turns to leave.

GINA (CONT'D)

You're being short sighted, Henry.
Red Crow knows he can't trust you.
Even if you don't testify, he'll
come after you.

ONE STAR

I can always have another vision.
One that sends me prostrate at the
feet of Lincoln Red Crow.

Gina, just realizing that she's created a monster.

GINA

They've got all the documents they
need. There's nothing else I can
do to stop it.

ONE STAR

There's always something else.
(with a wry grin)
I wasn't surprised when you tried
to keep the Crazy Horse from
opening. Lot of people felt the
same. But it's not the casino you
hate, is it? It's him. Red Crow.
What did he do to piss you off so
badly?

Gina glares at him. One Star shrugs and exits. The wind
rises, engulfing Gina in a CACOPHONY of PAINED GROANS.

INT. GINA'S HOUSE / KITCHEN - NIGHT

Small and tidy. One wall covered with PHOTOS of Gina and
politicians, addressing crowds, receiving awards, etc... Gina
boils a kettle of water. Red Crow stands outside.

GINA

You just going to stand out there?

Red Crow enters. A deep silence between the two. Red Crow
regards the PHOTOS on the wall.

RED CROW

Quite a shrine.

GINA

Not as big as yours.

RED CROW
Is that what you think the Crazy
Horse is? Vanity?

GINA
Doesn't matter what I think.

Red Crow pulls down a PHOTO OF GINA addressing a crowd.

RED CROW
You're putting a lot on the line
for something that doesn't matter.
The two-faced monster.

Gina tries to hide a reaction, but it's obvious he's got her.

RED CROW (CONT'D)
A smart move. Who'd ever suspect
you behind someone like One Star?

GINA
I guess not all of my time with you
was a waste.

RED CROW
We can keep going round and round,
but we're not helping anyone.

GINA
You're wrong about your casino,
Lincoln. I don't care how many
schools you open.

RED CROW
Putting me in jail isn't going to
close the Crazy Horse.

GINA
You are the casino. Without you,
it dies.

RED CROW
Without me, someone worse takes it.

GINA
Define "worse".

Red Crow takes a seat across from her.

RED CROW
We used to want the same things.
When did that change?

Red Crow reaches over and GRASPS Gina's hand. An intimate gesture. She doesn't pull away. At least, not right away.

GINA

When you stopped caring how you got it.

(pulls her hand away)

I assume you came here with some kind of threat.

RED CROW

No. An offer. About your boy.

(off her look)

You didn't know he was back.

Gina can't hide her surprise.

RED CROW (CONT'D)

He came to me. Asking for work. Truth is, I am short handed. But there's not much you can do with someone that angry. Too reckless. They don't tend to last long.

GINA

What do you want?

RED CROW

Call off One Star and I'll send Dash away for good. Give him a chance at a life off the Rez. Isn't that what you always wanted for your son?

The tea kettle WHISTLES--

GINA

He hasn't been my son for a long, long time.

Red Crow sees the hard look in her eyes.

RED CROW

Remember that you had a part in whatever happens next.

Red Crow leaves. Gina turns off the stove and heads into--

INT. GINA'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

She turns on a light, revealing DASH'S ROOM, preserved from when he was 13.

Various SPORTS TEAM POSTERS and a framed display of ARROWHEADS on the wall. She lies on the bed with vacant eyes...

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Red Crow enters. Finds Jergens with Shunka, photographs and maps spread out before them.

RED CROW
What is this?

JERGENS
Layouts to One Star's place. He's got it pretty well guarded in the front, but a runner could make it through these woods--

RED CROW
I didn't say I wanted this.

JERGENS
Respectfully, Chief, you're not saying much of anything. And we're out of time. If we're going to save the casino--

RED CROW
We?

JERGENS
I'm your friend in this, Chief. The guy Minneapolis is sending out tomorrow is named Brass. Little guy. One arm. They say he was a doctor back in Angola or something. Carries one of those black bags around. Inside this bag, among other things, is a... tool, I guess you'd call it. Like a small ice cream scoop. He uses it to cut the eyeballs out of people he's torturing. This is the kind of freak Minneapolis will let loose on the Rez if they take control.

