

THE TREATY

Written by

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Based on, his novel, "Severed Treaty"

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The Treaty

FADE IN:

EXT. KANSAS PRAIRIE - DAY

We see present day Wichita, Kansas, slowly drift back to 1865. Buildings and roads disappear. Lush trees and croplands vanish into a dry prairie.

SUPER: "October 17, 1865, Little Arkansas River, Kansas Territory"

A small campfire warms five frontiersmen, including scruffy KIT CARSON (66) and WILLIAM BENT (66), who are collecting signatures/marks from Twelve weary ragged Indians on two copies of the same treaty.

Murderous Cavalry commander, COLONEL CHIVINGTON (44), and forty troops stand by in a threatening manner.

KIT CARSON

Page one don't seem right.  
Promising the Cheyenne the snow-covered mountains of the Colorado Territory. That's Ute land.

FRONTIERSMAN #1

Don't matter. They'll all be dead soon enough. No War Chiefs came to sign anyhow.

KIT CARSON

Tall Bull will never sign a White treaty. Don't trust us.

FRONTIERSMAN #2

Them's a dyin' breed.

WILLIAM BENT

Them's plains people. Buffalo hunters. Not trapped-out, snow-covered mountain folk.

FRONTIERSMAN #1

Top of page two they keep some dryland yonder by Bent's Fort.

KIT CARSON

Ya mean, Sand Crick -- where that  
murderin' scoundrel Chivington  
massacred two-hundred-fifty  
womenfolk and children last  
November?

Colonel Chivington SCOFFS at Carson's remarks, and COCKS his  
repeating rifle.

FRONTIERSMAN #3

Hell, we don't know what them folks  
in Washington are fixin' to do with  
this here treaty no-how.

KIT CARSON

Sorry, Black Kettle. Plum sorry.

Old Chief BLACK KETTLE (63) is handed one copy of the treaty.  
He passes it secretly to bright, young WAKAN LONG RIVER (15),  
for safekeeping.

BLACK KETTLE

(whispering)

Wakan, touched by the  
supernaturals, use all your visions  
to protect this treaty 'til the end  
of time.

The young boy mysteriously VANISHES with the treaty.

The Indians sorrowfully scatter in every direction.

Kit Carson grumbles and rides off with William Bent, leaving  
the other treaty agents and Colonel Chivington at the fire.

They wait until Carson and Bent ride out of sight.

FRONTIERSMAN #1

Got the razor?

Colonel Chivington furnishes a straight-edge razor and  
ceremoniously hands it to the treaty agents. One agent  
SLICES the bottom line from page one off the treaty.

FRONTIERSMAN #2

Them mountains of Colorado belong  
to us again. They wouldn't of gone  
for it in Washington no-how.

FRONTIERSMAN #1

Colonel, it's up to you to find the  
Injuns' copy and burn it.

COLONEL CHIVINGTON  
Leave it to me.

FRONTIERSMAN #2  
No witnesses neither. This is the  
only treaty taint anyone will ever  
see.

FRONTIERSMAN #1  
What about Carson and Bent?

FRONTIERSMAN #2  
Colonel knows what to do. They  
ain't exactly friends.

The agents laugh as they mount up slowly. The Cavalry splits  
up and races to follow every Indian trail.

The trail taken by Wakan Long River leads to the area now  
known as Stillwater, Oklahoma.

We see time advancing 145 years with roads, trees, and crops  
appearing, followed by the building of a university.

INT. UNIVERSITY LIBRARY - NIGHT

SUPER: "Oklahoma State University Library -- Present Day"

Two black-clad figures steal a 1904 printed copy of the 1865  
treaty with the Cheyenne, Arapahoe, and Apache Indians from a  
locked glass case. They are proud of their accomplishment.

One of the thieves, JAVIER SENERO (40), makes a smartphone  
call to evil-sounding CLAYTON WEGNER (60), CEO of California  
Water and Trade, Sacramento, California.

SENERO  
We got the freakin' treaty, Boss.  
(beat)  
Yes, we know how much a third of  
Colorado and all that water is  
worth today. Freakin' lots. Don't  
worry boss, we got it.

WEGNER (V.O.)  
Don't be smug, you idiots. If it  
says nineteen-hundred-and-four,  
it's not the original. I must have  
the original Cheyenne copy from  
eighteen-sixty-five. Got it?

SENERO

Got it boss. Don't worry. We'll find it. Bound to be easy -- they leave things in plain sight.

WEGNER (V.O.)

Hidden for one-hundred-fifty years, so far. Where the hell is it?

BEGIN FLASHBACKS:

INT. AUCTION HOUSE - EVENING

SUPER: "Winter 1952, Saxby's Auction House, Atlanta, Georgia"

We hear a noisy, black-tie antique auction. Dapper CHAD HASTINGS II (35) is eager to spend old money.

AUCTIONEER

Item twenty-two. An eighteen-sixty-four, Henry repeating rifle holding fifteen, forty-four caliber rounds. Bidding starts at five-hundred...

CHAD HASTINGS II

Five-thousand dollars.

The usually brash bidders go SILENT.

AUCTIONEER

Going once, twice, thrice, sold.

Chad Hastings II is surprisingly SILENT until Lot 27.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

Lot Twenty-seven, crate of books, unopened, nineteen-hundred-and-four shipment. Let's start at five-hundred dollars.

This time, a bidding war hop-scotches the bid to \$1200.

CHAD HASTINGS II

Five-thousand dollars.

The crowd is SILENT once again.

AUCTIONEER

Very charitable, Mr. Hastings.

INT. ESTATE LIBRARY - NIGHT

A crackling fire is burning. Chad Hastings II pries open the crate of books when his gorgeous wife, SAMANTHA (24), sways in wearing a silk negligee.

CHAD HASTINGS II  
Y'all look fabulous, Pumpkin.  
Wanna see my new ol' books?

SAMANTHA  
No, Dumplin'.  
(beat)  
Wanna make Chad Hastings the Third?

CHAD HASTINGS II  
Looky here. A leather Excelsior  
journal from 1864 in Colorado.

SAMANTHA  
Looky there. That Yankee trash is  
falling apart like my nightie, and  
I'm walking upstairs. Y'all want an  
heir to your silly book collection?

Chad sees his lovely wife climbing the stairs seductively.

CHAD HASTINGS II  
But the whole last part of the  
journal is different handwriting.  
Don't ya want to know who that  
Captain S. J. Johnson was?

SAMANTHA  
Don't y'all wanna do the dirty  
deed?

CHAD HASTINGS II  
Don't ya care about who finished  
writing this journal?

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
Put your peepers on. Not a stitch  
on me.

Chad runs upstairs, leaving the journal open to the wind from an open window before the fireplace. The pages turn to December 3, 1864.

The spirit of WAKAN LONG RIVER (V.O.) reads from his journal in a series of flashbacks further back in time.

EXT. COLORADO PLAINS, INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY,

SUPER: "Cheyenne Village (soon Colorado Territory), 1850"

We see a vibrant, small Cheyenne Indian Village in the Colorado, dry plains. Chief Black Kettle ceremoniously raises a new born baby boy outside a tipi.

WAKAN LONG RIVER (V.O.)

My Chief, Black Kettle, told me that when I was born fifteen winters ago, I peed a great river right away, so my mother named me Long River. But, when he saw my eyes were so clear after birth, he said I was a seer, a Wakan, touched by the supernaturals.

EXT. MOUNTAIN CREEK, COLORADO - DAY

SUPER: "1858 Creek (soon Denver City)"

Miners (mixed ages) pan for and discover gold.

WAKAN LONG RIVER (V.O.)

My older brother and I were nearby when gold was discovered. At eight winters old, I spoke Cheyenne, Ute, Arapahoe, Apache, Sioux, English and Spanish. I remember all words easily.

INT. CAVALRY CAMP - NIGHT

SUPER: "Lower Sand Creek, December 1, 1864"

Wakan Long River is tied to a post with his brother, BLACKBIRD AT NIGHT (16), in a field tent. It's snowing.

CAPTAIN S.J. JOHNSON (25) whips his prisoners, while celebrating a great victory at Sand Creek, and writing in his new journal, while Colonel Chivington watches approvingly.

Two soldiers (18-20) stand guard inside the tent, and Two other soldiers (18-20) stand outside.

WAKAN LONG RIVER (V.O.)

They whipped us hoping we would tell them where Chief Tall Bull and Chief Little Raven were, but we did not speak. I understand them.

(MORE)

## WAKAN LONG RIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They brag about the Henry's firing fifteen shots for each one musket ball the old men fired from our camp. They laugh at the white flag and American flag above Chief Black Kettles lodge. They want all of Colorado. Chivington leaves saying the Farmer's Almanac didn't say anything about snow. God damn snow, he says. Johnson writes more stories in his journal then whips us more. Who will save you now? He writes to preserve memories. I admire that about him.

Two fierce Cheyenne warriors, TALL BULL (35) and WOLF THAT HOWLS (32) sneak up on the tent and kill two guards outside with knives.

## WAKAN LONG RIVER (V.O.)

Hotamitaneo, my brother said. Dog Soldiers, I said.

Two arrows fell the two guards, then Tall Bull stabs Johnson.

## EXT. SAND CREEK MASSACRE SITE - DAY

SUPER: "Two Days Before - Cheyenne Reservation, Sand Creek, November 29, 1864"

We see a peaceful, sleepy village of Cheyenne Indians in Black Kettle's band attacked by the Cavalry. Women and children are mutilated.

## WAKAN LONG RIVER (V.O.)

Just before sunrise the day of the massacre at Sand Creek, Chief Black Kettle sent me and my older brother by two winters, Blackbird at Night, to hunt antelope. Colonel Chivington and six-hundred men, many cannons, and Henry rifles, gunned down two-hundred of our band, mostly women and children. They gutted them and wore scalps, ears, and sex-parts as war prizes. The few surviving members of our band disappeared like crows at night.

EXT. PAWNEE BUTTES, COLORADO, INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY

SUPER: "Summer 1865, Tall Bull's Camp, Pawnee Buttes"

Tall Bull returns from a raid with Blackbird at Night and Wolf that Howls with scalps in hand. Wakan Long River is writing in Johnson's journal.

WAKAN LONG RIVER (V.O.)

Chief Black Kettle and Mayuna survive the massacre and take us into their lodge. Mayuna carries scars from nine bullets. She is our mother now. They ask me to begin writing my stories from the all words I hear and from Johnson's journal and his black-holy book. This is easy for me. Tall Bull wants me to learn the ways of the Whites for war. Black Kettle wants me to learn the White words for peace; to make better treaties. I will take the road of peace.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

SUPER: "October 17, 1865, Little Arkansas River, Kansas Territory"

A few Indian elders, Peace Chiefs, RIDE IN to sign the treaty in return for much-needed food.

WAKAN LONG RIVER (V.O.)

Smallpox killed many two springs ago. Few chiefs came to sign the paper anyway. Black Kettle, our Peace Chief, came to end the killing. No Dog Soldiers came. Black Kettle said "You lied to us before and attacked Sand Creek. How can we trust you?" Kit Carson just shook his head and said, "I don't know. I don't know."

(voice strengthens)

So, Black Kettle entrusted his treaty to me to protect forever.

BEGIN MONTAGE -- WAKAN LONG RIVER PROTECTS THE TREATY

-- WAKAN (now 16) hides the treaty in a beaded bridal on his horse, and he and his brother escape Chivington by riding into a SNOWSTORM, where Chivington lives, but his men get trapped in the storm.

-- Wakan and his brother (now 18) track down Kit Carson and William Bent near Bent's Old Fort to sign a handwritten copy of the treaty in the Wakan's journal.

-- At Tall Bull's camp, Wakan meets a Crow maiden, RABBIT IN DREAMS (16) who chooses him over his warrior brother.

-- Medicine Lodge, Kansas. October 1867. Black Kettle and a few old, tired Indians SIGN the Medicine Bow Treaties with Kit Carson as Wakan Long River looks on. The Cheyenne are given a tiny reservation in Oklahoma.

-- Washita Reservation, Oklahoma, November 27, 1868, Black Kettle sends Wakan, his wife, and brother out to hunt before dawn. Lieutenant GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER (37) and his troops MASSACRE Black Kettle and his whole band and BURN the village. Black Kettle's lodge still flies a WHITE FLAG and AMERICAN FLAG as it BURNS, but the 1865 treaty is safe.

-- Summit Springs, Colorado Territory, July 11, 1869, Tall Bull's camp is sieged by BUFFALO BILL CODY (26), and the US Cavalry. Watching from a distance are Wakan, his wife, and his brother. Tall Bull is SHOT and KILLED, but the treaty is safe.

-- 1904 PHOTOGRAPH of a Native American extended family, in front of a new cottage home in Denver: Two OLD MEN (Wakan and his brother), one OLD WOMAN (Rabbit in Dreams), and a young husband (KICKING BUCK, 37) his WHITE WIFE (35), and three Half-Breed children. Wakan holds a BEADED INDIAN BRIEFCASE (the treaty and his journal 1865 are inside).

END MONTAGE  
END FLASHBACKS

We see the same cottage home and neighborhood in Denver age over 100 years, as time passes to the present.

SUPER: "Present day, Johnny Greyfeather's Home"

INT. JOHNNY GREYFEATHER'S HOME - NIGHT

A winter wind perforates the same cottage home, now dilapidated and rented by a Ute Indian, JOHNNY GREYFEATHER (32). The MEOW of a kitten welcomes the tired teacher.

JOHNNY  
Well, Black Kettle, another long  
night of Indian charity work.

He scoops up the charcoal kitten and drinks a beer.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

One more book sold. That makes a  
hundred in five years.

He picks up his book entitled "Giving it Back: the Re-appropriation of Stolen Indian Lands" and gently flings it toward his packed book shelves.

There is a loud knock on the front door. The kitten runs to the bedroom as Johnny drags himself to the front door and opens it for Javier Senero in a trench coat flashing a badge.

SENERO

John Greyfeather? I'm Agent Gomez,  
FBI. Your doorbell's busted.

JOHNNY

Thanks. I'll fix it by Halloween.  
You got a warrant?

Senero FORCES his way past Johnny.

SENERO

Know about the theft of an eighteen-  
sixty-five Indian treaty with the  
Cheyenne?

JOHNNY

Theft was of the land, not the  
treaty.

SENERO

A smart-ass Indian, huh?

Senero drops the act, and with one martial arts move, he has Johnny on the ground beneath his leather boot with a gun at his head, while wiping a clear goeey substance on the back of Johnny's neck with a rubber-covered finger.

SENERO (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll come back in a day or  
two when you're gone. I'll get to  
the bottom of this treaty bullshit.  
Who's gonna save ya now?

Senero leaves Johnny in pain, but not dead.

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE HALL - DAY

SUPER: "Two days later. Colorado State University, Fort  
Collins, Colorado"

Shy, handsome, and poorly dressed PROFESSOR WES POWELL, 30, warmly smiles. He adjusts the thermostat on extra high, and places buckets of dry ice creating FOG in the huge lecture room filling with students.

WES

Take your seats. I'm in a rotten mood. Got shot at twice this morning.

STUDENT #1

Shot at in this cow-town? Doubt it.

WES

They were flu shots. Don't laugh or I'll get even on the mid-term exam.

The students LAUGH. FOG fills the air. Breathtakingly beautiful teaching assistant, MAGGIE ESPOSITO (24), enters the room like a rock star.

WES (CONT'D)

Take notes, students. Since 1930, rainmakers have charged millions of dollars to increase rainfall and snow in the arid west.

The professor STRUGGLES with the slide projector.

BEGIN SERIES OF SHOTS -- THE PROFESSOR'S LECTURE SLIDES (A-E)

A) DUST BOWL PHOTO

WES (CONT'D)

Swindlers even shot surplus World War I cannons to bilk farmers with the promise of rain.

B) CANON BEING FIRED BY RAINMAKER

WES (CONT'D)

Proving P.T. Barnam was right.

C) 1970 AIRPLANE SPREADING SILVER IODIDE

WES (CONT'D)

We fall for cloud seeding scams because weather predictions are no better than the Farmer's Almanac.

D) OLD SCIENTISTS AT CHALKBOARD WITH EQUATIONS

STUDENT #2

One looks like you, Professor.

WES

Unable to predict the weather,  
scientists, like my father, tried  
to control it.

E) COLORADO SKI RESORT OFFICIALS PAYING MONEY

WES (CONT'D)

Cloud seeding in the Rockies leaves  
below average snowfall in the  
plains, as far away as Sand Creek.

The fog gets worse. It's almost raining. The slide projector  
shorts out with sparks. Students laugh.

WES (CONT'D)

There's an old Indian saying - a  
woman's heart is like the weather,  
unpredictable.

The class chuckles. Maggie swoons.

WES (CONT'D)

Faulty projector, so we're done  
today. Remember, Ms. Esposito will  
lead class Wednesday, while I'm in  
Las Vegas at a water conference.

Students hoot and laugh as they leave.

INT. UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY

Wes and Maggie, in wet clothes, stare at Wes's computer.

