

**REVOLUTION ON THE REZ**

by  
Christopher Blair Harmon

DARKMARKTWAIN@YAHOO.COM)  
480-251-4827  
1508 W.SURREY AVE  
PHOENIX, AZ 85029

BLACK.

The gradual SOUND OF HAND-MADE DRUMS LABOR UNDER A DRIVING, DEFIANT BEAT.

FADE IN:

EXT. PINE RIDGE SIOUX RESERVATION - DAY

On a small, snowy piece of land next to a gentle running stream, feet move up and down in unison.

Many of the feet are women, children and old people. Some wear moccasins, but most do not. Sores and blood, cover naked feet.

SUPER - WOUNDED KNEE, 1890, FOUR DAYS AFTER CHRISTMAS

The SYNCHRONIZED POUNDING OF STOMPS AND DRUMMING, is added to with the sound of VOICES. Some SING, some CRY...

A full view of all 300 OR SO NATIVE AMERICANS shows that they are an island in a sea of white.

Not only is it a snowy area, but they are surrounded by mean faced, FEDERAL TROOPERS on horseback. The Seventh Calvary.

The unarmed Native Americans wear shirts emblazoned with buffalo, eagle and morning-star decorations. The soldier boys, wear cavalry blue.

A WOMAN(20's) stops dancing. She peers at the blanketed bundle that she is trying to keep warm.

Her eyes bulge as her knees give way. She buries her head into the bundle and SOBS BITTERLY. An older Indian man, CHIEF BIGFOOT(50's), runs to her and holds her shoulders.

A RAT FACED OFFICER(30's) in need of a shave, moves closer to the half frozen tribe.

OFFICER

You people have been instructed by  
the US government to cease this  
god-dern Ghost Dance nonsense.  
IMMEDIATELY!! SHUT that sobbing  
wench UP, I'm trying to talk.

We are here to put down an uprising  
and we will do it, as we see fit. I  
prefer bullets.

A buzzard's grin crosses his face.

The Chief, enraged, turns from the broken woman and SINGS  
LOUDER and dances fiercer than before. He stares directly  
into the cold eyes of the soldier as he dances, defiantly.

The rest of the tribe also takes it to the next level. The  
energy of the children springs forth from nowhere.

Life pulses through them as they leap into the air and their  
LUNGS EXPLODE WITH SOUND. Fear is a stranger.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

I interpret this as a hostile act.  
You god-damn savages better stop if  
you know what's good for ya'.

The grieving mother stops CRYING and walks over to the  
mounted madman.

In her outstretched arms, is her dead, naked baby. The  
soldier turns his head away. She faces her people, tears run.

WOMAN

Dance the dance given to us by the  
Great Spirit to rid us of this  
white devil and his evil ways. They  
killed Sitting Bull in cold blood a  
few days ago and now, my child, my  
baby. MURDER-ER, MURDER-ER, MURDER-  
ER, MUR--

The woman's head snaps back and a red spot, grows in size, on  
the front of her shirt.

After the GUN-BLAST, a moment of SILENCE, a moment of horror.  
The dead baby falls to earth, soon followed by its mother.

OFFICER

It's not my fault. I told somebody  
to shut that wench up. You redskins  
wanna dance? Try this.

The cavalryman SHOOTs at the feet of an old man up front. The man jumps around. He ends up SHOOTING him in the leg. A second later, BANG-BANG to the head.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Oops, dead injun, good thing I got plenny more to play with.

A young woman tries to run downstream. The officer motions for the soldiers with Gatlin guns who surround the tribe, to open fire. Suddenly, everyone in the tribe is a target.

The crowd is mostly women and children, BULLETS RIP through helpless bodies. The Chief, charges the officer.

The Chief is then cowardly SHOT SEVERAL TIMES from behind.

He turns and SPITS a huge glob of blood and mucus directly onto the face of the potbellied MARKSMAN(40's). The 'mucus-man's' gun, unloads into the Chief.

The Calvary rides onto the scene on horseback. Their sabers, thirsty for blood. They hack and impale their way through the tribe until no one is left standing, even children.

Dead bodies line the stream. Some float in the icy waters. Snow flurries start to fall on the blood-soaked, red earth. The soldiers take away two struggling, half nude girls for an night of rape.

The women break away. They stumble over the 300 frozen corpses of their loved ones and almost make it across the water before they are shot down. The marksman lowers his rifle, CHUCKLES.

MARKSMAN

Wounded Knee Creek just swallowed two more. Too bad I had to waste the entertainment. Imagine that. A dance to get rid of us? US? What nerve! Heathens are lucky we are here. Ghost dance? Who is the ghost now...Redskin?

The word, REDSKIN, seems to ECHO. He spits on the Chief's body, the troops laugh, then move out as the sun goes down.

Their evil eyes do not notice the heavenly sunset over the Dakota Hills. Nor do those eyes notice the lone LAKOTA BOY(15), who made it to the other side of the creek.

He stands behind trees, eyes locked on the killers. His head bobs up and down. As his legs and then feet are finally shown, it is clear that he is doing the Ghost Dance. He cries, dances and...prays, hard.

His feet kick up dust as he dances for the Great Spirit to hear his plea. The cloud of dirt around his feet gets so thick his bare toes are just slightly visible. He turns away, runs and disappears in the mist.

FADE TO BLACK

GRADUAL FADE IN

SUPER - THE WORDS, 'AT TEN YEARS OLD'

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

A boy's feet, running, become visible through the cloud of dust. The legs of YOUNG COCHISE MACK (10), appear rubbery, he breathes heavy.

He stops to look behind him. A moment of peace ends quickly. He sees LESTER BUSSY, MONTAGUE BUSSY, BOBBY JON JOHNSTON and two other boys running after him.

The older boys are catching up quick. He runs towards the schoolhouse. Several Native American kids of about the same age play outside. Cochise goes to them.

MACK (AT 10)

The Bussy brothers. Let's fight them, together. Come on.

The kids look among themselves, then at the approaching danger. They shake their heads, 'no'. Some back off, others run.

MACK (AT 10)

Fine. One day they'll be coming after you too. Cowards. I'm only half Apache and I'm more warrior than any of you.

The larger Caucasian boys are now upon him. They laugh as they try to catch their breath.

LESTER

Damn boy...I'm going...to whoop you harder...for making us run...like that. Black jackrabbit.

MONTAGUE

Yeah...Let's skin the rabbit.

Lester pushes Cochise's shoulder.

LESTER

What's wrong half-breed? Your tribe turned their back again? They did, didn't they? These redskins always do, know why?

MACK (AT 10)

Let's see, Lester. Maybe because when they punch you in the face, their fist smells like dog poop?

Two Native American kids nearby, IVA and her brother THREADZ, laugh out loud, along with a few others.

Lester sees the other kids laugh, gets steaming mad. Young Mack blocks the first three punches from Lester, but Montague grabs his arms from behind.

The next three punches knock him down. Now the bullies laugh.

LESTER

Not so funny anymore, huh? You know what, it's not gonna be funny tomorrow, or the day after, or the day after.

MONTAGUE

Each and every day.

Lester kicks Young Mack in the stomach.

LESTER

That was for making us run. You sit still for your whooping tomorrow, understand boy?

Young Mack's eyes burn back at them as they howl with laughter and march away from him.

Young Mack sits up slow, grimaces and shakes his head. Upset, embarrassed, he pounds the earth with his fist as he gets to his feet.

He looks to see Iva and Threadz have moved close to him. She has been crying.

IVA (AT 10)

Cochise, I'm so sorry. They're a bunch of spoiled little punks. I hate them!

MACK (AT 10)

Don't cry, Iva. I'm okay. I'm tough. One day, I'll get 'em.

The three trudge back to the reservation. Not a word is spoken for the longest time.

The blight of the Reservation is seen.

THREADZ (AT 10)

You did great til Montague grabbed you from behind.

MACK (AT 10)

Well, if a certain well dressed fella like yourself would have joined the fight, maybe he wouldn't have had the chance.

THREADZ (AT 10)

I see your point.

MACK (AT 10)

Well?

THREADZ (AT 10)

Well what?

MACK (AT 10)

Are you gonna join in the next day they wanna beat me up?

THREADZ (AT 10)

Why are they beating you anyway?

Cochise Mack kicks a rock that is on the unpaved road their feet pound.

MACK (AT 10)

I don't know. I have no idea. They don't need a reason do they? I'm black, they hate me. The end.

THREADZ (AT 10)

That's all?

An old, beat up, half dead, pickup truck kicks up plumbs of dust as it chugs by.

MACK (AT 10)

Maybe cause they think they can get away with it because they know other kids like you will let it happen.

IVA (AT 10)

That won't happen again. I'll fight alongside you if I have to. Even if my chicken brother won't. It's not fair.

A brand new, truck. Extended cab, big wheels, blaring country music, barrels down the dirt road. It swerves towards the kids, then straightens out. The white teens inside laugh.

MACK (AT 10)

It's not fair that I'm like the only black kid, on a Indian Reservation, that is surrounded by redneck white folks with single digit IQs.

All three laugh. They past rundown shacks, abandoned cars and animals run free in the streets. Iva points to a chicken.

IVA (AT 10)

Look. There's my brother.

Only two of them laugh now.



THREADZ (AT 10)

I wasn't scared, okay. These are my Pow-wow clothes. My grandma made these. Fine, huh? That's why the call me Threadz, right Iva? I'll just fight 'em naked next time if that will make you happy.

Cochise laughs as he responds.

MACK (AT 10)

Yeah, after they get a sniff of your butt, buck-naked raw, they'll just pass right out.

Iva playfully punches him in the arm.

IVA (AT 10)

You are bad.

MACK (AT 10)

The worst.

They stop at a trailer with plenty of land on both sides of it. It is modest and clean.

MACK (AT 10)

Thanks for walking me home, making me laugh and stuff.

IVA (AT 10)

No problem.

Cochise's FATHER (30s, Black, buff) comes to the door, sees his son's swollen face.

FATHER

Damn, beat up again? The Bussy boys did it?

MACK (AT 10)

Yep.

FATHER

You okay?

His dad rubs his head, looks him in the eye.

MACK (AT 10)  
Yeah, I'm fine.

FATHER  
You sure?

MACK (AT 10)  
I just hate losing to them all the time. If I could just get some of the other kids to fight them with me, there'd be no problem. We'd beat them good.

Dad pats him on the back.

FATHER  
We just moved here. The kids don't know you yet. I'm sure they'll join you soon. Who are your friends here?

IVA (AT 10)  
My name is Iva, this is my brother. We call him Threadz because all he thinks about is his clothes.

Dad chuckles.

FATHER  
Glad to meet you. Thanks for helping my son. Those Bussy boys are nothing but poison to this community. Their dad is no better. He runs that liquor store across the street from the Rez.

Dad takes a seat.

IVA (AT 10)  
My uncle was a carpenter. Now he's a drunk because of him.

FATHER  
He has no respect for human life. Same for his sons. They exploit and terrorize this land for greed and it needs to end.

MACK (AT 10)  
What should I do daddy?

FATHER  
Keep taking a stand. They want to isolate you because you are half black. Divide and conquer. Don't give in. Later, others will find strength in you.

MACK (AT 10)  
But they outnumber me. What do I do...right now?

FATHER  
If you feel it's too much for you, I'll gladly step in. But I wanna see if you can handle this on your own. Use your creativity to out think your opponent when the odds are against you. Remember that. Your mind is your strongest weapon.

IVA (AT 10)  
We'll help you think of something.

Dad reflects that he is happy Cochise is making friends.

FATHER  
Think of something non-violent. We must be better people than the ones who are causing the pain. Remember the MLK Day protest we went to in Phoenix?

\*FLASHBACK\*

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHOENIX - DAY

Young Mack is ushered through a photo display of Dr. King's life, at an outdoor protest. The set up is makeshift, but the photos are powerful.

Garbled sounds of speeches are heard. Words like freedom, struggle and dignity clearly ring in his head as he views the photos.

Photos of: Klansmen posing next to lynched blackmen, 'WHITES ONLY' entrances, Rosa Parks in custody, Young MLK and Coretta, MLK in the pulpit, his bombed house, fire hoses on kids, police dogs on kids, Birmingham church bombed, MLK in cuffs, 'I Have Dream' speech, Voting Rights Act signed, accepting the Nobel Peace Prize, MLK down as brothers point to where the shot came from, James Earl Ray, then the elegant funeral.

FATHER

Come on boy. Are you ready to march?

With a very serious look on his face, he turns to his father.

MACK (AT 10)

Yes. I understand now. I see why he deserves a holiday.

They move into the crowd of protesters. Young Mack shows amazement to see so much diversity within the black community. Church ladies, Rastas, Black Muslims, toddlers, businessmen and thugs; united.

There are also a great number of Asians, Mexicans, Native Americans, and yes, even white folk. Lots of them, but most are rather young.

MACK (AT 10)

Why are the white people here?  
Didn't they hate Martin Luther King? Didn't they kill him?