Jergens moves towards Red Crow.

JERGENS (CONT'D)
When I first got to the Prairie Rose, I was going to recommend to Minneapolis that we blow it out.
(MORE)

JERGENS (CONT'D)

Strip it for whatever we can, then get out. Figured it was a mercy killing. But this place... It changes you. It *is* worth saving. That's why you have to kill Henry One Star before the Hmong get here.

Jergens looks at Red Crow with the pleading eyes of the newly converted. He holds a map out, but Red Crow doesn't take it.

JERGENS (CONT'D)

Why are you being so goddamn stubborn about this?

RED CROW

The Crazy Horse has to stay clean. I don't want any blood on it.

Jergens searches Red Crow for some sense of irony. Then to Shunka. When he finds none, he starts to LAUGH.

JERGENS

This whole Reservation is built on blood! It's in the dirt! And how much of it did you spill with your own hands, Chief? Is one more really going to make a difference?

Red Crow stares down Jergens, but once again turns and walks away. Jergens looks at Shunka.

JERGENS (CONT'D)

I know you get it. Talk to him.

Shunka looks after Red Crow. He then turns back to Jergens and gives him a terse nod.

INT. WHITE HAVEN TAVERN / BATHROOM - NIGHT

CAROL RED CROW emerges from a stall and moves to the sink. She HUMS what sounds like a lullaby as she checks her face. Her eyes are big and bright from some drug du jour. The promise of her beauty from her younger self is there, but has hardened.

On her forearm is a TATTOO: The name "MIRELLA" across a baby carriage. Under is a date, three years past.

INT. WHITE HAVEN TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Dark, dank and dirty. A COUPLE OF COWBOYS sit a back booth, drunk and rowdy.

Carol enters and heads for the booth when she spots Dash at the bar, on his CELL. It takes her a moment to place him.

DASH

I don't know what to tell you...
I'm trying... What do you want?
An apology?

Dash hangs up as Carol takes the stool over from him.

CAROL

Girlfriend?

DASH

Some people just like to hear
themselves talk.

It doesn't register on Dash who he's talking to.

CAROL

Fuck you, Bad Horse. You better
remember me.

DASH

Carol?

CAROL

Guys always forget the first girl
they felt up?

DASH

We were thirteen. Wasn't like
there was a lot to remember.

CAROL

I grew some curves. And you lost
some hair.

Carol playfully runs a finger along his scalp.

CAROL (CONT'D)

So your mother sends you away and
you don't call, don't write...
Where you been all this time?

DASH

Nowhere, really. What about you?
Never figured you'd stay on the
Rez.

CAROL

There's no place like home, I
guess.

The COWBOYS in the booth holler out--

COWBOYS
Carol! Get your ass back here!

CAROL
You wanna come hang out? Party?

Carol flashes Dash a small bag of Molly from her cut-off's.

DASH
Don't think it's the kind of
Cowboys and Indians they had in
mind. But another time.

CAROL
If you're lucky.

DASH
How do I find you?

Carol studies Dash...

CAROL
Can you keep a secret?

DASH
That's the one thing I can do.

CAROL
I got a trailer down by the Falls.
Come by sometime.

Carol flashes him a wicked smile and heads back to the booth.
Dash finishes his drink and heads out.

EXT. WHITE HAVEN STREET - NIGHT

Dash walks down the street, the Tavern behind him. The CLIP-CLOP of a horse gets his attention. He's startled to see CATCHER riding astride FESTUS. Catcher stares down at Dash through his mirrored aviators.

CATCHER'S POV: Dash is covered with webbing as DOZENS of SPIDERS crawl over his body. Catcher starts to LAUGH.

DASH
Something funny?

CATCHER
Just the voices. In the thunder.

Dash shakes head. *Whatever.* Keeps walking.

CATCHER (CONT'D)
 Try listening some time. Might
 save your life, Bad Horse.