WES

Here's that e-mail from Silver  
Whitehorse, the attorney from the  
Bureau of Indian Affairs. She wants  
my help tracking the historical  
spread of smallpox.

MAGGIE

Maybe she's a crackpot. Do you  
think it would work, Wesley?

WES

I told her I'm heading to Vegas and  
will respond later. Let me know if  
we get that snow proposal funded.

MAGGIE

Okay, Wesley. If we do, I'll bring it to you in Vegas personally. What happens in Vegas...

Powell grabs his shabby leather briefcase and heads out of the office, oblivious to Maggie's come-on.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: "California Water and Trade, Inc., Sacramento, California"

DANIEL WHITEHORSE (25), attorney and personal assistant, brings coffee to CEO CLAYTON WEGNER, the most powerful man in California.

DANIEL

The Governor is calling, sir, on security issues again.

WEGNER

Tell him I'll talk to him in Vegas at the Water Conference.

DANIEL

Anything wrong, sir?

WEGNER

More water shortages predicted by the Farmer's Almanac. We must own more primary water rights! Can you imagine the eighth most powerful nation without water?

DANIEL

Yes sir, I mean no, sir.

WEGNER

Our mission at CWT is to enhance California's economic superiority. See to it that I'm not disturbed.

DANIEL

Too late sir, I mean, you have a call on your secure line two.

Wegner pauses for the solid doors to shut. He checks the phone's security readings. It's MONTY MONTREAU (45), Security Chief.

PHONE CONVERSATION BEGINS

WEGNER

I hope you and Senero put an end to that Indian treaty nonsense.

MONTY (V.O.)

Yes sir, we're on it.

WEGNER

My job is to get California more water, plain and simple.

MONTY (V.O.)

We're on Dr. Greyfeather in Denver to see what he knows.

WEGNER

Good. Don't forget about the primary water rights owned by that old Chief Passing Cloud in Utah. If I own those water rights, I can trade them.

MONTY (V.O.)

That's where Senero is going next.

Wegner hangs up and smiles.

PHONE CONVERSATION ENDS

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C., GOVERNMENT OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: "Bureau of Indian Affairs, Washington, D.C."

Over-stuffed Undersecretary for Treaties and Rights, BOB MILLS (62) is PACING with the morning newspaper.

Young attorney, SILVER WHITEHORSE, 28, looking like a Disney Indian princess in a business suit, SWAYS in with the same newspaper.

SILVER

Isn't it great? Part of an eighteen-sixty-four journal written by a Cheyenne surfaced in Atlanta. What an archaeological find. Wonder what else is in it?

BOB MILLS

Weeks to retirement. It's hard helping five-hundred tribes on sixty million acres. We owe them billions, and now this. To top it off, Dr. Greyfeather called again.

SILVER

About the eighteen-sixty-five treaty again?

BOB MILLS

This time, he claims to have actual evidence that a third of Colorado should be returned to the Indians.

SILVER

Imagine that. I'm heading to Vegas to get help on my smallpox research. Could stop in Denver?

BOB MILLS

The least you could do is make these rumors go away until I retire. No waves. No waves.

SILVER

You got it, Bob. But I want to see this Cheyenne's journal.

EXT./INT. PALACE HOTEL, LAS VEGAS - DAY

The Palace Hotel is a monstrous, new, water-guzzler in the desert.

BEGIN MONTAGE - LAS VEGAS WATER USE HISTORY

-- Historic scene of a small Navajo family traversing the same desert on foot in 1850.

-- Present day - Wasteful watering of golf courses.

-- Present day - Wasteful water fountains in front of lavish Palace Hotels and into the auditorium.

END MONTAGE

INT. PALACE HOTEL AUDITORIUM - DAY

The auditorium is packed. The front row seats are reserved for governors and guest speaker, but Wes Powell is absent.

WEGNER

Good morning esteemed governors, ladies and gentleman. Welcome to the water conference. I'm Clayton Wegner, CEO of California Water and Trade. Water is the transparent gold of the West...

Wegner GLARES at Powell's empty chair.

WEGNER (CONT'D)  
As Professor Powell would say.

INT. PALACE HOTEL VEGAS-TIME-SHARE VACATION SALES OFFICE

In second-floor offices at the same hotel, an assortment of vacationers listen to a high-powered female SALESPERSON (40). Wes Powell sheepishly enters and sits near the exit.

SALESPERSON  
Some of you came for the donuts and coffee, or the cheap voucher for staying here, but we can offer you luxury all over the world.

Silver Whitehorse, dressed poorly in a jogging suit sneaks in next to Powell like a mountain lion stalks a deer.

SILVER  
Hi, I'm Silver Whitehorse. Tracked you down for statistics help?

WES  
(shyly)  
Why, why, yes. What are you doing here? I'm just here to save our university two-hundred dollars in travel costs.

SILVER  
Same thing, I guess. And to get your help. Let's get out of here. Follow my lead.

We see a short promotional video, during which Silver whispers to Wes, as top salesman, REGGIE, 35, eyes his prey.

REGGIE  
Hi, I'm Reggie Washington, personal investment professional. How long ya been married?

WES  
Oh. We're not even...

SILVER  
(interrupting)  
Employed.  
(beat)  
And he has an incurable brain tumor. Forgets to zip up.  
(MORE)

SILVER (CONT'D)

And I'm joining the Peace Corps. To hell with all those student loans. Can we leave early, so he can take his medicine for incontinence?

REGGIE

You won't get the complementary gift basket or camera.

Reggie reluctantly stamps their vouchers. Silver grabs Wes's arm and drags him out a side door to the lobby.

WES

(shyly)

You saved my life in there. Can I buy you coffee? Even with the brain tumor, I remember seeing a coffee shop in the lobby, and my Depends can hold up to a quart.

SILVER

Well, zip up and let's go. But don't you have a talk to give?

Wes checks his watch, swears, and runs to the auditorium.

INT. PALACE HOTEL AUDITORIUM - DAY

Wes races in just in time for his big talk.

WEGNER

(spouting his favorite cliché)

In the West where 'Whiskey is for drinkin', and water is for fightin' over.' And now, without further ado, give it up for Professor Wes Powell.

Wes passes Wegner on the way to the podium.

WEGNER (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Where the hell were you? Despite your behavior, I need you to join me in my suite for lunch.

Wes approaches the podium, where he is at ease. Large crowds don't bother him like intimate settings do.

WES

I thank you for the invitation.  
And I thank my research team who  
make me look smarter than I really  
am. Let me begin with some slides I  
just showed my class...

The male Governors of California and Colorado (60) pay  
particular attention to the PHOTO of Maggie Esposito.

WES (CONT'D)

Water is the transparent gold of  
the West, with entire economies  
based on supply, demand, and  
primary ownership rights...

Wes continues his spiel, while Wegner receives urgent text  
messages scrolling on his smartphone.

INSERT - TEXT MESSAGE ON SMARTPHONE, which reads: "bad news.  
hacked by a geek in seattle. fired lacey chow, network  
security. good news. print of treaty was authentic. 1904.  
senero found nothing in Denver. greyfeather won't talk, ever  
again that is."

Wegner TAPS a series of angry texts in return. Minutes pass.

WES (CONT'D)

In conclusion, our climate models  
are improving, but they need a  
mathematical breakthrough. Until  
then, water conservation is the key  
to our survival. Thank you.

APPLAUSE. Security guards are waiting to brush Wes past the  
governors for handshakes, then up to Wegner's penthouse  
suite.

INT. PALACE HOTEL WEGNER'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - DAY

A white-topped chef, Two cute female Servers (22-25) and a  
BARTENDER (40) stand behind three tables of gourmet foods.

WEGNER

Professor, just thirty years old  
and the world's best climate  
predictor. Make yourself at home.

Wes eyes the incredible opulence of the penthouse suite and  
the food, but avoids eye-contact with the servers.

WES

At home? Right. Call me, Wes.  
Everything looks delicious.

SERVER #1

Thanks, handsome. Want a drink?

WES

Iced tea would be lovely.

SERVER #1

Las Vegas Iced Tea coming up.

WEGNER

Look Wes, we've had a team of experts from Princeton, MIT, and Cal Tech analyze your newest spatial models. Best they've seen.

WES

Really? Thank you.

WEGNER

They say you're just one equation away from accurate ten- to ninety-day forecasts. The first ever!

WES

Hope they're right. Hey, what's in this tea?

SERVER #2

There's a tiny splash of rum flavoring for fun. Have some more.

She fills the glass and flirts.

WEGNER

I'm prepared to offer you ten times your current salary to work exclusively for us.

WES

My parents might roll over in their graves, but no. I like teaching.

WEGNER

I won't take 'no' for an answer, Wes. This envelope contains the three-grand honorarium plus a little extra. Be my guest in this suite tonight. I'm returning to Sacramento. Enjoy the food and extras. All charged to my suite.

WES  
I couldn't, sir.

WEGNER  
Sure you can. Save a couple bucks.  
Here's my card. Call me tomorrow.  
Won't take 'no' for an answer.

Wegner exits with the lunch staff, but the two luscious servers stay behind. The Las Vegas Ice Teas take effect. Wes is so tipsy, he falls asleep as the servers make him "extra comfortable."

A hidden security CAMERA in the ceiling records it all.

Two hours later, he wakes up, alone, hung-over, and ridden with guilt, when his smartphone rings.

BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

SILVER (V.O.)  
Hi Wes. We didn't have time for coffee. Can you meet me in the lobby and help me with my statistics?

WES  
Fine, but I'm a little groggy.

SILVER (V.O.)  
Have you been drinking?

WES  
Iced tea, or so I thought. I'll be right down.

END PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. PALACE HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

As Powell nervously joins Silver in the lobby, she senses something is wrong with him.

Across the lobby, matching photos of both Wes and Silver on her smartphone is tough AGENT CHARI CHANTELL, 35, from the Department of Homeland Security.

SILVER  
There you are. You don't look so good.

WES

I don't do well one on one. Sorry.  
And, Wegner's company wants to hire  
me for a lot of money. They set me  
up in a big suite, and gave me  
drinks, an envelope of money...

SILVER

(interrupting)  
So, you're on the take?

WES

No,  
(beat)  
No, I don't know, and I have a  
headache. Can we work on your  
statistics later? I'm sorry. Maybe  
at dinner. It's on the house.

SILVER

Maybe that would be better. I'll  
just see you at dinner then.

Silver walks away DISILLUSIONED. With her badge pulled, Chari  
pounces on Wes.

CHARI

Professor J. Wesley Powell?

WES

I think so. I mean, 'yes'.

CHARI

I'm Agent Chari Chantell with  
Homeland Security. How well did you  
know John Greyfeather?

WES

Johnny Greyfeather? Played  
intramural football together at Cal  
Berkeley.

CHARI

Did you know he was found dead?

WES

No, I haven't seen or heard from  
him since college.

CHARI

He lived just an hour south of you.

WES

Come all this way to tell me that?

CHARI

How well do you know Silver Whitehorse?

WES

She e-mailed me once. We met this morning. We almost had coffee.

CHARI

She telephoned Greyfeather monthly. Both are involved in an Indian activist group called Endagen. Know anything about it?

WES

Nothing. Ms. Whitehorse wanted some help on statistics. That's all.

CHARI

Endagen's on our watch list of potentially subversive groups.

WES

What does that have to do with me?

CHARI

If you find out anything more about Greyfeather's death, or anything 'de-stabilizing' -- here's my card.

WES

De-stabilizing?

They're interrupted by Maggie Esposito bouncing into the lobby wearing a tank top, tiny blue jean shorts, and backpack.

MAGGIE

Wesley, it's me! Can't believe I found you so quickly. It's fate.

WES

Maggie, this is Chari Chantell. Ms. Chantell, this is my graduate student, Maggie Esposito. What are you doing here? Something wrong?

MAGGIE

No, something's right. We got the snowfall distribution grant. I brought papers to sign. Can I crash in your place, the hotel's booked?

WES

What? I don't know. I guess so.

CHARI

Gotta run. Nice meeting you both.  
(mumbling to herself)  
What happens in Vegas.

WES

Yes, nice meeting you Ms. Chantell.  
Maggie, let me check on my room.

Wes waits nervously in line until a male CLERK (30) is free.

CLERK

Your things have been moved to Mr. Wegner's suite. We just gave your room to that woman you were just speaking with.

WES

Any other rooms available?

CLERK

No. Booked for the water convention. Mr. Wegner paid for your suite anyway.

WES

Great. Okay Maggie, I guess it'll be fine for one night.

Maggie follows Wes like a puppy to Wegner's suite.

INT. PALACE HOTEL, WEGNER'S PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

MAGGIE

Wow. This is a palace. Look at all this food. And, there's a hot tub.

The unabashed Maggie, drops her backpack and sheds her clothes on the way to the hot tub on the veranda.

WES

Maggie, not a good idea...

MAGGIE

(interrupting)  
Papers you need are in my backpack. There's another express mail envelope, so I brought it too.

WES

Look, I've got dinner plans. I'm going to shower and head to dinner. Will you be fine here alone?

MAGGIE

Don't give me another thought.

Maggie splashes in the hot tub.

WES

Yeah. Right.

Wes pulls two express mail envelopes from the backpack. He opens the one from an R. Lindbloom from Denver. He's shocked to find an authentic-looking Indian treaty from 1865 signed by Kit Carson. The treaty is protected in plastic covers.

WES (CONT'D)

Got to show this to Silver.

He tosses both mail envelopes on the table next to Wegner's envelope containing stacks of bills. He races to the shower. After a few minutes in the shower, there is a knock on the door. Maggie grabs a small kitchen towel and romps to the door. It's Silver.

SILVER

Is Professor Powell here?

MAGGIE

Hi. I'm Maggie, his Ph.D. student. Wesley's still in the shower.

SILVER

Oh yes, grad student. Of course.

Wes races to the door, fumbling for words.

WES

I can explain. Silver Whitehorse, this is my grad student, Maggie Esposito. Maggie could you please change into something more appropriate. Maggie had some important papers for me to sign, so she took a plane out.

Maggie giggles and races to get her clothes.

SILVER

Imagine she passed right through security, and the other passengers must have been thrilled.

WES

I was about to call you to show you something important.

Silver sees the envelope of bills.

SILVER

The envelope full of money?

WES

No, I was sent a treaty signed by Black Kettle and Kit Carson.

Silver is perturbed with Wes, but interested in the treaty.

SILVER

Can I see that? If this is real, it could radically alter the political and economic face of the West.

WES

Mailer's name is R. Lindbloom from Denver. I bet Johnny Greyfeather had this sent before he died.

SILVER

You knew Johnny was killed?

WES

Killed? I'm so sorry.  
(examining the treaty)  
And now we might know why.

The hidden security camera in the ceiling captures it all.

INT. PALACE HOTEL RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Silver, in a simple blue dress, leads shy, poorly-dressed Wes, who carries his laptop computer into the fine restaurant.

WES

Thanks, Silver, for the opportunity to explain.

SILVER

I'm going to tap your brain,  
(beat)  
If there's anything left. Then,  
I'll go.

A MAITRE D' (50) in a tuxedo guides them to a private room with a panoramic view.

WES  
We didn't...

MAITRE D'  
(cheerfully interrupting)  
It's all comped by Mr. Wegner. Tip  
and all. Enjoy.

The Maitre d' leaves as a Waiter (35) brings champagne.

SILVER  
Who are you, Professor Powell?

WES  
I can explain, honest.

Over dinner, Wes explains and Silver slowly accepts the super-shy professor.

WES (CONT'D)  
And I think I can help analyze your  
smallpox data. But not tonight.  
I'm...

SILVER  
(interrupting)  
Busy.

WES  
Exhausted.

SILVER  
Tomorrow then. On the way back to  
Denver.

Silver smiles politely until the two "servers" dressed in slutty outfits see Wes leaving the restaurant.

SERVER #1  
Howdy Professor. Watch out for  
those iced teas.

SERVER #2  
And Clay's Ecstasy's a killer.

Wes realizes he was set up.

SILVER  
Good night, Professor Powell.

Silver storms off across the lobby. Wes slumps with humiliation and guilt.

## INT. PALACE HOTEL LOBBY - EARLY DAY

Silver reluctantly meets Wes and Maggie heading out of the lobby to catch a cab. Chari is viewing security camera VIDEO of Silver's hallway and the lobby, and she checks Silver's phone calls. Chari calls her faithful assistant, ANITA ROMO (32).

## BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

CHARI

Anita, have 'em shadowed in Denver.

ANITA (V.O.)

Already set up, Ma'am.

CHARI

Did you intercept the security video of Wegner's suite?

ANITA (V.O.)

Not yet, Ma'am. Wegner's elusive.

CHARI

Don't take 'no' for an answer. Find me all of Mr. Wegner's connections.

ANITA (V.O.)

Will do, Ma'am, but I bet he's a very well-connected sleazeball C-E-Ho.

## END PHONE CONVERSATION

## INT. CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR'S OFFICE -- EARLY MORNING

Fresh from the water conference, an impatient well-dressed GOVERNOR of California (60) meets with Wegner. The two powerful, greedy men jockey to be the lead dog.

GOVERNOR

Keep it clean in here. Did you hire that climate predictor from Colorado? Don't tell me 'no'.