FATHER

There is good and bad in every nation, race, neighborhood, home and even within each individual. They have had a history of brutality to others, but as a person can change, so can a race. I hope so anyway.

EXT. PROTEST MARCH - DAY - ESTABLISHING

Cochise and his dad fade in to the crowd. The thousands of marchers are seen from above.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. OUTSIDE COCHISE'S TRAILER - DAY

Cochise Mack smiles back at his dad.

MACK (AT 10)

Yes, I remember. In the end, MLK won our freedom.

FATHER

And although he was abused by white people, other white folks came to his defense. Some still do. I wouldn't be surprised if a white dude helps you whoop those Bussy boys.

MACK (AT 10)

I'll take any help I can get.

THREADZ (AT 10)

Don't worry. We'll think of something. I better get my sis home. See you at school tomorrow.

The children walk down the dirt road towards their home. Cochise's MOTHER (30s Indigenous) opens the door. She is a raven haired beauty with strong eyes.

MOTHER

Dinner is ready. Do you guys want to...Oh no...Not beat up again. I'm calling the cops. Those animals.

MACK (AT 10)

Don't worry mom. I have it under control.

MOTHER

You better. I don't want to see your face like that again or else I'll go and slap them boys myself.

MACK (AT 10)

Okay mom.

MOTHER

Go wash up. I need a word with your father.

Cochise makes a face at his dad as he passes him.

EXT. OUTSIDE SCHOOL GROUNDS - DAY

Cochise is being chased by the Bussy boys again. Rather than stop in the playground to try and get help, he goes over near the classrooms. Cochise, cornered by the bullies.

LESTER

Caught you. Now it's time for your daily punch-out. I thought I taught you about running from me, rabbit. You better be scared.

MONTAGUE

You're getting it twice as bad today. We're gonna make you bleed, jungle boy.

The throng of bullies descend on Cochise. The punches and kicks fall like rain at first, then quickly stop.

Cochise looks up to find the PRINCIPAL and several TEACHERS have the Bussy boys wrestled to the ground.

PRINCIPAL

We saw the whole thing. We've been trying to catch these bullies in the act of hurting someone for weeks.

Cochise wipes blood from the corner of his mouth.

MACK (AT 10)

Gee, glad I could help.

PRINCIPAL

You need to thank your two little friends. They told me to be here at the right time.

LESTER

Wait til I get back, Cochise. I'm gonna smash your face!

PRINCIPAL

You're not coming back! Because of  
your history of bad behavior, I  
recommending that you get expelled.  
All of you.

LESTER

What? You can't do that.

Cochise winks at Lester. Lester struggles.

PRINCIPAL

Take them to my office.

Cochise, Iva and Threadz walk out to the playground, slapping  
each other subtle high-fives in victory. They disappear into  
the blaze of the Arizona sun.

SUPER - THE WORDS 'FIVE YEARS LATER' FLASHES

EXT. RESERVATION DIRT ROAD - DAY

From the blare of the mighty sun and heat waves that rise,  
three individuals come into view as they walk down the road.  
Cochise, Iva and Threadz have matured and are now fifteen  
year-olds.

Mack is bigger and wears dreadlocks now. Iva is becoming a  
beautiful woman. Threadz still dresses in Native fashions,  
but now he wears tons of jewelry too. His hair, as long as  
his sister's.

Nothing about the blight situation has gotten better. In fact  
it seems worse. Even the dogs look skinny.

A Blackman up ahead is handing out leaflets. Cochise's dad.

THREADZ (AT 15)

Hey Cochise, that's your Pops  
right?

Pride is heard in his response.

MACK

Yep. That's my dad.

IVA

It's real cool for him to put so much time into working for the Apache nation on the casino vote. I hope it wins.

MACK

Yeah, we sure could use the income, jobs, health clinic...

THREADZ

And strippers, drugs and thugs.

MACK

Shut up clown. We ain't gonna get none of that. Especially if the Apaches run it.

THREADZ

No strippers? Then forget it man. I'm telling everybody I know to vote against it.

IVA

Shut up you perv. You're fifteen and have more girlfriends and tramps hanging around you, than you know what to do with.

THREADZ

Wrong, baby Sister. I know EXACTLY what to do with them.

IVA

Oh please.

They laugh at 'Mr. God's gift to women', as they step over to Cochise's dad.

MACK

Hey Dad, how's it going?

FATHER

Hi Son. Hi kids. It's much better than yesterday. I only got cursed at four times, had two beer cans thrown at me and spit at once.



MACK

My God, Dad. I'm sorry.

FATHER

It's not that bad.

THREADZ

Yeah. That sounds like a typical family picnic at our house, huh Iva?

IVA

Don't pay attention to him Mr. Mack. I really appreciate that you are sacrificing to make this a better place. Think we'll win?

FATHER

Hard to tell. It might be about fifty-fifty. The Bussy family has a lot of money and have organized well. Many people on the Rez have been deceived by them.

IVA

Yeah, if it passes, it might put his liquor store out of business. What a happy day that would be.

FATHER

Take some flyers and pass them out on the way home, the vote is tomorrow.

MACK

Sure dad, no problem.

FATHER

Let folks know we'll also have a petition there to force the Washington Redskins to change their name.

THREADZ

Trying to kill two devils at once. I like your style Mr. Mack.

FATHER

Believe it. Power to the people.

The three stroll away with flyers in hand.

After the kids are out of sight, a truck pulls up next to Cochise's dad. MR. BUSSY is inside with his sons, Lester and Montague (older).

MR. BUSSY

Hey there Mack. You out here stirring up the redskins again? I thought you had some sense in your head. These Injuns ain't worth the whooping you're facing. Now git.

His sons giggle, trying to humiliate Mr. Mack.

FATHER

Bussey, I'm not afraid of you. Take your bitch ass out that car and we'll see who gets whooped.

MR. BUSSY

Just cause you played some football, you think your a badass, huh?

FATHER

I didn't just play football, I was an Oakland Raider, and yes, I'm a badass.

MR. BUSSY

If you don't mind your own business and leave these redskins alone, you'll be a dead-ass instead. Your choice.

The truck kicks up dust as it pulls away. Bussy and his boys laugh in the truck as they leave Mr. Mack choking inside a brown cloud. They see him flip them off in the rearview mirror.

INT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Mr. Mack wears glasses as he pours through mountains of paper piled on the table. Cochise and his mom watch TV nearby.

FATHER

The way it's looking. It's still too close to call. The media will be here tomorrow. I hope this turns out okay.

MOTHER

I'm sure it will. Come on over and relax, watch some TV.

A large blast is heard outside. Something is on fire.

Mr. Mack races to the door, opens it. Not only does he see his truck on fire, but a half dozen KLANSMEN in full gear stand near it.

FATHER

Get the hell away from my land!

TALL KLANSMAN

You're in no position to give orders boy, but we are.

EXT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - SAME

Mr. Mack takes a giant leap out of the trailer, eyes on fire.

FATHER

The only thing you bitches will be ordering is painkillers.

Mr. Mack becomes a whirlwind of punches, kicks and head-butts. In the fight, he is a man among boys.

INT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - SAME

Cochise watches from inside the door.

MACK

Mom, call the cops. Where is granddad's bow and arrows?

She grabs the phone and points to the closet. Cochise opens it as sweat pours from him. He grabs the bow and a quill of arrows and goes back to the door.

EXT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - SAME

Mr. Mack slams the head of the tall Klansman against the hood of his burnt truck. Behind him, a teen's voice is heard.

SHORT KLANSMAN

Nigger injun!

Cochise's dad turns to see the shortest Klansman, holding a pistol, his hands shake.

From inside, Cochise's mom screams.

A SHOT fires. Mr. Mack goes down.

All is silent except the dogs bark in the distance.

INT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - SAME

A tear runs from Cochise's eye. His face snarls up. He loads the bow and takes aim.

MACK

Bastard!

He lets the arrow fly.

EXT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - SAME

The arrow pierces the short Klansman in the shoulder, just above the heart. He lands near Mr. Mack. The Klansman hood is taken off by the fallen activist. It is Lester Bussy.

As sirens are heard in the distance. The Klansmen gather themselves and run to their cars.

INT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - SAME

A steady stream of arrows escort them on their way. Cochise looks over to see his mom with another bow. She lets them have it.

EXT. OUTSIDE COCHISE'S TRAILER - SAME

The tall Klansman tries to grab the gun from the ground. Cochise shoots an arrow straight through his hand. The tall guy screams, then helps Lester up and gets him to the car.

Cochise chases them off his land with the bow in his hands, screaming.

He goes to his father after the last car pulls away. Cochise goes to one knee and holds his hand. His mom joins them.

FATHER

Sorry guys.

MACK

Sorry nothing, Dad. Coward shot you in the back. You'll be okay. The ambulance is coming.

FATHER

I can't move.

The puddle under his back grows larger. He motions Cochise to come closer. The son bends closer.

FATHER

You are the man, now. Take care of your mother.

MACK

No Dad, don't.

FATHER

You are special. Magic inside, from two sides of the world. Yes, I see it. Seek within, the Apache way. Reach out, ha ha, like a soul brother.

The paramedics arrive and quickly get Mr. Mack on a stretcher and in the back of the ambulance. Cochise's mom hugs her son as she gets into the back of the ambulance.

MOTHER

I'll call you later son. I love you.

MACK

I love you too mom. I love you too  
dad....I-I love you, dad.

Cochise's voice breaks up a bit at the end of the last sentence. The ambulance pulls away. Silence. He stands there alone.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPER - 'SIX MONTHS LATER'

INT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - DAY

Cochise awakes to find his mom opening his blinds, to let the morning light in.

MOTHER

Wake up sleepy head. This is our  
big day.

Cochise stretches as he awakens.

MACK

Good morning mom. I'm ready. Let's  
get them. Is dad ready?

MOTHER

He's dressed and in the living  
room. Waiting for you.

Cochise grabs his robe and dashes to the living room.

INT. TRAILER LIVING ROOM - SAME

The interior is much improved since the shooting. New paint,  
new furniture...new security windows.

Facing out the picture window is his dad in a chair. As he gets closer, the chair...is actually a wheelchair. His dad seems to be a near vegetable.

Cochise bends down, kisses his dad on the cheek. Dad rolls his eyes at him, tries to smile.

MACK

We're gonna get them suckers today.  
I hope they sentence them for fifty  
years each.

Dad tries to talk to him. It just sounds like mumbles and grunts.

MACK

Yeah, one hundred and fifty, for  
sure dad. I gotta get ready. Wait,  
I'll show you the shirt I'll wear.

Cochise goes over to a bag and grabs a t-shirt and holds it up. The print says, 'LESTER'S NEW FRIENDS'. The picture shows an image of Lester being gang raped by black guys. Dad struggles out a laugh.

MOTHER

No sir. Put that back.

MACK

But mom, he deserves it.

MOTHER

Yes, and with any luck, he'll get  
some of that in real life everyday  
he's in prison. Punk. But you, you  
take the classy road. Understand?

MACK

Plus the fact that you are the  
Tribal President of the Reservation  
now, I guess I could dig out a  
suit.

MOTHER

What a prince. Come on, let's get  
rolling. We don't want to be late.

EXT. OUTSIDE COCHISE'S TRAILER - NIGHT

A large van with words, 'PRESIDENT - APACHE TRIBAL NATION', pulls in next to the trailer. Winding like a snake behind them, are a few dozen cars with headlights on. They park near Cochise's home.

Cochise Mack sticks his head out of the passenger side window and calls back to the cars behind him.

MACK

Party time!!!

LATER

The outdoor celebration is on, Apache style. Drummers pound out a beat in the middle of the Mack's backyard as those around them mingle and laugh.

Cochise is now allowed to wear his T-shirt. Dad is more casual now too. He is dressed in his old RAIDERS uniform. All guests come over and pay him respect.

UNCLE COBY (40) and his son CARSON (18), approach. Unc', is a bit wobbly and slurred, beer in hand. His cowboy outfit would make (cinematic Indian killer) John Wayne proud.

UNCLE COBY

Sorry to see you all messed up like that, Mack. You're a good man, fighting for the red man like that. You won't see me getting shot over some redskin shit. Pussy, maybe, haha.. Oh, sorry man. Forgot you can't, you know.

Uncle Coby makes a face, gives a wink.

UNCLE COBY

Anyway, brought my son Carson up here from Texas to see ya. He thinks the world of ya.

Carson stands there, tears in his eyes. His dad barely gets the words out of his mouth, but Carson is already in the process of a bear hug on the chair-bound man. He sobs as he speaks.

CARSON

I am so sorry, Uncle Mack.

Mrs. Mack comes over to comfort her nephew. Uncle Coby turns to the on-lookers.



UNCLE COBY

He ain't soft. Long ride from  
Texas. That's all.

'Unc' rolls his eyes in embarrassment, takes a big swill of  
beer and looks to the other side of the yard.

LATER

The party is cranking. Cochise grabs Iva and busts a move.  
She smiles at him lovingly as he dances comically for a  
moment. As the song ends, they hug.

