

APACHE PASTELS

Written by

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INT. INTERIOR ENTRANCE OF THE EMERGENCY ROOM AT PHOENIX  
GENERAL HOSPITAL - LATE SPRING - 1987

Goyan Jones (25) bursts through the entrance door with her  
daughter, Little Feather Jones (6), in her arms.

Goyan is a beautiful Apache Indian.

Little Feather (6), also lovely, is completely bald from  
chemo therapy, is pale and bleeds from her nose and mouth.

GOYAN

Hold on, honey. We're here.

Little feather passes out.

Goyan hurries her to the counter, where there's a  
receptionist, Patricia (35).

They know each other from Little Feather's frequent medical  
emergencies.

GOYAN (CONT'D)

Patricia, please tell Doctor Westin  
we're back.

PATRICIA

But Goyan . . .

Dr. Sally Westin (40) hurries up to Goyan and Little Feather.

DR. WESTIN

(To Patricia)

I got your message. We're taking  
station seven.

PATRICIA

But there are other patients who  
came . . .

DR. WESTIN

. . . can't you see that Little  
Feather is critical?

PATRICIA

Yes, doctor.

DR. WESTIN

(To Goyan)

Follow me, Goyan.

INT. HALLWAY IN ICU - LATER

Dr. Westin updates Goyan on Little Feather's condition.

DR. WESTIN

Look, while the chemo fights, the leukemia fights back. It reeks havoc on her little body.

GOYAN

You said Little Feather's leukemia was the more manageable kind.

DR. WESTIN

Oh, believe me, Little Feather wouldn't still be here if it were the other kind. Look, she's stable. We'll keep her overnight.

GOYAN

Shouldn't she be with you a little longer than that?

DR. WESTIN

The board, Goyan, is aware of Little Feather. They're afraid the treatment is gonna get way ahead of the money. Your government help expired three weeks ago.

GOYAN

So just let her die?

DR. WESTIN

Let's be optimistic. I know it's hard, but things like this seem to work themselves out.

GOYAN

Right, after the patient dies.

DR. WESTIN

We're doing all we can, Goyan. We all love Little Feather. You know that. Oh, and next time, call an ambulance.

GOYAN

Too expensive.

DR. WESTIN

Yes, but . . . there are too many things that could happen . . .

GOYAN

. . . what else could possibly happen?

DR. WESTIN

Look, her heart took a pounding this time: Myocarditis, which is inflammation of the heart muscle from an infection.

GOYAN

Don't tell me that. Good, God!

Dr. Westin puts her arm around Goyan's shoulder.

DR. WESTIN

We discussed Little Feather's immune system weaknesses that come with chemo therapy. We've got her heart under control.

GOYAN

Yeah, but, fuck, it's just too much.

DR. WESTIN

Control your anxiety, Goyan. None of it is helpful to Little Feather or you.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE TO ARIZONA STATE MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON

Goyan enters through several security stations.

She carries a small purse and a small gift box with a bow.

INT. PRISON VISITING CENTER

Goyan checks in at the visitor window.

The guard, Thelma (36), hands her a plastic chip with a number on it.

THELMA

Since it's your dad's birthday, you get up to one hour. Do you have your security inspection tag.

Goyan hands her the tag.

THELMA (CONT'D)

Remember, only employees get to take tags home. You left with it before, and you've obviously lost it, right?

GOYAN

Look, I'm sorry, things aren't going well.

THELMA

I heard. You hang in there, girl. Dad gets in trouble, now Little Feather's illness. You should bring her with you.

GOYAN

Doctor Westin says to keep her away from public places as much as possible because of . . .

THELMA

. . . infections? Yeah, this is a pretty infected place but not just people's bodies, if you know what I mean?

GOYAN

It's prison, Thelma.

Thelma winks.

THELMA

Oh, yeah.

INT. AT A TABLE NEXT TO A MINIMALLY BARRED WINDOW THAT OVERLOOKS THE PRISON ENTRANCE

Goyan sits across from her Apache father, Jaadi Jones (49). He has a black eye.

They haven't spoken, yet, as Goyan goes through her purse.

GOYAN

I brought your Sees Chocolates. Mostly chocolate covered caramels. I made sure to tell them "no maple."

JAADI

Thanks, kiddo.

GOYAN

I hope they're not melted. I cranked the car AC on the way here, but it's broken like everything else in my life.

JAADI

Melted chocolate is better than no chocolate at all.

Goyan points at Jaadi's black eye.

GOYAN

You okay?

JAADI

Askin' about my health?

GOYAN

I guess.

JAADI

It's hard to tell if I'm sick. Or I'm just in prison.

GOYAN

Maybe I should be asking about the health of your mind and that black eye.

JAADI

I'm slow and awkward now. I ran into a wall. Just like I got slow stealing cars and ran into Detective Hooper.

Jaadi looks out the window.

JAADI (CONT'D)

You didn't come for my last birthday. Why this one? And with Sees Candy? My granddaughter okay?

GOYAN

First of all, I was here just last week. I missed a birthday. So what. Don't be so sensitive. Jaadi, look, Little Feather's bad.

JAADI

Fuck.

GOYAN

She needs two chemo courses that I can't get help for, from the Res or the government. And your stash is gone.

JAADI

All forty five grand?

GOYAN

Every cent went to treatments. I promise.

JAADI

If I could only get out of here. Do a few dozen cars . . .

GOYAN

You'd just get busted, again.

JAADI

Still having trouble at work?

GOYAN

I'm a waitress. Need I say more? It's not too bad. Aside from medical bills, it pays the other bills, sort of.

JAADI

You look just like your mother when your face gets all knotted up with worry. Any word about her?

GOYAN

Still in Chowchilla.

JAADI

She should've stuck with cars. Damn jewelry. She always loved jewelry.

Jaadi looks out the window.

JAADI (CONT'D)

We could've been better parents.

GOYAN

What a stupid thing to say. Parents? Your aunt raised me, sort of. I saw you sometimes, barely know mom.

JAADI

I'm here now.

GOYAN  
My Perv father.

JAADI  
What?

GOYAN  
One of the few times you came around when I was kid, you showed my friend and me the Saigon Tattoo on your ass! Why not just the USMC tat on your arm?

JAADI  
I'm proud of my service, Goyan.

GOYAN  
Yeah, but my friend was eight. You were on acid, and, while your pants were down, you asked her if she was hungry.

JAADI  
I told you before that it wasn't acid. It was peyote buttons. Healthy. Natural.

GOYAN  
I can't get your ass out of my head.

JAADI  
Stop thinking about your father's ass. Now, that's weird.

Goyan rolls her eyes.

GOYAN  
How did you just turn that shit on me? You're so good at that. Listen, Jaadi, we have to think of something for Little Feather. Treatments will come to thirty thousand. Without it, she'll die. With it, Doctor Westin thinks she has a good chance.

Goyan sheds tears.

GOYAN (CONT'D)  
Without my Little Feather, I'm nothing.



JAADI

I've already done a lot of thinking about this eventuality. I've got a few ideas. I can't believe Little Feather's already six. Did she get my birthday card?

GOYAN

Was it you who drew the picture on the front?

JAADI

Pastels.

GOYAN

Why is it a picture of a human ass?

JAADI

No, no, no. It's a picture of a honey bun they serve here in the cafeteria.

Goyan looks worried.

GOYAN

Yeah, but, why would you make a picture of a honey bun that looks like an ass on your granddaughter's birthday card?

Jaadi looks out the window.

JAADI

How about my poem inside?

GOYAN

Prison is short-circuiting your brain.

JAADI

That's what it's supposed to do.

Goyan rolls her eyes, again.

Jaadi looks like he's got an idea.

JAADI (CONT'D)

Look out the window.

Goyan looks.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - SIMULTANEOUS

Kevin Gantry, a young white man (27), handsome and buff, in cut offs and a tank top passes through the security stations.

He smiles and waves at security guards.

JAADI  
Stand and wave to him.

GOYAN  
Why stand?

JAADI  
Hurry before he gets inside. Just  
do it.

Goyan stands, which catches Kevin's attention.

As Kevin sees Goyan waving through the window, he smiles and waves back but bumps hard into a poll, quickly recovers but is obviously embarrassed.

GOYAN  
Is that the creative writing  
teacher you told me about?

JAADI  
Hot, right?

Goyan becomes lightly defiant.

GOYAN  
Depends on how you define "hot."

JAADI  
Maybe it's a long shot, but I just  
thought of a way to raise money for  
Little Feather.

GOYAN  
We gonna sell poems to raise money?  
Your book doesn't even make money  
even though it got good reviews.

JAADI  
Would you date Kevin?

GOYAN  
Oh, yeah, why don't I just jiggle  
for him right now.

Goyan glances out the window.

JAADI  
Too late. He's inside now.

Goyan sits.

GOYAN  
Fuck you. Tell me about him.

Jaadi takes his time to think about it.

JAADI  
Okay, let's see. He's liberal,  
naive. And you're a hot Apache  
chick.

Jaadi gets up to leave.

GOYAN  
Wait, we get an hour this time.

Jaadi quickly sits back down.

JAADI  
But if I don't get some paper and  
write this idea down, I might  
forget.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY AT A SERVICE WINDOW

Jaadi is standing outside the window, and, Maynard (35), a  
guard, is on the other side.

MAYNARD  
Inmate Jones, what do you need?

JAADI  
I need some paper, sir.

Maynard steps back into a room and comes back with a roll of  
toilet paper.

MAYNARD  
According to my records, you got a  
roll the day before yesterday. You  
should still have some. Gettin'  
old, are we? Or is it . . . an  
Apache thing?

Jaadi's accustomed to Maynard's remarks and doesn't flinch.

JAADI

It's a poet thing. Do you have a legal pad? Just something to write on?

MAYNARD

There was, uh, some communist writer--Jack "somebody"--that wrote a whole book on a roll of toilet paper. Just make sure you don't use it on your ass after writing on it. The red man makes due, right?

Maynard chuckles.

JAADI

Toilet paper was strong enough to write on when Jack Kerouac wrote *On the Road*, but the paper was more abrasive on ass holes.

Maynard is confused.

MAYNARD

Oh, yeah, right.

INT. WARDEN JACKSON'S OFFICE - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Kevin Gantry sits in front of Warden Jackson's desk. Jackson(51) is a sensible leader.

WARDEN JACKSON

Remind me when you start teaching today, Kevin?

KEVIN

The poetry workshop starts in ten minutes.

WARDEN JACKSON

I'm afraid we're going to have to post a guard in your classroom.

Kevin appears confused.

KEVIN

If you do that, my students won't feel as free to express themselves.

WARDEN JACKSON

Don't we want to keep them from expressing themselves?

KEVIN

You're referring to inmate Willard playing with himself?

WARDEN JACKSON

In class, no less, along with inmate Griffin.

KEVIN

I handled that.

WARDEN JACKSON

This is a prison, I'm afraid, and my decision stands.

KEVIN

It's not gonna work very well.

WARDEN JACKSON

If you'd dress a little more conservatively . . .

KEVIN

. . . probably make them do it more.

WARDEN JACKSON

Sometimes I wish the university could send us a teacher, shall I say, a bit less Robert Redford-ish?

KEVIN

I've tried to think of ways to change the way I look, but . . .

WARDEN JACKSON

. . . I know you're a fine teacher, Kevin, and that's what matters.

KEVIN

Willard and Griffin are just love-starved.

WARDEN JACKSON

Not true. They both get plenty of love in their respective blocks. But none of their sail boys look like you . . .

## INT. POETRY WORKSHOP CLASSROOM

In a classroom with ten desks, all occupied, a teacher's desk up front, and a chalk board, Kevin talks about the Beat Poets.

Peter Griffin, a pale-white inmate (40), sits in front and fondles his penis.

KEVIN

Peter, how can I talk about Allen Ginsberg? If you keep this up, I'm gonna have to drop you. Come on, you got your "guy" all the way out!

Prison Guard, Kenny Ball, hurries over to Peter and grabs him by the arm.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I don't think that's necessary, Kenny.

PETER

(To Kenny)

I'm cool. I'll stop.

KENNY

You better stay "cool," you perv fuck!

PETER

Everybody knows I can't help it. I have a sickness.

KENNY

Bullshit.

Kevin tries to change the subject.

KEVIN

Jaadi?

JAADI

Gotchu, boss.

KEVIN

Just wanted to announce your latest publication in the *New York Anthology*. That's a big one.

Jaadi smiles and nods.

The other students give Jaadi a big hand.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Allen Ginsberg would be proud of you. I just want to tell the class that Mr. Ginsberg, himself, has offered Jaadi a writer-in-residence position at Naropa Institute, that is, after Jaadi gets paroled.

JAADI

You think they'll parole an Apache? That's funny.

KEVIN

Parole boards appreciate this kind of news, Jaadi.

JAADI

You're a good white man, boss, but you don't have to always try to save me.

Another inmate, Robert Chalmers (60), chimes in.

ROBERT

(To Jaadi)

Bro, I think Kevin means that your poems might save you.

KEVIN

Jaadi, read the published poem to the class.

Jaadi palms his chest as if to say, "me."

KEVIN (CONT'D)

From the front of the room.

Jaadi carries the thick anthology with the poem inside to the front of the room.

JAADI

### **THE RES**

On the Res, worms pack  
The skulls of our ancestors.  
Everything here happens  
For a reason. Almost never our  
Reason; its origin is not  
Heavenly, not even  
Well thought out. It's why  
We're passed out on  
The afternoon sofa,  
A drink away from oblivion.