WEGNER

I'll get him. Don't worry.

GOVERNOR

If we have those models, and nobody else does, we'll be in a much more powerful position economically.

WEGNER

That's not our only problem.

GOVERNOR

(whispering)

That treaty story re-surfacing?  
Who's in your way?

WEGNER

Based on my own security from  
Vegas, we think it might be Powell.

GOVERNOR

(controlling anger)

Never heard of him until this week,  
and yet he stands between me and  
the Presidency. Make him a deal.

INT. DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LUGGAGE AREA - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE -- Connecting Denver International Airport and  
environs back and forth in time.

-- Wes, Maggie, and Silver wait for their luggage.

-- One floor below, clandestine figures search luggage.

-- FLASHBACK of the same site, but in 1865. Looking for the  
treaty, Chivington KILLS a Cheyenne family.

-- Wes, Maggie, and Silver reach Powell's 1959 two-tone Chevy  
station wagon in the parking garage. The back seat is folded  
down. Maggie LEAPS into the front bench seat next to Wes.

-- Watching them leave are Two male Homeland Security Agents,  
EAVESLY (38) and PADILLA (35), and Clayton Wegner's henchman,  
Javier Senero.

END MONTAGE

INT. CAR, BETWEEN THE AIRPORT AND DENVER - DAY

Wes perspires in the close quarters with the two women.

WES

We're agreed then. We'll grab a  
quick lunch in town, then swing  
Silver back to the airport.

SILVER

With a quick look-see at Johnny  
Greyfeather's house, right?

MAGGIE

Count me in. Like to live  
dangerously.

WES

May well be. Somebody searched our  
suitcases at the airport.

EXT. DENVER, JOHNNY GREYFEATHER'S HOUSE - DAY

Winds HOWL and SNAP the yellow crime tape crossing the door.  
Several windows are broken in the dilapidated cottage.

Wes, Maggie, and Silver PEEK in the windows of the looted  
house.

MAGGIE

Crappy neighborhood for a community  
college teacher.

SILVER

All of us donate much of our  
salaries back to Indian charities.

WES

Who's we all? Endagen?

SILVER

How did you know? End-a-gen is  
short for End a Genocide of  
Indians. It's a charitable  
organization over a century old.

WES

It's not a militaristic  
organization or a subversive group?

SILVER

What White person told you that?  
No, it's dedicated to restoring  
Indian lands and self-governing.  
Johnny was involved. So am I. We  
spoke on conference calls, but we  
never met.

MAGGIE

Can we go in? It's a crime scene.

A kitten MEOWS.

SILVER

Did you hear that?

WES

A kitten? Okay, we'll grab the kitten and go.

The floors creak. In the bedroom, Wes pulls back a dresser to find the kitten, and a checkbook that is wedged between the dresser and wall falls next to the black kitten. Sneaking up behind them is Denver police DETECTIVE ALDEER (42).

DETECTIVE ALDEER

They always return to the scene of the crime.

Wes slips the checkbook into his back pocket as he hands Maggie the kitten.

INT. DENVER POLICE STATION - DAY

DETECTIVE ALDEER

So that's your story? You happened by, and heard the kitten? Would you like an attorney present?

SILVER

I'm an attorney, and we had permission from the owner.

Wes and Maggie are perplexed by the news.

DETECTIVE ALDEER

Ma'am, I've been in this business seventeen years. The owner's dead, and I got a hundred bucks that says you never got the owner's permission.

Silver whips out her smartphone and dials.

SILVER

Dr. Greyfeather rented the home from Mr. Matthew Passing Cloud in Utah.

(into the phone)

Passing Cloud, Silver here. I'm in Denver checking into Johnny's murder. Please tell the nice detective that we had permission to enter your home.

Silver hands the detective the phone.

DETECTIVE ALDEER

Yes, Mr. Passing Cloud, I'm checking ownership on my computer.

(beat)

I see. Thank you very much.

SILVER

I'll take cash.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Javier Senero places an eavesdropping bug under the dashboard in Powell's car, but the Chevy '59 wagon is too noisy. He's trying to listen in, two cars behind Powell.

WES

Brilliant Silver. Now look up Rachel Lindbloom. Johnny wrote her his last check for thirty dollars. It cost ten dollars for our express mail envelope, so he may have mailed out others.

MAGGIE

Nice, Wesley. This is great fun, isn't it, Kitten?

SILVER

Found her. Dialing.

(beat)

I'm looking for Rachel Lindbloom. Work?

(beat)

The Denver Mint? Don't take what inside?

(beat)

Okay. Thanks.

WES

Denver Mint is here on Colfax.

SILVER

She's a tour guide. We can sign up for a tour, but we can't take pets, purses, packs, or electronics.

MAGGIE

I'll put the kitten under the seat in my sweatshirt.

WES

I'll put the treaty in my shirt.

Wes hesitates at leaving his briefcase and laptop behind.

INT. DENVER MINT, COLFAX AVENUE - PRESENT - DAY

With a tour group of Junior High School Students (early teens) and Two Teachers (mixed ages), Wes, Maggie, and Silver file by a stuffed Buffalo Head inside the gift shop. One MALE STUDENT is glued to Silver.

Joining the tour last is Javier Senero.

RACHEL LINDBLOOM (24) leads the tour slowly past three large old black and white photographs in the lobby:

BEGIN MONTAGE -- PHOTOGRAPHS

-- 1865 - Denver City Assay Office, gold assay; left to right, Kit Carson and William Bent.

-- 1904 - New Mint Building under construction.

-- 1913 - DR. HENRY BUCK, 46, in full Cheyenne headdress gives a stuffed Buffalo Head to the Mint to commemorate the new Indian Head nickel.

END MONTAGE

RACHEL LINDBLOOM

Welcome to the Denver Mint. I'm Rachel. Just remember, there are no free samples.

(beat for chuckles)

The Mint played a central role in Colorado history.

Wes, Maggie, and Silver push forward to ask Rachel questions.

Senero has problems advancing because the junior high boys want to be near Maggie and Silver.

WES

Ms. Lindbloom, we're friends of Johnny Greyfeather. I'm Wes Powell. Johnny had you mail me a package.

RACHEL LINDBLOOM

(whispering)

Yes, I remember. Poor John. Heart attack. Said you were the smartest person he knew. Needed your help.

(loudly)

In 1913, the mint began making the now famous Buffalo Head Nickel.

SILVER

Who else did you mail packages to?

RACHEL LINDBLOOM

(whispering)

Don't remember. Just doing a favor.

(loudly)

In fact, the Buffalo Head in the gift shop was a gift from Indian stone masons who helped build the new mint in nineteen-hundred-and-four.

(whispering)

It was Silver something, I remember the name because of the coins.

WES

(whispering to Silver)

You've got to catch that plane.

SILVER

Let's go. Thanks, Ms. Lindbloom.

MAGGIE

I think that creepy guy in the back is following us.

SILVER

I agree. How can we lose him?

MALE STUDENT

(whispering)

I'll help you beautiful ladies out.

(loudly)

Security. This man in the brown jacket grabbed my butt and he's taking pictures with a smartphone.

Four well-armed Security Guards (mixed ages) appear from nowhere and cart Senero off. Silver kisses the young boy on the cheek.

EXT. DENVER MINT PARKING LOT - DAY

Wes, Silver, and Maggie find Wes's car has a broken rear window. His laptop is gone.

SILVER

Oh my God. Your laptop. Your climate model is gone.

Maggie frantically searches the car for the kitten.

MAGGIE

The kitten! The kitten! Oh here it is. Thank goodness.

WES

My laptop can be replaced. The main equations are stored on my rabbit's foot key chain. It's a USB memory drive. The models are useless without it.

SILVER

I have to hurry back to the airport. Package waiting for me.

EXT. DENVER INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Wes gets out of the car. Silver grabs her bag from the back. Maggie PLAYS with the kitten in the car. Surveillance cameras capture the moment.

SILVER

Bye, Maggie. Nice meeting you.

MAGGIE

Likewise. E-mail us again if needed.

WES

I'm sorry we didn't get to the stats help, maybe some other time?

SILVER

I know you're busy. I'm heading to visit old Passing Cloud in Utah after I get home, and I'll bet you and Maggie are going somewhere cozy for Spring Break?

WES

No, it's not like that. I'll be working on climate models. Good luck on your research. You can have the document Johnny sent to me.

SILVER

You keep it for now. He must have known it would be safe with you.

The afternoon seems to pass in slow motion as everyone ponders their next steps.

BEGIN MONTAGE - THE AFTERNOON PASSES SLOWLY

- Silver gives Wes a thankless hug goodbye at the airport.
- Maggie snuggles next to Wes to stay warm on the ride back to Fort Collins.
- Senero is released from the Mint security after a phone call from California.
- Wes drops Maggie off at her apartment. She hands Wes the kitten for safe keeping.
- Wes returns at night to his house with the kitten.

END MONTAGE

INT. COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY, WES POWELL'S OFFICE - DAY

Wes faxes the historic document to Agent Chantell and Silver, and prepares for class. The kitten sleeps on the morning newspaper. His phone rings.

BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

WES

Hi, Wes Powell here.

CHARI (V.O.)

Agent Chari Chantell, DHS. I'm e-mailing you an interesting photo.

WES

Did they find my computer?

Powell sees the photo of he and a dangerous-looking Javier Senero at the Mint.

CHARI (V.O.)

No, but you may be in some danger. The man stalking you is Javier Senero, a private security agent linked with Mr. Wegner at CWT.

WES

Hold on, I've got a call on line two, my conference call line.

SILVER (V.O.)

Hi, Wes. This is Silver.

WES

Silver, I have you on speaker. We have Agent Chari Chantell, Homeland Security on the line also.

CHARI (V.O.)  
Professor, this is most irregular.

SILVER (V.O.)  
Hi everyone. Wes, thanks for the fax. We're checking it out at the Bureau of Indian Affairs. Anyone see today's newspaper? Front page in the Times and Associated Press?

Powell grabs the local newspaper from under the kitten.

We see a jet over Colorado.

WES  
Same Cheyenne journal writer from one-hundred-forty-five years ago.

CHARI (V.O.)  
So it is.

SILVER (V.O.)  
In three-hundred words, he claimed that preachers and missionaries were gullible, and as unnecessary as stone churches, soldiers, and warmongers. Causing quite a stir.

WES  
Who is this guy, Wakan Long River?

CHARI (V.O.)  
Professor Powell, your first concern is this Senero fellow. Just stay put until my team and I arrive. We're about to land in Fort Collins.

WES  
I've got to get over to the greenhouse for today's class on Colorado vegetation zones.

SILVER (V.O.)  
Call me later, Wes. Bye.

Powell checks his watch and calendar, drops his phone, and races to teach his last class before Spring Break.

CHARI (V.O.)  
Professor Powell, stay put until I get there. That's an order.

END PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. COLORADO STATE UNIVERSITY GREENHOUSE - DAY

Wes meets Maggie at the door of the greenhouse and hands her the kitten. Maggie is dressed in skimpy summer clothes for the hot greenhouse, which pleases the males in the class.

WES

I know it's warm in here but try to focus on the plants and their scientific names, because they'll be on the exam after Spring Break.

Camera follows the Students (mixed ages) as Wes gives a tour of greenhouse plants.

Two rifle SHOTS shatter the greenhouse roof. Wes COVERS Maggie who COVERS the kitten. Everyone is scared, but no one is hurt.

A half-hour later, police are interviewing everyone, and Agent Chantell enters the greenhouse with her team, Agents Leavesly and Padilla.

CHARI

That's it, Professor. You have to disappear for a few days. We'll use your home as a trap.

WES

Disappear? I can't. My car's in the shop getting a new back window.

CHARI

We have a vehicle for you, and a new smartphone, and even a new ID and credit card. Take Ms. Esposito for her safety too. Get to an isolated area, quickly.

WES

How far away? When can we return?

CHARI

We'll call you. Just disappear.

MAGGIE

Let's go Wesley. It's Spring Break. We can use my laptop for modeling. It's got all of your programs on it anyway. Come on, kitten.

WES

Credit card too? Why go through all this trouble?

CHARI

The Joint Chiefs. The military  
would like your climate models.  
They want us to keep you alive.  
Now, go!

Wes heads out RELUCTANTLY. Maggie and the kitten are only too  
HAPPY to tag along.

MAGGIE

Where are we going to hide, Wesley?

WES

To the most desolate area in the  
least-populated region near us, the  
Powder River Basin, Wyoming.

EXT. SUSSEX, WYOMING, OLD GAS STATION - DAY

After a four-hour drive, much of it back roads and gravel,  
Wes and Maggie pull into a gas station.

SUPER: "Powder River Basin, Sussex, Wyoming"

Local historian and proprietor, CYRUS WELLDON (72) pumps the  
gas, and talks everyone's ears off.

CYRUS WELLDON

Yep, Cheyenne Indians would hide  
from soldiers here, all winter.

While old Cyrus talks about Native American history, Wes  
daydreams.

DREAM: Wakan Long River hides out with his band 145 years  
ago, hunting antelope in peace.

CYRUS WELLDON (CONT'D)

The B&B is right across the street.  
Tell my grandson I sent ya.

INT. SUSSEX, LOBBY BED AND BREAKFAST - DAY

BILLY WELLDON, 17, drools as Maggie walks in. Wes follows  
with two small bags of clothes.

BILLY WELLDON

Welcome to the Aunt Elope B&B. I'm  
Billy Welldon. One room with a view  
of the historic Powder River?

MAGGIE

I'm sure we'll be very cozy.

Wes shows great discomfort masquerading as a married couple.

WES

We have a lot of work to do. Have you got two rooms?

BILLY WELLDON

Let's see. Our next reservation is in two months. Ma'am, I can bring up extra antelope-soap-on-a-rope if you need it.

MAGGIE

Thanks Billy. How about a bowl of milk for our kitty?

BILLY WELLDON

No problemo. And I'll ask Marie Thunderhills, to whip up some fry-bread, rice, red beans, and coffee. No place to eat for miles.

WES

Thanks, Billy. Maggie, you can continue working on your dissertation. Get busy.

Maggie stomps upstairs to her room, but she smiles when she sees the rooms have a connecting door.

Downstairs in the lobby, Wes's new smartphone rings.

WES (CONT'D)

Hello?

CHARI (V.O.)

Chari here. How's the Powder River? We've intercepted phone messages from your Mr. Clayton Wegner. He tries to encrypt everything, and he has dangerous friends.

WES

Doesn't surprise me.

CHARI (V.O.)

He's offering you millions for exclusive climate models. Don't contact him. Our trap is set. Stay hidden. Oh, Ms. Whitehorse has been calling. I wouldn't call her.

WES

Right. Stay hidden. Got it. Bye.

Wes hangs up and walks up to Billy. He pulls out the envelope of cash given to him by Clayton Wegner in Las Vegas.

WES (CONT'D)

Billy, here's five-hundred bucks in advance. May I use your smartphone?

BILLY WELLDON

Sure, Mr.  
(beat)  
Smith?

WES

It's really Powell.

Wes dials Silver and strolls out on the porch for privacy. The view of the Powder River brings instant tranquility.

BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

SILVER (V.O.)

You're using William Welldon's phone? Been trying to reach you all day.

WES

Sorry. I can explain.

SILVER (V.O.)

Somebody, who fits Senero's description, tried to kill Passing Cloud this afternoon. We're escaping to your place, even if we have to drive all night.

WES

I'm not there. I'm at the Aunt Elope Bed and Breakfast near Sussex, Wyoming, hiding out.

SILVER (V.O.)

Alone?

WES

No. With Maggie, but it's not what you think. Agent Chantell told us to get lost. Someone shot at us. Chari gave us a car and everything.

SILVER (V.O.)  
 We have no choice. We need your  
 help. We're driving from Utah.

She checks the map by her side. Wes hears the car screech.

SILVER (V.O.)  
 We can get there by morning if we  
 drive all night.

WES  
 Be safe. Use this number. Homeland  
 Security knows where we are. No  
 telling who else does.

END PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. SUSSEX, LOBBY B&B - DAY

The next day, Silver and an ancient Ute Indian, PASSING CLOUD, 80, exhausted from an all-night drive, drag themselves into the lobby. Wes and Maggie are eating a fabulous breakfast with Billy Welldon.

BILLY WELLDON  
 Welcome to the Aunt Elope Bed and  
 Breakfast. One room with...

WES  
 (interrupting)  
 I'm so glad you're okay. You didn't  
 call. I was worried.

MAGGIE  
 What's she doing here?

SILVER  
 Hiding out. Like you. We didn't  
 want to tip off our location. You  
 never know who's listening. This is  
 Matthew Passing Cloud, or just,  
 Passing Cloud, a Ute elder.

PASSING CLOUD  
 I smell fry bread and coffee.

BILLY WELLDON  
 Come join us. We're honored to  
 serve an elder.

MARIE THUNDERHILLS (45), the cook, brings two plates of food,  
 and cups of coffee.

While eating quickly, they hear a large car screech into Cyrus Welldon's gas station across the street. Wes peeks out the front door. It is Javier Senero.

WES

Is there a back door?

BILLY WELLDON

Yep. Through the kitchen.