IVA

Let me introduce you to my older  
brother, Victorio.

They walk over to the sweat drenched drummers. She goes up to  
the tallest of the dreadlocked drummers. VICTORIO (20) wears  
a ton of Indian jewelry to compliment his Rasta-flava  
dashiki.

IVA

Cochise Mack, this is my brother,  
Victorio. He's been playing our  
music since before I was born. Our  
own Bob Marley of the reservation.

They shake hands.

MACK

Glad to meet you. Let's see, we've  
got Cochise and Victorio here. All  
we need is a dude named Geronimo to  
join us and we can start another  
Apache uprising.

VICTORIO

The uprising has never stopped, my  
brother.

MACK

You've got that right. I love your  
drumming, man. Thanks for coming  
out.

VICTORIO

It's the least I could do to honor  
a fallen warrior like your Pops.  
He is not Apache, yet he put his  
life in harm's way so that we have  
a better life. That takes  
tremendous love. You are blessed,  
Cochise.

Emotion is heard in his voice.

MACK

Yes. I know. Thank you.

VICTORIO

Be strong, young brother. Babylon  
will try to crush you if it can.  
Find strength in the old ways and  
in Jah.

MACK

Are you Rasta?

VICTORIO

Many Native Americans have been  
drawn to the Rasta movement because  
it is so similar to our old ways.  
I'm a mixture of both. You don't  
have to be from Jamaica to know the  
evil ways of Babylon.

IVA

See all the jewelry that he wears.  
He also makes all the stuff that  
Threadz and I wear too. Looks great  
doesn't it?

MACK

Beautiful. Really captures the  
spirit. You're an artist.

Victorio reaches in a bag and gives a bracelet to Iva.

VICTORIO

Here, put this on your boyfriend.

The bracelet is exquisite. Cochise is in awe.

MACK

I can't. It's too expensive.

VICTORIO

It is nothing compared to the sacrifice you and your family have made.

MACK

Thank you. Come with me. I'll show it to my mom and dad.

All three walk over to Mr. And Mrs. Mack. Uncle Coby and Carson are nearby.

MACK

Check this out guys. Iva's brother gave this to me to honor our family's sacrifice.

MOTHER

Wow, thanks very nice.

UNCLE COBY

Yeah real nice. Who did you steal it from, hippie?

VICTORIO

Pardon me?

UNCLE COBY

You look like you haven't had a job in ten years. Obviously, you stole it.

VICTORIO

I didn't steal anything. I made all of that, cowpoke. You're the one dressed like a thief. You honor those that stole our land and took our lives. Whiteman wanna be.

UNCLE COBY

A wanna be? Look at you, Jamaican Joe.

Why don't you go and 'put de lime  
in de coconut and drink it all  
down', somewhere else before you  
get hurt. I'm sick of all you dope  
smoking, braid wearing bastards  
playing that jungle music.

Uncle Coby chugs down the rest of his beer and just tosses  
the bottle over his shoulder.

VICTORIO

Jungle music, huh? So did you  
actually join the KKK or are you  
just their little red lap dog? How  
dare you use that term at this  
man's house. Then you have the  
nerve to dishonor them more by  
getting drunk. Alcohol has done  
more to harm Indians than hemp ever  
will. Just take a look at yourself.

UNCLE COBY

If you don't get outta my face, the  
next thing you'll be smoking, is  
lefts and rights.

Uncle Coby takes off his cowboy hat, throws it to the side  
and takes a fighting stance. He tries to stand still, but the  
alcohol within commands him to wobble.

VICTORIO

Will somebody come and get his  
drunk ass before I send this cowboy  
to the great square-dance in the  
sky?

Victorio drops his bag and flips off his dashiki. He is  
buffed. Uncle Coby tries to suck in his pot-belly and starts  
to stumble more.

Mrs. Mack is upset.

MOTHER

Coby! Stop it. You've ruined every  
party I've had since I was fifteen.  
I swear to God, I'll call the cops.

Carson steps up.

CARSON

Come on, Dad. Let's go get some food. We don't need the cops to come out. Remember what happened last week?

Uncle Coby looks over at Carson, then back at Victorio...drops his arms. He smiles.

UNCLE COBY

Scumbag Injun. You ain't worthy of a night in the pokey.

Uncle Coby bends over to pick up his hat and tumbles over. Some in the crowd chuckle, while others look on in pity. Carson goes over and helps him up.

CARSON

It's okay, dad. Let's go.

He addresses the crowd as he gets up.

UNCLE COBY

Bad knee. Just a-a bad knee. I could still beat the shit outta drummer boy here.

Victorio says nothing....folds his massive arms, stares back.

CARSON

The food is over here dad.

Uncle Coby stumbles off behind his son.

Victorio grabs his gear and walks over to the Mack family. Bows his head in humility.

VICTORIO

Please forgive me for being a part of disrupting the celebration. Please, allow me to try and restore the peace and the positive vibration.

He takes out his Indian flute and begins to play it. The sharp notes cut through the night air.

There is even a slight reverberation at the end of the notes as the sound bounces off nearby mountains.

Many at the party close their eyes and let the beautiful sound penetrate deep inside them. Even Mr. Mack gets into it. When he ends, the party applauds.

UNCLE COBY (O.S)  
YOU SUCK!

Victorio rolls his eyes. Then busts a smile.

MOTHER  
That's my half-brother. Half, okay?  
He never stops.

THREADZ  
Well never does this party. Are  
ya'll ready to have some fun?  
Ladies and gents, let me have your  
attention. We are here to celebrate  
justice and heroes. Those heroes  
are Mr. and Mrs. Mack, let's hear  
it for them.

The entire crowd applauds, whistles and shouts praise for the couple. Mrs. Mack kisses her husband's cheek and rubs his shoulder proudly.

THREADZ  
Not only did they get the casinos  
built, but because of it, we're  
also getting a new hospital and new  
high school built.

The crowd applauds.

THREADZ  
They also got the heart of the KKK,  
which has been bothering us for  
years, put in jail for a long time.

Cochise dashes around in front of Threadz showing off the T-shirt he's wearing to everyone. The guests have a big laugh.

## THREADZ

Not just those things make you my  
hero, Mr. Mack. You've been like a  
father to me since I was ten years  
old. And Sir, I want you to know  
how much I respect you and love  
you.

Threadz takes off one of his many necklaces and puts it on  
Mr. Mack. A tear drops from Mrs. Mack's eye.

## THREADZ

And that's not all. You know I've  
been a Pow-wow dancer since I was  
five. I'd like to do a dance now  
that is said to bring strong  
healing medicine.

Threadz smiles, puts on his gear and points to the drummers.  
Victorio leads them off. The pounding beat...hypnotic.  
Threadz dance is beautiful as the bonfire illuminates his  
costume and the mountains become his backdrop.

Cochise and the rest of the party watches Threadz intensely.  
His skill is as undeniable, as it is breath-taking. At the  
end of the dance, he throws a powder into the bonfire.  
Thousands of sparks fly into the air.

From behind the bonfire, amid Threadz's pyrotechnic display,  
comes an old Native American man, HORACE-FIRE-IN-THE-BLOOD  
(late 60s).

Mrs. Mack goes over, hugs him. Cochise smiles, turns to Iva.

## MACK

That's my Grandpa. His name is  
Horace Fire-In-The-Blood. He's a  
shaman. Things are gonna start  
getting interesting around here.

EXT. COCHISE MACK'S BACKYARD - DAY

Cochise walks towards a tent that is pitched as far away from  
the house as possible. He carries a large bottle of water and  
a plate of food.

He looks inside the tent, it is empty. Cochise stands up with a puzzled look on his face.

HORACE (O.S.)

What's for breakfast?

Cochise jumps outta his skin. The plate flings out of his hand. Horace catches it in one hand without spilling a drop, un-phased. He sniffs the plate.

HORACE

Ummm. Eggs, jerky and bread. Very nice.

MACK

Grandpa, don't do that.

Horace sits on a nearby rock and starts eating.

HORACE

What's wrong? Heart problem?

MACK

No. I just don't like to get surprised.

HORACE

Life is full of many surprises, good and bad. Some are good and bad at the same time. Get used to surprises and changes. They will happen...ready or not.

MACK

You're right about that one.

HORACE

More than you know.

Mrs. Mack calls from the kitchen window.

MOTHER

COCHISE! Come here son.

Cochise looks over to Horace, amazed. Horace is finishes up his plate and doesn't look up as he speaks to him.



HORACE

Answer your mother.

Cochise shakes his head, then turns back to face his mom. He shouts back.

MACK

Okay, mom. I'll be right there.  
I'm just waiting for Grandpa to  
finish breakfast.

MOTHER

Grandpa? What?

He looks over. Nothing is there but an empty plate. Mack rolls his eyes and picks up the garbage.

MACK

Nothing. I'll be right there.

INT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - SAME

His mom shows him a document.

MOTHER

Your application for the school  
trip came in today. You got  
approved. Cool, huh? You'll be  
leaving in two weeks.

MACK

No problem. I kinda look forward to  
it. Speaking of education, grandpa  
said he'd like to take me on my  
Vision-Quest soon.

MOTHER

Well, if you are ready, you have  
mine and your dad's blessing. There  
is no one better to take you  
through it than my father. He's  
special.

MACK

More than you know.

EXT. YAQUI INDIAN VILLAGE - DAY

Grandpa's jeep pulls up to a pueblo house. Cochise is dressed in traditional Apache garb. His headband around his large fro makes him look like a miniature Hendrix.

HORACE

Apaches usually don't do as we are doing, but this is a new day and we are a new people. We must use the best that our people have come up with over the years, coast to coast. We can only get stronger. Wait here. I'll be right back.

Cochise nods and watches Horace enter the house. He scopes out the desert landscape. Road signs show that he is in the Yaqui Nation. The sunset is just around the corner and covers everything with an orange tinge. He soaks it in.

Horace comes out with a bag. He jumps into the Jeep and fires it up.

HORACE

Well my little Carlos Castaneda,  
are you ready to see the unseen?

Cochise Mack takes a deep breath, lets it out.

MACK

Yes. Show me what you need to.

Horace smiles at him. The Jeep takes off down the dirt road.

EXT. SWEAT LODGE - DAY

The jeep comes to park on the side of a mountain. Ahead is a earthen hut.

HORACE

Behold. The temple of your  
enlightenment. Come with me.

The two head to the hut and go inside.

INT. SWEAT LODGE - DAY

The interior is about as primitive as it gets. Drawings of strange images line the walls. The old man points to a seat.

HORACE

Sit there. I'll mix this up and be right back.

Cochise squats and waits patiently. He inspects his surroundings.

MACK

Wow, Grandpa. Looks like this place has been here since before the whiteman came.

HORACE

(O.C)

It was.

Cochise looks closer at some of the wall drawings. Some are very scary.

Grandpa comes back in with a metal cup in hand. Whatever is inside is hot and steamy.

HORACE

Before you take this, clear your mind. Breathe deep. Exhale you past, inhale your future. Open your third eye.

As Cochise does some deep breathing, Horace grabs a smudge stick, ignites it and goes to the door of the hut and kneels there...looks outward.

HORACE

Great spirit which rules all living things. To all ancestors who have come before him, on both sides of the world. And to all brothers who have taken this path before. Please guide our young brother to his vision and give him all the power that is within him.

Cochise holds the cup.

MACK

Please, let me find my purpose on  
this earth.

HORACE

Drink it all down at once.

Cochise brings the tattered cup to his lips, closes his eyes  
and chugs it down.

MACK

Not bad Grandpa. Kinda like  
mushroom soup.

HORACE

More like Peyote soup, Yaqui style.

MACK

Oh. I See.

HORACE

Not yet. But you will.

Horace grabs a drum and drumstick. He sits against a wall,  
closes his eyes and thumps out a steady beat.

Cochise looks around the hut as he bops his head to the  
rhythm of grandpa's drumming. Suddenly his stomach seems  
discomforted. He rubs it.

MACK

I don't feel good.

HORACE

Don't fight it. Go with the flow of  
the spirit.

Cochise doubles up. Starts breathing heavy. Veins in his  
neck, enlarged, are testament to the pain.

MACK

It hurts so bad. Grandpa, stop it.

HORACE

Look beyond the pain. There you  
will see the prize.

MACK

I don't know how.

HORACE

Close your worldly eyes to unlock  
your third eye. It is the spiritual  
eye, that can see, the unseen.  
Breathe deep. In through the nose,  
out of the mouth.

Cochise close his eyes. The more he breathes deep, the more  
his body relaxes.

Now as Horace drums, he chants in his native tongue.

\*\*DREAM SEQUENCE\*\*

INT. SWEAT LODGE - SAME

Cochise Mack awakens on the floor as someone is nudges him.  
He looks up to see his dad standing over him. Yes,  
standing...no wheelchair, no twisted body, far from it.

Dad wear his RAIDERS jersey and his muscles are so big that  
they stretch the material.

FATHER

Come on, Son. No time to loose.  
This is important.