(MORE)

JAADI (CONT'D)

On the Res, what else can  
We do in the face of reason  
That has no wings? Even our  
Gods are inebriated.  
Our ancestors' ghosts pass through  
The desert, the Res. They pass over  
Like clouds. Sometimes they go  
slow, deliberate. And sometimes  
They break fast from cactus to  
cactus, kicking up dust, dust  
That dances like flames.

The inmates all applaud Jaadi.

ROBERT

(To Jaadi)

You're a better poet than car  
thieve.

JAADI

Well, I got caught stealing cars.

ROBERT

Well, now you've been caught  
writing poems.

Jaadi is taken with Robert's remark.

JAADI

Don't steal my thunder, Robert.  
What you just said is better than  
my poem.

Laughs.

ROBERT

Careful what you say, for you might  
be writing a poem.

Peter Griffin stands and gazes at Robert.

PETER

(To Robert)

You're like Socrates now, huh?  
Fuck, man, you guys are too smart  
for me. Why the fuck am I here?

ROBERT

Kevin, of course. Be careful where  
you are because you might find a  
"Kevin."



JAADI

Robert, you're giving me the creeps, and I'm sure Kevin doesn't appreciate that remark. We all know you're smart, man, but do you always have to show off?

Robert shrugs his shoulders.

INT. STILL IN THE CLASSROOM

Class has ended, but Jaadi and Kevin talk at the front desk.

JAADI

Ah, you noticed her? Goyan?

KEVIN

Well, Jaadi, come on. Who wouldn't notice her?

JAADI

She's even educating herself. She's taking classes at ASU, transferred from Pima Collage.

KEVIN

What's her major?

JAADI

Communications. Want to meet her? Then she can tell you these things, herself.

KEVIN

Well, gosh, Jaadi, this is a little awkward. I mean, you're her father.

JAADI

Attraction is an awkward thing now? Fireworks are awkward? No, 'cause the noise of attraction drowns out anything "awkward."

KEVIN

Yeah?

Jaadi shows Kevin a small piece of note paper.

JAADI

Meet her. Calm the noise. Here's her phone number. By the way, I went over your poem. Well crafted.

KEVIN  
That's good to hear.

JAADI  
You know what I'm gonna say, don't  
you?

KEVIN  
Still too much like James Wright?

JAADI  
Gotta find your own voice. I am  
seeing a little more of you in this  
one.

KEVIN  
I'll stop reading Wright for a  
while.

JAADI  
I'm speaking figuratively here, but  
you've got to find a public place,  
Kevin, pull down your pants and  
jack off in front of everybody.

KEVIN  
I'd better practice that at home  
first before I go public.

They laugh.

JAADI  
Read through the *Canterbury Tales*,  
again, Sylvia Plath, Maurice Kenny,  
and Charles Bukowski.

KEVIN  
Those poets are worlds apart in  
voice.

JAADI  
When you read them, think about  
your voice compared to theirs. They  
will give you permission to fall in  
love with your own strangeness.

Jaadi gives Kevin the piece of paper with Goyan's number on  
it.

JAADI (CONT'D)  
Goyan's number.

KEVIN  
What if, after I dig up my  
strangeness, I find that I'm not  
strange enough?

JAADI  
Everybody's strange. The phone  
number!

Kevin takes Goyan's phone number.

INT. ASU'S ENGLISH DEPARTMENT MAIN OFFICE

Kevin enters the main office, and graduate student admin  
assistant, Bobby Wykoff (27), waves at Kevin.

BOBBY  
Nick's waiting for you, Kevin.

KEVIN  
Thanks, Bobby.

BOBBY  
By the way, I liked your reading  
the other day at Ginny's Book  
Store.

KEVIN  
Do you think I write like James  
Wright?

BOBBY  
Well, yeah, but you gotta start  
somewhere, right?

KEVIN  
Start? I've been writing poetry for  
as long as I can remember.

BOBBY  
Just stop reading Wright for a  
while.

INT. CHAIR PERSON'S OFFICE

Nick Barbour (60) and obviously gay, sits behind a modest  
desk and smiles big when Kevin enters.

NICK  
Kevin, I loved your reading the  
other day.

KEVIN

Do you think my work is like James Wright's?

NICK

Well, yes, but I've always loved James Wright, so there ya go.

KEVIN

Been told I should stop reading him for a while.

NICK

Don't stay away from him for long. Hey, I've been talking on the phone with Warden Jackson out at the prison, and he's a little worried about you, young man. Students have actually pulled out their penises in admiration?

KEVIN

Oh, yeah, inmates will be inmates.

NICK

Jaadi Jones isn't showing his penis, is he?

KEVIN

Never happen.

NICK

I love his poetry.

KEVIN

I think the guys are under control for now. Warden Jackson posted a guard nearby.

NICK

I'm worried about my favorite grad student. I've actually thought about pulling you from prison classes.

KEVIN

Oh, Nick, please don't.

NICK

If you're worried about compensation, I can add classes to your schedule here on campus.

KEVIN

It's not the money, Nick. They're my best writers. It's not only Jaadi, who of course is my best, but there are other amazing writers.

NICK

This might not be any of my business, Kevin, but it would help matters if you wore long pants and a more "conservative" shirt. For that matter, tennis shoes would be better than sandals. You look like a younger Redford, you know?

KEVIN

You tell me that a lot, and I'm flattered.

Nick smiles.

NICK

Let's just see what happens next. We're finished here, I suppose.

EXT. KEVIN'S OLDER MODEL TOYOTA CAMRY PULLING UP TO A SECTION 8 APARTMENT COMPLEX - EARLY EVENING

EXT. GOYAN'S APARTMENT DOOR

After Kevin rings the door bell, the door cracks open, but the door chain is still hooked, and Little Feather shows her face.

Little Feather hurries back into the house, but she leaves the door cracked open, yet still chained.

LITTLE FEATHER

Mommy! Mommy! It's the handsome white man!

Goyan rushes toward the door.

GOYAN

Little Feather, don't be rude. You should let Kevin in.

Goyan unchains the door. She wears baggy shorts and a tight tee-shirt. Her raven hair is long.

The apartment is simply furnished and very clean with some Native American paraphernalia.

Kevin and Goyan glare at each other for a bit, and their attraction is instant.

GOYAN (CONT'D)  
Come in, Kevin.

KEVIN  
Hey, thanks, Goyan. I like saying  
your name.

GOYAN  
Oh, okay. It's Apache.

KEVIN  
Because you're Apache.

Goyan smiles.

Kevin rolls his eyes with a big sigh.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Count on me to say stupid things.

Goyan giggles, which breaks the ice.

Kevin and Goyan change from feeling slightly awkward to happily relieved and can't stop looking into each other's eyes.

Then Kevin notices Little Feather's hand waving back and forth in front of his face.

GOYAN  
My daughter, Little Feather. Little  
Feather, Kevin.

KEVIN  
(To Little Feather)  
"Little Feather" as opposed to "Big  
Feather?"

LITTLE FEATHER  
I'm never gonna be a Big Feather.

GOYAN  
Oh, honey, yes you will.

Kevin then realizes he's stuck his foot in his mouth.

KEVIN  
Oh, I said something else wrong?

GOYAN

Oh, please, Kevin, it's okay.

LITTLE FEATHER

You're a really handsome white man,  
Kevin.

KEVIN

And you're a really pretty girl,  
Little Feather.

LITTLE FEATHER

(Calmly and with a  
particular need to spook  
Kevin)

I'm doomed, you know.

GOYAN

Oh, Little Feather!

The baby sitter, Betty Brightwater (45 and also Apache) walks  
through the open front door.

Little Feather hurries up to give Betty a hug.

GOYAN (CONT'D)

Kevin, this is Betty. She's also  
Apache and she's been helping with  
Little Feather for a few years.

LITTLE FEATHER

I don't need much help, but Betty  
likes Barbie Dolls and doesn't mind  
that I'm dying.

BETTY

Oh, now, Little Feather, you hush.

LITTLE FEATHER

I'm leaving my toys to Betty.

GOYAN

Little Feather, we talked about  
this. Come on, Kevin's our new  
friend.

LITTLE FEATHER

No, he's your new friend.

KEVIN

No, Little Feather, I'm your  
friend, too.

Silence for a bit.

LITTLE FEATHER  
Does that mean you'll play Barbies  
with me?

KEVIN  
Of course, I assume you have a Ken  
doll?

LITTLE FEATHER  
Got two Kens. But one's got only  
one leg.

KEVIN  
So, next time we'll play, okay?

LITTLE FEATHER  
Better make it soon.

GOYAN  
Kevin, we'd better go . . .

INT. INSIDE KEVIN'S TOYOTA CAMRY

Goyan and Kevin are on their way to dinner.

They're both smiling and keep glancing at one another.

GOYAN  
Thanks for being so patient with  
Little Feather.

KEVIN  
It's her way of reaching out. She's  
really smart.

GOYAN  
Too smart. She's already reading  
Nancy Drew Mysteries. Her rudeness?  
She's probably afraid you're gonna  
take me away from her.

INT. INSIDE KEVIN'S CAR IN A RESTAURANT PARKING LOT

Kevin and Goyan chat in the front seat.

They're attraction is strong.

KEVIN  
Mexican okay? You know, it's  
curious that native Americans don't  
open restaurants in Arizona.



Goyan moves close to him and lowers a palm on his shoulder.

Kevin smiles.

GOYAN

I love Mexican food, Kevin.

Kevin glances at her hand on his shoulder.

KEVIN

If I'm feeling like this after only  
your hand on my shoulder, then I'm  
done for.

They kiss lightly at first, then very passionately.

They continue their talk between kisses.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Should we look for an Apache  
restaurant?

GOYAN

We'll never find one.

KEVIN

Fine with me.

GOYAN

We're growing adults. We need to go  
inside to get our nutrition.

KEVIN

Enough nutrition right here.

GOYAN

I'm gonna burst if we don't go in  
now, Kevin.

KEVIN

Burst?

GOYAN

Let's go.

INT. INSIDE THE MEXICAN RESTAURANT

Kevin and Goyan sit across from each other in a booth with  
their food in front of them.

Kevin takes a sloppy bite.

KEVIN

Three ninety five for the best burrito in Phoenix.

GOYAN

I think you're paying homage to my tribe. We're in Tempe, close to ASU, on Apache Boulevard, no less. What classes are you teaching? My father says your publishing well.

KEVIN

I've published some poems and short stories in good literary journals. I teach basic lit, the Middle English lit, poetry writing and advanced composition. I'm still just a TA, but I'll probably finish my PhD in a year.

GOYAN

That's great, Kevin. You must be so smart. I'm sure many girls want your company.

KEVIN

Didn't have time for dating until . . . well . . .

GOYAN

. . . it's like time reinvents itself when you meet the right person.

Kevin smiles.

KEVIN

You're doing great.

GOYAN

It's very hard with Little Feather. I work long hours at restaurant waiting tables. Betty's a heaven sent: she can weave baskets on our kitchen table. Her baskets are beautiful and sell very well to tourists. She's my best friend, and loves Little Feather.

KEVIN

Are you guys related?

GOYAN  
We think so. Anyway, I see all  
Apache as relatives.

Goyan stands up.

GOYAN (CONT'D)  
I think there's a phone near the  
restrooms. I need to call home.

Kevin watches her in awe as she walks toward the back of the  
restaurant.

INT. SAME RESTAURANT TABLE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Goyan comes back from her phone call.

KEVIN  
Little Feather okay?

GOYAN  
They're making you a basket  
together. A gift. So, you'll have  
to come inside when we get home.

Kevin takes her hand.

KEVIN  
This feeling is new to me.

GOYAN  
Me, too, Kevin. I feel . . .

KEVIN  
. . . Joy?

Goyan gets up and takes the seat next to Kevin, and they kiss  
passionately.

Other customers take notice and smile.

INT. INSIDE KEVIN'S CAR

Kevin and Goyan are sitting side-by-side as they pull up to  
her apartment complex.

GOYAN  
When I talked with Betty on the  
phone, she agreed to take Little  
Feather over to her place, said  
your basket will be on the kitchen  
table.

INT. IN GOYAN'S BED

Kevin and Goyan make love. Lots of laughing and joy.

INT. IN GOYAN'S BED - A LITTLE LATER

Kevin and Goyan hold each other in a passionate embrace after love making.

GOYAN

Little Feather's father and I never married. He was from the Hopi tribe, and he had a problem with cheap whiskey.

KEVIN

Does Little Feather know about him?

GOYAN

I told her he was beautiful but that he couldn't stay away from the booze. He did a lot of drugs, too, but I haven't told her about that.

KEVIN

What was her reaction? Mind you, I'm just trying to suss out how to be with her.

GOYAN

She thinks his booze-poisoned blood gave her cancer.

KEVIN

Why would the universe make such a beautiful child so sick?

GOYAN

I ask myself that question every day. But it was the same universe that brought you into my life.

KEVIN

Brought you and your father to me. I think Jaadi is an incredible poet.

GOYAN

He used to write poems and mail them to me when I was little. I've always suspected something special there. Too bad he's been so irresponsible.

KEVIN

I guess he was a car thief of some legend.

GOYAN

He told me way before he got caught that, if he ever got even ten seconds slower, the cops would have him.

KEVIN

A while back . . . well, he knows I help support my mother, right? And he actually told me he'd tutor me on how to steal high end cars. Said he'd fix me up with a pro on the outside. Of course I said "no."