WES

It's Senero. Cyrus will stall him with local history, but we have to leave now. Billy, bring Silver's jeep around back. Here's one-thousand dollars. That's a dangerous man after us.

MAGGIE

I'll get our things from upstairs.

SILVER

He couldn't have followed us.

WES

That's why we're leaving the DHS car behind. Security leak.

Billy brings Silver's jeep to the back. Wes, Maggie, Silver, Passing Cloud and the kitten sneak out and load into the jeep. Senero storms into the lobby.

BILLY WELLDON

Welcome to the Aunt Elope Bed and Breakfast. One room with view of the historic Powder River?

SENERO

In this rustic dumpster? Who else is staying here? Describe them.

Before Wes drives off, Maggie sneaks around front with a Swiss Army knife and cuts a few hoses under Senero's hood.

BILLY WELLDON

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, nice black couple. Wilma Gruinheimer, big woman. Left days ago. That's it.

Senero sees the breakfast dishes, smiles, and takes out a five-dollar bill for Billy.

SENERO

I'll just look around for myself.

BILLY WELLDON  
Wow. Five dollars. Thanks.

Senero checks upstairs, but hears the jeep drive off.

SENERO  
Who just drove off?

BILLY WELLDON  
Milk delivery. Small town.

SENERO  
Don't think so. I'll be back to ask  
you a few more questions, punk.

Senero races to his big Cadillac and is in hot pursuit south  
down a dirt farm road. Fluids drip.

EXT. DIRT ROAD NEAR SUSSEX WYOMING - DAY

Wes calls Chari.

BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

WES  
Being chased by Senero.

Wes guns it. Dust flies on the bumpy old road.

CHARI (V.O.)  
Can't be, your car is stationary in  
Sussex.

BAM. Senero shoots a .45 and grazes Silver's rental jeep.

WES  
They're shooting at us. They knew  
where we were. What do we do?

CHARI (V.O.)  
Swerve. A lot. I'll send a copter.

The chase proceeds. BAM. BAM. BAMS. There are several near  
misses. Finally, one loud bang. Senero's car freezes.

Powell and company get away.

Senero calls Cyrus Welldon's tow service.

SENERO

I've got car trouble, about twenty miles south on a freakin' dirt road. Get here freakin' quick.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUSSEX, OLD GAS STATION - DAY

CYRUS WELLDON

Be right there, sir. Yes, sir.

Cyrus ignores the call, waving to Billy across the street.

INT. CLAYTON WEGNER'S OFFICE - DAY

In Sacramento, CWT Security gets a report of Wes Powell driving south to Douglas. Monty informs Wegner.

MONTY

Senero fired shots and missed.

WEGNER

The old Indian in Utah didn't die either. Senero's a liability now. Send a clean-up crew in a chopper. Powell is your problem now.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Faster than Chari's team, a BLACK helicopter descends on Senero's Caddy. Two mercenary Thugs (35) shoot Senero.

Chari's team arrives in their chopper. After a shoot-out, they arrest Wegner's hired guns.

EXT. DOUGLAS HIGH SCHOOL, WYOMING - DAY

Powell and company are shaken from the events of the day.

WES

We have to get totally off the grid. We have to change clothes and ditch the smartphones.

MAGGIE

I'll find some volunteers.

WES

Offer one-thousand dollars cash for clothes and a smartphone. We'll mail them back.

Maggie sizes up the lunch-time crowds and speaks with a few kids who look like they could use the money. In no time at all, Wes (or Clayton Wegner) is out four-thousand dollars. But Wes FINDS the bugging device Wegner put in the envelope of money. He HANDS the tracking device to a student.

WES (CONT'D)

Hey, kid, put this in your principal's car. Here's a hundred bucks.

Wes TOSSES Chari's smartphone into a soda pop delivery truck.

SILVER

Where to now?

WES

Laramie to trade cars with a former grad student. Somebody has to return this rental jeep to the Salt Lake City Airport.

SILVER

That's right, I almost forgot. Might be looking for it. Supposed to return it this morning. We're such a burden on you.

WES

We'll all be fine. We just need a better place to hide.

Department of Homeland Security satellites lose Silver's jeep among all the other jeeps in the high school parking lot, and Chari gets a text message saying they lost them.

Likewise, a BLACK CWT chopper overhead cannot pinpoint Powell.

EXT. LARAMIE WYOMING HOME - DAY

Next to Interstate 80, the old Oregon Trail, Wes waves goodbye to his former grad student and another four-thousand dollars as she drives to Salt Lake City to return Silver's jeep. Wes and company get in the former student's old car, and it BACKFIRES. Everyone is unsettled.

SILVER

Another gorgeous female grad student. You got a harem?

WES

She's a great spatial modeler.

MAGGIE

Cram it, Silver. Wesley's a mentor, that's all.

SILVER

I'm sorry Maggie and Wes. I'm exhausted and scared. I spoke without thinking.

MAGGIE

I know. But it's not easy hiding four people.

SILVER

I'm sorry, okay? But I'm still scared, and we need to hide too.

PASSING CLOUD

Try the mountains. We Utes hid there for centuries.

WES

We'll head to Pingree Park, to our snow lab up the Poudre River Canyon. Our other grad students can hide us for a while.

INT. CHARI'S TEMPORARY OFFICE, FORT COLLINS - DAY

Chari's assistant, Anita Romo, tracks Silver's car rental agreement and has the rental company PING the lost car. It's in Laramie, but heading back to Salt Lake City.

CHARI

Let Ms. Whitehorse return the car.

Then pick her up for questioning.

ANITA

Will do. I'll have a team meet her.

CHARI

What was she doing in Laramie? And where's Powell?

ANITA

Powell's smartphone is making stops at several gas stations in Douglas, Wyoming. Maybe he has the runs?

CHARI

He ditched the phone. Damn him. The bad guys will know where he is and we won't. Bring me the thugs who killed Senero.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD, COLORADO - PRESENT DAY

Wes stops at a convenience store to buy food, beer, and a newspaper before heading up the Poudre Canyon to the snow lab. He dreams of the same geography in the past.

DREAM -- Wes dreams of a Ute trail being used by Wakan Long River to hunt for gold nuggets in the Poudre River canyon.

Wes exits the store with great enthusiasm and a newspaper.

WES

Front page again. Associated Press.

MAGGIE

What?

WES

The same Cheyenne journal keeper. The treaty, then he slams religion, and here he writes a "how to" guide for finding gold in the Colorado Rockies. Who is this guy?

SILVER

That could start another gold rush.

WES

And, there's a map.

MAGGIE

Why are you staring so intently at the map? Going after gold now?

Wes pulls into heavy traffic up the usually empty rural mountain road due to modern gold rushers.

WES

Huh? The Indian's map shows a double clustering pattern of gold locations.

EXT. PINGREE PARK FOREST AND SNOW LAB - NIGHT

It's SUNSET, SNOW is falling. The long, treacherous road tires them all. Wes approaches the lab with the beer. Grad student, JOSH, 24, answers after SEVERAL KNOCKS.

JOSH

Pizza's here. Hi, Professor Powell. Surprise science inspection?

WES

Drop the formalities, Josh. We just need a place to hide out.

JOSH

You get the bags. I'll carry the beer. s that Maggie? Wow. And another hottie?

WES

An attorney friend, Silver, And a Ute elder, Passing Cloud.

JOSH

You're just in time for our Spring Break beach party. Welcome.

INT. SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA, OLD BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

LACEY CHOW, 26, fired CWT computer security lead, orders a drink, as Daniel Whitehorse walks in. They recognize each other.

LACEY CHOW

Daniel. Over here.

DANIEL

What are you doing here?

LACEY CHOW

Hiding out. I think Monty wants to kill me. How about you?

DANIEL

The same. I left today feeling Wegner and Monty were after me for no reason, honest.

LACEY CHOW

Those two are the criminals. Extortion, bribery, maybe worse.

(MORE)

LACEY CHOW (CONT'D)

I saw files they didn't want me to see after we got hacked by a fellow geek from Seattle named C-four of all things.

DANIEL

We could hide out at a friend's place in Davis. He's skiing Tahoe.

LACEY CHOW

Good idea. After my drink, let's talk treason. Let's bring 'em down.

DANIEL

Wegner and Monty? Literally?

LACEY CHOW

No. Electronically.

DANIEL

Count me in.

INT. SACRAMENTO, CLAYTON WEGNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Wegner calls an emergency e-meeting. He and Monty are speaking on a high-security conference call with a THUG.

WEGNER

We have him. He's at the Snow Laboratory in the mountains west of Fort Collins up the Poudre Canyon.

MONTY

One road in and out.

THUG #1 (V.O.)

How can you be sure it's Powell?

WEGNER

We have our ways. It's Powell's group.

MONTY

We're moving vehicles and supplies for a strike tomorrow night.

WEGNER

Powell must be taken alive to finish his climate models. He must think the others are unharmed.

THUG #1 (V.O.)

Got it. Use our off-shore account.

The thug hangs up.

WEGNER

Send another team to find Lacey Chow and Daniel Whitehorse. I want you personally to fetch Powell.

MONTY

You got it, Boss.

WEGNER

Fail me and you're gone, Monty.

INT. PRESENT - PINGREE PARK FOREST AND SNOW LAB - NIGHT

Wes and Silver work all day and into the night on Maggie's laptop. Maggie is doing laundry. Other graduate students, LAURIE, GREG, and TONY (22-26) are working on laptops nearby.

Passing Cloud is outside making homemade snow shoes for his group. He has a vision.

VISION: Passing Cloud imagines a Ute war party in 1866 chasing Cheyenne Indians out of their mountains as the SNOW increases.

BACK IN THE LAB

SILVER

It's true, isn't it?

WES

Very statistically sound.

SILVER

This means that treaties were signed, on average, a year and a half after a smallpox outbreak.

WES

You have a strong case against the U.S. Government for forcing treaties under duress.

SILVER

My boss at the Bureau of Indian Affairs isn't going to like this.

WES

It's Science magazine quality. Submit your paper online.

SILVER  
You mean 'our' paper.

Silver SMILES at Wes, whom she is just beginning to trust. Wes turns his attention to the Cheyenne's gold rush map.

WES  
Double clustering. He's telling us that gold isn't just found in gold hotspots. He's saying there are hotspots within hotspots.

Maggie wanders in and SQUEEZES between Wes and Silver at the computer bench. Wes is having an epiphany.

WES (CONT'D)  
Brilliant. That Indian was a genius.

MAGGIE  
You think he understood double clustering?

Josh interrupts everyone BANGING a pan with a spoon.

JOSH  
Dinner everyone. Tonight we feature formaggio e maccherone.

SILVER  
Sounds exquisite.

MAGGIE  
You mean macaroni and cheese?

JOSH  
When served with the Professor's expired generic beer, it becomes a gourmet Spring Break feast.

WES  
You're a great host, Josh. This may help get you that Ph.D.

Passing Cloud races in with four pair of homemade snow shoes.

PASSING CLOUD  
Snow cats are roaring up the road. They're almost here.

Three snow cats ROAR up to the building next door. Ten Thugs (mixed ages) surround the building, as Monty speaks into a megaphone.

Next door, Passing Cloud is handing out his snowshoes.

MONTY (O.S.)

Professor Powell, please come out  
now and no one will be hurt.

WES

Passing Cloud is right. Let's get  
out of here. Josh, can you folks  
create a diversion?

JOSH

No problem. Laurie, Greg, and Tony -  
- take your snowshoes and run up  
canyon so they barely see you.

Everyone SCRAMBLES. Powell loads up Maggie's laptop in a  
backpack. Snow cats ROAR and CHASE after the grad students.

Maggie grabs the kitten. Wes, Maggie, Silver, and Passing  
Cloud head into the forest.

After falling for the diversion, Monty and the snow cats  
can't follow Wes and company into the thick forest.

MONTY

On foot. Get 'em. Take them alive.

While everyone races off, Josh races to the medicine cabinet  
and adds sleeping pills to the macaroni and cheese.

Passing Cloud LEADS the escape cross-country to the highway.

Monty's thugs GIVE UP in the HIGH SNOW.

MONTY (CONT'D)

Never mind. We'll eat their food  
and still beat them to the highway.

Monty's crew eats the laced food and get drowsy.

After two hours, Wes and company reach the freeway. A BLACK  
Suburban SCREECHES to a halt beside them. The two DHS agents,  
Eavesly and Padilla, jump out.

AGENT EAVESLY

I'm Agent Eavesly. This is Agent  
Padilla. Hop in.

AGENT PADILLA

We have our boss, Agent Chari  
Chantell on the speaker phone.

After carefully reviewing the badges, Wes and company hop into the warm, comfortable Suburban.

CHARI (V.O.)

Professor, and you others, we're taking you into protective custody, a safe house down the road.

WES

You should be after the Californians, the bad guys. We're the good guys.

CHARI (V.O.)

It's for your own safety.

Agent Eavesly tears down the road toward Fort Collins.

CHARI (V.O.)

Agent Padilla has a special gun to insert a micro-transmitter in each of you. We're not going to lose you again. Only hurts for a minute.

Just as Padilla is about to shoot Wes, a BLACK Hummer blocks the road ahead of them. Monty and a thug wait on each side of the road.

SILVER

Look out.

They narrowly avoid a crash. Monty and the thug POP OUT the driver's and passenger's windows and SHOOT Agents Padilla and Eavesly with a tranquilizer shot in the neck.

Monty Montreau sticks his head in the driver-side window.

MONTY

You're coming with us, Professor.

CHARI (V.O.)

Eavesly? Padilla? What's going on?

WES

I'll come peacefully. Leave the others alone. How did you find me?

MONTY

We have connections, you freakin' idiot.

Wes LUNGES from the back seat, grabs Padilla's micro-transmitter gun, and SHOOTS Monty in the neck.

Monty drops his tranquilizer gun, which Wes trades up for, and shoots Monty in the chest. Wes throws the car into reverse.

Silver LUNGES forward to steer. Wes forces Eavesly's foot to the pedal, and the Suburban races backward. Monty's partner tries to break Monty's fall, then he races after the Suburban.

CHARI (V.O.)

Powell? What the hell is happening?

When Wes thinks he's far enough back, he lays off the gas, and takes the driver's spot. He races forward, shooting the tranquilizer at Monty's partner as they drive by him.

EXT. FORT COLLINS FRATERNITY HOUSE - NIGHT

The agents are still out cold as Wes rents an old car from two frat boys and has them to drive the DHS car and the sleeping agents to the Denver Airport, all for \$2000.

WES

We need to hide again until they can get the Californians off our backs.

MAGGIE

Where to, Wesley?

WES

Montana maybe. Off the grid.

EXT. DIRT ROADS TOWARD THE POWDER RIVER BASIN - DAY

Wes, Passing Cloud, and the kitten share the back seat sound asleep. Maggie is driving, Silver is the front passenger. The conversation is pleasant -- at first.

MAGGIE

Now that your research is done, will you be heading home soon?

SILVER

I imagine they've captured those thugs by now, so maybe.

MAGGIE

I'm just saying, it would be nice to get on with our own research.

SILVER

And your inappropriate student-  
teacher relationship?

They both check to see if Powell is still sleeping.

MAGGIE

Our relationship is strictly  
professional.

SILVER

In your halter tops and shorts? Why  
don't you just wear a welcome mat?

Their voices get much louder.

MAGGIE

You stalked him in Vegas, remember?

SILVER

And you didn't? I seem to recall a  
little hot tub towel.

Even louder. Wes and Passing Cloud begin to stir.

MAGGIE

I just feel safe now -- with him.

SILVER

I plan to marry an Indian someday --  
to preserve the gene pool, so don't  
worry about me.

Maggie drives faster and wilder, but Wes and Passing Cloud  
still asleep.

MAGGIE

I've seen the way he looks at you.  
I'm worried about him, and the  
Californians after him.

SILVER

That's the first thing you've said  
that makes sense.

Silver gives Maggie a faint smile. Maggie smiles back, skids  
off the dirt road into the parking lot of the Aunt Elope  
Bread and Breakfast, and slams on the breaks.

SILVER (CONT'D)

Pretty good work on Senero's car  
last time we were here.

MAGGIE

Glad to help. Now, hand me our kitten.

(beat)

Please.

Wes and Passing Cloud finally wake up. Wes sees Maggie smiling at Silver, but he doesn't know why.

WES

It's nice to see you two getting along.

Silver ROLLS her eyes.

SILVER

I'll ask Billy and Marie if they can set us up with a place to lunch and nap before we go on.

WES

We should move after a couple hours. If we keep working together, we'll get along fine.

INT. SUSSEX, WYOMING, AUNT ELOPE BED AND BREAKFAST - DAY

All are happily eating Marie's beans, rice, and fry bread.

BILLY WELLDON

Yeah. We never heard again from that guy Senero. Was he killed?

WES

We don't know. I had better call Chari and tell her we're safe.

Wes dials with Billy's smartphone, holding out a \$1000 bill for the trouble.

BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

CHARI (V.O.)

So, I see you're in the Powder River area again using a phone registered to Mr. William Welldon.

WES

By now you know that California mercenaries attacked your agents and tried to kidnap me.