MACK

But dad, you are so buff. What  
happened? I'm confused,

FATHER

How about some fresh air?

Dad kicks the wall in front of them. The entire side of the  
hut falls outward. A strong breeze of cool night air rushes  
in.

MACK

Wow.

FATHER

Let's go. Time is wasting.

EXT. SWEAT LODGE - NIGHT

Cochise follows his dad out to the desert. Above, he sees a million more stars than ever. They move like waves, pulsating and vibrant. Shooting stars spark through the sky all around.

FATHER

Amazing isn't it? Your ancestors  
welcome you on your journey, but we  
must hurry. There is much to see.

EXT. DESERT SCAPE - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Silhouettes of the two as they cross atop mountain ridges is accentuated by the huge full moon behind them. Planets are seen in the distance.

EXT. DESERT FOOT TRAIL - NIGHT

Cochise admires his dad's huge muscles as he maneuvers over rocks along the hike.

MACK

When I become a man, will I look  
like you dad?

Dad turns back and smiles.

FATHER

No. Bigger and better.

They keep walking and come to a cave. Cochise peers in. Just then, Horace steps out of the shadows and startles him.

MACK

Ahh! Grandpa! Geez, don't do that.

HORACE

Heart problem?

MACK

No sir.

HORACE

Then get used to it.

FATHER

Did we get here in time?

HORACE

Perfect timing. Follow me.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Grandpa enters the cave and grabs an already lit torch. The others march behind him.

HORACE

You are unique my grandson. On both sides of your family, you have descended from survivors of some of the worst atrocities that the world has ever known.

FATHER

Survivors of massacres in America, massacres in Africa.

HORACE

Disease giving Europeans. Land stealing Europeans.

FATHER

Goree Island, slave ship hulls, auction blocks, gang rapes, your children stolen and sold.

Cochise listens carefully as they march.

HORACE

The Trail of Tears, The Long March, Wounded Knee, the diseased blankets, the broken treaties.

FATHER

Lynchings, Dred Scott, Jim Crow, The KKK, Rosewood.

HORACE

Reservations, alcoholism, diabetes, suicide.

FATHER

Drugs, crimes, ghettos, assassinated leaders.

Horace comes to an opening in the cave and stops.

HORACE

And now it comes down to this moment. All of these things that are in your blood have called you to duty. You have a monster that must be slain.

FATHER

A monster that feeds on the blood of your people.

They emerge through the opening.

EXT. INDIAN VILLAGE - NIGHT

The three men come into a wooded area. Ahead of them is a large Native American tribe.

HORACE

The cowards would attack us at night, while we slept.

Cochise watches a squad of long haired goons with rifles converge on the encampment. Men, women and children are gunned down from behind.

HORACE

Come, lets walk further.

They travel down a ways and come to the trading post.

HORACE

These massacres were started by what we now call corporations. They were called Land Companies back then.

FATHER

Their sole objective was to steal land. These greedy savages thought the best way to do that was to just kill the occupants and take it.

Grandpa moves brush to the side, so more of the Trading Post is exposed.



Outside the trading post is a wagon. It is filled with the dead bodies of Native Americans. With eyes and mouths open, horror is still seen in their faces.

Cochise turns away. He rubs his face with both hands, anguished.

HORACE

You must look upon them. They are  
your ancestors.

Cochise turns back to the grizzly scene.

HORACE

A price was paid by the Land  
companies for each Indian corpse  
that was brought in. Thousands of  
invaders made fortunes from just  
killing your family members.

Grandpa pulls the bushes closed.

FATHER

Then white folks got lazy.  
Carrying corpses back from their  
midnight massacres was too much  
work for those poor babies, so they  
got an idea.

Grandpa moves the bush and exposes the wagon near the Trading Post again. Cochise blinks in disbelief.

HORACE

Yeah, the Land companies okayed the  
trading of decapitated Indian  
heads, instead of entire corpses.

MACK

My God.

Unblinking, Cochise stares at the pile of human heads stacked neatly on the wagon. The gore is unmentionable.

MACK

How can people do such things to  
each other?

FATHER

Greed. Hate. Envy. Racism. Extreme ignorance. False Gods. In the end, there is no excuse, money, land or whatever.

HORACE

Ten times as many people could be massacred at a time. They even paid for baby's heads.

Cochise spots some baby's heads in the pile. He goes down to one knee and weeps. His father and grandfather comfort him.

FATHER

I'm sorry son, but you need to see this.

Cochise gets back to his feet, wipes tears from his face.

HORACE

At some point, the whiteman decided that he wasn't killing us fast enough. The corporations decided that proof of death was all that was needed to approve payment. That was when the horror of scalping us was unleashed.

Horace pulls back the bushes. Cochise hesitates to step up and look.

MACK

No. I-I Can't.

FATHER

You must.

MACK

No, please.

His father pushes him from the back.

HORACE

The white women of the towns didn't  
like the usage of the word scalps,  
so the marketing division came up  
with another name for the product  
of this maiming technique.

Cochise is thrust into the opening of the bushes. Ahead he  
sees the gruesome sight. Stacks upon stacks of long, black  
hair, atop flaps of flesh. Blood drips everywhere.

HORACE

They decided to call the  
scalps...REDSKINS.

Cochise spins around and hurls, and hurls, and hurls. On all  
fours, he looks at the spread of vomit that is in front of  
him. The vomit magically turns into a pond of water. He sees  
his reflection in it.

In the reflection, his hair is straighter. As he gazes at it,  
his hair is pulled from behind. In the reflection, he sees  
Lester, dressed as a bounty hunter. A large knife in his  
hand, grin on his face.

LESTER

You ain't nothing but another  
redskin to me.

The blade slices across Cochise's forehead. Blood drips into  
his eyes. Everything turns black.

MACK

Noooo!

HORACE

(O.S.)

We are not...redskins! We are human  
beings.

FADE IN

INT. SWEAT LODGE - DAY

Cochise sleeps soundly. Hair still in place. A sound stirs  
him.

It is a red bird near the entrance of the hut, eating scraps. Grandpa strolls up. The bird flies away. Grandpa enters.

HORACE

Good morning, grandson. Are you okay?

MACK

Define, okay.

HORACE

Are you able to function?

MACK

Yes. Strange dreams last night though. I guess it was a dream. It was so real.

HORACE

Tell me all about it.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The Jeep travels down lonely highways, surrounded by dry canyon mountains.

INT. JEEP - SAME

Both occupants look straight ahead, silence.

HORACE

So how did seeing all of that make you feel?

MACK

Sick. Angry. Mad. I guess I'm supposed to do something about the redskins using that name for a football team. But what? I'm a kid.

HORACE

I guess that means you have a lot of time to work on it.

MACK

I didn't think of it that way. But, how can I position myself to be ready to fight them in the future.

HORACE

Maybe you could tell the world  
what's on your mind somehow.  
Photography, speeches, music or  
perhaps writing about it. What do  
you think?

MACK

Hmmm.

HORACE

Another thing I want you to do is  
to take a trip to Wounded Knee. I  
understand your school is having a  
class trip there.

MACK

Mom signed me up on the first day.

HORACE

Good girl. After you get back,  
we'll talk about getting you ready  
for your future.

MACK

Sounds good.

After they pass a sign welcoming them to the Apache  
Reservation, Horace points to a building under construction.

HORACE

Know what that's gonna be?

MACK

Yeah, the new Bureau of Indian  
Affairs office. Maybe they can help  
fight the Redskin name and make  
things better here.

HORACE

Those thieves have stolen billions  
from our people for years and  
years. Only evil can come from  
them.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY - ESTABLISHING

The Jeep cuts through the cactus trimmed roads and disappears over the mountains. A red bird flies across the skyline.

EXT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - DAY

As Cochise and Horace pull up into the driveway, they see Mrs. Mack outside, tears run down her face. Cochise jumps out of the car.

MACK

Mom! What's wrong? Dad okay?

MOTHER

He's fine. Your Uncle Coby. He, well, killed himself yesterday.

Horror on the faces of both Cochise and Horace.

HORACE

How did it happen?

MOTHER

Some tramp got pregnant by him. Told him she didn't want no redskin baby, then got it aborted. He always hated being Indian. Always drunk or depressed. I guess this rejection was the last straw.

HORACE

Another Indian suicide. This time my own step-son. It is a sad, sad day.

MOTHER

I know. The suicide rate among Native people is the highest in the nation, dad. Why is that?

HORACE

Self-hatred. Negative images of ourselves.

MACK

Like...redskin?

HORACE  
Yeah...like redskin.

Horace ambles over to the truck.

MACK  
This is horrible! What can we do  
now?

Horace takes a drum from his truck. He sits down on a stump  
and turns to Cochise.

HORACE  
Pray. We can pray.

Horace starts beating the drum and chanting in his native  
language. Cochise and his mom go and sit near him and hug  
each other.

EXT. PINE RIDGE SIOUX RESERVATION - DAY

On a small piece of land, next to a gently running stream,  
three dozen fifteen year-olds walk around with small shovels  
and pails. They excavate an area designated by a yarn fence.

Following the sound of the music to a boombox a good distance  
away from the excavation sight, Cochise Mack, Iva and Threadz  
hang out amid the pine trees. Two girls cuddle Threadz.

Cochise sings along with PUBLIC ENEMY rap lyrics, word for  
word. His face shows total concentration and joy. He wears a  
red, black and green Malcolm X T-shirt and Indian jewelry  
around his neck.

Iva rocks to the beat but reads a book. The title shown is,  
BURY MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE.

The TWO CAUCASIAN GIRLS, try their best to keep the attention  
of Threadz, aka Romeo of the Rez.

IVA  
Hey, this book is wild, check this  
out. During the genocide days, the  
Indians used to do a dance, to try  
and drive away evil white people  
and bad spirits. This book says  
that this 'Ghost Dance' ceremony is  
why the massacre happened.

Can you imagine that, they got  
killed by US soldiers for trying to  
dance.

Cochise Mack stops singing along so that he can put his two  
cents in.

MACK

Don't forget, they used to kill  
Black folks for trying to read and  
write. I'm not surprised at all.

Soon, the song ends.

MACK

Yo man, as far as I am concerned. I  
felt like a damn slave during this  
whole Anthropology camp, bullshit.  
It's stupid. Got pimped by a  
graverobber! Let's go dig up HIS  
Grandpa, see if he likes it.

IVA

I agree. Since Mr. Bitterman and  
the Bureau of Indian Affairs  
sponsored it, I expected more.

MACK

It sucks! Since my mom is Indian, I  
had an urge to come here and see  
what Wounded Knee was about. Not to  
be used as free labor for a culture  
vulture like Bitterman.

THREADZ

My Brother, your expectations were  
too high. I came for one thing,  
baby, beautiful girls from across  
the nation. Remember that wild  
bunch from Texas? Ride em cowgirl,  
yippee-ty-yeah.

MACK

Well stud, maybe if you read, you  
would realize that this is Holy  
ground, paid for in blood.



THREADZ

Yeah, I know, I know, but give it a rest. Before i send the ladies back, we were going to go 'exploring' in the woods.

MACK

Nope, don't think so.

IVA

Don't go too far. It's starting to lightning, it might rain soon.

Threadz and ladies bounce off to the dark woods. Lightning flashes overhead. Cochise tilts his head skyward.

IVA

Well, have you decided what you want to be when you grow up yet? I still want to be a doctor.

MACK

You've always wanted to be a doctor since I've known you. That's cool, God knows the Rez needs them. Me? No idea. Hopefully something to help my people.

IVA

Go to med school with me.

MACK

I don't think medicine is what I had in mind. Remember that dream I told you about? Murdered Indians? The scalpings?

IVA

Sure I remember.

MACK

Well, it seems that these spirits have a job for me. I don't know what it is yet.

IVA

Are you telling me you're some kind  
of 'chosen one'? Ha ha, Mack, it  
was DREAM!

MACK

It's not polite to laugh at things  
you don't understand.

As they leave, unseen by them, the transparent spirit of a young Indian boy does the Ghost Dance. The sound of his chants, dancing and a distant drum, come to the forefront. We see his dancing feet, up close.

SUPER - SEVEN YEARS LATER

EXT. SALT RIVER PIMA RESERVATION - DAY

The dancing feet of a boy is seen, but not the same boy. This one has on sneakers. Next to him, a man's feet, then a woman's. Next to those feet another. Then another.

The feet move in unison. Some also wear moccasins or boots, even some bare feet, but all dance.

A pair of super huge designer sneakers is dancing amidst the natural footwear. 'COCHISE RIDES AGAIN' is written on the side of the gym shoe.

The face of COCHISE MACK (20's) is trance-like but sweaty. His black skin shines, over his totally buffed bod.

He wears an outfit identical to the Jimi Hendrix 'Woodstock' outfit. The fringed leather top has changed color, from the sweat baptismal. The brightly colored embroidered beads shine even brighter, under the glaze of Mack's perspiration.

Next to him is THREADZ (20s). He is in full Apache regalia, complimented by a half ton of Native jewelry.