GOYAN

He made a fortune while times were good. And he always bragged that it was "tax free." He donated most of it to the Apache Reservation.

KEVIN

Does he ever regret giving all that money away?

GOYAN

He never did until now. I'm running out of money for Little Feather's chemo, the government assistance has ended, and we've gone through all of Jaadi's cash.

KEVIN

No insurance?

GOYAN

We had a useless policy. I can't afford premiums, anyway.

KEVIN

I wish I could help, but I'm pretty poor. My mother's handicapped and can't work. She gets almost half of everything I make.

GOYAN

Little Feather's not your responsibility. And her oncologist, Doctor Westin, is fairly hopeful.

KEVIN

There's gotta be a way. I'll try to think of an idea.

GOYAN

Good ideas are always in the air like moths, and you hope one will land on your head.

KEVIN

You sound like Jaadi.

GOYAN

Jaadi's aunt, Falling Shadow, the person who raised me, used to tell me the same thing. She writes poems like Jaadi but never tried to publish them. She's poor and still lives on the Res. Anyway, I got a lot of my mother's dullness; I don't think I'd be a good poet.

INT. PRISON CLASSROOM - TWO WEEKS LATER

The inmates leave the classroom, but Jaadi stays behind to talk with Kevin.

Jaadi hands Kevin some new poetry.

JAADI

Let me know what you think.

KEVIN

I'll tell you right now? I'm in love with Goyan. No other relationship in my life has even come close.

JAADI

You know that after only two weeks?

KEVIN

I just don't know how Goyan feels about mine and Little Feather's relationship. I mean, I try to play with her. I love her, too. But . . .

JAADI

Well, Kevin, soon, I'm afraid, you won't have to worry about that.

KEVIN

What do you mean?

JAADI

Without more chemo, thirty thousand dollars worth, Little Feather is going to die.

KEVIN

Oh, fuck, Goyan gave me the impression . . .

JAADI

. . . that our precious baby had a good chance? No, she won't make it without treatment. It's that simple. Goyan, I'm sure, didn't want to burden you with that reality.

KEVIN

We can't just let that happen.

JAADI

I'm open to ideas, Kevin. But we need ideas fast. Apparently, her cancer is progressing fairly slowly, but not that slowly . . .

INT. GOYAN'S BED - THAT NIGHT

Kevin and Goyan hold each other.

GOYAN

I'm glad she's had a chance to know you, Kevin, before, before . . .

Kevin sits up quickly.

KEVIN

Before what? Before what?

Goyan switches sides, turns away from Kevin.

GOYAN

If it happens, the dark sky will have me in its winds. I'll need somebody to keep me on earth. I'm so, so frightened, Kevin.

Goyan turns back around, holds Kevin and cries.

KEVIN

I have a plan, Goyan. I have a plan. I love you, you know?

GOYAN

And I love you.

EXT. GOYAN'S KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Betty Bridgewater and Goyan talk as Betty works on a basket.

BETTY

Have you and Kevin gotten any strange glances from folks?

GOYAN

Yeah, but I'm not sure what they mean. Of course, I am always aware of the racism out there, but that makes my feelings for Kevin even stronger.

BETTY

Hell, they could be looking at you guys only because you're both so pretty.

GOYAN

I've been getting those looks since I was about thirteen. And the ladies are checking Kevin out all the time. It is true that some white women act like I'm not even there. One of them acted like she was trying to get around Kevin, when she had plenty of room, and smashed her breasts into him. They think there's no way Kevin could actually be interested in me.

BETTY

Stressful.

GOYAN

I'm used to negative attention.

BETTY

When I was young and pretty . . .

GOYAN

. . . you're still pretty, Betty.



BETTY

I dated a white boy. I was twenty.  
God, did he love me. And I loved  
him.

GOYAN

What was he like?

BETTY

Reminded me of Johnny Cash,  
couldn't sing, though. He was a  
truck driver, long hauls. When he'd  
get back into town, he went after  
my body like a wild animal. It was  
fun for a while.

GOYAN

Oh, my God. Somehow, I can't  
picture . . .

BETTY

. . . His parents wouldn't have it,  
though. When he introduced me, they  
treated me like I had leprosy.

GOYAN

Sorry to hear that, Betty. Kevin  
says his mother is okay with us.  
His father died when he was six. By  
the way, I haven't asked you for  
awhile, but are you ever going to  
date, again? I mean, it's been  
three years since Long Mountain  
died.

BETTY

I'm happy right now just to have my  
two kids. They're making clay pots  
and dishes, no drugs, and they  
don't drink much. I'm grateful.  
And, I have you guys, too.

GOYAN

I'm so happy you have your  
children.

Silence.

BETTY

Little Feather's gonna make it,  
Goyan.

Goyan tears up and nods.

INT. PRISON CLASSROOM

Kevin and Jaadi, alone in the classroom, sit close to each other.

JAADI  
You're sure about this, Kevin?

KEVIN  
I can't just stand by and watch  
Little Feather go.

JAADI  
Okay, then, our man knows you're  
coming. Obviously, I can't say much  
here. Go and learn all you can  
before you start. It's all about  
controlling time. It's about  
accuracy, too. He'll show you.

KEVIN  
I'm a little scared.

JAADI  
Good. A little scared is okay, but  
don't let it overwhelm your task.

EXT. A JUNK YARD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PHOENIX - NEXT MORNING

Kevin pulls up to the Junkyard reception building, a large  
(single floor, around four thousand square feet) somewhat  
unkempt tin and steel structure, which is a little unkempt.

INT. A RECEPTION AREA WITH A LONG COUNTER

A rough-around-the-edges Eddie Bender (60) is behind the  
counter. He reads a Motor Trend Magazine.

On shelves behind the counter are many car parts.

EDDIE  
Kevin, is it?

KEVIN  
Yeah.

Eddie points to a door.

EDDIE

Come around the counter, take the door inside. Rufus is waiting for you.

Kevin walks around the counter and almost gets to the door when Eddie takes him by the arm.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Look, kid, Rufus was as good as Jaadi ever was. They were the best this state has ever seen. Get me? If you listen to him, you won't get caught. Understand?

KEVIN

Sure. Rufus doesn't actually steal the cars?

EDDIE

Be a good student, and you'll be okay.

KEVIN

Do you steal cars?

EDDIE

Like Rufus, I'm too slow. We just receive the goods and do car detailing now. We use the young and fast to actually steal them. We're not in the joint 'cause we stopped when the stoppin' was good. Now, go on in.

Kevin opens the door and enters.

INT. A LARGE WORK AREA WITH TWO AUTO PAINTING TENTS AND A 1957 CORVETTE STINGRAY WITH ITS PAINT STRIPPED

Kevin looks around for Rufus Oday (47, Apache). Rufus has a PhD in English literature but left the profession a long time before.

Rufus is also an accomplished poet.

RUFUS (O.S.)

It's quite spare in here, is it not?

Rufus appears near the Corvette.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
Yes, we even primer them,  
everything an excellent body shop  
does. This Vette was once baby blue  
but it will soon be two-tone, blood  
red and off white. I'm Rufus. I'm  
going to give you a crash course in  
how to steal high end cars.

Rufus steps over to a work table, on top of which is an old  
brief case.

Rufus opens it.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
These tools will be your work life.  
Please step over here.

Kevin steps over to the work table.

First, Rufus holds out his hand to shake.

They shake hands.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
Pleasure.

KEVIN  
Kevin Gantry.

RUFUS  
Kevin, these tools are on loan from  
the best in the business, Jaadi  
Jones, himself.

KEVIN  
Oh, my God, really?

Rufus points out each tool.

RUFUS  
This thin-long piece of aluminum is  
called a slim Jim for pulling up a  
door lock, this one's a slide  
hammer, which pulls out the  
existing ignition, and this is a  
flat-head screw driver used to  
actually start the car so you can  
steal it.

KEVIN  
What good is a car without an  
ignition.

RUFUS

We simply replace the ignition later, one of my many tasks. I enjoy it.

KEVIN

Learning curve here.

RUFUS

Oh, on TV, you always see car thieves taking off the steering column shroud and hot wiring. We don't do that unless it's absolutely necessary. It's messy and can cause damage.

Rufus holds up another tool that looks like a coat hanger.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Sometimes you have to use this, that is, if the slim Jim doesn't work and if the window rubber stripping is malleable as is the case, for example, with most Fords. Of course, we don't bother with Fords very often. Lincolns bring good money, but because they're so damn big, it takes too long to turn them over. Too much labor and expensive paint. True with Caddy's as well except for the smaller Seville.

EXT. OUT IN THE JUNK YARD

Rufus and Kevin stand next to a beaten up Chevy Impala.

RUFUS

This Chevy is locked. I have to unlock it in five seconds or less.

Rufus takes a slim Jim, slides it between the window and the rubber trim, feels around, and then pulls up. There's a loudish click.

KEVIN

Damn, that took only about five seconds.

RUFUS

I started doing this before you were born.

(MORE)

RUFUS (CONT'D)

I tell you, it was a great way to work my way through university.

KEVIN

Jaadi said you've got a PhD?

RUFUS

In Middle English Literature. Chaucer is my hero.

KEVIN

One of mine, too. Princeton, right?

RUFUS

I was the only full-blooded native American there at the time. My dissertation was on humor in Chaucer. It published with McGraw Hill.

KEVIN

Holy, shit. Why did you leave academia?

RUFUS

I couldn't handle the egos, the dishonesty, corruption.

KEVIN

So you're a thief and a poet. Do you still do readings?

RUFUS

I don't like readings. I feel too exposed.

KEVIN

Didn't you read with Maurice Kenny at the university a few years ago.

RUFUS

Ah, yes, two Indians on display, an Apache and a Mohawk. I was honored to read with him.

Rufus holds up a slide hammer.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Anyway, I've got to show you how to pop an ignition with the slide hammer. It's a lot like jacking a giant penis. Tomorrow you're turning your first car.

KEVIN

It's too soon.

RUFUS

Getting thrown to the wolves is the best way to learn. I'll be nearby watching out for you. I'll follow you back here, we'll pull the car into this garage bay, then I'll drive you to your next target.

KEVIN

Next car?

RUFUS

We'll take two cars tomorrow. Hey, you'll be making five thousand a week before you know it. By the way, I've decided to donate to Little Feather's treatment as well. We're in this together. Hell, I'd take care of all of it, but I've got a little problem. I bet on the horses. Terrible habit. But it makes me happy, ya know? Do you gamble?

KEVIN

I lost too much money once in Vegas and decided it wasn't for me.

RUFUS

Do you do drugs?

KEVIN

No, too many responsibilities, support my mother, gotta get through school.

RUFUS

Good, never steal a car when you're high because you'll fuck up and get caught.

KEVIN

Rufus, I'm really boring and straight.

RUFUS

By the way, it's not too late for you to step away from this. Jaadi wanted me to tell you that.

KEVIN

I'm in.

RUFUS

Let's do it, then.

KEVIN

I hear you don't actually steal cars anymore.

RUFUS

I'd get caught, arthritis in half of my joints, makes me too slow. I have a real hard time with the slide hammer. You have to know when it's time to quit.

KEVIN

Sorry to hear it.

RUFUS

I stay in the game, though, got a few young men bringing nice stock to me. I'm pretty happy with detailing the cars. The guy who brought that classic Vette in is gonna get five thousand bucks. No playin' around here. Let's make you some money.

INT. IN GOYAN'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kevin and Goyan sip wine at the kitchen table.

KEVIN

Tomorrow, I'll no longer be a virgin.

Goyan takes Kevin's hand.

GOYAN

Can you really do this?

KEVIN

I've got a good feel for the slim Jim, but I'm still a little awkward with the slide hammer. Rufus said that if I start making mistakes-- you know, if I'm taking too long-- to just abort the job.

Goyan stands, steps around the table and kisses Kevin's forehead.



GOYAN

You understand that I really do  
love you, Kevin.

KEVIN

As opposed to not really loving me?

GOYAN

I mean.

KEVIN

Look, I know you and Jaadi sort of  
set me up, and guess what, I don't  
care because I know lovers have to  
meet somehow.

GOYAN

I feel ashamed.

KEVIN

Don't feel that way for long,  
Goyan. We're a team.

EXT. DOCTOR'S PARKING LOT AT A HOSPITAL - MID MORNING

Kevin slide-hammers a Porcha Carrera's ignition, pulls it  
out, and sticks a flat-head screw driver deep into where the  
ignition was, turns it, and the car starts.

He backs out and sees Rufus a few cars away with a thumbs up.

Kevin pulls up to Rufus.

RUFUS

Take this baby to the shop, I'll  
follow, and then I'll take you to  
the next job. Don't get too  
confident, kid. They're not all  
this easy.

KEVIN

Damn, I've never driven a Porcha.

Kevin salutes Rufus, smiles and takes off.

RUFUS

(To himself)  
You're a natural, kid.

INT. PRISON CLASSROOM

Kevin and Jaadi are alone.

KEVIN

I could swear the other students  
know what I'm up to, Jaadi.

JAADI

They know something's up, nothing  
specific. They sense that you've  
become one of them. Something about  
a person changes when they cross  
the line to the other side. A  
different glow.

KEVIN

I hope they're not disappointed. I  
don't want to lose their trust.

Jaadi chuckles.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

The "help" has already started, by  
the way.

JAADI

Thank you, Kevin. But just  
remember, what you're doing might  
seem easy, but, I'm telling you,  
it's not. Don't get over confident.