CHARI (V.O.)

Yes, my agents were recovered at the Denver airport. Sleeping.

WES

Sorry about that. The Californians have better spies than you.

CHARI (V.O.)

This gets stranger all the time. We found out that your greenhouse shooter used a Civil War-era repeating rifle.

WES

Vandalism? Can we come back soon?

CHARI (V.O.)

After we capture the Californians as you call them. And, check for bugs. Somebody is tipping them off.

Wes sees a BLACK helicopter zooming by overhead.

WES

We gotta go.

Powell hangs up and USHERS everyone to the car. Chari is not done with her instructions.

END PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. CAR - DAY

The car races north with Silver driving, as Wes stares at the Indian's gold location drawing on the laptop.

WES

What if we plugged the X's and dots into our spatial models?

MAGGIE

What would that tell us?

WES

I don't know for sure, but it struck me that there might be a clue in the hotspots of hotspots idea. Double clustering.

After several minutes, the response came back.

WES (CONT'D)

Nothing.

MAGGIE

Figures. He was just an Indian.

SILVER

Now that was uncalled for.

MAGGIE

Without a computer. No disrespect.

WES

What if I reverse the X's and dots?  
But I can't. Laptop battery is dead  
again. Next stop, I'll buy  
hamburgers and we can all recharge.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

Maggie is staring over Powell's shoulders. Minutes later, a very unusual response comes back from the laptop.

MAGGIE

You did it, Wesley. You did it.

WES

No, the Indian did it.

PASSING CLOUD

We Indians preserved the land for  
fourteen-thousand years. You Whites  
have had it for four-hundred years  
and look at it. Of course Indians  
are smart.

A BLACK helicopter soars overhead. Wes and company race to the old car and head north to Montana.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Two hours later, it's getting DARK, and everyone is tired.

WES

How do they keep finding us?

SILVER

Who knows?

WES

Passing Cloud was visited by  
Senero.

(MORE)

WES (CONT'D)

Maybe he was given a transmitter?  
Maggie, check his upper body for a  
red small hole or bump.

Passing Cloud lifts his shirt to reveal dozens of scars from  
Sundances over the years.

SILVER

You've participated in the Sundance  
many times. Brave soul.

MAGGIE

This is going to be like finding a  
needle in a haystack.

SILVER

Did Senero pinch you anywhere?

PASSING CLOUD

Yes, come to think of it. Here.

Wes pulls off at a convenience store across the road from the  
old Little Bighorn Motel, Crow Agency land, Montana. The sign  
reads "Vacancy, Color TV, Space Heaters."

INT. CROW AGENCY, MONTANA, CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

SUPER: "Little Big Horn, Crow Agency land, Montana"

Everyone piles out of the car to stretch and grab snacks in  
the store. The ever-smiling proprietor JACK KNIFE (45) is  
dressed in ragged pants, but a nicely pressed shirt.

WES

That's as far as we go tonight.

Let's get rooms here and get that transmitter out of Passing  
Cloud.

JACK KNIFE

Hi, I'm Jack. Jack Knife. Yeah I  
know. My father drank and listened  
only to Bobby Darin. Ya know, Mack  
the Knife, Jack the Knife.

SILVER

Is that motel open?

JACK KNIFE

You bet. You pay here, and it's  
mostly self-service over there.

WES

We'll take four rooms, this hunting knife and peroxide, and these snacks. Thanks, Jack.

JACK KNIFE

Lobby's open, here's the keys. Color TV's in the lobby, but each room has a space heater. Showers all work. You're the only guests.

MAGGIE

We'll be fine.

JACK KNIFE

I'll make coffee in the morning.

PASSING CLOUD

Thank you, Mr. Knife. Nice guy for a Crow.

JACK KNIFE

Hmmm. Elders.

The tired travelers LUMBER over to the motel.

INT. CROW AGENCY, MOTEL - NIGHT

Wes digs the transmitter out of Passing Cloud's shoulder, and pours peroxide on the wound.

In the middle of the night, Silver's space heater is on the blink, so she knocks quietly on Wes's door. Wes responds.

WES

Silver, what's the problem?

SILVER

Heater blinks on and off, but the broken window is always on.

WES

I'll trade you rooms.

SILVER

I could use a hugger. My nerves are shot.

Wes opens the door widely and Silver follows to the bed. He HUGS her immediately to sleep, though he doesn't sleep much.

Just before dawn, Passing Cloud wakes from another vision.

VISION -- Passing Cloud feels the spirits of the dead from the actual Custer Battlefield nearby. He screams and knocks on the other doors.

PASSING CLOUD

We must go now.

Maggie sees Silver in Wes's room. She's angry.

MAGGIE

(to Silver)

Preserving Indian genes?

PASSING CLOUD

We must go. The spirits of the dead woke me. We must go.

WES

Okay, Passing Cloud, we'll grab coffee and get on the road.

(to Maggie)

I can explain. Silver's space heater wasn't working. I offered to trade rooms. Nothing happened.

Maggie acts betrayed as they walk over to the store.

INT. CROW AGENCY, CONVENIENCE STORE -- DAY

Dawn breaks, the group is grabbing coffee and donuts served by Jack Knife and buying cat food and camping supplies. Maggie shows Jack the kitten.

Monty Montreau and two BLACK helicopters ZOOM over the motel across the street.

Monty is checking the four BLIPS on the heat-sensing radar, while Wes and company duck and watch.

JACK KNIFE

You four wanted for kit-napping?

SILVER

Jack, help us, will you? Get our backpacks and my beaded briefcase from the trunk of our car. Thanks.

Jack obliges, while Monty's SWAT team CHARGE into the motel. Seconds later, DHS agents land in two YELLOW-WHITE choppers, flanking the motel. explosions rock the motel. The SWAT team exits holding space heaters. GUNSHOTS. A fierce battle begins between DHS and Monty's mercenaries.

SILVER (CONT'D)  
Black chopper are the bad guys.

WES  
Yeah. Second battle of Little  
Bighorn. Gotta back door?

Wes tips Jack Knife extra cash. They exit out the back door.

EXT. CROW AGENCY, COTTONWOOD CREEK - DAY

They run down a cottonwood creek to an old school bus. Nine young Indian men and an old bus driver motion them into the bus. The battle continues nearby.

WES  
Thanks. Where are we headed?

BUS DRIVER  
Does it matter? I'm taking these nine young men to work. For a month, they're going to plant fruit trees in Kansas for ten bucks an hour. More work there than here.

WES  
We can buy all the gas and food.

SILVER  
Thanks so much! Let's go.

MAGGIE  
We won't be a bother.

PASSING CLOUD  
Kansas might be good and quite.

The bus heads south. The Young Men ages 16-22 are happy to see the women. EXPLOSIONS and GUNSHOTS fill the air.

An hour passes. The DHS agents round up the bad guys, and interview Jack Knife with Chari listening in on the phone.

BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

AGENT EAVESLY  
We know this fellow was here,  
Passing Cloud. We found the smashed  
micro-transmitter. Where'd they go?

CHARI (V.O.)  
Tell the truth, Mr. Knife.

JACK KNIFE

I told you. Two Whites hunting with two Indians. Don't make sense. This is Little Bighorn. Who pays for damages across the street?

Agent Eavesly mutters negative comments while leaving.

JACK KNIFE (CONT'D)

Typical. Come in, destroy Indian land, kill people, and run.

Eavesly POKES his head back in the store.

AGENT EAVESLY

What's that, sir?

JACK KNIFE

I said, come back and enjoy Indian lands and fill our people with fun.

Eavesly leaves disgusted with Chari yelling at him through the smartphone ear plug.

CHARI (V.O.)

Find Powell, damn it.

END PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. CROW AGENCY BUS - DAY

The bus driver SMILES, listening in on everyone's conversations. Passing Cloud and the kitten are sleeping. Wes is consoling Maggie.

WES

I can explain. Silver and I are just friends.

MAGGIE

I know. She's perfect for you. And I'm just feeling left out, and I need to tell my folks I'm okay, but we don't have a phone.

BUS DRIVER

You could use my smartphone. The tribe got it for us for emergencies and to call out for pizza.

MAGGIE

That's wonderful. Thanks Mr...

BUS DRIVER

It's Justin Morningsmoke. All I ask  
is that you share your messages.  
Keeps me awake on the road.

MAGGIE

Sure thing. I can Instant Message  
safely -- untraceable I think.

WES

I don't know about that IM stuff.

MAGGIE

It's easy. Abbreviate everything so  
it's fast. I'm making sure the  
Pingree grad students are okay.

(she pauses)

They are. Now I'll tell my folks  
I'm on a Spring Break bus tour of  
the plains.

(beat)

My Dad says to be safe and hopes  
I'm not with any wild boys.

The boys on the bus HOOT and HOLLER.

SILVER

Can I check in with my brother?

MAGGIE

Sure Silver. Sorry I was crabby.

SILVER

It's okay. Daniel's online. I think  
he wants me to do something. I  
don't do the IM stuff either.

MAGGIE

Here, I'll handle it. He's having  
some hacker friend named C-Four  
send us encryption software for  
smartphones to make 'em hack-proof.

Maggie gets a message from C-Four and follows instructions.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

This C-Four guy hacked the  
Californian's computers. He knows  
they are after us. He's helping  
your brother figure things out.  
He's smart and polite.

Maggie strikes up a friendship by TEXTING with C-Four over the afternoon and well into the evening, sharing every detail with the bus driver to keep him awake. At 4 A.M., the bus rolls into the ranch in Kansas where the boys will work. They pile out into the rustic bunk house to fall fast asleep. Passing Cloud and Silver SHARE A DREAM.

DREAM - Silver and Passing Cloud dream that the Californians are acquiring superior firepower, and they want to kill Wes because of the treaty.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C., BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS - DAY

A.M. EST; Bob Mills and a forensics team are examining and photographing the original 1865 TREATY.

BOB MILLS

Each page of the eighteen-sixty-five treaty looks fine. Page three. Last page. Take a photo.

The female STUDENT INTERN (21) reaches in and takes a photo of the page on the light table. The lead DOCUMENT HISTORIAN (58) uses an old magnifying glass. The BIA ATTORNEY (48) is taking notes and recording events.

DOCUMENT HISTORIAN

The paper and ink are authentic, the document looks identical in weathering to the dozens of other treaties and documents in and around eighteen-sixty-five. I see nothing wrong.

BIA ATTORNEY

It gives the Cheyenne a rather small reservation near the Arkansas River in southeast Colorado.

BOB MILLS

Seems small for three tribes: the Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Apache.

STUDENT INTERN

Page one seems small too.

BOB MILLS

What?

STUDENT INTERN

Page one. When I was photographing them like you asked, there was more glare from the light table.

BOB MILLS

Bring back pages one and two.

Mills lines them up. Page one is short by a half inch.

DOCUMENT HISTORIAN

We should get the edges examined, but I'm sure it's nothing. Paper sizes varied back then.

BOB MILLS

A few weeks from retirement. Damn it. I'll call my buddy, Harry Weinstein, over at the FBI.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C., FBI "CLEAN ROOM" LAB - DAY

At 6 A.M. EST, a second forensics team uses electron microscopy on the shortened page one of the treaty.

HARRY WEINSTEIN

It's awfully early. Who are all these people?

BOB MILLS

We have our document historian, BIA attorney, and student intern photographer. Just look at the bottom of page one and tell us everything looks normal.

Harry adjusts the powerful electron microscope, connected to a large computer screen.

At increased magnification, a sharp cut and TINY INK SPOTS appear across very bottom of page one of the treaty.

HARRY WEINSTEIN

We use this equipment to examine counterfeit bills. This bottom edge is unusual. Most unusual.

BOB MILLS

What now?

HARRY WEINSTEIN

All the other edges are similar to each other, but not this one. It's slightly more recent and sharper.

DOCUMENT HISTORIAN

What do you mean, sharper?

HARRY WEINSTEIN

I'd say a straight edge razor cut.  
Ink smudges across the edge  
indicating upper case letters or  
lower case letters b, d, f, h, k,  
or l, which are taller, of course.

BOB MILLS

What are you saying, Harry?

HARRY WEINSTEIN

Line was cut off. Not two lines,  
just one. Paper's not long enough  
for two.

DOCUMENT HISTORIAN

Could it have been a duplicate line  
from the top of page two?

HARRY WEINSTEIN

No. That next line 'designated by  
the President of the United States  
for that purpose, viz' in the same  
penmanship wouldn't have left these  
ink smudges in the same places.

The intern continues TAKING PHOTOS.

BOB MILLS

The press is going to have a field  
day with this. And, now I have to  
call that nosy Ms. Chantell at  
Homeland Security. Where's Silver  
when I need her?

The BIA attorney steps out to make a phone call.

BIA ATTORNEY

(whispering)

Get me Clayton Wegner at California  
Water and Trade.

(beat)

I know it's three-fifteen in the  
morning out there. Just get him.

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C., HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICES - DAY

A.M. Agent Chari Chantell's team looks exhausted.

CHARI

Anita, call Morty and have him get  
fresh coffee and donuts over here.

(MORE)

CHARI (CONT'D)

I'll pay cash. We need a spark,  
come on people, where's Waldo?

ANITA

We can find donuts, we just can't  
find Powell. I sent Bob Mill's boss  
a nice 'thank you' note from you  
like you said.

CHARI

Did we track every car and truck  
that left Little Bighorn yesterday?

ANITA

Every car, truck, RV, and train.  
(mumbles to herself)  
Bus?  
(aloud)  
Oh. They're bringing the BIA  
attorney upstairs now.

Two Guards ESCORT the worried BIA attorney to Chari's office.  
Anita is fast at work on the computer.

CHARI

Mr. Randall Edgemont of Reston, V-  
A. How do you know Clayton Wegner?

BIA ATTORNEY

Am I in some kind of trouble?

CHARI

Phone records brought to my  
attention show that you called  
Wegner at three-fifteen AM. Hope it  
was important. Somebody wakes me at  
three-fifteen in the morning, it  
better be for sex.

BIA ATTORNEY

(he breaks down)  
He treated me to a weekend in  
Vegas. I've got a wife and kids.  
He has pictures and films. Said  
he'd post them if I didn't provide  
him primary water rights  
information from Indian tribes in  
the West.

CHARI

So you told him about the cut-off  
treaty this morning, didn't you?

BIA ATTORNEY

It's going to get the into the newspapers anyway.

(beat)

I contemplated suicide.

CHARI

Randall, go home. Tell your wife you were working for us to expose an extortion ring in California. Anita, wake a judge in California and get the FBI a search warrant for California Water and Trade. And find Powell.

ANITA

Will do. We're following up on a Crow tribe school bus that left the Reservation for Kansas, and we found out who was sending those old Indian journal entries to the Times.

CHARI

So, who?

ANITA

Eccentric billionaire, Chad Hastings III, from Georgia.

INT. SAVANNAH ISLAND ESTATE MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

CHAD HASTINGS III (62) and his wife, JEANIE (60), frolic in bed.

CHAD HASTINGS III

Good morning, Jeanie, darlin'. We have a jet to catch to Denver.

JEANIE

Dumplin', carry me to the shower and tell me why we're going to the godforsaken prairie again.

CHAD HASTINGS III

You know, darlin'! To check on my real estate and that professor to make sure he's okay.

JEANIE

Why can't you collect stocks, guns, knives, and wives, like other southern gentlemen? Why do you mingle with people's lives?

CHAD HASTINGS III

Now, Sweetie, you know I couldn't carry two wives to the shower, and besides, we secretly gave him the orphan scholarship for college like the others. Need to see how he's doing.

JEANIE

Like that Princeton engineer who invented bathtub meth or that MIT-nut who had more nervous breakdowns than a soap opera star?

CHAD HASTINGS III

Now, now. Professor Powell was turning out fine until he started mixing it up with the wrong crowd.

JEANIE

You mean that land-grabbing snake Clay Wegner, your real-estate-buying competition in Colorado.

CHAD HASTINGS III

Exactly! Can't wait to hop in our new souped-up motor home in Denver. Fun little vacation, and we may get to see our prodigal son in Aspen.

JEANIE

That boy of ours hasn't called in six months.

CHAD HASTINGS III

Yeah, but he sends those little text message thingies. Now, let's hurry. We have a jet to catch.

INT. SACRAMENTO, CLAYTON WEGNER'S OFFICE - DAY

A.M. Clayton Wegner is recording encrypted text messages on a tiny smartphone.

WEGNER

Damn, Monty. Lost four men, and one chopper, four men captured, and you escape with only one chopper and a pilot. This isn't good.

Wegner records another message and waits.

WEGNER (CONT'D)

You attacked space heaters, not bodies. Some heat-sensing radar. And Powell escaped again, idiot.

Wegner records in another message and waits impatiently.

WEGNER (CONT'D)

No. We still don't have Lacey Chow or Daniel Whitehorse. Yes, take the chopper to Cheyenne and the jet to Denver. You have to stop Powell. The treaty re-surfaced again. They must have it. Destroy it and them, or don't come back.

Wegner continues YELLING into the tiny smartphone.