The DRUMMING is similar to the rhythms in a song by Bob Marley. Victorio leads the musicians. The majority of DRUMMERS are Native American, but some are straight Rasta.

Almost everyone has their eyes closed, their bodies, lathered with glimmering sweat. Mack dances in time with the music and respectful, but he has his own funky style.

The SYNCHRONIZED POUNDING OF STOMPS AND DRUMMING, is added to with the SOUND OF VOICES. A mix of SINGING, CRIES, SHOUTS and PRIMAL SCREAMS.

A full view of all 300 or so mostly Native Americans shows that there are also whites, Asians and Blacks scattered throughout the congregation.

They are surrounded by mean looking STATE TROOPERS and heavily wired MEDIA PERSONNEL. Above the dancers, a purple sunset, very few clouds.

The dancers wear shirts emblazoned with buffalo, eagle and morning-star decorations, but also 'Deadhead' tie dyes and reggae T-shirts. Some seem overcome by exhaustion.

A female reporter, DENISE (20's) gives the cue to the cameraman to start filming. The long silky hair of the beautiful Chicana correspondent, begins to dance around her head, as the desert winds increase and swirl faster.

#### DENISE

This is Denise Vidal, live,  
reporting from the Salt River Pima  
Reservation. This is the 20th hour  
of the Ghost Dance marathon. This  
ceremony is in direct violation of  
the Governor's order that this  
protest be cancelled. State  
Troopers are present, the National  
Guard is on the way.

INSERT - TV

Denise is now seen on a small video monitor in the News van. They cut from live footage, to a specially prepared segment. Photos and illustrations follow with the detailed NARRATION, using DENISE'S VOICE.

#### DENISE (V.O.) (cont'd)

The original Ghost dance was done  
from 1870-1895 among Native  
American people. The movement was  
started by shamans, Tavibo and  
Wovoka.

When these prophets died, they returned from the spirit world, with a ritual dance that would rid the world their tormenters and renew the Earth. The federal government declared the dance illegal and hostile. Native Americans engaged in such activity, could have legally, been shot on sight.

Wounded Knee photos shown.

DENISE (V.O.)

The Ghost Dance movement was ended in 1890 at Wounded Knee, South Dakota - after over 300 women and children were slaughtered by Federal troops who felt threatened by this attempt to solicit divine intervention. Elder Native American Statesman, HORACE FIRE-IN-THE-BLOOD, has reignited it.

BACK TO SCENE

ON STAGE

Horace is helped to the stage, past the drummers, and then to the microphone in front. The strong winds nearly blow the frail Native American man into Nevada. He battles the breeze.

Looking to the sky he mumbles ancient words. The old man reaches his arms over his head. The WINDS DIE DOWN...STOP.

The dancers and drummers are shaken out of their trance by this amazing feat from the elderly shaman. Mouths drop in disbelief. All is eerily QUIET now.

ON STAGE

HORACE

Welcome to Anti-Thanksgivings day. My name is Horace Fire-in-the-Blood. My grandfather on my father's side, legendary warrior, Geronimo.

(Applause)

My mother's tribe, Lakota. My  
grandfather, the only tribal  
eyewitness to the murder of  
hundreds of innocent people at  
Wounded Knee.

(Applause)

I am not a hater, I am a healer,  
but I will not forget, murder. I am  
too old for fear to know me. I  
dedicate myself as servant, for all  
tribes of man who will have me.

IN THE CROWD

The CROWD APPLAUDS the ornately decorated chieftain as  
daylight fades. His outfit is leather, trimmed with fur.  
Fringes, beads and feathers add a technicolor taste.

Sudden panic spreads throughout the herd of media people. All  
electrical equipment except the stage's PA system, dies.

DENISE

What do you mean, the camera isn't  
working? Can't we fix it? Hey wait,  
I think everyone is having  
difficulty.

ON STAGE

Horace smiles. Sincerity on his face.

HORACE

My children, of all colors, it is  
time to purify yourselves like  
never before. Cleanse yourselves  
from ALL evil in ALL of it's forms.  
Embrace the ways of nature.

(Applause)

Cleanse your body with fasting,  
cleanse your mind with peace,  
cleanse your heart with love.  
Speak the truth of the One True God  
and do not fear the outcome. He is  
with you. Cleanse away the self  
hatred and the hatred of others.

(Applause)

Love one another. Smile and play  
with the beauty of creation. All  
around us are miracles. Become one  
with them. Excuse me for a moment.

The old man drops his weary arms down to his side and shakes them to increase circulation. Almost immediately, the desert WINDS begin to BLOW HARD again. The once still clouds now race across the sky. He stretches.

Dust and papers blow everywhere. The shaman's flexing routine is unaffected by the chaos around him. Finally, in his own time, he puts his arms back up. The winds once again stop, almost immediately.

#### HORACE

A time is coming when we must  
choose. A judgement on our souls is  
soon to come. When the Great  
Upheaval arrives, be prepared.  
Choose well, choose wisely.

(beat)

Once you have chosen good over  
evil, choose to join us in the  
Ghost Dance and in our movement to  
erase Indian mascots names.  
Especially the redskins name. Help  
send this devil and his ways, back  
to the fire. Let us send him  
quickly.

The roar of approval and admiration cuts through the still air over the Reservation. The medicine man squeezes out a grin of satisfaction. He drops his arms, leaves the stage.

#### IN THE CROWD

Denise just happens to be standing by Mack. Around the site, the power finally comes back on. Excitement shows on the cameraman as he powers up.

#### DENISE

Hey, the power is back on, cool.  
Ready? Uh sir? What brings you out  
here today? Do share the world view  
of Horace Fire-in-the-Blood?

Mack speaks as the desert breeze increases.

MACK

Yes I do, Denise. Aside from the fact that he is my Grandfather, I feel the world has an overload of evil. People must take a stand for justice. Ever since Columbus, this system has been one of the most corrupt since Rome. If my dancing and praying can bring about a change in this nature-hating system, hey, I'll be out here everyday, buck naked, banging on a tambourine.

The winds pick up intensity. Much of the crowd, including Horace, has already left the grounds. The sky fills with gloomy clouds. Denise grins at his last statement.

DENISE

I'd stand in line to buy a ticket to that show. What about the accusation of reverse racism within this message?

MACK

The Ghost Dance is done to ask deliverance from evil do-ers. True, the white man's genocide campaigns birthed it, but demonic behavior has been shown by every race and religion on Earth. Today, white people were out there, dancing side by side with me.

Thunder rumbles overhead. An awning used over the stage rips off and is carried away by the wind. Tumbleweeds sprint across the clearing and hit a fleeing cameraman, it sends him sprawling, gear destroyed.

DENISE

You seem to be quite a bright young man. What's your name?

MACK

Cochise Mack.

Lightning flashes several times in the darkened sky.

DENISE

Oh, like the warrior.

Scenes of chaos from the high winds are everywhere. Babies cry, people try to hide their face from the debris flying through the air.

MACK

Like the APACHE warrior.

Rain starts to baptize all below.

INT. OFFICE - DAY - SAME TIME

The interview of Mack is shown on a wide-screen TV. The surroundings are lavish and decorated in a Native American motif.

INSERT TV

MACK

Like the APACHE warrior.

DENISE

And there you have it, spoken by an authentic warrior. This is Denise Vidal, Action News.

BACK TO SCENE

A hand flicks off the TV with the remote. The sound of slot machines is heard in the background. On the other side of the room, glass windows reveal a busy casino floor. The placard on the desk reads, 'STANLEY MONTANO'.

Stanley (50) has long black hair, streaked with gray. Stoic and strong, he sits back in his desk chair.

On the wall of the casino downstairs, the score of the Redskin's game is displayed. He focuses on it. He swivels back and looks at his Native art.

Stanley's eyes freeze as he looks at the photo on his desk. A family portrait featuring small children.



STANLEY

This ends ..now.

Stanley picks up his phone.

STANLEY

Hey Lucy, could you send in Mr.  
Crow, please.

Stanley grabs the remote and rewinds the DVR so that  
Cochise's face is seen.

MR. CROW, (30s, Ingigenous) tall and muscular, walks in. He  
wears a suit with the Casino's logo on it.

MR. CROW

Hi Stanley. What do you need?

Stanley points to the screen

STANLEY

Him.

INT. SKY HARBOR AIRPORT, PHOENIX - DAY

Mack and Threadz chill with a game of cards while they wait.  
A hot lady walks by.

THREADZ

Yo man, while we're here in  
Phoenix, I wanna check out some of  
these big city girls with the bad  
attitude.

MACK

Hey, I'm wit cha. After we pick up  
Professor Rashid and his son Ajamu,  
we'll drop them off on campus and  
hit a few clubs.

THREADZ

Yeah, topless clubs.

Mack's sweater is tugged from behind. He turns to see a boy.  
The dark haired BOY (12) wears traditional Native American  
ceremonial garb.

BOY

Hi mister, WOW, you are that guy  
from the Ghost Dance yesterday,  
aren't you! I saw your interview on  
TV. That was cool.

Mack LAUGHS good-heartedly with the kid.

MACK

So what is your name little  
warrior? My name is Cochise Mack.

BOY

My name is Joseph Red Thunder. I'm  
from Arizona too. Our dance group  
is going to London, then France.

MACK

A homeboy, huh? Well all right.  
That's a beautiful costume you've  
got. It must be fun to travel and  
turn the world on to our people's  
culture. I'm proud of you. You know  
that I grew up on a Rez in Arizona?  
My mom is Apache. I hope you have a  
great time in Europe.

RED THUNDER

Thank you, Mr. Mack. Can I ask a  
favor from you?

Cochise smiles.

MACK

Sure kid.

Mack pauses to study the ballsy youngster.

RED THUNDER

What I would like, is if you get  
back on TV, say something so cool,  
that maybe, it might make the  
Washington Redskins change their  
name or something.

Joseph Red Thunder's voice CRACKS a little at the end. His  
eyes start to mist over a little. Cochise is touched.

MACK

Oh, the REDSKINS! Know what? I hate that name too. Come here, sit next to me little brother. Let me tell you something. Don't let anybody's mean nickname hurt you, especially to where you feel bad about yourself. Ever.

RED THUNDER

It sucks though. I hate it! Don't they know that calling people names hurts our feelings. Why do they want to hurt people? Especially OUR people.

(beat)

What else do they want from us? They already stole all of our land. On the Rez, we are poor, we die young, isn't that not enough? Why make fun of us too?

The boy is letting the tears run freely down his face. From the side, the BOY'S MOTHER (30s) watches. PROFESSOR RASHID and AJAMU walk in on the scene.

MACK

Joseph Red Thunder, you've just taught a tremendous life lesson to a grown man. Not only will I find a way to tell about the pain we have feel regarding that Washington team, but I'll thump the team owners feel so bad, they'll have to change their name to the 'Black and Blue-skins'.

THREADZ

Word, get on em so bad that they won't be able to remember the names their own MAMMAS gave them.

Joseph laughs a little, finally.

MACK

I don't know how I'll do it, but I promise to personally fight against that racist owner, until something is done about this hurtful, evil nonsense. I promise. You call me when you get back to AZ, alright? You keep your head up till then and represent, okay boss?

Joseph's smile is so bright, that innocent love radiates from him and an instant attachment is made. The boy goes off with his mom.

RASHID

That was a very noble act, Cochise.

MACK

Oh, Professor, how's it going?  
Good flight?

RASHID

Just fine, under the circumstances.  
At least we are out of crazy  
Chicago and have a job at the  
college waiting.

AJAMU

It kills me to watch the news and  
see my brothers dying in the  
streets of Chi-town, just because  
this country's leaders didn't care  
about black people.

THREADZ

I hear you. They haven't cared  
about red people since the first  
Thanksgiving dinner ended.

RASHID

Speaking of First Nation people, I  
heard what you said to that child  
about getting the Redskins to  
change their name. I'd like to  
help.

The crew strides towards the airport exit.

MACK

What can I do? Realistically. That team is a multi-million dollar corporation. I'm a broke college student, living off loans and grants. They're giants, and I'm like, huh...

RASHID

If you want to, you could be like little King David.

MACK

Ha ha, clever. You think there is a giant killer inside me?

RASHID

It's not about what I think. It's about what YOU think.

AJAMU

It all starts with just one person, homey.

They reach the sliding doors to the outside.

THREADZ

You guys heard of the 'hawk' in Chicago? In Phoenix, we have the 'firebird'. Brace yourselves.

The doors slide open, they step through.

EXT. SKY HARBOR AIRPORT, PHOENIX - DAY

The fellas scramble for sunglasses as the high intensity sunlight blares down on them.

AJAMU

Where's my specs? I think I just got instant glaucoma.

THREADZ

Brother Victorio on the Rez has got the cure for that problem.

RASHID

It's like walking into an oven.

MACK

That's the firebird effect. Welcome to Phoenix. Come on, let's get to my ride before we melt out here.