EXT. VARIOUS PARKING LOTS AROUND PHOENIX

A several-minute medley of Kevin stealing cars, mostly hot  
sports cars.

He steals a Mercedes 450SL at an upscale strip mall, after  
which he passes Rufus and gives a thumbs up.

He steals a Ferrari at a professional complex, after which he  
passes Rufus and gives a thumbs up.

He attempts to steal a Corvette parked on the street in a  
high end neighborhood, but he can't get the slide hammer to  
work right and it starts to take too long, so Rufus flashes  
his car lights, which signals an "abort job."

Kevin sees the flashing lights in the rearview mirror.

KEVIN

Shit. Abort?

Kevin takes his tools, steps out of the Corvette, hurries  
over to Rufus's '68 Chevy Chevelle and takes off.

INT. INSIDE RUFUS'S CHEVELLE JUST AFTER THE FAILED ATTEMPT

Rufus pulls away from the theft site. Kevin's frustrated.

KEVIN

I was almost there!

RUFUS

When I flashed, Kevin, you were already in the Vette for five minutes?

KEVIN

Felt like two and half!

Rufus points his finger at an approaching police car in the distance, its lights flashing.

RUFUS

Act normal. Even if he stops us, remember, he has to catch us in the act. But I think he'll just cruise right by us.

KEVIN

Holy shit!

The police car does cruise right by them.

RUFUS

Yeah, there's no way he'd know it's us, anyway.

KEVIN

Oh, my God! Somebody called the cops.

RUFUS

See, Kevin, you lost nearly three minutes in that car without even noticing. When we're in the act of stealing a car, we can enter a kind of time warp. Not only time, all senses attached to reality have been altered. It's your job to reign those senses back to a safe reality before you start the process. Do you understand?

KEVIN

Oh, shit, Jaadi was right.

RUFUS

Why wouldn't he be right?

KEVIN  
We almost lost Little Feather.

RUFUS  
Consequences. All you need to do to understand life is play a game of Dominoes.

INT. GOYAN'S KITCHEN

Kevin hands Goyan an envelope containing money.

Goyan grabs Kevin and gives him a grateful kiss.

INT. HOME OF DETECTIVE BRADLY HOOPER AND DANA HOOPER

It's a modest modern contemporary space.

Detective Bradley Hooper (45) is half Hopi Indian but acknowledges only his Irish heritage.

At the kitchen table, he talks with his wife, Dana Hooper (43), a Caucasian defense attorney. She's blonde, slim and attractive.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
How was court today?

DANA  
I can't win this one. I've tried to get my client to change to a guilty plea. But he's dumb. I'm surprised he can even utilize his own lungs.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Guilty, huh? Court appointed you?

DANA  
You know me. When their own court defenders are too busy, they call me. When my schedule allows, it's hard to say "no."

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Someone's got to step up even for dumb assholes.

DANA  
You get assholes constantly in your job. Criminals and cops.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
And I love 'em all.

Dana laughs.

DETECTIVE HOOPER (CONT'D)  
We got another pro out there. High  
end vehicles just vanish. Nobody  
sees anything . . . Well, one guy  
did see somebody in his Vette from  
about fifty yards away. He ran into  
a store to call the cops. When the  
cops arrived, the Vette was still  
there, and the owner didn't get a  
look at the thief from that  
distance.

DANA  
You'll find a crack.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Crack's gotta open first before I  
can see it.

DANA  
It will.

Detective Hooper becomes pensive.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Whoever this guy is . . . well . .  
. I swear . . . it's got Jaadi  
Jones written all over it.

DANA  
He's still inside, right?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Even though I knew he must be, I  
still checked.

DANA  
You just bought his book.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Powerful.

DANA  
I'm so happy I have a husband who  
reads literature.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
I'm happy to have a wife who likes  
that I read literature.

DANA

I knew you were gonna say that. You know, Jaadi might have some ideas about this new car thief. You should have him autograph your copy of his book.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

You should've been a detective, honey. You know, in your spare time?

DANA

Never too late, right?

Chuckles.

INT. GOYAN'S BED

Kevin hands Goyan another money-filled envelope.

Goyan kisses the envelope.

GOYAN

This money is hope, Kevin. We love you.

They kiss passionately.

KEVIN

I could get used to stealing cars.

GOYAN

When Little Feather's better, you must stop. Your future is in a university. Never let go of that.

KEVIN

What if it lets go of me?

GOYAN

How could that happen? Oh, God, you're spinning a logical fallacy the same way Jaadi would. Please, it's okay that Jaadi's your friend. Just don't be too influenced by him.

KEVIN

I'm a poet. We spin stuff. Shakespeare did it all the time.

Goyan laughs and tickles Kevin.

GOYAN

Yeah, but we don't know if  
Shakespeare would spin fallacies  
with his lover. All we know is that  
he made his characters do that.

KEVIN

There's so much about Shakespeare  
we just don't know.

They tickle each other and laugh.

INT. IN DETECTIVE HOOPER'S BEDROOM

Detective Hooper sits on a double bed and holds a framed  
photo of Margaret, his deceased daughter.

Six years old, she's is dressed in a sixties, lacy dress.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Hi, little Margaret. I miss you.

Dana is listening at the door and enters.

DANA

I know. Her birthday is here soon .  
. . .

DETECTIVE HOOPER

. . . and I can't let her go.

DANA

You don't have to.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

She would've been a great adult.

DANA

But, Hooper, she'll be a child  
forever, dear. Time divides us when  
it wants to, and we can question it  
all we want, but Margaret's going  
to stay a small child.

Detective Hooper kisses the picture and smiles.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Margaret, I think you'd be proud of  
your mom and dad.

Dana sits next to him and puts her arm around him.

DANA

We're not so bad, right? You know, some of the parents in our old grief group would put their child's pictures away so they could forget. But, no matter what you do, you can't forget, so why not keep the pictures out in full view?

DETECTIVE HOOPER

We were something, the three of us.

DANA

We were. But, the two of us are quite something as well.

INT. AT THE HOSPITAL INFUSION CENTER

Little Feather sits in a large-soft chair and is hooked up to a chemo IV.

Goyan sits next to her.

GOYAN

Would you like one of those cheese Danishes from the coffee shop?

LITTLE FEATHER

I would just throw it up.

GOYAN

For later, I mean.

LITTLE FEATHER

You're spoiling me, mommy.

GOYAN

Well, maybe just a little . . .

LITTLE FEATHER

. . . You have my permission to keep doing it. In fact, I'd like coconut cake with coconut ice cream on the same dish.

GOYAN

They don't have that here. What is it with you and coconut?

LITTLE FEATHER

Food's the only thing a six year old can take into her mouth.



Goyan's confused.

GOYAN

Oh, Little Feather, that's disgusting.

LITTLE FEATHER

Why?

GOYAN

Oh, God, you're getting more like Jaadi, too. It really is Jaadi's world.

LITTLE FEATHER

Let's go see grandpa. I wanna ask him why he sent me a birthday card with a butt on it.

GOYAN

Oh, honey, he meant for that to be a picture of a dinner bun.

LITTLE FEATHER

Why a dinner bun? Grandpa's funny.

GOYAN

He's a poet, honey.

LITTLE FEATHER

I know. He wrote a pretty poem on my card.

GOYAN

And you read it all by yourself!

LITTLE FEATHER

Yeah. I'm smart.

Goyan gazes silently at Little Feather.

GOYAN

Oh, honey, you're gonna get better soon. I just know it. I know it.

Little Feather smiles proudly.

LITTLE FEATHER

I love you mommy.

Goyan stands and gives Little Feather a kiss on her forehead.

INT. ONCOLOGIST'S OFFICE

Goyan is with Dr. Westin.

DR. WESTIN

It's really too early to expect improvement.

GOYAN

But you said . . .

DR. WESTIN

. . . that Little Feather's chances are better with this treatment, and I'm still optimistic, Goyan. But you also know that we can't make promises.

GOYAN

Oh, Jesus. I can't take this. It's too much.

DR. WESTIN

Look, I want to add an additional course of chemo for good measure, a different cocktail.

GOYAN

This one isn't working, is it?

DR. WESTIN

I told you; it's too early to tell.

GOYAN

Be honest, Dr. Westin. I can take it.

DR. WESTIN

Well . . .

GOYAN

. . . wait a minute. No, don't be honest. Let me hope, please?

DR. WESTIN

But, Goyan, there is hope. I don't have to be dishonest.

GOYAN

I just want my baby. Hope isn't enough.

DR. WESTIN

Well, having hope is a Hell of a lot better than losing hope.

GOYAN

Sometimes I feel like my hope is just empty air. How much more money do you need?

DR. WESTIN

Another thirty thousand. But our board agreed to a five thousand dollar discount.

GOYAN

So twenty five thousand?

DR. WESTIN

Is that possible?

GOYAN

I think so, help from friends.

DR. WESTIN

That's pretty friendly. We'll start that course next week. Meanwhile, Little Feather should keep taking her anti-nausea meds along with the others. Regardless of what she says, keep her eating; she needs the nutrition.

EXT. AT THE JUNK YARD

Kevin pulls in with the stolen 280ZX.

Rufus walks up to the car.

RUFUS

What's this about twenty five grand more for Little Feather?

KEVIN

Just that, we need twenty five more.

RUFUS

Fuck's sake!

KEVIN

I'll just steal more cars.

RUFUS

I'm good for another, let's say,  
eight grand. Won a trifecta at the  
races.

KEVIN

Oh, hey, Rufus. I need another  
slide hammer.

RUFUS

What do you mean? Did it break?

KEVIN

It disappeared from the back seat  
of this car.

RUFUS

I told you to never leave your  
tools in plain sight. Fuck, man,  
you were rocking, and, now, look  
what you've done?

KEVIN

Yeah, it was stupid. It won't  
happen, again.

RUFUS

Fuck, if there IS another time . .  
. See, could be a cop saw it and  
even took it from the car. Have you  
ever been finger printed?

KEVIN

No. And I don't touch the slide  
hammer unless I'm wearing gloves,  
which I could've forgotten, but, I  
mean . . .

RUFUS

No finger prints would buy us time.

KEVIN

All I did was stop for a burger at  
White Castle, sat for ten minutes  
to eat a burger, got back in the  
car and noticed it was gone.

RUFUS

But I told you to drive those cars  
straight back here? The cars have  
to disappear, Kevin. Tell ya what,  
let's just hope some kid took the  
slide hammer.

EXT. AT THE WHITE CASTLE PARKING LOT - EARLIER WHEN KEVIN WAS INSIDE

Lyle Brinks (30), a junkie, stands next to the 280ZX, looks around the parking lot, then glances inside the car.

He looks at Kevin at a table next to the front window as he eats his burger.

Kevin doesn't notice Lyle.

INT. INSIDE WHITE CASTLE - SIMULTANEOUS

Kevin eats his burger.

EXT. WHITE CASTLE PARKING LOT - SIMULTANEOUS

Lyle opens the car door and, moves the driver's seat forward, sees the slide hammer on the small back seat, snatches it, then takes off toward the street.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD NEAR THE WHITE CASTLE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Lyle walks down the street, holding the slide hammer in full view.

An unmarked police car, with Detective Hooper inside, pulls up to Lyle. Detective Hooper calls out to Lyle.

At that moment, Kevin drives by in the 280ZX, not taking much notice.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Lyle, you dumb fuck. Do you even realize you have a slide hammer in full view? What, did you switch from bad checks to stealing cars?

Lyle stops.

LYLE

I thought about it.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Did you steal it?

LYLE

It's not like I'm gonna pay for it. I don't even know what it is.

Detective Hooper gets out of his car, walks up to Lyle.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Lyle, you're too dumb to be a car thief.

Lyle gazes at the slide hammer.

LYLE  
I guess so. Yeah. So this is for stealing cars? Cool.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Really cool, Lyle.

LYLE  
Where do you put it?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Right, I won't say.

EXT. IN THE WHITE CASTLE PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Detective Hooper pulls into the lot with Lyle in the front seat.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
You said a newish 280ZX, the one with the useless back seat?

LYLE  
The car was here. I swear.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Did you see the driver of the car?

LYLE  
Yeah, yeah . . . Uh, late twenties, maybe 6 feet tall, blonde hair. He looks like the Sundance Kid from the movie.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Robert Redford?

LYLE  
Uh, the Sundance Kid.

Detective Hooper rolls his eyes.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
How about his clothes?

LYLE

Cutoff jeans and a tee-shirt with a picture of, wait a minute, he wrote stuff a long time ago. Those plays that nobody can understand.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Shakespeare?

LYLE

That's the one. Yeah.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

I understand his plays okay.

LYLE

Not me.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Was the guy clean cut?

LYLE

Pretty big arms, ya know? Looked like a lot of those guys ya see around the university. I mean, he didn't look like me or nothin'.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Like a junkie? Do you know where he was sitting?

INT. INSIDE THE WHITE CASTLE

Lyle points to a small table next to the front window.

LYLE

Right there, saw him through the window. Saw him pullin' into the parking lot, too.

Detective Hooper looks on the floor around the table.

Lyle looks, too, and notices a plastic tag on the floor and points at it.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Think he dropped that?

Detective Hooper takes a napkin from the table's dispenser and carefully takes hold of the tag around its edges and examines it.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
What the Hell is this?

LYLE  
Hey, I know what that is. I know.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Yeah? Spill it, please!