INT. SACRAMENTO, WEGNER'S OFFICE, AND WASHINGTON, D.C.,  
CHANTELL'S DHS OFFICE (SPLIT SCREEN) - DAY

WEGNER & CHARI

"Where the hell is Powell?"

EXT. JET, AERIAL VIEW - DAY

BEGIN MONTAGE -- GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY COMES ALIVE

-- Spy plane LOOKS DOWN on Boggsville, Colorado. The scene in the present FADES BACK in time to Kit Carson's old ranch. Colonel Chivington RIDES OFF as Carson lies dead in bed.

-- Spy plane LOOKS DOWN on Washita, Kansas, and FADES BACK to another massacre in 1868 where Black Kettle and his wife are killed, but the Wakan ESCAPES with the treaty.

-- Spy plane LOOKS DOWN on a ranch near Medicine Lodge, Kansas, where another treaty is signed, stealing more Indian land. The scene FADES FORWARD to the present where it spots an old YELLOW school bus near a bunk house.

END MONTAGE

INT. KANSAS, BUNK HOUSE - DAY

At 6 A.M., the pager on the bus driver's smartphone wakes everyone in the bunk house.

BUS DRIVER

Maggie, it's for you. It's C-Four.

MAGGIE

Ahhh. Wanted to say good morning.

WES

Tell him to go back to bed.

MAGGIE

He says there is lots of e-mail traffic about Powell and the school bus. We need to go now -- south.

Powell, Maggie, Silver, and Passing Cloud hop up, while everyone else goes back to sleep.

SILVER

Wes, I dreamed you were in big trouble.

WES

How could I be in more trouble?

PASSING CLOUD

So did I. We should go.

SILVER

I'll go the ranch house and see if we can get a ride out of here.

WES

Great. I'll get our things. We'll all meet outside.

Silver runs up to the ranch house, knocks on the door, and a shirtless, CJ (19), answers the door.

SILVER

We came in with Crow tree planters last night, and four of us need a ride south of here now. Can you help us?

CJ

I'm CJ and it's your lucky day.  
 Drivin' to class in West Oklahoma  
 State in Alva, 'bout two hours  
 southeast. I'll take ya after  
 Mama's pancakes.

Maggie RUNS up behind Silver.

CJ (CONT'D)

Four of ya, huh? We could go now.

CJ pulls around his extended-cab CHEVY pickup as Powell and  
 Passing Cloud catch up to them.

CJ (CONT'D)

They have to go too?

WES

We can pay for gas and breakfast.  
 And, we'll tell you a great story  
 on the way.

They pile in and all head toward Alva, Oklahoma.

INT. CJ'S CHEVY TRUCK - DAY

CJ

So, you're not wanted by the  
 police, and Homeland Security wants  
 you to hide out, while they catch  
 the crazy Californians. Can I talk  
 about this in my Poli-Sci class?

WES

No. And the Californians think we  
 have a copy of an eighteen-sixty-  
 five treaty, but we don't

(beat)

Or do we? Silver, check that  
 briefcase again.

Silver notices the thick, beaded strap, and begins to unravel  
 the leather stitching. She pulls out an old piece of paper.

SILVER

What's this?

(Reading)

Friday August 12, 1904. We have  
 written too little to free the  
 Cheyenne and Arapaho, and the  
 Whites have severed treaties to end  
 us.

(MORE)

SILVER (CONT'D)

My son will see that our guarded  
words sleep and play together  
forever. Ho'non'eamoo'e,  
A'en'nem'o, On'evve'xove, Wakan  
Ha'es'he'e.

WES

What's that last part?

PASSING CLOUD

It's Cheyenne, I think.

WES

Check the web. I rented the  
smartphone from the bus driver for  
two days. Then I have to ship it  
back to him. Let's see if we can  
translate Cheyenne.

Silver and Maggie STARE at the little smartphone screen in  
Wes's hands.

MAGGIE

What did you find, Wesley?

WES

It was signed by Range of  
Mountains, Dark House, A Change in  
Time, and Wakan 'touched by  
supernaturals' Long River.

SILVER

That's the Indian journal author  
whose writings end up in the Times.

PASSING CLOUD

Strange Indian names. Weird  
parents, I guess.

WES

It sounds like his son hid  
something important. Maybe the  
treaty. But where? And signed in  
nineteen-hundred-and-four?

CJ

Nineteen-hundred-and-four? Teddy  
Roosevelt was president then.

INT. NEW YORK, NY TIMES EDITOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Senior Editor TOM STRICKLING (59) and reporter SARAH O'CLEARY  
(32) read a recent fax from Georgia.

TOM STRICKLING

It's from Chad Hastings III from Georgia. They've been sending them all along. That devil.

SARAH O'CLEARY

From the same Indian journal writer. I see three potential story lines: Indian author meets President Teddy Roosevelt, Kit Carson Murdered? or Indian Lands in Question.

TOM STRICKLING

Get all three. And ride out to Roosevelt's summer home. Oyster Bay?

SARAH O'CLEARY

Sagamore Hill National Historic Site.

TOM STRICKLING

That's it. And get a photo of the checkerboard they mention.

SARAH O'CLEARY

I'll get it, Tom, but I need to get home by noon. Promised the kids a movie.

TOM STRICKLING

Take the expressway. You'll be there and back in two hours.

EXT. NEW YORK EXPRESSWAY - DAY

Sarah is stuck in traffic, swearing, and calling her kids.

INT. NEWSPAPER OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: "New York Times Editor's Office."

Editor's Assistant FRANCIS CUMMINS (42) places a call to Clayton Wegner.

FRANCIS CUMMINS

That's right Mr. Wegner, but I want proof you destroyed the films.

WEGNER

Want the Times to see you with two hookers?

FRANCIS CUMMINS

We got the fax about the treaty and checkerboard box at the Roosevelt summer home here in New York. Now, you destroy the tapes.

WEGNER

Don't think so. May need you again.

FRANCIS CUMMINS

I don't think so, Clayton Wegner. I've taped our last three calls, and I'm a reporter first. I'm calling the FBI.

Wegner slams down the phone and quickly makes another call.

EXT. NEW YORK, SAGAMORE HILL - DAY

Sarah O'Cleary is two miles from the Roosevelt's summer home when she hears a loud EXPLOSION. A minute later she hears sirens, and she drives recklessly to the old home on fire.

Firefighters prevent her from coming closer, but she sneaks around back, snapping photos. Under the porch is a checkerboard on a crate. The porch is engulfed. She races past a PARK RANGER (27) toward the checkerboard, but it incinerates.

SARAH O'CLEARY

Sarah O'Cleary with the Times. Can you tell me what happened here?

PARK RANGER

Sounded like a cannon, then an explosion. Could have been a missile. I ran and called nine-one-one. Thank God no one was hurt.

SARAH O'CLEARY

Can you tell me about the checkerboard set?

PARK RANGER

Gift from the Cheyenne Indians who personally presented it to Teddy in nineteen-hundred-and-four. Loved it so much, he moved it out here for summer games with Teddy Junior.

SARAH O'CLEARY  
What was in the crate?

PARK RANGER  
Don't know. We thought it was just  
a box.

SARAH O'CLEARY  
Copy of an important treaty, maybe?

PARK RANGER  
Least no one was hurt.

SARAH O'CLEARY  
Every Indian treaty left a wake of  
hurt people.

EXT. SPY PLANE - DAY

A spy plane looks down on western Oklahoma.

INT. CJ'S TRUCK - DAY

Wes is pecking at the little keyboard on the smartphone.

WES  
Sending Agent Chari an e-mail to  
ask if we can return home safely.

SILVER  
I know what she'll say.

WES  
Here it is.  
(beat)  
She says that the Californians  
think we have a copy of the treaty.  
She's taking a jet out to meet us.

MAGGIE  
Where does she want to meet?

WES  
Either La Junta by Bent's Old Fort,  
or Las Animas, Colorado, not far  
from Boggsville, where Kit Carson  
died.

SILVER  
Why that area?

WES

Chari's team is convinced a copy of the treaty may be there, and Chari wants to get it before Wegner can destroy it. But how are we going to get to La Junta?

MAGGIE

I'll ask C-Four for help. He sent me a text message that he gonna fly his jet to take me to dinner.

WES

His jet?

MAGGIE

Yeah, let me text him.

Maggie sends a text message to C-Four and he is soon in the air to meet them in Alva, Oklahoma.

EXT. ALVA, OKLAHOMA AIR FIELD - DAY

CJ drops off Wes, Maggie, Silver, Passing Cloud and the kitten at the modest airfield. Out of the blue, C-Four lands his new private jet. C-Four, a charming, boyish geek of 30 steps out.

C-FOUR

Hi y'all, I'm C-Four, you must be Maggie.

MAGGIE

C-Four? Is this you?

C-FOUR

My real name is Chad Hastings IV, but everyone calls me C-Four. Maggie, you look twice as bright as sunshine.

Maggie RUNS and gives him a giant BEAR HUG.

WES

I'm...

C-FOUR

(interrupting)

Let me guess from Maggie's text messages. You're Professor Powell.

WES

Call me Wes.

C-FOUR

You're Silver. I know your brother  
and his girlfriend.

SILVER

His girlfriend?

C-FOUR

And you must be Passing Gas.

PASSING CLOUD

Passing Cloud.

C-FOUR

My bad. Let me file our next flight  
plan in the office, and I'll get  
y'all signed in and loaded up.

INT. C-FOUR'S JET - DAY

SILVER

Daniel's girlfriend? He's never had  
a girlfriend.

C-FOUR

Got one now, Lacey Chow, an ex-  
computer security worker to some  
butt-head named Clay Wegner. Lacey  
and Daniel are shacking up and  
plotting a move on Wegner. I'm  
helping with some hacking.

MAGGIE

Isn't he wonderful, Wesley?

WES

Wonderful. Las Animas would draw  
too much attention with Chari's jet  
going there. How soon before we get  
to La Junta?

C-FOUR

'Bout an hour. If you're hungry or  
thirsty, I've stocked the cabin.  
Sit back and relax.

MAGGIE

What will we do in La Junta?

C-FOUR

Stay out of trouble, I hope.

WES

We should blend in away from the airfield, maybe in an RV or truck with a camper.

C-FOUR

My folks have a new RV they're picking up in Denver. I'll call them and ask them to head in this direction.

EXT. LA JUNTA AIR FIELD - DAY

C-Four, about to land, radios SHELDON SKEEN (63) at the office. Sheldon is a feisty old man in oily overalls.

C-FOUR

La Junta tower, this is C-Four-Hawker-XP.

SHELDON SKEEN

C-Four-Hawker-XP, this is La Junta tower. We saw a black chopper earlier, be sure you don't hit it.

C-FOUR

All clear, permission to land.

WES

Did he say black chopper?

C-FOUR

That's affirmative.

The jet lands perfectly. Skeen greets them.

WES

Could Wegner get access to your flight plan and passenger list?

C-FOUR

If he has awesome connections or great hackers.

WES

We'll have to be vigilant.

SHELDON SKEEN

You can take my jeep and visit Bent's Old Fort, just five miles east, but be back in two hours. I have lunch at the Cantina daily.

C-FOUR  
(jokingly)  
Sounds great ol' fella, and you can  
take my jet for a spin.

SHELDON SKEEN  
I'll swap ya keys. Just follow the  
signs to the Fort.

WES  
I'll fill it with gas then. Thanks  
a bunch, Mr. Skeen.

EXT. ROAD ALONG ARKANSAS RIVER

The group of five and the kitten cram into the old jeep, and head down the road to the Fort -- a relaxing drive along the Arkansas River.

PASSING CLOUD  
So beautiful here. Like stepping  
back in time.

SILVER  
This is the Old Santa Fe Trail.  
Bent's Fort was the main trading  
post for fifty miles in any  
direction.

C-Four hears the ROAR of his jet. Everyone turns to see the jet fly in a short circle and land again.

C-FOUR  
I was kidding. Didn't think that  
old man would actually take my jet  
for a spin.

Out of nowhere, a BLACK helicopter descends on the recently landed jet and fires a missile into its cabin. KABOOM.

MAGGIE  
That was a missile! We're being  
attacked again.

SILVER  
I hope Mr. Skeen is okay.

C-FOUR  
Me too. But I'm glad we weren't in  
it.

A siren sounds to the relief of everyone.

WES

They'll be checking on Mr. Skeen.  
We've got to blend in and hide  
until we hear from Chari.

EXT. BENT'S OLD FORT - DAY

The tourist attraction is filled with staff in period dress,  
and Thirty Tourists (mixed ages) of every description.

WES

Let's call for help, then mix into  
the crowd.

SILVER

And we may as well look for old  
checkerboards or a library.  
William Bent was Kit Carson's side-  
kick.

WES

That's right. The Fort was  
established in the eighteen-  
thirties. And it was certainly  
here in nineteen-hundred-and-four.

A Park Service Interpreter, 35, dressed as a mountain man,  
interrupts Wes.

PARK RANGER

Howdy folks. I'm Kit Carson. Spent  
a lot a time here along the Santa  
Fe Trail. Bill Bent was like kin.

WES

Is this the original Fort?

PARK RANGER

No sir, Bent dynamited some of the  
original Fort in eighteen-forty-  
nine, and we rebuilt it in nineteen-  
seventy-six, complete with near  
original goods from antique dealers  
nearby.

SILVER

Let's split up and see what  
antiques we can find.

MAGGIE

Are there any checkerboards?

PARK RANGER

Yes, Ma'am. In the billiard room  
and in Bent's quarters. That's  
right folks, I said billiard room.  
The first such table west of the  
Mississippi...

Powell and Silver RACE to Bent's quarters, while Maggie DRAGS  
C-Four to the billiards room on the upper deck.

Without warning, the Fort's cannon fires on the upper deck.  
BOOM! Powell and company hit the ground.

PARK RANGER (CONT'D)

Don't be alarmed folks. That's a  
real working cannon from the  
period. Just charges, no shells.

WES

(dusting off, embarrassed)  
It really adds to your living  
history display. Good idea. A  
cannon. Huh.

CUT TO:

INT. SACRAMENTO, CLAYTON WEGNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Wegner stands behind his office, SHREDDING documents.

WEGNER

Direct hit. Did you get a body  
count and Ids?

Wegner pauses his shredding. He's upset.

WEGNER (CONT'D)

None. You incompetent fools. You'd  
better start looking around in the  
area then, don't ya think?

BACK TO:

EXT. BENT'S OLD FORT - DAY

Passing Cloud and the kitten are in the gift shop, while Wes  
and Silver are in Bent's lower-deck quarters peeking into a  
checkerboard crate.

Maggie and C-Four are peeking into a checkerboard crate in  
the upper-deck billiard room.

MAGGIE

What's that? Rolled up in leather  
in the crate?

C-FOUR

Let's find out.

MAGGIE

That's against the law, I'm sure.

C-FOUR

We'll apologize, later.

They find a fist-size gold nugget, and a note -- the exact same note that Silver found in her beaded Indian briefcase. They step out onto the roof, just as Powell and Silver step out on the upper deck. The cannon is between them.

Suddenly, a BLACK helicopter armed with missiles appears above them. It descends for a better look at Powell then launches a missile below Powell. He pushes Silver away toward the cannon. KABOOM.

Tourists panic. Maggie pushes C-Four back into the billiard room. Powell races to the cannon and he and Silver face it toward the chopper. C-Four races over and loads in six charges, but no shells of any kind are nearby. The chopper pilot chuckles. Maggie leans out of the billiard room.

MAGGIE

Wesley, use this.

Maggie throws Powell the gold nugget. Powell loads the cannon. Silver lights the fuse. KABOOM. It knocks out the chopper throttle, the second missile goes high. KABOOM. The chopper zooms up, over, and crashes behind the Fort.

Powell, Silver, Maggie, and Passing Cloud holding the kitten, blend into the crowd fleeing the Fort.

C-Four disappears for a minute, but catches up to them.

WES

Skeen's jeep is gone. He must be  
okay.

SILVER

Great news, but how do we get out  
of here?

All vehicles are leaving, except for a rustic RV heading their direction. An older southern gentleman, Chad Hastings III, leans out of the RV.

CHAD HASTINGS III  
Hi ya, Sonny Boy. It's your good  
ol' Ma and Pa. What did we miss?

C-FOUR  
Pa? Ma? How did you find us?

CHAD HASTINGS III  
We got close, then just followed  
the explosions.

They HURRY into the RV and DRIVE OFF.

EXT. LAS ANIMAS AIRFIELD

Agent Chari Chantell calls Wes as her jet LANDS.

BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

WES (V.O.)  
We were attacked at Bent's Old Fort  
by a black chopper with missiles.  
Our friend C-Four's jet was  
destroyed.

CHARI  
I know the war has escalated. We  
get reports. Is everyone safe?

WES (V.O.)  
Yes, but we're getting out of here.

CHARI  
How?

WES (V.O.)  
In a motor home.

CHARI  
We're ten miles east in Las Animas.

Get whomever to drive you to us, and we'll take you into safe  
custody.

WES (V.O.)  
Guess we have no other choice.

END PHONE CONVERSATION

EXT. KIT CARSON MUSEUM, LAS ANIMAS - DAY

Chari and assistant Anita Romo head into town, two blocks away, to investigate the Kit Carson Museum. Old MARY KICKING BUCK (85), the museum curator greets them.