EXT. COCHISE'S CAR - DAY

All four men scoot over to Cochise's beat-up, sedan. Cochise puts the key in the door, won't open. Threadz goes in the passenger side and opens it for him on the inside.

MACK

High tech security system.

Ajamu grabs the door handle to get in.

AJAMU

Yah! Damn, that thing is hot!

THREADZ

Firebird bit ya.

AJAMU

I need an oven mitt to get in the door. This is crazy.

RASHID

Let's get that air conditioner started, son.

INT. COCHISE'S CAR - SAME TIME

Mack tries to start the car, three times. No luck. The passengers look worried. On the fourth time, it works. He revs the engine.

MACK

Close one. Now we just need to get the A/C cranking. Threadz, on three. One, two...

They both slam their fists on the dashboard. The fan starts blowing. They smile at each other, then pull off.

MACK

All set. First I'll take you to the college to get settled, then later on, I'll take you to the Rez to meet my Pops.

RASHID

Good, I haven't seen him since the shooting. He's a good brother. We had some great times back at Xavier University.

AJAMU

I'm looking forward to that tour of the Rez. Make sure we see all the gritty stuff.

The car hits the highway.

MACK

The only thing there, IS gritty stuff. I'll keep it real.

The sickly sedan crawls through the glimmery streets of Phoenix, then out to the countryside. The desert landscape is awesome.

RASHID

Hey Cochise, remember that boy in the airport? Did you try writing to your Congressman or the Bureau of Indian Affairs to help?

MACK

I've been writing letters since I was fifteen, never have gotten a response from them. The BIA has the largest building on the Rez and they don't even hire Indians to work there. A whiteman even runs it. BIA is a joke.

RASHID

Let's by-pass them and get to the hearts of the fans supporting the team.

Why don't you write an open letter  
to the people of DC and tell them  
how you feel? I know someone at the  
Post, I think they'd print it.  
What'cha say?

MACK

Sounds good, but I'm not the man.  
I don't know what to write. I'm no  
Sherman Alexie.

RASHID

Just write what is in your heart.  
Give it a shot.

Cochise smiles at him, but it is tinged with disbelief.

EXT. RESERVATION ROAD - DAY

Cochise's car is parked on a remote street with a fantastic  
view of the Rez. Several balled up papers surround him as he  
scribbles into his notebook. Finally he stops, reads over it  
and smiles.

MACK

I'm done. So are they.

INT. COLLEGE LIBRARY - DAY

Threadz, Mack, Rashid and Ajamu walk over to the newspapers.  
Rashid buys the WASHINGTON POST, opens it up to the editorial  
section, then smiles. He hands the paper to Cochise.

MACK

Hey, they printed my article.

THREADZ

I'm surprised. That town kisses the  
football team's ass. That's why the  
name ain't changed and why nobody  
has really fought it. They're  
untouchable.

AJAMU

Sounds like a town full of 'ho's  
too scared to stand up to pimp  
daddy.



They go over and sit at a secluded table.

THREADZ

Read that sucker out loud.

MACK

Open letter to the fans and owners of the Washington Redskins: I, do hereby DEMAND that you change the name of your football team. It is racially offensive and historically insensitive to Native Americans, in particular, and to civilization, in general. The time has come. The pain generated by this 'niggerizing' nickname is felt by myself and was recently witnessed first hand.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - SAME

The article is read aloud by a BLACK MAN IN A SUIT while his business colleagues pour coffee and tea.

THE SUIT

It was expressed through the tears of a young Native American boy from our home State of Arizona. He hates your football team because 'you like to hurt his people.' This boy cried real tears, for what? Tradition? Please!

INT. TRANSIT BUS - SAME

An ASIAN MAN reads the article to his son. The bus lurches and rocks but his son's attention is focused.

ASIAN MAN

If Filipinos can overthrow Marcos, I think you should be able to excrete this waste product that you call an owner. At least change the name of the team for God's sake. You did it for basketball.

Until that time, team owners, and  
your team are unwelcome in Arizona  
by a large number of it's citizens.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - SAME

A CHICANO WOMAN reads out loud to her co-workers who are  
sorting and folding newly cleaned clothes.

CHICANO WOMAN

If you try to play in Arizona under  
your current name, you will be  
thwarted. Period.

A young white lady pulls a Redskin T-shirt from the dryer.  
She holds it up, then rips it down the middle and tosses it  
in the trash as her co-workers cheer.

INT. BACK TO LIBRARY - SAME

Cochise reads on as Threadz has stopped in mid-chew to hear  
every word of the proclamation.

MACK

And by the way DC, I'm starting a  
grassroots media blitz against this  
name and we're gonna kick your  
Indian phobic asses. Geronimo ain't  
dead, he's alive, in my head.

EXT. ARIZONA STATE PRISON - DAY

Several skinheads lift weights under the sun. One guy has his  
shirt off and his back is covered with a huge swastika.  
Another SKINHEAD with a newspaper in his hand, runs up to the  
shirtless guy.

SKINHEAD

Hey Lester. Look at this. It's your  
old buddy. That friggin' monkey is  
starting trouble for the white man.

LESTER (older) takes the newspaper, reads it for a while,  
then rips it up into shreds.

LESTER

I'll be out in a few more weeks.  
First thing I plan to do is have a  
little reunion with my favorite  
nigger injun. When you read about  
his ass after that, it will be in  
the obituaries. You're a dead man,  
Cochise. Dead!

Lester picks up more weights and pumps them furiously until  
the veins on his head pop out.

LESTER

Arrggh! Dead!

EXT. COLLEGE PARKING LOT - DAY

Cochise takes off his backpack and prepares to enter his  
jallopy. Just then, he hears a sound, turns around. Mr. Crow  
stands before him.

MR. CROW

Are you Cochise Mack?

MACK

Who's asking?

Mr. Crow gives him a business card.

MR. CROW

I work for the Rez's casino. I'm  
here on a personal matter from the  
CEO, Stanley Montano. He likes what  
you are doing with the mascot issue  
and would like to have a word with  
you.

MACK

Sure, I'll hear what he's got to  
say, but we'll take your car.

MR. CROW

No question about that.

They go over to the Crown Vic and get in.

INT. CASINO - DAY

Mack is dazzled by the slot machines as he follows Mr. Crow through the floor area. They take an elevator up...

OFFICE

The door opens to a huge suite. Stanley swivels in his chair to face them.

STANLEY

Bring yourselves over and have a squat. You must be Mr. Cochise Mack. I'm Stanley Montano, glad to meet you.

Cochise shakes his hand and has a seat.

STANLEY

This redskin nonsense burns my ass too. I can't take a stand in public because the casino would probably be boycotted and we can't afford to lose that revenue on the Rez. Not even for one day.

MACK

I hear that.

STANLEY

I spoke to several other tribal casinos, and they agree with me. You're smart, good family, clean record and young enough for this battle. Are you up to it?

MACK

Up for what, exactly?

STANLEY

To lead this struggle.

MACK

Me? Please. I can write an article or two, but to lead this fight, you really need to be a lawyer or something. Right?

STANLEY

We'll back you financially and even  
lend you the casino's PR people. We  
need a fresh approach. You've got  
it. We'll start that media blitz  
you spoke of as soon as you are  
ready. Mr. Crow...the keys.

Mr. Crow tosses them to him. Stanley hands them to Cochise.

STANLEY

The Crown Vic is yours. In the  
glove compartment is a little  
something to get you started.  
Report back to me next week.

MACK

But...

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

The black car rumbles down the dirt street, kicking up dust  
clouds. Cochise clicks on the A/C. It starts without  
thumping.

MACK

Yeah, baby.

He pulls out a CD from his backpack and puts it in. BOB  
MARLEY blasts forth.

MACK

Bob, you were a warrior. Help me  
out, Bro. Help me out.

INT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - NIGHT

A rumble is heard. Mrs. Mack gets off the couch, opens the  
front door. She looks down the main road to see a car heading  
towards the house, blasting loud MUSIC. She comes outside.

EXT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER -SAME

The vehicle pulls into the driveway. Cochise parks it. He  
rushes over to his mom and whisks her into the air, grinning  
like he's mad.

MOTHER

What are you doing? Put me down.  
You crazy?

He puts her down gently and tries to compose himself.

MACK

Not crazy. Excited! Mom, the  
casinos want me to lead the fight  
against the redskin name. Mr.  
Montano gave me this car to use. I  
just have to come up with something  
good. And fast. Can you believe it?  
I never dreamed it.

MOTHER

Wow, an activist? Well, it sure  
runs in the family. That is such  
good news son. I'm so excited and  
happy for you. You're a good boy  
and you'll do well.

MACK

Is dad still up? I wanna tell him.

MOTHER

I'll go check.

INT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Mack walks down a short hallway. He takes a deep breath and  
opens up the door.

DAD'S ROOM

Mack goes inside. The room is rather dark. His dad sits in  
his pajamas watching television. As Mack gets closer, the  
wheelchair he sits in is seen. Mack stands to the side of  
him, bends down.

The old man can barely turn his head to look at his son. He  
tries to lift his hand up to him but it falls back onto his  
lap. Mack's eyes well up a little. He now bends down on one  
knee, so he is face to face with his Father.

MACK

Hey Dad, good news. I'll be leading the fight against using the redskin name. I'm scared to death though. But, but when I see you, that fear just leaves me. I will be strong. I am strong. I owe it all to you. I promise to be a son you're proud of. My time has come. Cochise rides again, right? You with me?

The father tries to smile through the non-responsive facial muscles. He tries to speak. His voice, very raspy.

FATHER

Let's get 'em.

Mack breaks into a big smile. Tears fall in joy.

MACK

You are more brave, more fearless and more funny than I'll ever be. All I am, I owe to you.

EXT. ARIZONA STATE PRISON - DAY

Lester walks through the gates of the 'big house', evil grin on his face. He scans the area, looks at his watch, then appears disappointed. He goes to the road, peeps both ways, slams his bag on the ground.

LESTER

Where the fuck are they?

He sits on the bag in anger and waits, and waits some more. Finally on the distance, the sound of SPEED METAL, hard rock is heard.

An old Ford truck pulls up full of skinheads. They get out and greet Lester in their own pseudo-macho style.

LESTER

You faggots. You're late. If I wanted to wait around all day, I would've hired some fucking niggers to pick me up.

His cohorts have a chuckle.

LESTER

Let's go boys. We gotta lay down  
the law around here. Seems we got  
us an uppity nigger-injun making  
Arizona look bad. I think it's time  
to teach him a lesson.

INT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Mack and Threadz stroll by the library. The school buzzes  
with students.

THREADZ

The Rez is going nuts over your  
article. I'm glad you'll lead us on  
this.

MACK

Yeah Bro, it feels so good too. I  
can't wait to get the word out. I  
tell ya, when I wrote that article,  
it felt like all of my warrior  
ancestors were there with me,  
helping me write it.

THREADZ

Protests are springing up all over  
the nation about that article. Last  
week when the team played Buffalo,  
they got picketed. I heard Philly  
will do the same at next week's  
game.

MACK

I warned them.

THREADZ

Yeah Bro, you did.

MACK

Well, don't call me redskin.  
Nobody gets hurt.

They chuckle.



MACK

Yo Threadz, did you ever get a good address for your sister? I'd love to tell her the good news.

THREADZ

Ah man, you still hung up on her? She's married to medicine bro', forget about her. Last I heard, she was interning on some Rez near Cibola, New Mexico.

MACK

What's she doing there? Looking for the Lost City of Gold?

THREADZ

Yeah right. Naw, it's something about the Hanta Virus. She's a workaholic, Mack. Forget her for right now, it's playboy time now, right?

MACK

Well I--

THREADZ

Yo man, I thought we had that talk.

INT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - DAY

A brightly colored Christmas tree is being decorated by Mack, his mom and Threadz, in front of the large picture window. A jazzed up HOLIDAY TUNE PLAYS on the stereo. The cell PHONE RINGS, Mack gets it.

MACK

Hello. Hey Professor Rashid, what's up?...Kwanzaa party huh, yeah yeah, we'll be there...okay, later.

He hangs up the phone.

MACK

Professor Rashid is having a Kwanzaa party at his crib tonight. Let's check it out.

## THREADZ

Cool. I'll catch you over there,  
later. First I gotta find my N.D.N.  
ass, a fine new Kente cloth  
jumpsuit to impress the Afrocentric  
hotties with.

## INT. RASHID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rashid's house is festively decorated in the colors of black, gold, red and green. The lavish, modern, hi-tech living room, is covered with balloons, crepe paper and flags all bearing the afore mentioned color scheme.

A reggae inspired track has heads nodding to a def beat. Some people dance. Everyone has on African clothing. Framed pictures of Black heroes line the walls of the home.

The flow of the party moves to the patio area. The well manicured lawn, is filled with tables and busy caterers. A clear, Phoenix, night sky, awaits a ceremony. Warm temperatures allow for Kwanzaa-under-the-stars.

A wooden art piece with an ankh carved into it's surface is at the top of the ceremonial table. The intricately decorated African piece is shaped like a trough that empties into a basin. The basin is shaped like two female hands.