Dash whips around at the mention of his name. *How did he know his name?* But Catcher's already down the road.

GINA (O.S.)
 Dash.

Dash turns back around to see GINA there. The silence between them is deafening.

GINA (CONT'D)
 How-- How are you?

DASH
 What do you want?

Niceties dropped--

GINA
 Stay away from Red Crow, Dash.
 You have no idea what he's like.

DASH
 I can handle myself.

GINA
 No. You can't. Not with him. I
 have some money if you need it.
 Take it and get away from here.

DASH
 Already trying to get rid of me.
 Again.

GINA
 I thought sending you away was the
 best thing. Things back then-- I
 wanted to get you, Dash. To bring
 you home. But it was never the
 right-- I know you must hate me.

DASH
 I don't hate you. I don't even
 think about you.

Dash heads off. Gina stands alone, shaken. Dash walks out of Gina's view. He leans against a parked car, shaken.

EXT. CATCHER'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Red Crow pulls up in his car. He gets out and finds Catcher tending to his still.

CATCHER

People start talking if you keep coming around like this.

RED CROW

You were right about One Star. Gina's behind him.

CATCHER

"And fill me from crown to toe full of direst cruelty." I assume she's standin' her ground.

RED CROW

You know how she is.

CATCHER

Then I guess you got no choice. One Star has to go.
(off Red Crow's silence)
Never been a problem before.

Red Crow suddenly erupts.

RED CROW

Never been a problem?! I see their faces every night!
(collects himself)
But I'd do it again. I'd kill every single one of them again to get us here.

CATCHER

So ask not what the casino can do for the Rez, but what it can do for you.

RED CROW

Can you just talk straight.

CATCHER

You sold everyone on how the Crazy Horse will save the Rez. But maybe you built it to save yourself. Give meaning to all those people you killed. A chance at absolution. Maybe your last.

RED CROW

Don't I deserve that? With what I gave? The things I lost?

CATCHER

Deserve or not, it's there for the taking.

RED CROW

But not if I kill One Star. So what is this--
(at the dark)
A joke?!

CATCHER

Maybe it's a test. See, you got lawyers to get you through an indictment. And I've never seen you back down from any outsider. Not sayin' it'll be pretty, but you'll survive. But you put your soul at hazard again, you might not get it back.

Red Crow mulls that over. Catcher takes a deep drink.

CATCHER (CONT'D)

There's a great leader among us. A man stuck between how the world sees him and how he sees himself. A shape-shifter. Like Iktomi, the spider-trickster. A man yet to reveal his true-self. When he does, he's going to change the Rez forever.

His words like a spell. Red Crow wanting to believe.

RED CROW

You believe that?

CATCHER

I know it. They showed me.

RED CROW

I never know if it's you or the booze talking.

CATCHER

Ask for yourself. Their answer will tell you what to do.

Red Crow takes the jar from Catcher and takes a long drink.

INT. TRACT HOUSE - NIGHT

Thrift store furniture. Empty 40's litter the coffee table. Gina, somewhat incongruous, talks with TOMMY YELLOW BIRD and REGGIE STONE (both Lakota, late 20's).

GINA

I'm saying that maybe you were right. Maybe there are some things you can't beat back with petitions and protest signs...

On the floor is a TOMAHAWK, identical to the one used on Ken and Barbie.

EXT. TRADITIONALISTS HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The building sits dark and still. Then PFOOM! The windows explode out with a flash of flame.

Yellow Bird and Stone watch, hidden in the woods as the flames engulf the building, an empty gas can at their feet.

INT. GINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Gina in her kitchen on her CELL...

GINA

I can get you the Hills, Henry.
Now you give me Red Crow.

Gina hangs up, hating herself. We WIDEN to reveal the floor, littered with the shattered frames of her PHOTOS.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / RED CROW'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Red Crow at his desk. A box of photos is open in front of him. He flips slowly through SNAPSHOTS of a YOUNG GINA BAD HORSE. She radiates a piercing beauty and strength. Seductive but not exploitative.