LYLE  
Prison security tag for visitors  
and other people who work there,  
you know, like part-timers. When I  
was inside, my mom would come visit  
me, and she always had one.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Prison's just a mile or so down the  
street.

INT. AT THE WHITE CASTLE COUNTER

Detective Hooper talks with a young woman cashier, Gloria  
(19).

Lyle stands next to him.

Detective Hooper glances at her name tag, which says  
"Gloria."

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Okay, Gloria, you say only two  
people sat at that table since you  
started your shift?

GLORIA  
Yes.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Was the last one . . .

GLORIA  
. . . a real hunk. Sweet to me at  
the counter but not in a  
flirtatious way.

LYLE  
(To Detective Hooper)  
Did you hear that?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Lyle, go sit down.



Lyle doesn't move.

DETECTIVE HOOPER (CONT'D)  
Gloria, does he come here a lot?

GLORIA  
No, first time I've seen him in here.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
What did he say to you? Did he sound educated? Or what?

GLORIA  
I said I'd seen him in HERE only once. I have, however, seen him a few times--God, you can't miss him--on the ASU Campus. When he came up to the counter, he just said "hi" and ordered a hamburger. He looked at my name tag and said--and he smiled big and hot--"Thank you very much, Gloria."

LYLE  
Sounds like flirting to me.

Detective Hooper rolls his eyes.

GLORIA  
I wish.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
You're a student?

GLORIA  
Econ major.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Those times you saw him on campus--which building was he near?

GLORIA  
Well, it was near my favorite sub shop, which is close to Language and Literature.

LYLE  
(To Detective Hooper)  
Is that a bingo?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Lyle, it's almost a "bingo."

GLORIA  
Is Lyle your colleague?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Oh, shit, no!

GLORIA  
Excuse me?

Detective Hooper gives Gloria a business card.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Gloria, if you ever see him, again,  
in here, anywhere, please call me  
right away.

GLORIA  
Should I get Lyle's card, too?

LYLE  
I don't even have a phone. I could  
come back sometime, that is, if  
you're diggin' on me.

GLORIA  
Is he dangerous?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
What, Lyle, no. You could easily  
kick his ass.

Lyle smiles.

GLORIA  
The other guy, I mean.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Don't know. Just stay clear of him  
and phone me, no more involvement  
than that, okay?

EXT. OUTSIDE THE WHITE CASTLE

Detective Hooper and Lyle discuss the case.

LYLE  
So, now I know how you busted me  
before.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Oh, yeah?

LYLE

You're kinda smart, Detective Hooper. You're like a real detective.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Been doin' this shit for twenty three years. What do you expect?

LYLE

A lot of cops are dumb. You're not dumb.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Well, it means a lot comin' from you. Thanks for your help. Now, scram. You're free to go.

LYLE

So that means I wasn't free to go before?

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Get the fuck out of here. I'll find you if I have more questions.

INT. INSIDE THE 280ZX

Kevin's feeling around in his pocket for something.

KEVIN

Maybe it fell out at White Castle.

EXT. WHITE CASTLE PARKING LOT - BACK TO WHEN DETECTIVE HOOPER AND LYLE STOOD WHERE THE 280ZX WAS

INT. THE 280ZX CRUISING SLOWLY

Kevin, still in the 280ZX, drives past the White Castle and sees Detective Hooper and Lyle standing in the parking space where the 280ZX was.

Then Kevin flashes back to when he passed by the detective and Lyle earlier.

INT. KEVIN'S IN THE 280ZX - EARLIER

Kevin slowly passes by Detective Hooper and Lyle, who has a pipe-like object in his right hand.

INT. BACK TO KEVIN IN THE 280ZX IN FRONT OF WHITE CASTLE

Kevin palm-slaps his forehead.

KEVIN  
(To himself)  
Was he carrying my slide hammer.  
Oh, shit.

EXT. THE JUNKYARD

Rufus and Kevin talk.

KEVIN  
Am I going to have to stop?

RUFUS  
You're gonna have to lay low in the Phoenix area. I know it's a little far, but we might have to concentrate on Tuscan for a while, or even the Flagstaff area, that is, if my connections in those places are willing to buy from you. The cop you described to me is probably Detective Hooper. He could very well be onto your ass soon. He's smart.

KEVIN  
Fuck! Steal the cars in Tucson, then drive them all the way back here with you following?

RUFUS  
Whether my friends will work with us depends on how hot you get. Tell you what, before Hooper gets a chance to peg you, we'll do one last multiple job. I mean, six in one day. After that, we'll lay off the Phoenix area for a while.

KEVIN  
I'm in.

INT. IN A SMALL NEIGHBORHOOD PARK

Goyan and Kevin talk on a park bench while Little Feather plays on the swing set.

GOYAN

When does all of this stop . . .  
when?

KEVIN

I know, Goyan. I know.

GOYAN

It's my fault that everybody's life  
is up-side-down. You're supposed to  
be an English professor. And I'm  
destroying that. And, oh, fuck.  
I've heard Detective Hooper might  
be on to you. He brought my father  
down.

KEVIN

I chose this, Goyan. The stars led  
me here, okay?

GOYAN

Do the stars have my name on them?

KEVIN

Every one of them. How much more  
cash do we need?

GOYAN

Twenty five thousand.

KEVIN

The price just keeps getting  
higher. The additional chemo  
course?

GOYAN

Yes. I don't know if there will be  
another course after that. Doctor  
Westin doesn't really know either.  
But she does seem optimistic.

INT. IN THE PRISON CLASSROOM

Kevin and Jaadi talk.

JAADI

You won't know Hooper has you until  
he has you. Smart as Hell. When he  
busted me, he treated me like an  
old friend. He'd known who I was  
for a few years. He waits until he  
has an airtight case, until he  
catches you in the act.

(MORE)

JAADI (CONT'D)

Anyone who knows he's onto them is lucky, get what I'm saying? Lucky. That person needs to pick his time to lay low. I didn't get to pick my time. Cat and mouse shit.

KEVIN

A mouse can get into smaller places than a cat can.

JAADI

Yeah, but the mouse has to know where the smaller places are. It's delicate.

INT. AT THE WHITE CASTLE COUNTER

Detective Hooper talks with Gloria, again.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Was just drivin' by and thought I'd check to see if my favorite Econ major has seen the guy.

GLORIA

Sorry.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

I meant to ask this before. Did you actually see him drive away in the 280ZX?

GLORIA

No, I didn't notice. I watched him walk out because . . . You know . . .

DETECTIVE HOOPER

. . . he's a hunk . . .

GLORIA

. . . but, as he was leaving, I got distracted by a customer.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Go figure.

GLORIA

If I see him, again, I'll call you.

EXT. LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE BUILDING, ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

Detective Hooper is at the building's front entrance.

INT. LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE BUILDING LOBBY

Detective Hooper examines a wall directory next to the elevators.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
(To himself)  
"English Department Office," fifth floor.

He pushes the elevator button.

INT. ENGLISH DEPARTMENT MAIN OFFICE

Several admin assistants occupy the office.

Detective Hooper stands at the counter and waits for somebody to help him.

He pulls out his police badge and holds it up high.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Can I have a word with somebody?

Bobby steps up to the counter and briefly examines the police badge.

BOBBY  
How can we help you, officer?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
I'm investigating an indecent exposure complaint. I'm not just talking to the English Department but other areas of the university as well.

BOBBY  
What do you mean by indecent exposure?

Detective Hooper hesitates as he becomes uncomfortable because a few women in the office start paying attention.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Well, you know, some guy's been pulling out his thing in public.

There are a few giggles.

One student assistant, Lena Burns (20), walks up to the counter and chimes in.

LENA

Oh, how gross. He pulls his penis out and shows it to women?

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Well, yeah.

LENA

So, he's a flasher?

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Sure, yeah, that's right.

BOBBY

What does the guy look like?

DETECTIVE HOOPER

In his twenties, six foot, six one, blonde hair, probably blue eyes.

LENA

You just described maybe two hundred students in this department alone.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Well, they say he's very handsome. One victim described him as "a hunk." Looks a little like Robert Redford.

LENA

That would eliminate about ninety percent of the blonde guys.

BOBBY

If the guy's well into his twenties, you might check the pictures of our graduate student TAs on the wall out in the hall. Since we're one of the largest departments on campus, we do employ about fifty TAs. They teach and/or do research for professors.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Out in the hall?



BOBBY

Yes, alongside pictures of our full-time faculty.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Anyone's free to look at these photos?

LENA

Well, they're right out in the hallway, which is a public space.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT OFFICE

Detective Hooper looks closely at the photos on the wall.

While he looks, Kevin appears in the hallway, obviously on his way to the department office.

Detective Hooper doesn't notice him.

Kevin stops, backs into an office door alcove.

Kevin then eases back out, takes on a look of confidence and decides to walk past Hooper and into the department office.

INT. IN THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT OFFICE

KEVIN

Hey, Bobby, can you give me an update on the schedule for next semester.

BOBBY

We typed the updated versions yesterday. Should be in your box today sometime.

Lena steps up to the counter, obviously interested in Kevin.

LENA

Hey, Kev, how ya doing?

KEVIN

Lena, hi. I'm cool. You?

LENA

That detective in the hall is lookin' for a flasher that fits your description.

Laughter in the office.

Kevin pauses before he speaks.

KEVIN

With all of my classes, all the  
grading, my dissertation, I guess  
I'm just too busy to be a flasher.  
Sorry to disappoint. But I'll be on  
the look out.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT OFFICE

Detective Hooper still examines the photos but, as Kevin  
approaches, Hooper turns to face him.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Excuse me?

Kevin stops in front of him.

KEVIN

Yes, can I help you?

Detective Hooper extends a hand. They shake hands.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Detective Hooper, Phoenix PD.

KEVIN

Kevin.

Detective Hooper notices a badge pinned to Kevin's shirt with  
Shakespeare's face on it. He points at the badge.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Kevin, you have a Shakespeare  
badge. One of my favorites.

KEVIN

Definitely mine, too.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Do you specialize in Shakespeare?

KEVIN

No, not actually. I'm more  
interested in the Middle English  
period. Shakespeare is from the  
Elizabethan period.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

So, Chaucer?

Kevin's surprised.

KEVIN

He's my favorite from that period.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Not many detectives from my generation actually graduated from university, but I did, and I had to read *Miller's Tail* in one of my English classes. So funny, filled with life. Loved it.

KEVIN

Well, we have all of Chaucer in our library. Excuse me, I've got to get to class.

Kevin starts to leave but stops when Detective Hooper speaks, again.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

By the way, and I don't want to take too much of your time, but has anyone ever told you that you look a lot like Robert Redford, a much younger Redford.

Kevin flashes a confused smile and chuckles.

KEVIN

Our department chair has, yes, maybe a few others. Thanks for the compliment.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Sure thing. Hope we cross paths, again, sometime.

KEVIN

Of course.

Kevin, looking less relaxed than before, takes off down the hallway.

INT. INSIDE THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT OFFICE

Detective Hooper is back at the counter.

Bobby steps up.

BOBBY

Find anything interesting?

DETECTIVE HOOPER

The nice young man out there told me he specializes in middle English literature. But I forgot to ask him if he teaches the Canterbury Tales because, well, I love Chaucer and would like to maybe take a class.

BOBBY

Kevin does teach the Canterbury Tales but not next semester. You see, his dissertation defense is coming up soon, and he wants to make more time for that.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

I can't remember if Kevin told me his last name.

LENA

It's Gantry. Plus, he decided to teach another creative writing workshop out at the prison.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Prison, you said?

BOBBY

We have a sizable program out there.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Oh, yeah, right. I do know about that.

Lena steps up to the counter.

LENA

Kevin says gay inmates come on to him sometimes. They've actually flashed him.

Bobby rolls his eyes.

BOBBY

Actually, Kevin is one of our most popular TAs, and he's already publishing well. He'll definitely land a good tenure-track position. They might even hire him here onto tenure track.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
That good, huh? Probably not a  
flasher, then?

LENA  
I know some girls who'd like to  
flash him.

BOBBY  
Yeah, and Lena's one of those  
girls. Right, Lena?

LENA  
It would be better than a flash,  
honey.

Chuckles.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Wow, he must have lots of  
girlfriends?

LENA  
Unfortunately, Kevin sticks with  
just one girlfriend.

BOBBY  
(To Lena)  
Yeah, isn't he with some super hot  
Apache woman?

LENA  
Yeah, she's taking a class in the  
department: advanced composition, I  
think.

Lena looks at Detective Hooper with light suspicion.

LENA (CONT'D)  
Hey, we've just met you, and we're  
telling you Kevin's life story, and  
. . .

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
. . . and he's obviously not my  
flasher.

LENA  
Yeah.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Well, then, I'll leave you guys to  
your duties. It's been a pleasure.

BOBBY

Take care, Detective. Happy to help. You should definitely check for your flasher in the Fine Arts department.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Got it.

EXT. VARIOUS PARKING LOTS, DRIVEWAYS, AND STREET PARKING AREAS AROUND THE PHOENIX AREA

A minute-long-plus medley of Kevin, with Rufus as backup, stealing several cars in one day.

They steal a Mercedes 450SE from a professional building.

They steal a mint 1968 Chevy Chevelle from a street side.

They steal a Cadillac Seville from a country club.

INT. PHOENIX POLICE DEPARTMENT INSIDE THE CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

Detective Hooper talks with Captain Charles Keller (52).

CAPTAIN KELLER

Anything solid? There have been five auto theft call-in's today, and it's only 4:00 PM.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

They're slick.