MARY KICKING BUCK  
Welcome to the Kit Carson Museum.

CHARI  
We're from Homeland Security. What can you tell me about a Cheyenne treaty in eighteen-sixty-five?

MARY KICKING BUCK  
Kit signed it. So did Bill Bent. It created more resentment than reservations.

CHARI  
What do you mean?

MARY KICKING BUCK  
We had a Cheyenne song as kids, passed down by the elders. It went:

Mary sings a song in Cheyenne.

ANITA  
What does it mean?

MARY KICKING BUCK  
Roughly translated it means  
'Severed treaty, cut from the  
mountains and given no plains.'  
Then, it repeats over and over.

KABOOM. They hear an explosion from the airfield. Chari and Anita race outside to see a black chopper speeding away.

Chad Hastings III drives up to Chari and Anita in the rusty and rustic RV.

CHAD HASTINGS III  
Professor Wes Powell said he recognized you.

CHARI  
Let us in. Quick.

INT. CHAD HASTING'S RV - DAY

Anita is amazed by the inside of the RV, Neiman Marcus plush.  
Chad likes to travel incognito.

CHARI

Hi all, I'm Agent Chari Chantell,  
and this is Anita Romo from DHS.  
That was our jet that was blown up.

ANITA

We'd better call it in.

Chari reports the explosion, and gets orders.

CHARI

Powell, where the hell have you  
been?

WES

It's nice to rescue you too. At the  
wheel is Chad Hastings the Third.  
That's his wife, Jeanie. Their son  
Chad goes by C-Four. You know  
Maggie, my grad student. That's  
Silver Whitehorse, my girlfriend.  
And in the back, is Passing Cloud,  
a Ute elder.

SILVER

(to Wes)

Your girlfriend? How sweet.

MAGGIE

Well, C-Four's my boyfriend.

JEANIE

Good for you C-Four. It's about  
time.

ANITA

Hi everyone. It's a pleasure to...

CHARI

(interrupting)

What is this, the Love Boat? I'm  
afraid I have to seize this  
vehicle.

(waves her pistol)

Our jet was just destroyed.

C-FOUR

So was mine. Join the club.

WES

Where are our reinforcements?

CHARI

Fighters are in the air. In the meantime, hand Anita your smartphones, and Mr. Hastings, please head to Buckley Air Force Base outside Denver. We'll all be safe there. Take back roads.

Once underway, Cheri lightens the mood with a light recap of the her involvement with Powell.

CHARI (CONT'D)

Professor, correct me if I'm wrong. You created a climate prediction model that Wegner wanted. You turned their job offer down. They were mad, so they shot up your greenhouse.

WES

The climate prediction models haven't exactly worked yet.

CHAD HASTINGS III

And I shot up the greenhouse.

CHARI & C-FOUR

What?

CHAD HASTINGS III

So Wes wouldn't work for Clay Wegner. Land-grabbin' Yankee. I squared it with the university with a huge donation, so they're not pressing charges.

CHARI

Then Passing Cloud was threatened by Wegner's men.

SILVER

That's true. And, he thinks they put something on the back of his neck that made his heart pound.

CHARI

Javier Senero. That's how he killed John Greyfeather. And the New York Times was exposing the treaty and the Indian's journal.

JEANIE

The Times and the journal pages  
were us again.

CHARI & C-FOUR

What?

CHAD HASTINGS III

Got the journal right here. My Pa  
got it in a crate of books from a  
railroad station and sold at an  
auction in nineteen-fifty-two.

Chad holds it up, driving with one hand. Silver and Powell  
leap to look at the journal.

WES

It's amazing. It's all right here.  
The Sand Creek Massacre, finding  
gold, and a version of the eighteen-  
sixty-five treaty with Kit Carson's  
signature.

CHARI

Even more reason to get to Buckley  
Air Base safely. We learned that  
the official U.S. treaty was  
purposely altered. Page one is a  
half-inch short. Wegner must think  
you have the unaltered treaty.

SILVER

Yes, it's not an original copy of  
the treaty with all the signatures,  
but the journal is a trustworthy  
supporting document.

WES

(mutters to himself)  
Yes, but why would the journal-  
writer leave identical notes and  
gold nuggets about if there wasn't  
something more?

The RV comes to a rural road intersection.

CHARI

Anita, where the hell are we?

ANITA

A few miles east of Eads, one-  
hundred-seventy-one miles from  
Buckley Air Force Base.

WES

This journal is a phenomenal find.  
Listen to this.

(reading the journal)

"1870. Sand Creek. Rabbit in  
Dreams, Blackbird at Night, Kicking  
Buck and I survey the massacre  
site, but find no bones. We are  
captured by Buffalo Soldiers and  
marched to the Oklahoma reservation  
with the last of our people."

SILVER

Amazing. What else?

WES

(continues reading)

Southern Cheyenne Reservation,  
Oklahoma?

(stops reading, looks up)

It's in a different handwriting.

(continues reading)

My father is yanked from our lodge  
for teaching Cheyenne language and  
songs. He is whipped by Indian  
Police, then hit and knocked nearly  
dead from a club to the head. We  
drag him back to rest him on  
buffalo robes. Kicking Buck.

SILVER

His wife and son must have saved  
his journal.

WES

Wow. It gets better.

(continues reading)

Southern Cheyenne Reservation,  
Oklahoma. I am 42 winters and my  
head and thoughts return. What love  
Rabbit in Dreams showed nursing me  
for 16 winters. My brother returns  
from Canada. Kicking Buck is 25 and  
returned from Carlisle Indian  
School, but we are losing our land  
in Oklahoma by the give-away, and  
moving to Denver by train.

PASSING CLOUD

Denver? What does it say about the  
treaty?

Powell is given a minute to quickly speed-read several pages  
of the journal, trying hard to absorb everything he reads.

WES

Later he says  
 (continues reading)  
 I hid a printed copy of the treaty  
 with President Roosevelt in  
 nineteen-hundred-and-four.

CHARI

There's an improbable coincidence.  
 Roosevelt's summer home in New York  
 was burnt to the ground this  
 morning, with a tip about a treaty  
 in a checkerboard crate.

MAGGIE

That's where we found the note at  
 the Fort, in a checkerboard crate.

C-FOUR

That journal must be the  
 archaeological find of the century.

SILVER

Maybe the idea of a big Cheyenne  
 reservation in western Colorado  
 isn't so crazy.

WES

The land, water rights, and  
 resources are worth billions of  
 dollars -- maybe trillions.

CHARI

Worth killing for.

Passing Cloud creeps up on Chari, and suddenly removes her  
 gun, aims it at Jeanie, who wears earphones and doesn't  
 notice.

PASSING CLOUD

Hand me your smartphones and  
 computers. Take me to the Sand  
 Creek Massacre site, now.

CHARI

This is kidnapping, assault of a  
 federal officer, life in prison.

ANITA

Just don't hurt anyone. Drive east  
 for twelve miles, north for seven,  
 then north east for two miles.

SILVER

Why are you doing this?

PASSING CLOUD

I am Ute first, then Indian.  
Western Colorado was always Ute  
land. I will not see it in Cheyenne  
hands. Give me that journal and  
your notes from the Cheyenne Wakan.

WES

Don't point the gun at anyone.

PASSING CLOUD

(points it at Powell)

Hastings and Wegner are buying our  
land and water rights, leaving us  
homeless.

MAGGIE

Don't you dare hurt the kitten.

PASSING CLOUD

The kitten? The kitten's name is  
Black Kettle. Johnny Greyfeather, a  
Ute, named it after the Cheyenne  
Chief just to get my goat. I hate  
that kitten.

Maggie clutches the kitten.

SILVER

But that journal? It's the  
archaeological find of the century.

EXT. SAND CREEK MASSACRE SITE - DAY

The RV PULLS OVER. Passing Cloud steps out holding the  
journal and old papers, and waves the gun, telling the RV to  
leave him behind.

The RV advances 100 yards while Passing Cloud sits down and  
lights the journal and papers ON FIRE.

Powell forces the RV to stop and RUNS across the prairie to  
Passing Cloud, who is swatting at a swarm of imaginary bees  
around his head. The journal is in ashes.

The RV backs up and the others burst out.

WES

No ... No.

PASSING CLOUD

I see them, I feel them, the  
spirits of the mutilated women and  
children.

SILVER

You old fool. It's gone forever!

WES

Like the library at Alexandria.

MAGGIE

Like the codices of the Aztecs.

SILVER

This wasn't just our past. It was  
our future.

Silver cries the tears of generations to come. Everyone  
mourns the burnt journal.

They help Passing Cloud to his feet and lead him to the RV.  
An ominous black helicopter looks down over Sand Creek.  
Powell and company head towards Denver and Buckley Air Base.

EXT. LIMON, COLORADO, GAS STATION - DAY

Chad Hastings III stops for gas.

CHARI

Why are we stopping?

CHAD HASTINGS III

Out of gas. Not almost out. We're  
out.

CHARI

Okay, but no one leaves the RV.  
We'll take turns with the toilet in  
the back here. I'll go first.  
Anita, watch them.

Chari disappears in the back of the RV. Chad and C-Four go  
out to pump gas. Anita goes into the convenience store to pay  
cash, but C-Four uses his credit card. In the confusion,  
Jeanie, takes her bag and heads to the convenience store.

The mood is sullen. Powell, Silver, and Maggie (holding the  
kitten) trudge to the store.

MAGGIE

Come on, Black Kettle. Let's get  
you some milk.

Passing Cloud SOBS by the RV door. Chari returns from the toilet and sees everyone is gone.

CHARI

These people are incapable of following orders.

Passing Cloud sees the black helicopter out in the distance. As Chari leans out the RV door to call every one back to the RV, Passing Cloud KICKS her in the butt forcing her onto the ground between the gas pumps. He hops in the driver's seat and steals the RV, and speeds north on a cross road.

Powell runs out of the store. He sees the chopper.

CHARI (CONT'D)

What's that old fool doing? This time he's going to prison.

WES

He's saving our lives.

Two miles down the road, the helicopter fires a missile at the RV. KABOOM.

HOWARD LAFOOTE (67) in his Chevy pickup truck and camper shell drives up to the store, and sees the explosion.

CHARI

Sir, I need to seize your vehicle to get to Denver. It's an emergency.

HOWARD LAFOOTE

Can I see your ID?

CHARI

It's in flames in that RV.

HOWARD LAFOOTE

Hop in. I'll give you a ride. I'm going past Denver up to Breckenridge to go tubing with my grandkids.

CHARI

Can you drop us all at Buckley Air Force Base? Please.

Chari and Anita hop in the front with Howard. The rest are in the camper atop inner tubes. The mood is dampened more.

SILVER

You're right, Wes, he saved our lives.

MAGGIE

Now we lost a good friend, the journal, and the treaty copy.

WES

What did you say, Maggie?

MAGGIE

I said, we lost a good friend, the journal, and the treaty copy.

WES

That's it. The Indian kept a journal for over forty years.

C-FOUR

Yeah, that's a huge investment.

WES

Exactly. And he hides duplicate notes two-thousand miles apart about hiding it somewhere safe. He picked a fort and a President's house for the notes.

SILVER

Fairly safe places.

WES

So he backed up his work, and told us the original was worth more than the giant gold nugget, and hidden well by his son. They wouldn't leave it in a crate of books in a railroad station to be sold at an auction to the highest bidder.

SILVER

You're right. And he re-copied individual pages of his journal.

WES

So Passing Cloud may have burned a copy. And where we find the journal, I bet we find the treaty.

MAGGIE

What were the clues on the notes?

WES

Range of mountains, dark house, and  
a change in time.

CHAD HASTINGS III

Range of mountains has to be the  
Rockies.

JEANIE

Dark house could be a bank.

SILVER

Indians didn't trust White banks.

WES

Early nineteen-hundreds. If you  
want to hide something for more  
than a century, you pick the most  
heavily guarded building.

MAGGIE

The Capitol building in Denver?

WES

No. To many visitors, open access.  
(beat)  
It has to be the Denver Mint.

C-FOUR

The Mint?

WES

A dark house, heavily guarded, and  
change in time. It changed from a  
gold assay office to the Mint. And  
when I was speed-reading the  
journal, I remember seeing two  
other things. They took the train  
to the Government Printing Office  
in Washington. He was making copies  
the only way they could back then.  
And he said his son got a job as a  
marble layer at the new Mint.

JEANIE

Ms. Chari isn't going to let you  
search the Mint.

WES

Where's her sense of adventure?

INT. WASHINGTON, D.C., BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS OFFICE - DAY

Bob Mills sits nervously staring at a red blinking light on the speaker phone. He finally answers.

BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

BOB MILLS

That's right, Mr. President and Madam Secretary, the investigation was thorough. Inter-departmental team of experts. Video-taped the whole thing.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

The findings could be embarrassing to several past administrations.

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR (V.O.)

First the billions in lawsuits over mineral re-payments, now this.

FBI DIRECTOR (V.O.)

And we had agents from Homeland Security fired upon in Colorado. Missiles from a rogue chopper.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Get me the Governor of California.

FBI DIRECTOR (V.O.)

We can't locate him, sir.

BOB MILLS

May not mean a thing if the Indian copy of the original treaty doesn't surface, but we thought you should know before the press gets it.

We HEAR phones being hung up, rudely followed by DIAL TONES.

END PHONE CONVERSATION

INT. HOWARD LAFOOTE'S CHEVY PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Chari anxiously dials STRATEGIC COMMAND on Howard LaFoote's smartphone, while Howard races toward Denver.

CHARI

Thanks, Mr. LaFoote. I'll be careful not to use many minutes.

Chari punches 21 numbers into the phone.

STRATEGIC COMMAND (V.O.)  
Identify and report.

CHARI  
Agents Charise Chantell and Anita  
Romo. You know that. Let's go.

Chari sees another rogue black chopper in the distance,  
coming at them.

CHARI (CONT'D)  
We need air support, now!

Powell opens the Plexiglas window to the cab of the truck.

ANITA  
They're tracking us. How do they  
know our frequencies?

CHARI  
That's impossible. Unless someone  
gave them our chip frequencies.

WES  
They extort information. They've  
known our every move. If they're  
tracking you with satellites, maybe  
you can hide under a thick concrete  
overpass to block the signals.

CHARI  
Good idea, Professor. Howard, leave  
us under the next overpass, so we  
won't endanger your lives. Just  
promise me you'll drive straight to  
Buckley Air Force Base.

HOWARD LAFOOTE  
You bet, Ma'am.

Howard slams on the breaks under the overpass. Chari and  
Anita run for cover under the top part of the underpass.

The chopper pilot sees them and lines up to fire.

Howard races toward Denver as Powell and company stare out  
the back window. The chopper fires a missile. KABOOM. The  
explosion kicks up a lot of dirt, but Chari and Anita are  
safe, while the chopper takes aim again.

KABOOM. The chopper EXPLODES, as an F16 fighter jet zooms by.

WES

Howard, looks like we're going to be okay. So drop us at three-twenty West Colfax Avenue in Denver on the way up to Breckenridge, will ya?

HOWARD LAFOOTE

Where's that?

WES

The Denver Mint.

EXT. DENVER MINT - DAY

Powell and company BURST from Howard LaFoote's camper shell.

WES

Howard, thanks so much. Enjoy those grandkids.

SILVER

Howard, before you go, may I please call my brother in California to tell him that I'm okay?

HOWARD LAFOOTE

Sure, why not?

Silver dials Daniel's number.

BEGIN PHONE CONVERSATION

SILVER

Hello, Daniel. Are you okay?

DANIEL (V.O.)

I'm fine, nothing new here in Sacramento, except my girlfriend and I are going to break into CWT and mess with their computers.

SILVER

Great. We're going to sneak around the Denver Mint and try to find some historical documents.

DANIEL (V.O.)

It's worth it, isn't it, Sis? It's like Mom and Dad at Wounded Knee.

SILVER

Yes, indeed. Good luck, Daniel.

DANIEL (V.O.)  
Good luck, Sis.

END PHONE CONVERSATION

Silver collapses the phone and hands it to Howard. She kisses him on the cheek. He smiles as he drives off.

Wes sees Silver is worried.

WES  
Silver? Are you okay with this? If not, we'll call it off.

SILVER  
I'm okay. I'm worried that Daniel is going to do something stupid in California. And that nut, Wegner, is crazy dangerous.

INT. SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA GOVERNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Clayton Wegner rushes past Security Gate and Two Guards (mixed ages), and into the Governor's office.

GOVERNOR  
How did you get in here, Clay? I've got a call into Homeland Security and the FBI in one minute.

WEGNER  
We needed to go on the offensive if we're going to save California's water. We'd dry up like a raisin if it wasn't for me.

GOVERNOR  
You've gone too far this time. Violence? Are you nuts? I'll disavow any knowledge of your underhanded tactics.

WEGNER  
I was following orders.

Wegner pulls out a detection-proof gun.

WEGNER (CONT'D)  
I know you have that old tunnel escape behind the wall -- let's go. My limo's waiting at the park.