He stops at a GROUP PHOTO of the DOG SOLDIERS. His younger self stands next to Gina on the edge. Both look strong, proud and unadulterated by the choices they'll come to make. On close inspection, we see that their hands are entwined between them. An intimate gesture, reminiscent of how he touched Gina's hand earlier...

For a brief second, the PHOTO seems to come to life. Young Gina turns to him and smiles with genuine affection.

Red Crow sets the PHOTO down.

EXT. THE CRAZY HORSE - NIGHT

Red Crow stands out in the desert, beyond the lights of the parking lot. The landscape is a dark void. He stares into it, waiting, maybe even willing for something to occur.

Shunka approaches, disturbed by the odd visage.

SHUNKA

Chief. Jergens is right. We're
out of time.

(a long silence)

Chief?

Red Crow continues to search the dark. But nothing emerges.

RED CROW

One Star rides his horses every day
along Owl Ridge. Don't hurt the
animal if you can help it.

Red Crow brushes past Shunka and walks back towards the lights of the Crazy Horse.

END OF ACT IV

ACT VEXT. THE CRAZY HORSE / RED CROW'S SUITE - MORNING

A KNOCK on the DOOR before it opens. A WAITER WHEELS in a breakfast tray, per routine. The room is empty. The bed unspoiled from the day before.

EXT. NEW DAY SCHOOLHOUSE - MORNING

Red Crow standing in front of the closed building. He takes in the bright red paint. The empty playground. After a long beat, he turns and gets back into his car.

EXT. FOREST ROAD - MORNING

Red Crow's car cuts through the thick morning fog.

INT. RED CROW'S CAR - SAME

Red Crow drives, listening to the NEWS on the radio when AN ANIMAL suddenly leaps out of the fog. He SLAMS on the brakes--

EXT. FOREST ROAD - MORNING

Red Crow's car SCREECHES off the street and CRASHES into a tree in a shower of plastic and metal. After a moment, Red Crow steps out, shaken but unhurt. He limps to the road looking for what he almost hit and stops when he sees--

A BULL ELK in the road. Coal black eyes fixed on him. A long beat. Then the ELK turns and disappears into the trees.

Red Crow stands there, long after it's gone. Shaken. He then speed-dials a number on his CELL--

RED CROW
(leaving a message)
Shunka. Change of plans with One
Star. I'll explain when I get in.

He hangs up. Red Crow is slowly enveloped by the SOUNDS OF THE FOREST...

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / MAIN FLOOR - MORNING

A few diehards holding out from the previous night. Dash enters and heads for the elevators.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / HALLWAY - MORNING

Dash heads towards Red Crow's office. A LAKOTA GUARD stationed at the end of the hallway stands to intercept.

DASH

I need to see Red Crow. Tell him
it's about his daughter.

A topic above his pay-grade--

GUARD

Wait here.

The Guard heads off. Dash takes a seat in a chair, his knee bouncing up and down.

MUFFLED SOUND of BREAKING GLASS from down the hall. Dash moves around the corner towards the sound and sees--

JERGENS quickly coming out of Red Crow's office carrying a duffle bag. He exits quickly down the hall.

Dash heads to Red Crow's office. He looks in and sees the glass of the RATTLESNAKE AQUARIUM smashed. *What the hell?*

Dash follows Jergens.

EXT. THE CRAZY HORSE / PARKING LOT - MORNING

Dash follows Jergens outside. He puts the duffle in the back of a SUV and drives off.

Dash rushes to his car and follows...

INT. DASH'S CAR - MORNING

Dash rounds a bend on a wooded road winding along a steep slope. He sees the empty SUV, parked along the side of the road. He parks behind it. No sign of Jergens.

Dash pulls his gun out from under his seat.