CAPTAIN KELLER

A lot like Jaadi Jones; he's still inside?

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Jaadi Jones was un-arrestable until he had a panic attack while slide hammering a Beamer. The attack paralyzed him temporarily. He just sat there, unable to move long enough for me to get there and finally nab his ass. Nice guy, Jaadi. These new guys have a similar M.O. They have good technique and good hardware.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE HOOPER (CONT'D)

The cars just disappear, which means they've got great conversion support, but they're starting to get careless, or at least one of them is.

CAPTAIN KELLER

I've never seen anything like Jones. And he gave most of his money away to the poor. Apache Robin Hood.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

I read his book of poetry. Excellent.

CAPTAIN KELLER

I swear, you're the only cop I know that reads anything other than the newspaper. Go talk to Jaadi. He's gotta know something.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Yeah, right, Jaadi's just gonna tell me everything. No problem, right? At least I can get him to autograph my copy of his book.

CAPTAIN KELLER

There is that. Tell him, if he helps, it would look good to a parole board.

INT. PRISON VISITOR AREA - A SEPARATE ROOM FOR POLICE QUESTIONING

Detective Hooper steps into the room where Jaadi waits.

JAADI

The cop that broke into my apartment to search the place and even went through my underwear. What brings you here?

Detective Hooper takes a seat across from Jaadi and takes his copy of Jaadi's book out of a bag.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Savage underwear, too, forgive the pun.

Jaadi laughs.

Detective Hooper pulls his copy of Jaadi's book from a briefcase.

DETECTIVE HOOPER (CONT'D)  
Actually, I'm here to get an autograph.

JAADI  
Oh, that's right. One of the few cops who reads. I'd be happy to autograph it. Got a pen?

Detective Hooper gives him a pen.

Jaadi autographs the book.

Detective Hooper takes it and reads the Jaadi's words out loud.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
"To Detective Hooper, the nicest cop to ever arrest me. I'm glad you like *Apache Pastels*. Jaadi Jones." Thank you. You're the bard, Jaadi. Seriously. Even though I was the only cop to ever arrest you.

JAADI  
Your kindness made the arrest almost bearable.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
You're sitting in on Kevin Gantry's poetry class, right?

JAADI  
Of course, what else would I do? Kevin's a good kid, excellent poet and scholar.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Excellent car thief, too.

JAADI  
Get to the point, will ya?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
You know me.

JAADI  
Cop first, friend second.



DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Which is true for any honest cop.  
Again, is Kevin stealing cars?

JAADI  
He's the last person I'd suspect of  
stealing cars. Promising career  
ahead of him. You're kidding?

Detective Hooper remains friendly. He chuckles.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Of course, you're right. Why am I  
even thinking that this naive kid  
could be so cunning? All of this  
was really just an excuse to come  
out here to get this book  
autographed.

JAADI  
Well, then, let's talk about the  
poems.

The detective slams the book on the table.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Don't push me, Jaadi. Don't forget  
our friendship.

JAADI  
You knew I was giving ninety  
percent of the money I made to my  
people at the Res. I was stealing  
from rich slobs who would get  
reimbursed for their cars by  
corrupt insurance companies. You  
knew all of that, but you couldn't  
wait to scalp the Apache.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
So you're saying Apache should get  
a free pass?

JAADI  
I have a tough time with white  
man's laws.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Look, I'm sorry about your people.  
I am, Jaadi. But there has to be  
order in the world.

JAADI

Your order is what destroys the  
natural order.

Detective Hooper stands, gathers his things.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Well, thanks for the autograph.

JAADI

My pleasure, Detective Hooper.  
Please stop by anytime.

Detective Hooper sighs.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Jaadi, you know I'm going to get  
him. It's only a matter of time.

JAADI

Took you years to get me. You  
should stick to reading poetry.

Detective Hooper wells up with anger.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

He's not you, Jaadi. You stayed  
invisible. Kevin's all over the  
place. Stop the young guy before  
it's too late. Please, Jaadi.

JAADI

Gotta go, Kemosabe. It's my toilet  
cleaning day.

Detective Hooper gives Jaadi the finger and hurries out.

INT. THE FAMILY RESTAURANT IN PHOENIX WHERE GOYAN IS A  
WAITRESS

The restaurant is fairly busy.

Kevin, Goyan, and Little Feather finish their dinners.

A waitress, Mona (30), stops at the table.

MONA

Goyan, can I take your plates?

GOYAN

Thanks, Mona.

Mona starts stacking the plates on her arms.

MONA

Hey, I don't want to take away any sunshine here, but can you work my lunch next Friday?

GOYAN

Sure. I'll take all the shifts I can get.

MONA

Dessert, tonight? Little Feather's is on me.

Little Feather gets excited.

LITTLE FEATHER

(To Kevin and Goyan)

Can I have a banana split?

MONA

You guys talk about it while I bus-tub these plates.

Mona takes off.

KEVIN

Well, sweet heart, since you're kinda skinny, anyway, I don't think a banana split's gonna hurt you.

LITTLE FEATHER

Oh, goodie.

KEVIN

(To Goyan)

Want to share a dessert?

GOYAN

I'm full. You go ahead.

LITTLE FEATHER

Mom always says that and then takes half, anyway.

Laughs.

GOYAN

(To Little Feather)

You've got my number, honey.

LITTLE FEATHER

I sure do. Hey, you guys, do you know about when I'm gonna die?

Silence.

GOYAN

Oh, honey, why did you ask that?

LITTLE FEATHER

'cause I wanna make some pastel pictures for you guys. I just wanna know if I have time.

GOYAN

Of course, you have time, honey.

KEVIN

Pictures of what?

GOYAN

Pictures of mommy, you, and me in places I love and places I always wanted to go. I figure, if I make pictures of them, we'll always be together.

Goyan and Kevin are paralyzed with sadness and are trying hard to not cry.

Goyan calls Mona over, who steps over quickly.

GOYAN (CONT'D)

Would you mind keeping an eye on Little Feather while we check on something outside?

WAITRESS

No problem, Goyan. Take all time you need.

EXT. IN THE FAMILY RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - A MOMENT LATER

Goyan looks around at the restaurant.

GOYAN

She can't see us here, right?

KEVIN

(Already tearing up)  
We're clear.

They hold each other.

GOYAN

She's convinced now that she's gonna go. She's actually preparing.

(MORE)

GOYAN (CONT'D)  
She's accepting it, fully. Dear  
God.

Goyan sobs.

KEVIN  
I know. I know.

GOYAN  
I have no power to stop this,  
Kevin.

KEVIN  
We have power. We do.

GOYAN  
What power?

KEVIN  
The ASU book store is open 'till  
10:00 PM. It has the best art  
supplies in town. After dinner, we  
go there and fix her up with  
pastels and plenty of good paper.

GOYAN  
Oh, God, I'm not ready to help her  
die, Kevin.

KEVIN  
No, wait, wouldn't we be helping  
her to live?

INT. BACK IN THE FAMILY RESTAURANT WITH LITTLE FEATHER

All three are back at the table.

LITTLE FEATHER  
Did you guys have a good cry?

GOYAN  
Why do you say that?

LITTLE FEATHER  
Your faces are all ballooned up  
like strawberries. I'm sorry if I  
make you cry. I want to make you  
smile.

KEVIN  
You make us smile all time, Little  
Feather. Sometimes crying is a good  
way to reset our happiness.

LITTLE FEATHER  
Well, now that you're happy, can I  
have my banana split?

Laughs.

INT. DR. WESTIN'S OFFICE

Goyan and Dr. Westin stand as they discuss Little Feather's progress.

DR. WESTIN  
An anonymous donor stopped by  
yesterday with money for Little  
Feather's treatment--ten thousand  
dollars, bringing your amount due  
to fifteen thousand . . . for now,  
not withstanding other needed care.

GOYAN  
That's great news. What did he look  
like?

DR. WESTIN  
I'm told he was middle aged,  
dignified looking, had beautiful,  
long black hair, and he was a  
native American.

GOYAN  
I won't say his name, but he's a  
relative.

A bit suspicious.

DR. WESTIN  
Generous relative. Well off, too.

GOYAN  
There's a lot of money in junk and  
car parts.

DR. WESTIN  
I want you to know that I don't  
care where the donations come from.  
It's all going to a great cause.

Goyan gives Dr. Westin a hug.

INT. TWO PHONE BOOTHS IN THE PHOENIX AREA

Kevin's speaking with Rufus.

This scene switches, visually and audibly, from Kevin to Rufus, who are at two separate phone booth locations.

RUFUS

Let's stay with these phone booths for the time being. Detective Hooper is on to you in a big way. But, remember, to make any arrest stick, he has to catch you in the act.

KEVIN

Goyan says you donated ten thousand at Little Feather's hospital.

RUFUS

Great day at the races, my friend.

KEVIN

Good man, Rufus. That money is hope.

RUFUS

Did I ever tell you that the "man" in the clink is my cousin?

KEVIN

Goyan told me. You look a little like him.

RUFUS

No, he looks like me.

Chuckles.

RUFUS (CONT'D)

Has anybody been tailing you?

KEVIN

Yeah, they're starting to, pretty easy to shake them, though.

RUFUS

You only think you're shaking them. They won't tail you all the time because they know that'll make you cease activity. In other words, they'll take breaks or fall way back. Got it?

KEVIN

I'm not sure . . .

RUFUS

. . . it's okay to let them know you're on to them. You can slow down, for example, forcing them to catch up to you. If you do that, they'll know. Anyway, let's lay low for a little while.

KEVIN

How about Hooper? He's pretty insidious. I saw him today at the University walking by my classroom. My door was open, so he poked his head in, smiled at me and winked, in front of my students, no less.

RUFUS

He's playing with you. He's always tried to make his job fun. He's got a heart, but there's never been any question about his loyalty to the law. When you're on campus, just make sure you park your car in a different lot every day. That'll make it tougher for them to tail you. Also, try not to park at your apartment parking lot. Instead, park a few blocks down the street. And try to enter and exit the apartment at night. Keep your apartment lights on all the time, so the cops won't see the lights turning on and off. Keep them guessing.

KEVIN

Again, the man said this wasn't gonna be easy, but I had no . . .

RUFUS

. . . also, your phone could be bugged. Twist the receiver cover off and check.

KEVIN

Holy, shit!

RUFUS

Check everywhere. Inside vents, lamps, under sinks, behind your TV, under tables, under rugs, ceiling light covers, etc. Got it?



## INT. INSIDE KEVIN'S APARTMENT

A simple apartment, clean but with second hand furniture. There are posters of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Virginia wolf, Led Zeppelin, Carol King.

Kevin's searching for a bug, under sinks, tables, inside the phone receiver, under a rug, under the sofa cushions, behind shelved books.

Kevin stands in the middle of his Living room, throws his arms up.

KEVIN

No bug!

But then his eyes catch a ceiling air conditioning vent.

He hurries over to a sofa end table, opens a drawer and pulls out a screw driver.

He moves a chair under the vent and stands on it, then unscrews the vent, pulls it off, and feels around inside.

He pulls out a small bug.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

He steps down from the chair, overcome with fear, and glares at the bug.

## INT. SMALLISH NEIGHBORHOOD GROCERY STORE

Little Feather, very pale and lethargic, is inside a shopping basket as Goyan pushes.

The basket already contains a number of food items.

GOYAN

You're gonna get some chocolate  
cookies as soon as I pay for them;  
the sugar will pick you up, honey.

Little Feather doesn't react.

Goyan, worried, stops the cart and palms Little Feather's forehead.

GOYAN (CONT'D)

You're burning up.

Little Feather moans.

Goyan runs the cart to the front of the store, where the manager's station is, and tells the manager, Reese Holiday (40), to call an ambulance.

GOYAN (CONT'D)  
(To Reese)  
Reese, call an ambulance for Little Feather, immediately, please!

REESE  
Of course, Goyan. Here we go, again, huh? Hold on, Little Feather.

Reese takes a phone and dials 911.

GOYAN  
Oh, and could you also tell the operator to leave a message: "Take her to Phoenix General and notify Doctor Westin in oncology."

REESE  
Same as last time, sure.

Goyan pulls Little Feather out of the basket and places her on the floor.

Reese has 911 on the line:

REESE (CONT'D)  
We've got a six-year-old undergoing chemo therapy who is having a bad reaction. She's in and out of consciousness . . . Yes, she's a cancer patient at Phoenix General; that's where the ambulance has to take her and a Doctor Westin from Oncology needs to meet them there. Please get this message to the emergency room right away. Okay? Thank you.

Reese hangs up and hurries around the counter to help.

REESE (CONT'D)  
911 says they're about four minutes out. I'll get a box so you can lift her legs.

GOYAN  
Thanks, Reese.

A store clerk joins in to help.

REESE

(To the clerk)

Little Feather is gonna need  
something cold on her forehead. Get  
a bag of frozen green peas.

The clerk runs off.

Little feather is in and out of consciousness.

GOYAN

Little Feather, sweetheart, you'll  
be okay. We're gonna get you to  
Doctor Westin.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM

Dr. Westin is in the hallway with Goyan.

DR. WESTIN

She's stable, dear.

GOYAN

I don't know if I can take this  
anymore.

DR. WESTIN

We all have to suck it up until  
she's better. Today's episode is  
more about the effects from chemo.  
Still, I don't want to pull back on  
dosage because, according to  
imaging and blood tests, her cancer  
is actually starting to recede.