## MACK

Yo, this place is fly.

A Kente cloth table cover sets the stage for a display of red, black and green candles. Three red, three green and one black one in the center. The candle holder is a black and gold Sphinx, at least six feet long.

Mack stands right up front. He seems interested but introspective. A commotion in the crowd, laughs and "Oh my God" heard a lot. Onto the patio walks Threadz in all his glory, almost.

While Mack wears a Kente cloth dashiki, Threadz shows up in only a skimpy, brightly colored, feathered loincloth. The rest of his body is decoratively covered with mud and body paint. The nearly nude, crazy man, grins ear to ear.

MACK

Oh my God!

The war paint on Threadz's face makes him look like a goofy raccoon. He walks towards Mack. His tall, thin frame is perfect for the costume.

Several attractive women whisper in his ear and slide a piece of paper in his hand. A rather tall Black lady grabs his butt and winks at him as he goes by. At first shocked, he then points and smiles at the lanky molester.

MACK

Fool, have you lost your entire mind? Come to a Holy day, naked? Ya' nuts?

THREADZ

Brother Mack, this is my tribute to the free spirit of our mighty ancestors. Their physique, their magic. This is my Bushman of the Kalahari outfit. My Native American people sometimes wore the exact same outfit. Yo, just call me the 'Mud Stud'. It's just too bad I couldn't find a nose ring to match my body paints.

Cochise just stares at him and shakes his head.

THREADZ

Don't hate...CELEBRATE. I know you like it, huh? This is the tuxedo of the original man. Am I correct?

Threadz models his outfit in a classic runway move. His butt cheeks are exposed, covered only by a thin rope, down the crack. He is passed another note from an admiring fan.

THREADZ

And check this out bro'. Black Gold.

Twenty various slips of paper with women's names and numbers.

## THREADZ

Hey man, I'll be set for life just  
with the pretty young things that I  
met tonight alone.

The music is cut off and Ajamu approaches the podium that is  
at the top of the ceremonial table. The podium is attached to  
the trough which leads to the basin.

Conversations cease and all attention is focused to him. The  
beads and chains that adorn his floor length robe appear to  
be ancient African artifacts.

## AJAMU

Blessings in the name of the Most  
High. The One, True God that has  
given life and wisdom to us all.  
May our gathering please him, may  
he bless us. To lead us in the  
Kwanzaa celebration, it's my honor  
to bring out my dad, Brother  
Rashid.

Applause throughout the congregation. The mountains  
surrounding the desert home look majestic, as silhouettes of  
Saguaro cactus stand guard over the tribe.

Up to the podium strides Rashid, draped in a custom made,  
African inspired outfit. It is cut warrior-style. Bare arms  
from shoulders down and deep v-neck in front. Biceps and pecs  
shine under the lights.

## RASHID

Thank you, Ajamu. Your wisdom is  
appreciated and valued. We are  
gathered here to celebrate the  
African American Holy Day of  
Kwanzaa. It is Holiness earned,  
because of the years of human  
sacrifices and rivers of African  
blood.

Nods of approval throughout.

## RASHID

Let us gain strength from the  
sacrifice.

Let us gain rebirth in the river of blood. Let us gain power from the Almighty, to heal us. We are surrounded by the red, black, green, and gold colors given to us by Marcus Mosiah Garvey, to represent our struggle for freedom and survival.

(beat)

The black signifies the people, the most important part of the struggle. We must move the people forward. Each individual, precious and Holy. The red is our bloody battle for human dignity. The green is our hope, our fertile minds. The gold is the wealth that comes from unity.

Rashid gets more emotional.

RASHID

Let us not ignore the cries of our ancestors as they scream for justice. Over 50 million of us died, 50 million! Demand reparations for them, do it now.

The revelers release a rainstorm of applause.

RASHID

And what else do we owe these victims of kidnapping, victims of rape? Victims of theft and degradation, that has brought a great race to the brink of annihilation? Reparations of cash is not enough. We must rebuild the spirit of the people. Carry the spark that the Million Man March ignited.

Two large candles on each side of the stage are lit.

RASHID

After we individually are reborn and recharged, we must reunify.

Link up with like-minded people.  
Set agendas and meet goals, we all  
benefit from. Being a teacher, I  
feel an added burden to stand  
up...and represent.

Rashid points Mack out, in the crowd. Beckons him forward to the podium.

RASHID

This brother here has not forgotten  
his hood or his mission. Come up  
and say a few words about your  
organization, Cochise Mack.

Crowd cheers as Cochise strolls forward. Rashid gives him a pound and a smile.

MACK

Let me first say how impressed I am  
by this evening. We need more  
brothers like you, young or old.

Enthusiastic applause led by Mack. Rashid, humble.

MACK

I'm leading the fight against the  
usage of the redskin name and all  
Indian mascot names in general.  
Racism is a nightmare, it leads to  
ethnic cleansing like we saw in  
Kosovo. Genocide is the ultimate in  
white supremacy. It must be dealt  
with. Number one, we can't let it  
spread. Number two, we must destroy  
it where it stands. I started a  
group called I.C.E. K.A.N.S. for  
that very purpose.

The crowd cheers for his efforts.

MACK

The International Coalition for the  
Eradication of Klansmen, aryan,  
Nazis and skinheads...is a group of  
people not to be played with. We  
fear no one.

We will fight the oppression  
through legislation, demonstrations  
and people power...as always, power  
to the people!

Mack waves to the assembly and goes back to the crowd. Warm  
applause follows him.

RASHID

Thank you Brother Mack, well said.  
The Seven Principles of Kwanzaa  
will help us all be better people.  
That is what the seven candles  
stand for.

A beautiful poster is brought out that has the Seven  
Principles written on it in Swahili with the English  
definition given.

'Umoja-unity, Kujichagulia-self determination, Ujima-  
collective work and responsibility, Ujamaa-cooperative  
economics, Nia-purpose, Kuumba-creativity, Imani-faith. A  
photo of founder Maulana Karenga also on the poster.

Two beautiful Black women come onto the patio. They wear  
African garments, they are very sexy. One hands Rashid a  
scroll, the other hands him a rope. Rashid pulls on the rope  
and a huge cask of wine rolls out on wheels.

Printed on the barrel are the words 'Import...South  
Africa...Johannesburg Riesling'. The flag of the new South  
Africa is on the container in the form of a sticker.

RASHID

This barrel was sealed the day  
Mandela was made President. It was  
born free. Brother Mack, could you  
assist me with the ceremonial wine?

Mack bounds up to the podium in one lunge. Mack breaks the  
seal and pours some wine in a goblet that Rashid is holding.  
The goblet is very plain, almost primitive.

RASHID

This Kwanzaa cup was found on a dig  
of slave quarters in Alabama.

I personally believe it contains  
spiritual healing powers. Let us  
see.

Rashid closes his eyes in prayer.

RASHID

Our blessed forefathers struggled  
and died here for liberation and a  
better life. May we remember and  
honor our ancestors and the legacy  
they left, for as long as the  
waters flow.

At this moment Rashid holds the goblet above his head. Mack  
slowly begins to pour the libation down the trough, over the  
ankh, and into the hand shaped basin.

Rashid pours the contents of the cup, onto the dark soil of  
the Rose garden behind him. Rashid puts the goblet down.

The wine cascades in slow motion over the ankh. It splashes  
and swirls around the carving and down the ornately designed  
runway. The fluid sparkles as the light greets it. Small  
Kwanzaa cups are passed out.

RASHID

To our ancestors...we pray that you  
heal us, guide us and protect us.  
Give us strength to face the  
difficult days ahead and the power  
to overcome all evil. Help us  
become family again and forgive us  
Lord, A-men.

The last drop of wine is drained into the basin. Ajamu takes  
a wooden dipper and starts filling the Kwanzaa cups with the  
liberation libation. The goblet used at the beginning is  
refilled and used to toast with.

RASHID

Let us toast to happiness,  
families, courage, the Middle  
Passage, reparations and a future  
that overflows with justice and  
laughter. Peace and prosperity.  
HARAMBEE! HARAMBEE!



The black, red, green and gold Kwanzaa cups are held up above each participant's head for the toast. The enthusiastic crowd joins in with the African call for unity and harmony.

CROWD  
HARAMBEE! ... HARAMBEE!

Heads of all shapes and sizes tilt back to enjoy the refreshment and blessing. Heads in wraps, braids, naps and caps, all turn skyward.

Mack is passed the goblet from which Rashid just drank. The big man closes his eyes as he brings the wooden rim of the African American Holy Grail to his lips and drinks.

INT. SKINHEAD HIDE-OUT - DAY

Bald heads and tattoos cover the dirt-bags as they drink beer and mill around the run down house. Lester emerges from a room, covered in sweat. He puts his shirt on.

LESTER  
I got some tweeked-out redskin  
bitch back there. Feel free to bang  
her guys. Soon there will more  
where that came from.

Several guys take off into the room. Lester stops one skinhead as he goes in.

LESTER  
Montague, let's talk. Is the meth  
cooked up yet? I'm ready to start  
selling that shit on the Rez, ASAP.  
We'll make a killing.

MONTAGUE  
Would I let my own brother down?  
One shipment is ready, another is  
getting ready. Even found a few  
stupid injuns to distribute it.

LESTER  
Great. Let's get rolling.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

Mack, Rashid and Ajamu get into the car. Mrs. Mack waves to them from the trailer.

RASHID

It was good to see your dad again.  
Sorry he has so many problems.

MACK

It brightened him up to see you  
guys too. Well, ready for the tour?

Cochise puts in a CD, it is, WELCOME TO JAMROCK by DAMIEN MARLEY. They leave Mack's trailer behind as they drive down the dirt road. They pass many rugged houses. Many have cars out front, but on blocks instead of tires. Some have chickens running free.

Cochise points to the glitzy Bureau of Indian Affairs building, new hospital, police station and fire hall. As they drive by the casino, they see the parking lot is full.

AJAMU

So those are the folks that hooked  
you up with the new wheels. God  
bless 'em. How's the mascot thing  
going lately?

MACK

Great, I finally thought of  
something to touch the people's  
hearts in a new way. I just wrapped  
up editing a short film my friend  
Threadz and I shot. It was funded  
entirely by Indian money from  
various casinos. I'll have the  
premiere soon.

RASHID

Sounds good. I think using film is  
your best bet.

MACK

Thanks. As for the tour, I wanna  
stop over a friend's house and drop  
a late Kwanzaa gift.

EXT. VICTORIO'S TRAILER - DAY

They pull up to a home, heavily decorated with Rasta and Apache art. Victorio comes out wearing a Peter Tosh t-shirt and jeans. He goes to the car.

VICTORIO

Nice buggy. Santa was good to you.

MACK

And he was good to you too. Happy Kwanzaa.

Mack hands him the gift. He unwraps it and finds a Tom-Tom drum. He smiles.

VICTORIO

Thanks Bro'. It's cool. Hey sorry, but I got some bad news, dude. Your cousin Carson from Texas, he's dealing meth on the Rez.

MACK

What? We moved him here to help him out. I'm not having that! I gotta stop him. Get him in rehab or something. Call some muscle and meet me there. He might need convincing.

EXT. CARSON'S TRAILER - DAY

Cochise pulls up to the broken-down mobile home. Weeds cover the front yard. He gets out the car.

MACK

You guys stay here, could be dangerous.

Rashid and Ajamu get out also.

AJAMU

We're from Chicago, baby. We need danger so we don't get bored.

Mack smiles at them, then knocks the door.

MACK

It's cousin Cochise. You there?

Locks are heard unlatching. The door swings open. The trio steps in.

INT. CARSON'S TRAILER - SAME TIME

Inside is the Rez version of a crackhouse. Carson, disheveled, sits in a chair. Baggies with white powder are half hidden by a newspaper. Cockroaches prance freely.

MACK

Carson! Holy shit. What happened?  
Dude, I heard you're into some foul  
shit. I'm taking you to rehab, now.  
Let's go.

CARSON

I can't Cochise. I'm in over my  
head. Go now. Leave. I have someone  
coming over.

Cochise grabs him by the scruff of the collar and gets in his face. Carson tries to turn away.

MACK

We're leaving, NOW!

A metallic click is heard behind them. It is Lester, and he has a gun. Montague and another skinhead are beside him.

LESTER

Tonto ain't going nowhere boys.  
He's gonna be a good injun and make  
us rich. Ain't that right, boy?

MONTAGUE

Lester, that's the nigger injun we  
grew up beating the shit outta.

Lester rushes to Mack and puts his Glock to his temple. Lester grins madly as he stares him in the eye. Ajamu starts to rush him. Lester pushes the barrel deeper into his head.

LESTER

Go ahead, blackness, try it. I'll  
splatter this half breed's brain's  
from here to Tucson. That's better.  
Montague, come here and say hello to  
our old friend.

Montague comes over, slams Cochise in the stomach. He doubles over. Carson cringes.