EXT. WOODED ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Dash looks around. No sign of the Man. He moves to the edge of the slope. A THICK MORNING FOG blankets the woods below. Dash starts down it and disappears into the white mist.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Dash clears the edge of the woods where the fog has thinned. He finds himself at the edge of a fenced field. Horses. Red Dirt. Beyond that a barn and house that we (but NOT Dash) recognize as ONE STAR'S RANCH.

Dash hugs the treeline down towards a barn. Dash sees a COUPLE OF GUARDS pacing in the cold morning air by the front gate. No one seems to be watching the rear.

One Star's TRACTOR sits parked by the barn. The Man's DUFFLE BAG lies in the dirt beneath the cab.

Dash moves to the tractor. Sees the duffle bag open and empty. He then climbs up the step and looks into the cab. He opens the door when--

SOMETHING SHIFTS on the floor. Then the unmistakable sound of A RATTLESNAKE.

Dash sees THREE RATTLESNAKES creeping out from around the tractor chair. Dash slams the cab door shut and falls backwards, hitting the ground hard. He scrambles away from the tractor in the dirt.

BOOM! A SHOT hits the tractor door, knocking it open.

Dash turns and sees HENRY ONE STAR emerge from the house, steadying his gun for another shot. Dash scrambles around the tractor. Bolts back towards the treeline.

EXT. TREELINE - CONTINUOUS

Dash breathes hard, sprinting across the red dirt towards the safety of the woods where he came. He turns to see One Star in pursuit.

EXT. ONE STAR'S RANCH - SAME

Happy One Star comes rushing out of the house, his rifle in hand. He kneels near the tractor and shoulders his rifle.

POV THROUGH RIFLE SCOPE: The sights fall squarely on Dash.

Happy's finger TENSES around the trigger when he suddenly SCREAMS in pain. He looks down to see--

A RATTLESNAKE around his leg, its fangs deep in his groin. Happy drops the rifle and crumbles.

INT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Dash reaches the edge of the woods and steps into the fog. He stumbles his way through the woods, but the fog seems to thicken with each step.

It only takes a few seconds for him to realize that he's hopelessly lost. He spins and turns, trying to find any bread crumb to lead him out.

ONE STAR (O.S.)

If Red Crow sent you, you're too late.

Dash tries to move slow and quiet through the impenetrable mist. But he's a bull in china shop, each SNAPPED twig like a homing beacon.

The CRACK OF A GUNSHOT. A branch near Dash EXPLODES. He runs blind. Finds cover behind a fallen tree.

One Star emerges silently out of the white behind him. He draws down on Dash, who is entirely unaware until--

THUNDER RUMBLES in the distance. Dash cocks an ear to it, as if HEARING SOMETHING. He then SPINS and sees ONE STAR. They both fire at the same time.

Only One Star falls, dead before he lands. Dash approaches his body. He then looks up through a break in the fog -- Not a cloud in the sky. Approaching VOICES send him running off...

EXT. TRADITIONALISTS OFFICE - DAY

Post fire. People pick solemnly through the ashes. Gina orchestrates recovery and doles out moral support. Beth approaches, hanging up her CELL.

BETH

There's a story going around that Henry One Star was killed.

Gina's face falls, knowing that somehow she's responsible.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Red Crow enters. He's met by Shunka.

SHUNKA

I just heard.

RED CROW
About what?

SHUNKA
One Star. I thought you said to
hold off on him.

A beat of confusion. Shunka then realizing--

SHUNKA (CONT'D)
It wasn't you.

INT. THE CRAZY HORSE / MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Red Crow and Shunka move through the floor. They find
Jergens feeding coins into a slot machine.

Shunka quietly has SECURITY CLEAR out the area.

RED CROW
Jergens.

JERGENS
You continue to surprise, Chief. I
didn't know you had already sent
your man. I thought my way was a
bit more inspired, but... Sorry
about your office.

RED CROW
My man?

JERGENS
Bald kid. Busted up one of your
dealers.

Red Crow and Shunka share a look of surprise.

JERGENS (CONT'D)
He's not one of yours. That's
interesting.

Red Crow then grabs Jergens and shoves him against the slots.

RED CROW
This isn't what I wanted.