GOYAN

Oh, my God, what? Did you say  
treatment's starting to work?

DR. WESTIN

We had a meeting in Oncology this  
morning about Little Feather, and  
we all agreed to a much better  
prognosis. This isn't a . . .

GOYAN

. . . a guarantee, I know. But I'm  
gonna run with this.

DR. WESTIN

We're convinced the new cocktail is  
taking hold.

GOYAN

Let it hold until it's all gone.  
Please!

DR. WESTIN

Your job is to keep that money  
coming in, okay? We've got enough  
right now for two more infusions.  
Get me at least fifteen thousand  
more.

GOYAN

It's coming; it's coming.

EXT. TWO PHONE BOOTHS IN PHOENIX

Kevin talks with Rufus.

Again, visuals and audio change scenes from Kevin to Rufus as  
each character speaks.

KEVIN

I've got to take at least five more  
cars. We've got to figure out a  
way.

RUFUS

Cops are all over you like flies on  
shit. My friends across the State  
say they won't buy anything you  
bring in. I don't blame them. You  
could lead Hooper right to them.

KEVIN

What are we gonna do?

RUFUS

I'll do it, Kevin.

KEVIN

But you said yourself that, with  
your arthritis, slide hammering an  
ignition feels like . . .

RUFUS

. . . acid coursing through my  
fingers and arms. I'll hot wire the  
fuckers.

KEVIN

But you said even a slim Jim was  
too painful. You're gonna be way  
too slow, Rufus.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

My forty-five seconds is gonna be two minutes for you.

RUFUS

Nobody's got their eye on me right now. I'll light up the night with my flash helmet. At night, a little slow is okay.

INT. LITTLE FEATHER'S CORNER OF GOYAN'S LIVING ROOM

At a small table, Little Feather uses pastels to draw her pictures of the places she's always wanted to visit.

We see a picture of a little girl, with hair, standing between a young blond man and a young Apache woman with Disney Land's Magical Kingdom in the background.

Goyan steps over to her and glances at Little Feather's work.

GOYAN

We'll go there as soon as you're better, okay, honey?

Little Feather is trying to be brave and confident.

LITTLE FEATHER

Oh, it's okay, mommy. I'm there right now. And I'll always be there with you.

Goyan turns around and begins to panic.

Goyan then regains control and turns toward Little Feather.

GOYAN

Little Feather, don't you dare give up. Do you understand me? Doctor Westin just told me that we're close, honey. Don't you dare give up now. Not now!

Little Feather's pride breaks, and she tears up.

LITTLE FEATHER

Oh, mommy, I'm so scared. I'm afraid if I'm not you're daughter anymore, you'll forget about me.

They hug and cry.

GOYAN

Oh, honey, even after the sun burns out, you'll be my daughter.

LITTLE FEATHER

Mommy. Oh, mommy.

INT. VISITOR'S AREA AT THE PRISON

Jaadi and Goyan talk at a table.

JAADI

Big "R" is taking the reins for a while.

GOYAN

I'm worried for him.

JAADI

It's a good cause, Goyan. Nobody said this would be easy.

Goyan ponders.

GOYAN

You really are amazing, you know?

JAADI

Nah . . .

GOYAN

Your leadership through all of this . . . which just reminds me of how much I could've used it when I was a kid, all the things you could've taught me.

JAADI

Yeah, I'm pretty cool. But are we really doing this now?

GOYAN

Gotta fill up the next twenty minutes, don't we?

JAADI

With sadness? Regrets?

GOYAN

That's all I need to know.

JAADI

Know what?

GOYAN

That you're sad. I want you to be sad.

JAADI

First, you're fixated on my ass, now on my sadness?

They laugh.

GOYAN

I really don't think about your ass.

JAADI

Just a side note: an inmate told me that I have a nice ass for a guy my age. No sagging.

GOYAN

You're so evasive.

JAADI

A man's gotta protect his ass.

Laughter.

GOYAN

I think your mind is healthier these days.

JAADI

Been told I have a nice mind, too.

GOYAN

But I want you to have regrets.

JAADI

I do. Of course I do. Do I have to skip up and down the cell blocks calling out my regrets? So often, I think about how great it would've been had I been there to see you play volleyball at your high school, to help you with your writing for the school news paper, to take you out for pizza, to visit old relatives with you. I actually run make-believe scenarios of us doing all those things. Over and over. I refine them, make them better. I have you looking up at me, laughing with joy.

Goyan gets uncomfortable.

JAADI (CONT'D)

The other day, I spent several hours with you; you're about six, and I'm reading *Uncle Wigley* to you. When you're about ten, I'm teaching you how to bake muffins, even though I don't know how to do that.

GOYAN

Well, thank you . . .

JAADI

. . . I even have myself chaperoning you on your first date with a guy. You wanna hear about that one? Or how about me helping you through about a dozen made up illnesses? I've even included your mother in some of these scenarios, in which we are both model citizens. I'm an accountant or something, your mom's a nurse. We don't do drugs and drink too much. I don't get the shakes. I was never in Vietnam. We're clear of all the garbage white man dumps on us. In fact, in some of them, we're not even Apache, not even Indians.

Goyan is completely silent and aghast.

GOYAN

Our twenty minutes is about up.

JAADI

Did I scare you?

GOYAN

Daughters don't need that much information.

JAADI

I'm a writer, for Christ's sake. When I'm on a role, you can't stop me. Tell me, do you believe now that I have regrets?

GOYAN

I gotta go. By the way, Doctor Westin says Little Feather's improved a little.



Jaadi smiles.

JAADI

Well, that's fucking great . . .  
But we can't stop until she has a  
full head of hair.

EXT. AN UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD IN THE PHOENIX AREA - NIGHT -  
NEARLY ALL WINDOWS ARE DARK

Rufus, in somebody's driveway, slim Jims a Cadillac Seville  
and quickly gets inside.

INT. A CAR ABOUT HALF A BLOCK FROM RUFUS AND THE SEVILLE -  
SIMULTANEOUS

Eddie Bender is in the car as back up for Rufus. He's  
obviously concerned.

EDDIE

Fuck, Rufus, too slow. Too fuckin'  
slow. Pick it up, man!

INT. INSIDE THE CADILLAC

Rufus turns on his helmet lamp and quickly but carefully  
conks the steering column shroud.

His hands start to shake in pain.

RUFUS

Oh, fuck, no. Don't hurt now. Not  
now.

He rubs his hands together.

INT. INSIDE EDDIE BENDER'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Eddie's even more concerned.

EDDIE

Light's too fuckin' bright. I told  
you to take the watts down on that  
bulb. Way too fuckin' bright!

INT. INSIDE THE CADILLAC - SIMULTANEOUS

Rufus panics a little.

RUFUS  
Calm down, Rufus. Calm down.

Then he uncaps the ignition wires and rubs them together, and the Cadillac starts up.

Just then, he sees lights pop on in the car owner's house.

RUFUS (CONT'D)  
Oh, fuck. Oh, shit.

He sees a man barging out the front door, yelling and screaming.

THE CAR OWNER  
Mother fucker! Get the fuck out of my car!

Rufus manages to back out and then peels out down the street.

RUFUS  
Gotta get this one out of sight quick. Fuck. Fuck.

INT. EDDIE'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Eddie lies down in the front seat.

EDDIE  
Never again Rufus. Never.

EXT. PHONE BOOTHS IN PHOENIX AREA

Rufus and Kevin talk.

Visuals and audio move from Rufus to Kevin as each talks.

RUFUS  
I haven't felt that kind of exhilaration in years.

KEVIN  
I won't be able to forgive myself if you get busted.

RUFUS  
Haven't gotten busted, yet.

KEVIN  
Hey, the way you described this one, just another five seconds would've . . .

RUFUS

. . . but that didn't happen, okay?  
Before the next one, all I've gotta  
do is soak my hands in Epson salts.

KEVIN

You said Eddie's not gonna be your  
backup, again. Let me back in.

RUFUS

Fuck no. You can't. You've got a  
future in academia, man. Plus, I'm  
really happy that your with Goyan  
and Little Feather. If anybody's  
gonna get busted, it's gonna be me.  
But, of course, that's not gonna  
happen.

INT. IN DETECTIVE HOOPER'S HOME KITCHEN

Detective Hooper talks with Dana.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

I have to catch him in the act, or  
it won't stick.

DANA

You said the slide hammer had no  
prints accept Lyle's, right?

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Fucking gloves.

DANA

Sometimes I wonder why you're even  
bothering with it. They're pros.  
They've got it covered.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Oh, come on. It's my job, and, what  
the fuck, I busted the best in this  
state's history.

DANA

I know. Jaadi had some kind of  
panic attack associated with his  
experiences in combat. Hell, just  
being a native in this country will  
make you sick. Just visit the  
reservations. They're disgusting.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
I'm pretty liberal, dear, but I  
wouldn't defend Indians in the  
courts for free like you.

DANA  
White man has set up native  
Americans to fail.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, and I'm here to  
carry out white man's horrors.

DANA  
Something like that. Sorry, honey.  
But your father was Hopi. Just  
because you can pass as a white man  
doesn't mean you are one.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Sometimes I do wish you were in the  
DAs office so we could trash  
criminals together. And while we're  
at it, we can put the stink on  
white people as well. My mother was  
Irish.

DANA  
But we do trash criminals together  
sometimes.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Yeah, the white ones.

DANA  
Bullshit.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
We had a report on a stolen Cady  
the other day, same M.O., but the  
perp wasn't a white guy.

DANA  
Did somebody see the guy?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Clearly enough to know he wasn't  
white. The car owner thought he  
could've been Mexican or native  
American, long hair. But he says he  
wouldn't be able to positively  
identify his face because of the  
glare from the thief's helmet lamp.

DANA

Sounds like the thief was too slow.  
Maybe he'll also be slow next time.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Witness felt like the perp was  
middle-aged, which might be why he  
was a little slow. If you're not  
out of there in forty seconds . . .

DANA

. . . Jaadi, in his heyday, could  
steal a Cady like that in . . .

DETECTIVE HOOPER

. . . probably twenty to thirty  
seconds. Amazing!

INT. PHOENIX GENERAL HOSPITAL ER

First responders gurney Little Feather into the ER with Goyan  
at her side.

Blood is coming from Little Feather's nose and she's extra  
pale.

Dr. Westin is on sight.

DR. WESTIN

(To a nurse)

Get her into station three. I'll be  
right in.

GOYAN

(To Dr. Westin)

I thought she was getting better.

DR. WESTIN

Her markers are down and imaging  
looks better. Again, the chemo must  
be pounding her little body. We'll  
get to the bottom of it.

Goyan starts to panic.

GOYAN

This is gonna kill me. Christ.

Dr. Westin raises her voice.

DR. WESTIN

It could kill you if you don't calm  
the Hell down!

Goyan is stunned at Dr. Westin's remark.

Goyan calms down quickly and nods in agreement.

GOYAN

You're right, Goddammit. I've got to cool down.

DR. WESTIN

When you get this way, Goyan, I can see your blood pressure is in the sky. You've got to make sure Little Feather's mother is still around when she gets better. You've got to take care of yourself.

INT. ER WAITING ROOM

Dr. Westin approaches Goyan.

DR. WESTIN

She has hyperthyroidism, which means the thyroid is producing too many hormones.

GOYAN

Why?

DR. WESTIN

Not sure. But we have ways of blocking those hormones, okay?

GOYAN

How long?

DR. WESTIN

We'll have to keep her for at least three days.

GOYAN

And that's more money.

DR. WESTIN

We'll try to keep the cost down.

GOYAN

No, don't. You'll get all of your money.

EXT. IN FRONT OF RUFUS'S JUNKYARD

Goyan talks with Rufus.

RUFUS

It's out of the question. No way.

GOYAN

Kevin's definitely out of the question. Your arthritis puts you out. So, who's gonna come up with another twenty thousand. I am. That's who.

RUFUS

Jaadi would kill me, Goyan.

GOYAN

Let's not tell him.

RUFUS

Keep this shit secret from Jaadi? He's got ears everywhere.

GOYAN

Are you gonna tool me up, or am I gonna have to use nail files and coat hangers?

RUFUS

You'd have to practice on a few cars in the junk yard.

GOYAN

I stole a few cars back in the day. Let's say it runs in the family. Just tool me up. I'm starting today.

RUFUS

I'll be your back. I've already got a Vette and a 450SL scoped out.

GOYAN

Let's do this. My baby needs us.

RUFUS

Your baby needs her mother, Goyan.

GOYAN

She has to remain the fuck among us to need me. Catch twenty two.

RUFUS

A real tough one, man.

EXT. PROFESSIONAL BUILDING PARKING LOT

Goyan hurries up to a Corvette, slim Jims the driver's side door in a few seconds.

INT. INSIDE THE CORVETTE

Goyan slide hammers the ignition in ten seconds, starts it up with a screw driver, and is gone.

INT. RUFUS IS IN HIS CAR WAITING TO SEE IF EVERYTHING GOES WELL

Goyan speeds by Rufus with a thumbs up.

RUFUS

Holy shit! She might be as good as Jaadi.

INT. AT THE ICU NURSING STATION

Detective Hooper talks with the receptionist, Doris (50).

He holds up his badge and squints at her name tag.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Hello, Doris. I hope you're having a fine day.

DORIS

Well, sometimes between moans of pain, we get to have a fine day.

Detective Hooper shows her a picture of Kevin.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Has this man been in here lately?

DORIS

Why do you ask?