The wall opens to a tunnel. Wegner forces the Governor out and the wall closes, as the two security guards storm in.

Wegner kidnaps the Governor and brings him to the basement of California Water and Trade, Inc.

INT. DENVER MINT - PRESENT - DAY

Wes, Silver, Maggie, C-Four, and Chad and Jeanie Hastings race up the stairs of the Denver Mint, where they are met by the MINT SUPERINTENDENT (55) in his dark blue blazer.

MINT SUPERINTENDENT

Welcome to the Mint, Mr. Chad Hastings. Apparently, you called my boss, the Treasurer, who ordered me to arrange this special tour.

CHAD HASTINGS III

Thank you Superintendent, and on such short notice too.

MINT SUPERINTENDENT

Afraid a complete tour is out, but I can show you the lobby and the gift shop. That's all, by law.

WES

That will be fine, sir.

MINT GUARD

You'll have to leave all smartphones, purses, backpacks, computers, and all...

(looking at Maggie)

Is that a kitten?

They hear the WOP-WOP of helicopter blades. KABOOM. An explosion rips through the front entrance of the Mint. The Mint Superintendent is knocked down and unconscious. A female MINT GUARD (33) races to her boss, while whispering into her sleeve.

MINT GUARD (CONT'D)

You civilians, drop all of your belongings and follow me. Now!

The guard drags the Superintendent by the arms, and guides everyone behind two steel doors in the inner Mint, just as another missile smashes through and EXPLODES. Powell and company are met by the four well-armed Security Guards (who arrested Senero). They hand out aluminum-lead blankets to cover Powell and his friends.

JEANIE

What are these for?

MINT GUARD

So heat sensors can't detect you.  
Get down, and remain still.

The guard runs to defend the Mint entrance.

WES

Now's our chance. Split up and look  
around.

CHAD HASTINGS III

What are we looking for?

WES

An old checkerboard set, old books,  
anything that might hide a treaty.

They crawl around trying to find the old documents, while  
guards fire at the helicopter. KABOOM. A missile leaves a  
gaping hole in the steel door leading back to the lobby.

WES (CONT'D)

Silver, stay here. They want me.  
I'm going to draw their fire.

In a selfless act, Wes races past the guards defending the  
steel door and into the lobby. Silver runs after him. Wes  
takes her hand.

They race across the long marble floor of the lobby toward  
the gift shop.

KABOOM. A missile hits behind them, knocking them down.

The pilot in the black chopper can see them and readies  
another missile. BAM. BAM, BAM, KABOOM. The chopper pilot is  
SHOT with anti-aircraft fire from an F16 fighter -- but an  
already launched missile is coming toward Wes and Silver on  
the way to the gift shop.

Wes dives on top of Silver to protect her as the missile  
passes over them to the gift shop. KABOOM. Bookshelves, T-  
shirts, glass, and postcards fly.

The stuffed Buffalo Head in the gift shop hangs by a thread  
over the cash register.

EXT. SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA WATER AND TRADE OFFICES - DAY

Workers are returning from lunch. Daniel Whitehorse and Lacey Chow sneak inside a group of workers heading to the elevators.

Daniel and Lacey ride up with everyone, but don't get off. Then they head down to the basement where they use their old pass keys. Sign reads, "Computer Operations and Security".

DANIEL

Let's hope C-Four was right on the code for the security room or the alarms will go off.

LACEY CHOW

I think he figured it out. Better be ready the for the guard inside.

Lacey is reading from a code list from C-Four, while Daniel rips a fire extinguisher off the wall.

DANIEL

Ready.

Lacey enters the code and the door opens. Inside is the Governor, head down on the desk, drooling and barely breathing. Duct-tapped to an office chair is Clayton Wegner, whose eyes are wide open -- stunned.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

That bastard Wegner is faking his own capture by the Governor.

LACEY CHOW

Here's the Governor's supposed suicide note. I'll take that!

DANIEL

He's been drugged. Let's get him out of here.

LACEY CHOW

Put him in the recycling bin, while I re-set the computers.

DANIEL

What?

LACEY CHOW

Asshole Wegner probably fixed and planted e-mail messages too.

(MORE)

LACEY CHOW (CONT'D)

I can re-set the system to  
yesterday and he should be screwed  
big time when they find him.

Wegner's eyes bulge with terror. Lacey kicks Wegner in the groin for good measure. Lacey removes the duct tape from his mouth to hear him scream.

WEGNER

Ow! You'll never save Powell and  
Daniel's activist sister. Too late.

DANIEL

Never underestimate my sister.

Daniel kicks Wegner in the ankle before Daniel and Lacey pull the recycling bin to the elevator, and up to the lobby. They pull the fire alarm and exit the building with the orderly employees -- just as the FBI rolls up with weapons pulled.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

We surrender. We have the Governor  
in the bin. He needs an ambulance.

LACEY CHOW

The CEO, Clayton Wegner faked his  
own capture. He's in the basement.

DANIEL

The Governor will explain  
everything when he's able.

Daniel and Lacey, smiling, are arrested and cuffed, the Governor is taken to the hospital, and Wegner is arrested.

INT. DENVER MINT - DAY

The sirens stop, but police lights are still flashing.

Police barricades surround the Mint. Military helicopters protect the skies.

TV News Reporters (mixed ages) surround Wes and company. Chari and Anita step out of a military helicopter.

CHARI

So Professor, you were going  
straight to Buckley Air Force?

WES

I can explain. We were on the way  
when...

CHARI

(interrupting)

And, Ms. Whitehorse, it seems your brother, Daniel, is quite the hero in Sacramento. Saving the Governor and all, and we nailed Wegner.

SILVER

That's so amazing. I can't wait to hear the details.

CHARI

And his friend, a Ms. Lacey Chow, sends her thanks to Mr. Chad Hastings IV for breaking a code.

C-FOUR

Call me C-Four.

CHARI

Not after all the explosions that seem to follow y'all.

ANITA

How's the kitten, Black Kettle?

MAGGIE

Fine -- just fine.

CHARI

And Mr. and Mrs. Hastings?

JEANIE

What a vacation.

CHAD HASTINGS III

Exciting as ever.

CHARI

Going to get more exciting. Governor of Colorado will be here in thirty seconds.

The news reporters are wrapping up their stories as the Governor arrives.

The cameras roll as the smiling, impeccably dressed GOVERNOR OF COLORADO (60), shakes hands with Wes and Silver.

WES

It's a pleasure to meet you, Governor. Sorry about the mess.

GOVERNOR OF COLORADO  
 That Wegner fellow in California  
 was after our land and water. We're  
 lucky to have you at Colorado  
 State. Drawing fire from the Mint  
 saved it, I hear.

The Governor smiles for each camera.

WES  
 Yes sir, I guess so.

GOVERNOR OF COLORADO  
 If there's anything we can do for  
 you, let us know.

WES  
 There is one thing...

The Mint Superintendent, head bandaged, joins the Governor.

MINT SUPERINTENDENT  
 Sure, Professor. You name it.

WES  
 I'd like that old torn-up Buffalo  
 Head in the gift shop.

MINT SUPERINTENDENT  
 It's yours.

GOVERNOR OF COLORADO  
 It's yours.

Powell leads everyone over to the Buffalo Head. The reporters  
 follow, trampling on glass, T-shirts, and postcards with the  
 TV news cameras rolling.

Powell hops up on the counter and pulls off the head. He  
 reaches into the head and pulls out an old newspaper.

WES  
 It's a Denver newspaper dated  
 August first, nineteen-thirteen.

MINT SUPERINTENDENT  
 That's the day we rolled out the  
 Indian Head Nickel. Glorious day in  
 Mint history, and Colorado history.

WES  
 That must be the day the Mint  
 received this fine Buffalo Head.

Wes digs further into the stuffed Buffalo Head.

GOVERNOR OF COLORADO

This is all very interesting, but I must get... What's that?

Powell pulls out withered, YELLOW papers from the Buffalo Head.

SILVER

It's the treaty! The eighteen-sixty-five treaty!

Everyone stares as Wes lays out the treaty. The TV news cameras capture it all. The bottom of Page One reads: "That portion of Colorado territory west of the Continental Divide, and"

WES

And it's signed by Kit Carson, William Bent, and the other Government agents. Looks like the Native Americans own your mountains... again.

The news cameras go crazy. The ramifications of the treaty become clear to everyone.

Powell pulls another letter and a printed flier from 1904 from the Buffalo Head. No one pays attention to Wes.

WES (CONT'D)

This bison was their time capsule. What an ingenious and safe place to hide for almost a century. Look at this flier: "Buck Buckwalter and Bill Selig, and the Selig Polyscope Company and the Colorado Motion Picture Company invite the public to the making of 'The Hold-up of the Leadville Stage' at the Garden of the Gods. Extras needed." The letter explains how Wakan Long River, Rabbit in Dreams, and Blackbird at Night died in nineteen-hundred-and-four.

SILVER

What? What's that? I was thinking about the treaty?

WES

In nineteen-hundred-and-four, they were filming a motion picture and the Indians looked so fake that Blackbird at Night, the Wakan's brother, pulled an actor off his horse, and rode after the stage screaming his war cry like a true Dog Soldier.

SILVER

I could just imagine how he might of looked.

WES

He had a heart attack atop the horse.

MAGGIE

He died a warrior.

WES

Wakan and Rabbit in Dreams took his body by buggy to Sand Creek to bury him, returned to Denver, caught the measles in the epidemic of nineteen-hundred-and-four, and died in each others arms.

C-FOUR

What lives they led.

WES

But before Wakan died, he gave careful instructions to his son on where to hide the treaty and journal.

SILVER

In the Buffalo Head.

WES

Exactly. His son, Kicking Buck, became a doctor and waited for his opportunity to present the Buffalo Head as a gift to the Mint.

MAGGIE

The day they commemorated the Buffalo Head Nickel in nineteen-thirteen. Genius.

SILVER  
 (whispering)  
 Anything else in the Buffalo Head?

WES  
 (whispering)  
 Later. Later.

EXT. SUPREME COURT, WASHINGTON, D.C. - DAY

SUPER: "One year later"

Silver and Daniel Whitehorse and Bob Mills are surrounded by Reporters as Five upset Government Attorneys (mixed ages) try to avoid cameras and escape.

REPORTER  
 Some say it was the most important and unlikely High Court decision in a hundred years.

SILVER  
 It certainly was for the Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Apache people.

REPORTER  
 So now they'll be given almost a third of Colorado, the mountains, water, minerals...

DANIEL  
 Given? You mean 'returned', don't you? It's a small fraction of the lands originally occupied.

BOB MILLS  
 The evidence of the severed treaty was overwhelming. The Indians got cheated and we got caught.

REPORTER  
 Nailed by a journal-keeping Cheyenne over a hundred years ago. What's going to happen to all those land owners, ranchers, and ski resorts on the new reservation? Will you keep selling water to California, Arizona, and Nevada?

SILVER  
 We have a lot of questions to sort out over the next few years.

DANIEL

Let us just celebrate today. The  
Indians finally win one.

SILVER

If you'll excuse us, we have a  
party to get to.

EXT. SAVANNAH ISLAND, GEORGIA ESTATE - DAY

We see a huge pool-side party, mint juleps all around. Chad and Jeanie includes everyone: Wes and Silver, C-Four and Maggie, Chari and Anita, Bob Mills and his wife, Billy and Cyrus Welldon, Mary Kicking Buck, the bus driver and CJ, the Pingree grad students, and everyone who helped them.

Chad Hastings III RAISES a mint julep. The crowd turns  
QUIET.

CHAD HASTINGS III

Jeanie and I would like to thank  
you all for coming to help us  
celebrate. First, I would like us  
to raise our glasses for two Indian  
friends who gave their lives in  
battle: John Greyfeather and  
Passing Cloud.

CROWD

Hear hear!

Silver raises a glass of iced tea.

SILVER

They represent millions of Native  
Americans who lost their lives and  
culture over many centuries.

CROWD

Hear hear!

Wes has to overcome shyness to RAISE his coffee cup.

WES

To all the graduate students, room-  
mates, bus drives, and inn keepers  
who provided safe harbor at their  
own peril.

CROWD

Hear hear!

Maggie raises a mint julep.

MAGGIE

And to Chari, Anita, Bob, and other  
government and military officials  
who aided our cause.

CROWD

Hear hear!

CHARI

(looking at Powell)

Let's hope y'all can stay out of  
trouble for a while.

Everyone LAUGHS.

CHAD HASTINGS III

And to our surprising son, C-Four,  
who lost a jet, but found true  
love.

CROWD

Hear hear!

C-Four raises two mint juleps.

C-FOUR

To my pa and ma, who lost an RV,  
and who gave their Colorado land  
back to the tribes, and who know  
how to throw a great party.

CROWD

Hear hear!

C-FOUR

And to Maggie Esposito, whose  
loyalty, ingenuity, and carefree  
attitude are lessons to us all.

CROWD

Hear hear!

Maggie, hugging Black Kettle, now a cat, runs up and JUMPS on  
C-Four KISSING him profusely.

Wes overcomes shyness again to raise his coffee cup.

WES

To Silver, the new Chief of the new  
Reservation, who taught us all that  
activism is best served with  
humanity and heart.

Wes gets on one knee and pulls the fist-sized gold nugget from his pocket. He has really overcome his shyness at last.

SILVER

What's going on? Where'd you get that?

WES

Oh, C-Four got it from the helicopter wreckage at Bent's Old Fort, he gave it to me for saving his life, I put it in the garbage compactor in the Hastings RV, and they dug it out of the RV wreckage after the missile hit it.

SILVER

I mean, what are you doing?

WES

I'd like to ask you to go steady.

CROWD

Ahhh!

Silver kisses Wes.

CROWD (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

JEANIE

How sweet. Do people still do that?

SILVER

You bet they do. Sure, Wes, I'll go steady with you.

CROWD

Hear hear!

CHAD HASTINGS III

And last, but not least, here's to Professor Wes Powell, who got involved when he could have said 'no', who risked his life many times, and who solved the riddle of the hidden treaty.

CROWD

Hear hear!

ANITA

Professor Powell, did you ever get your climate prediction model to work?

WES

We're getting closer. If we substitute in the double clustering algorithms in the next version.

(beat)

Wait, I can explain.

MARY KICKING BUCK

Never mind that nonsense, how did you know the treaty and the Wakan's journal were in the Buffalo Head?

WES

When we didn't find a checkerboard set at the Mint, but we all saw the Buffalo Head.

(beat)

I thought, 'If only that buffalo could talk' -- and it did.

SILVER

I hunted down the Denver newspapers for August second, nineteen-thirteen to see if they covered the Buffalo Head story.

MARY KICKING BUCK

What did they say?

SILVER

They said Henry Kicking Buck appeared in a Cheyenne headdress and ceremonial dress, with a large stuffed Buffalo Head, a gift to the Mint from local Indian tribes.

WES

If they only knew...

Silver PROUDLY reads the old news clipping.

SILVER

(reading)

Dr. Buck's father was Cheyenne, his mother was Crow. Both died in the nineteen-hundred-and-four epidemic. Buck said the head came from the last wild buffalo killed in Colorado.

MARY KICKING BUCK

That's awful.

SILVER

(continues reading)

Henry Buck said it was his father's dying wish was to give something of significance to the Mint for future generations. My father said, 'the buffalo will live again.'

WES

He may be right about that too.

SILVER

Then the reporter asked Dr. Buck if he had ever scalped anyone.

DANIEL

What an idiot.

SILVER

He just ignored the question. The Mint Superintendent graciously accepted the gift.

C-FOUR

Very kind of him.

SILVER

Listen to this.

(reading)

Dr. Henry Buck cranked up his Oldsmobile and drove from the ceremony yelling "I am Kicking Buck, son of Wakan Long River, a writer, and Rabbit in Dreams, a dreamer, and nephew of Blackbird at Night, a Dog Soldier. I am Kicking Buck, Cheyenne and Crow."

(looking up)

The newspaper printed it all.

CROWD

Hear hear!

WES

I think the best part is that the gift was heavily guarded for over a century. Their plan was perfect. When that journal is published this year, the whole world will know.

CROWD

Hear hear!

Everyone begins thanking Chad and Jeanie by the pool as Wes and Silver slip out.

EXT./INT. COUNTRY ROAD AND CAR - DAY

Wes and Silver drive off into the sunset, back to Colorado, in his 1959 Chevy two-tone station wagon.

WES

The land. The primary water rights. What will you do with so much land, water, and resources?

SILVER

There will be those who will not surrender their houses and land peacefully.

WES

But it was stolen land.

SILVER

Resistance groups are already forming. There will be legal battles for the resources.

WES

Full employment for your attorneys.

SILVER

Some of our people want to return to tipis, others want us to be a superpower. The feds may send in troops.

(beat)

It's a mess. But I'm reminded of what my parents said before they died.

WES

What's that?

SILVER

'It is not the land that belongs to the people, it is the people who belong to the land.' It'll be exciting. I'll need your help.

WES

I'll be more than happy to help my steady girlfriend, after a real Spring Break vacation, that is.

SILVER

Where are you taking me?

WES

I know this nice, quiet bed and breakfast in the Powder River area.

FADE OUT

THE END