JERGENS
Who gives a shit what you want?
You call yourself Chief. A leader.
(MORE)

JERGENS (CONT'D)

But if there's one thing people need from their leader, is the ability -- the *will* -- to carry the burden of unspeakable acts. And you can't.

Jergens eyes Red Crow with deep, taunting recrimination.

JERGENS (CONT'D)

So you go ahead and keep talking about sovereignty, reparations... About how you're going to bring your people to the promised land. But we both know that you don't hold the future of this Reservation in your hands. We do.

Red Crow leans in to Jergens, his rage barely contained. But again, he lets him go.

JERGENS (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Chief. I didn't want the Hmong thinking you'd gone soft, so I told them that killing One Star was all your idea.

Red Crow suddenly grabs Jergens's by the neck and SLAMS him backwards into the slot machine with a LOUD CRACK!

Jergens falls. Red Crow goes berserk, stomping down on Jergens's head until it's a bloody mass of tissue and bone. He continues long after he's dead.

Red Crow finally exhausts himself, snapping back to reality. Blood spreads under Jergens. Shunka is silenced by the level of brutality.

EXT. ONE STAR'S RANCH - DAY

Sheriff cars parked between the house and barn. Falls Down takes in the scene as EMT's bag Henry One Star's body. Some commotion breaks out by the tractor.

Falls Down approaches and sees TWO DEPUTIES standing a safe distance away from THREE RATTLESNAKES. Falls Down looks at the discarded DUFFLE BAG, then to the RATTLESNAKES.

EXT. THE BADLANDS - DAY

A pair of RED CROW'S MEN unravel a plastic tarp and kick Jergens's body down a deep, dark gorge.

INT. RED CROW'S SUITE / BATHROOM - DAY

Red Crow changes out of his blood-stained shirt. Shunka stands outside the door.

SHUNKA

We can make up some cover about Jergens. But sooner or later, the Hmong are going to figure it out. They're going to want something in return.

(off the silence)

What if it's more than we're willing to give?

Red Crow looks at his reflection, taking in the full weight of his actions. Comes to some private acceptance.

RED CROW

Then I'll kill them all, too.

EXT. WHITE HAVEN MOTEL - DAY

Dash moves quickly towards his room, jumpy. He unlocks his door just as his CELL RINGS. He checks the ID.

INT. DASH'S MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dash enters, CELL still RINGING. He's about to answer until he sees RED CROW sitting at the small table. They stand addressing each other in silence for a beat.

RED CROW

I know you killed One Star.

(off Dash's flinch)

And I know you didn't mean to do it. But that's not going to be an easy sell. I want to help you.

DASH

Why? Because he thought you sent me?

RED CROW

(stone-faced)

I'm only going to offer once.

Red Crow exits the room. Dash's CELL RINGS again. He considers answering but instead, follows Red Crow out.

INT. ROOM - SAME

Metal folding chairs around a table littered with files and empty coffee cups. BAYLISS EARL NITZ (50) leans back in a chair, setting his CELL PHONE down.

We PULL BACK and see various surveillance PHOTOS of RED CROW and the Crazy Horse taped to the wall.

Nitz lights a cigarette. Sets the lighter down next to a set of keys and an open wallet. Inside is a BADGE and an FBI ID: SPECIAL AGENT BAYLISS NITZ.

EXT. THE CRAZY HORSE / MAIN ENTRANCE- NIGHT

A BLACK TOWNCAR pulls up. VALETS open the door. A small, ancient looking Hmong man gets out--

MR. BRASS. One sleeve of his suit hangs empty. In his only hand, he holds a black doctor's bag. He frowns at the gaudy lights before him.

EXT. THE OWL RIDGE - NIGHT

Catcher sits astride Festus, on an overlook, the Rez spread out before him. He drinks deeply from an mason jar.

CATCHER

In Xanadu did Kubla Kahn a stately
pleasure dome decree.

The lights of the Crazy Horse reflect bright in his aviators.

FADE TO BLACK.

END