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Just wanna ask him a few questions.

DORIS

Yes, he's been in a few times.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Who did he visit?



DORIS  
You sure you're a detective?

Detective Hooper hands her a business card.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Please, feel free to phone this  
number at Phoenix PD.

DORIS  
He comes to see Little Feather.  
He's close with her mother, Goyan  
Jones. When Little Feather is here,  
she's usually in Oncology, though.

Detective Hooper looks grim.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Oh, no, don't tell me.

DORIS  
We all love Little Feather, and,  
yes, she's fighting cancer.

Doris stands and reaches across the counter and grabs a box  
with little hearts all over it.

DORIS (CONT'D)  
If you'd care to donate to our  
Little Feather fund, the family  
would certainly appreciate it.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
No insurance?

Doris nods.

DORIS  
That's right. And her chemo is  
horribly expensive. Her mother's  
government help reached its limit a  
while back.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
What's Little Feather's prognosis?

DORIS  
Can't tell you that.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
That bad, huh? Okay, no more  
questions about that.

Detective Hooper pulls out a twenty dollar bill out of his wallet and puts it in the box.

DORIS  
We're all grateful to you,  
Detective.

Detective Hooper rather frantically searches his pockets for more money.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Wish I had more on me. I'll bring  
more next time. How's that!

DORIS  
Thank you, detective.

INT. CEMETERY IN THE PHOENIX AREA

Detective Hooper and wife Dana visit their daughter's grave.

We see chiseled on the gravestone, Margaret Hooper 1961 -  
1967.

Detective Hooper and Dana both hold flowers and place them in front of the stone.

DANA  
Happy birthday, little one.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Happy birthday, sweet Margaret.

Detective Hooper sheds a few tears.

DANA  
You haven't cried here for years.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Not many survived cancer back then.

DANA  
That's why we didn't have another.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
I didn't want another one because I  
was afraid it would make me forget  
about Margaret, which was nonsense.

DANA  
Grief brings lasting nonsense,  
Hooper.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

This Little Feather has a chance to live. Damn, we had Margaret at the wrong time.

DANA

Can't fix it, honey. Remember, we talked about how poison regrets can be.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

I can still remember her smell.

DANA

Oh, she was a doll. She was ours. And we did everything in the world that we could for her.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

What I miss most about her was her reaction to our love.

DANA

She wasn't afraid to show her joy.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Maybe I'm saying too much.

DANA

That's what this is for, Hooper, to talk things out. Unless you keep talking, you're gonna start crying in your sleep, again.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

I kept you up for years. Pathetic, huh?

DANA

No, sad is a better word. It stays sad as long as we choose to make it that way.

Detective Hooper puts his arm around Dana's shoulders.

DANA (CONT'D)

It's not like we have to stop thinking about her.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

I'll work on it.

INT. VISITOR AREA AT THE PRISON - A SEPARATE ROOM FOR POLICE QUESTIONING

Detective Hooper talks with Jaadi.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
A little bird told me your whole fuckin' family's stealing cars now, Jaadi. You're gonna take your whole family down to save Little Feather.

JAADI  
Know what, Hooper?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
No, what?

JAADI  
You've never told me which tribe you are.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Irish.

JAADI  
An Indian can't fool an Indian. Come on, Hopi? Navaho? You don't look Apache.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Fuck you, man!

JAADI  
So, you rose to great heights by denying who you are? We're all so proud of you.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Hey, dick head, I came here to help you save your family from jail. You gonna cooperate?

JAADI  
I wonder if our fathers knew each other.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
My father was Hopi, wouldn't have associated with an Apache.

JAADI  
I think you've always wanted to let that out.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Clever bastard. I was gonna tell  
you anyway. There you go, Jaadi:  
we're red man brothers.

JAADI  
Why did they call us red man? Do  
you know any red Indians?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Same deal with Chinese being called  
"yellow." I've never meet a yellow  
Chinese person.

JAADI  
I think you should march into your  
Captain and tell him you're a Hopi  
Indian. What do you think?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
What would that accomplish, Jaadi?

JAADI  
Most cops like surprises.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
What the fuck does that mean?

JAADI  
One of his best cops turns out to  
be a red man.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Ah, he would just think the Irish  
half got me to "great heights."

JAADI  
But an Indian would think the Hopi  
half did most of the work.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Look, my head is already spinning .  
. . .

JAADI  
. . . I'm a poet whose Little  
Feather will probably die. If, and  
I mean if, my family is stealing  
cars to save her, and somebody gets  
busted, well, now, wouldn't that be  
worth it? Apache are brave,  
Detective Hooper.

Detective Hooper stands and points at Jaadi.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Hopis are brave, too, Jaadi Jones.

Detective Hooper leaves.

INT. PHOENIX GENERAL HOSPITAL ENTRANCE

Detective Hooper is in his car in the hospital parking lot when he sees Goyan, Little Feather, and Kevin exit the hospital.

Kevin pushes Little Feather's wheelchair.

Kevin picks her up from the wheelchair and holds her as they walk to the parking lot.

Little Feather gently fights Kevin off, obviously too proud to let Kevin carry her all the way to the car.

Detective Hooper is despondent over what he sees.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Sorry, sweet Little Feather, I have  
to take your Robin Hoods to jail.

Detective Hooper slams his palm against the steering wheel.

DETECTIVE HOOPER (CONT'D)  
Shit! Fuck! What a goddamn fucked  
up world!

INT. DETECTIVE HOOPER'S KITCHEN TABLE

Detective Hooper and Dana talk while Dana strings some green beans.

DANA  
You're in a situation, honey, the  
kind that makes us question things.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
I've never felt so frustrated.

DANA  
Call the captain. Tell him you need  
a few days off. Just sit in the  
park and read. Go to Sedona. I can  
hold down the fort.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
I have to carry this one through to  
the end.

Detective Hooper stands and hurries to another room, from which we hear a drawer open and shut.

He hurries back out carrying a small leather satchel and stops in front of Dana.

DETECTIVE HOOPER (CONT'D)  
Well, damnit. I'm gonna put a stop to this shit once and for all. Are you still okay with this, Dana?

DANA  
I haven't changed my mind, Hooper. Do it.

EXT. FAIRLY SMALL COUNTRY CLUB PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Detective Hooper is parked near the entrance when he sees a car pull up; Eddie's driving, and Goyan steps out of the front passenger seat with a gym bag.

Eddie pulls away and parks a few hundred feet down the road.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Go, girl. Which caddy? Which Mercedes? There's even a Bentley. These folks make big bucks. Let me take you, beautiful Apache.

Goyan walks straight to a Mercedes 450SL just a few cars down from Detective Hooper's car; he watches her.

Goyan slim Jims the door in three seconds.

DETECTIVE HOOPER (CONT'D)  
As fast as Jaadi ever was.

Then he sees Goyan slide hammer the ignition in ten seconds and start up the car.

That's when Detective Hooper quickly drives his car to the Mercedes, blocking Goyan from backing out.

EXT. NEARBY STREETSIDE - SIMULTANEOUS

Eddie slowly pulls away from the scene.

INT. A FUNERAL SERVICE IN PHOENIX - PRESENT DAY - 2025

The funeral is for Jaadi Jones as we see a picture of him (a lot older) next to the open casket.

People walk by the casket to view Jaadi's body.

We see Kevin, Goyan, Rufus, even Detective Hooper, all much older but all in pretty good shape.

Goyan approaches Detective Hooper.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Goyan, I'm so sorry about Jaadi.  
Good man, great poet.

GOYAN

Yeah, he got to see so many places  
doing poetry readings. We'll always  
be thankful to you for speaking up  
at the parole board so long ago.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

So long ago. I'm not far from  
ninety.

GOYAN

I'm sixty three.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Jaadi was so proud of you, Goyan.

Just then, two women, Melisa Flying Hawk and Frida Strong River (early 30's), step up.

GOYAN

Rufus, you remember our daughters,  
Melisa Flying Hawk and Frida Strong  
River.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

I haven't seen you girls since you  
were toddlers.

MELISA FLYING HAWK

A pleasure to see you, again.

FRIDA STRONG RIVER

We've heard stories about you,  
Detective.

GOYAN

I hope Honolulu still agrees with  
you, Detective Hooper. So sorry to  
hear about Dana.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Thank you. I can't believe she's  
already been gone for ten years.



Detective Hooper becomes anxious and looks around.

Goyan and her daughters look around the room, too.

Frida Strong River waves at somebody and motions the person to come.

FRIDA STRONG RIVER

There's our big sister. Hey, Little Feather, come say "hi" to Hooper.

Little Feather's been talking with people next to the casket but hurries over.

LITTLE FEATHER

Detective Hooper! Great to see you!

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Great to see you, too, my little survivor!

They hug.

LITTLE FEATHER

My little sisters are pretty cool, huh?

Kevin joins them.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Kevin, you look okay for an old man.

KEVIN

You look old for an old man.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

A century's not too far off.

KEVIN

At a century, we'll fly to Honolulu and throw a birthday party for you.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Tell ya what, if I reach a century, I'll come back to the Hopi reservation and have my party there.

Rufus, using a cane, joins them.

RUFUS

I have to take over for Jaadi now  
in the "Give Hooper Hell  
department."

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Rufus, give me all the Hell you  
want.

INT. FUNERAL SERVICE - A LITTLE LATER

The conversation is breaking up and Detective Hooper is left  
with only Goyan.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Little Feather is healthy and  
beautiful.

Goyan places a hand on Detective Hooper's shoulder.

GOYAN

After remission, it never came  
back. Bless you, sweet man. Bless,  
you.

EXT. BACK TO 1987 AND THE COUNTRY CLUB

Detective Hooper slams on the breaks, blocking Goyan and the  
Mercedes from backing out.

Detective Hooper steps out of the car carrying a small  
satchel.

Goyan stays in the car.

GOYAN

Oh, no. Oh, fuck.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Step out of the car, Goyan. I'm not  
here to bust you, okay?

Goyan slowly steps out of the Mercedes.

GOYAN

What do you mean, you're not going  
to bust me? I'm stealing a car.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

I stopped you before you stole it,  
okay? So, now it's just misdemeanor  
vandalism.

GOYAN

Yeah, okay. Thanks, I guess. So, what do I do now?

Detective Hooper hands her the satchel.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Long ago, I invested some money for our daughter, Margaret. It turned out to be a good investment. It was going to be for her college. But she died when she was Little Feather's age.

GOYAN

I am so sorry. You know about Little Feather?

DETECTIVE HOOPER

I'm a good detective.

GOYAN

So I've heard. Jaadi says you're nice.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

I don't know about that, but, anyway, this has matured into a substantial amount. This money has had no life for decades.

GOYAN

Then life it will be.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

You and Kevin must never steal a fucking car, again, as long as you live. Promise me. I'm not gonna expect that from Rufus, but tell him, anyway.

GOYAN

I promise.

Goyan looks inside the satchel.

DETECTIVE HOOPER

Call it an investment in the future.

GOYAN

Holy shit! How much is this?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
Enough for her treatment and  
probably enough to put her through  
college.

GOYAN  
How about you?

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
I've got a nice pension comin'. My  
wife and I will be just fine.

Goyan tries to hug him.

DETECTIVE HOOPER (CONT'D)  
No hugs in public. Save it for  
another time.

GOYAN  
I'm stunned. I don't know what to  
say.

DETECTIVE HOOPER  
It was wonderful investigating your  
family.

INT. BACK TO PRESENT DAY IN THE GANTRY HOME LIVINGROOM -  
AFTER THE FUNERAL

Family members as well as Detective Hooper talk and have  
treats.

KEVIN  
I was glad to Jaadi here in his  
final years. We had great  
conversations. He had only a few  
health issues. Never made a fuss.  
He even tried to help around the  
house.

RUFUS  
So old, and he didn't even need  
diapers.

Chuckles.

GOYAN  
He worked on his poetry until the  
day he died. We found a few new  
poem drafts on his desk. He was  
still drafting them with pen and  
paper, and he'd type out the final  
drafts on his laptop.

Little Feather appears curious about something and stands.

LITTLE FEATHER  
Can you guys excuse me for a  
minute?

GOYAN  
You okay?

LITTLE FEATHER  
Fine.

Little Feather exits the living room.

The others appear curious at Little Feather's behavior.

INT. THE HOUSE ATTIC

Little Feather looks for something. She opens several boxes until she finds what she's looking for.

LITTLE FEATHER  
Wow, still here.

She pulls out the old pastels she drew when she had cancer and places six of them on top of the boxes in front of her.

She's amazed.

Just then, Goyan enters the attic.

GOYAN  
I was afraid to frame them and put  
them on the walls.

LITTLE FEATHER  
Afraid?

GOYAN  
As though it would give you  
permission to die. Kevin agreed  
with me at the time.

LITTLE FEATHER  
Frankly, I'm impressed at how good  
they are.

Goyan stands next to the pictures.

GOYAN  
I like the one here in the park  
with you, Kevin and me. You look  
joyous. Look at your smile.  
(MORE)

GOYAN (CONT'D)

You might want to display these at your next opening in New York, dear. Just a thought. Don't sell them, of course, just let people know the story behind them.

LITTLE FEATHER

Funny, even though I was bald, I gave myself hair.

GOYAN

Maybe you knew you were going to live. But you couldn't stop talking about death.

LITTLE FEATHER

I remember thinking, if I kept talking, maybe death would get bored and go away.

They both laugh, and we leave with them engrossed in the pastels.

END