LESTER

I should have killed you in grade  
school, but hey, no time like the  
present. You and your monkey  
friends are gonna die tonight and  
there ain't a damn thing you can do  
about it.

A dozen metallic clicks are heard behind them. It is Victorio and some of the toughest roughnecks from the Rez. They have their guns cocked and pointed at the skinheads.

VICTORIO

Maybe WE can do something about it.  
Drop your shit, fuck-face, or get  
ventilated.

Lester rolls his eyes and reluctantly drops the gun.

MACK

These are the scumbags who have  
been pumping that crystal meth into  
the Rez. Do what you want with  
them, but I'm getting my cousin  
into rehab. Let me say goodbye to  
them first.

He punches Lester in the gut hard. He goes down. Mack fakes a punch to Montague, then knees him in the stomach.

MACK

Carson, outside, now!

As Rashid, Ajamu and Carson go outside, Cochise winks at Victorio. The Indians converge on the skinheads, locking them from view.

LESTER

Nooo.

The sound of fists landing solid blows is heard.

INT. THREADZ HOUSE - DAY

Cochise comes into the room, plops on the couch.

MACK

Okay, Bro', what's so important?

Threadz smiles. He opens the kitchen door and out steps a grown up IVA. She is elegant. She has had a fashion make-over and is wears a sparkling gown. Mack's mouth hangs open.

THREADZ

Well, just don't sit there.

The big man dashes over to the dream-girl. She smiles as she is hugged and then lifted into the air by her waist. Her long black hair curls around her like a silk ribbon.

Eyes locked, they are nose to nose. A second later they are lip to lip.

MACK

Iva, is it you, or an angel?

IVA

I'm both baby.

EXT. RESERVATION ROAD - ESTABLISHING - DAY

The deep purple shadows of mountains that surround the Rez look like a protective fortress. They guard both the natural and man-made beauty, below. Cochise's car winds through the dusty roads, towards those very mountains.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Mack puts the finishing touches on a small tent. A campfire burns. Iva admires the view of the Rez below. They smile at each other and kiss. She aggressively caresses him.

IVA

Cochise, hold me. Make love to me.

INT. THE CASINO'S THEATER, LOBBY - NIGHT

Cochise Mack, in tux, sits at a table, cordially signing autographs. Iva is nearby. Behind him are placards proclaiming, APACHE FILM FESTIVAL. The crowd waits in line for his signature.

On the table next to Mack is a poster for a short film, THE VISION AND THE MISSION. The name COCHISE MACK is shown, featured as star. He jokes with a fan as he signs.

MACK

Don't be surprised, the brother can  
act. Not only am I multi-racial,  
I'm multi-talented too.

The crowd chuckles. Threadz dashes down the hall towards them. His tux is all red and elaborately adorned with Native American jewelry.

THREADZ

Yo big man. They're ready to roll  
with our clip. Let's get seated.

MACK

And may I introduce you all to the  
director of this powerful short  
film, Brother Threadz.

The lobby applauds him.

THREADZ

Thank you. Thanks. We'll be signing  
more posters later. It's time to  
take your seats now. Open your  
hearts, we're about to feed you.

INT. THE CASINO'S THEATER, CINEMA - LATER

The full capacity audience is seen before the lights go off and the silver screen comes alive.

ON SCREEN

A man in traditional Apache wardrobe climbs a desert mountain. Around him are rattlesnakes. One barely misses his hand as he continues to climb.

As he presses upward, the sound of drums and chants are heard. He nears the top of the mountain. The sky gets dark. It begins to rain. He almost loses his footing, but holds on for dear life.

Panting and exhausted, he heaves himself onto the flat mesa that crowns the mountain. It is Cochise Mack. He lies flat as the raindrops refresh him. The music, much louder now.

He rolls left and looks over the side of the mountain from which he came. It's a LONG way down. Around him is a Grand Canyon-esque landscape.

Mack gets to his feet and walks in the direction of the music. A red bird flies overhead and goes in the same direction, as if a guide.

Mack comes to a sweat lodge. The bird perches on top of it. Around the structure are a dozen men cloaked in Native American blankets. Some drum, others dance and chant. Rain adds to the eerie scene.

Suddenly, they stop. All at once, they turn and look at him. Mack bows to honor them.

MACK

I'm here to see the Shaman.

In a ghostly voice, all dozen respond in unison.

CLOAKED MEN

We know.

Slowly, they all point to the sweat lodge.

MACK

Thank you.

The music begins again. Mack proceeds to the sweat lodge. He hesitates before entering, then looks up at the red bird atop the dwelling. It flies off. Mack goes inside.

INT. SWEAT LODGE - SAME

An old man sits with his back to the entrance.



SHAMAN

Come in, Cochise Mack. I've been waiting for you.

The shaman gestures for Mack to sit across from him. Mack takes off his wet outer garments and follows his instructions.

The shaman is not only old, but he is blind. In between them is an intricately decorated bowl, filled with a soupy liquid.

MACK

Thank you, sir.

SHAMAN

So you are the warrior who fights for our dignity?

MACK

I hope that my actions have brought you honor.

SHAMAN

I am well pleased, but you must prepare your mind for the confrontations that lie ahead. Our people sometimes look to our ancestors for strength and inspiration. I pray that as you go on this vision quest, you find the best guide possible.

Cochise bows in thanks to him. Slowly he raises his head and looks the shaman in the eye.

MACK

I am ready.

The shaman whispers some prayers in his native language as he lifts the bowl above his head, then slowly hands it to Cochise. Cochise takes it, closes his eyes.

MACK

I humbly ask you, the Great Spirit of all people. Give me the strength to wage this battle for human dignity.

To fight this nation's policy of  
Indian extermination and racial  
hatred with every bone in my body,  
until I am no more.

Cochise holds the bowl up to his mouth and drinks its entire contents. He gently puts the bowl down, then rocks to the rhythm of the drum and chant. Thunder rumbles overhead. Lightning periodically flashes.

#### DREAM SEQUENCE

Suddenly all is black. Absolute quiet. Cochise opens his eyes. Across from him, where the shaman used to be, is the red bird. It sits atop a football. Cochise looks around.

MACK

Shaman? Where are you?

He looks back to see a JIM THORPE (40s) in an old-fashioned football uniform, sitting where the bird was. The man's eyes are closed. Mack studies him.

MACK

Who are you?

The man opens his eyes, looks at Mack and smiles.

JIM THORPE

My name is Wa-Tho-Huk, which means,  
'Bright Path'. I am from the  
THUNDER clan. The Sac and Fox  
Tribe. Others know me as...Jim  
Thorpe.

MACK

Jim Thorpe? My God. I think you ARE  
Jim Thorpe. How?

JIM THORPE

Does that really matter? I'm here  
to give you the warrior spirit that  
will help you win this battle.  
That's all that matters.

MACK

Uh, okay. When do we start?

Jim Thorpe stands to his feet, spreads his arms wide.

JIM THORPE  
It has already begun.

A huge wind picks up inside the sweat lodge. Soon the walls blow out and swirl into the sky. Mack is in awe. Twilight stars, twinkle above.

JIM THORPE  
To gain strength from me, you must  
know me first. Come.

A billow of smoke covers them and they disappear.

EXT. OKLAHOMA - DAY

Mack and Jim Thorpe reappear on a deserted, dirt road. Nearby is a sign that reads, SAC AND FOX INDIAN RESERVATION. Shacks and kids in ragged clothes are ahead of them.

JIM THORPE  
This is where I grew up. It makes  
the Apache Reservation look like  
Beverly Hills. I had ten brothers  
and sisters and my mom died when I  
was eight years old. I was shuffled  
to Indian schools in Oklahoma,  
Kansas and eventually Pennsylvania.

MACK  
I'm sorry, Mr. Thorpe. Sounds like  
a rough life.

JIM THORPE  
Yes it was. Sometimes charcoal is  
crushed by pressure, other times it  
turns into diamonds. At the  
Carlisle School in Pennsylvania, I  
became a diamond.

A puff of smoke covers them again and they disappear.

EXT. CARLISLE SCHOOL - DAY

The two men reappear on the bleachers at the football field. Below, the school's football team practices.

JIM THORPE

I started here in 1907. When it comes to football, Deion might be neon, and Bo may know...but I could have outplayed them all. I played defensive back AND running back. That was without the protective padding you have today. Helmets? What's that? I also was punter and a damn good place kicker.

MACK

Incredible. That's iron man shit. I knew you were a legend, but my God, you did all that?

JIM THORPE

Yes, thanks to my coach, Pop Warner, I did many things I thought I couldn't. I also played pro baseball. One year I even had a .327 batting average.

MACK

Wheww. You were lighting them up, all kinda ways, huh?

JIM THORPE

My mamma named me, The Bright Path, didn't she. I was born, to light them up. I set the whole world on fire at the 1912 Olympic games in Sweden. I won gold in the decathlon and the pentathlon, and am still the only athlete to win both in the same year.

MACK

No wonder you were named athlete of the century. Nobody has come close to that, even now. What a stud.

JIM THORPE

I didn't bring you here to brag. Come, I need to make another point.

The smoky haze spirits them away again.

EXT. PRO FOOTBALL HALL OF FAME - DAY

They re-materialize on the Hall of Fame football field. They both now wear modern Cardinal jerseys. Jim Thorpe's is emblazed with #1. Cochise wears #2.

He motions for Cochise to follow him. They walk towards the halls entrance.

MACK

You look good in that jersey, Jim.  
I forgot that you were a Cardinal  
for a while. Now they play in  
Phoenix. My hometown. They haven't  
been worth a shit since you  
retired. And that's a long time.

JIM THORPE

The Cardinal connection. Maybe  
coincidence. Maybe destiny. Strange  
how many things fell in place like  
that to bring you to this moment.

MACK

Yeah. Makes me wonder.

JIM THORPE

It should, young warrior. I'll  
tell you what else makes me wonder.  
THIS!

Jim Thorpe points to the huge statue of himself that adorns the entrance to the Hall of Fame.

MACK

Wow! You look good, homeboy.  
What's wrong?

JIM THORPE

I'll tell you what is wrong. While  
in Canton, I played for their  
football team, the Bulldogs. We won  
three championships. Later I was  
named the first president of the  
American Professional Football  
Association, now known as the NFL.

MACK

Man, you must have been set for life after that.

JIM THORPE

No. Not close, my friend. After sports, I had to take odd jobs as ditch diggers and bar bouncers, just to get by.

MACK

Yo man. That's some foul shit.

JIM THORPE

I thought things were getting better when I heard a movie was being made about me. Then I heard that a whiteman was picked to play my role. Now THAT...is some foul shit.

MACK

I feel you, Brother. That's like the ultimate disrespect.

JIM THORPE

No, my brother. That is not the ultimate disrespect.

He points to a teen who wears a Washington Redskins jersey. Cochise sees his eyes water up with pain and anger.

JIM THORPE

That! That team, that name. In our face, everyday. We tell them it offends us, they ignore us. We tell them that it insults us, they tell us to grow-up. We tell them we hate it, they show the world exactly how much they hate us...by continuing to degrade us.

(beat)

That's the ultimate disrespect, right there, from the lap of this nation's capitol.

MACK

It's a damn shame. And after all  
you did for this sport, I feel they  
are disrespecting you too. You were  
once the league president for God's  
sakes.

JIM THORPE

I agree.

MACK

How do we stop this bullshit?

JIM THORPE

Young warrior, that is up to you.  
Are you ready for this fight? Are  
you?

INT. SWEAT LODGE - DAY

Cochise, asleep on the floor. Restless. Sweat pours from him.  
Suddenly he bolts up.

MACK

Yes! I'm ready! I'm ready!

Eyes open. He freezes in place. Total silence. He looks  
around him, no one is there, just bright sunshine.

Cochise stands to his feet and shakes the cobwebs from his  
head. He stumbles to the entrance and peers outside.

The red cardinal bird from earlier, is on the ground, a few  
feet away. It looks him in the eye, then flies into the sky.

MACK

I vow to the spirit of Brother Jim  
Thorpe, I will not rest until that  
name is changed.

Mack turns and looks directly into the camera.

MACK

Who is going to help me?

The film fades to black and the credits roll.

INT. THE CASINO'S THEATER, CINEMA - SAME

The audience erupts in applause, which brings everyone to their feet. Mack and Threadz take a bow, then give themselves hi-fives.

MACK

They ain't seen nothing yet.

INT. THREADZ'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

On a well-made bed with satin sheets, lays a black-haired head, face down. The head turns, it is Threadz.

THREADZ

Ohh. You got magic fingers girl.

Ten beautiful brown fingers with sculptured nails massage Threadz's bare back. Ten chocolate fingers are connected to one fine, CHOCOLATE BUNNY(20's). Her 5th Ave shirt is undone, her Mounds swing freely and the Kit Kat is hot.

CHOCOLATE BUNNY

Is that right?

THREADZ

Heck yeah girl. Feels so good I wanna grab my crotch and yell 'TEE-HEE', like the king of pop.

The bunny reaches under his belly. Her arm muscles contract and relax in rhythm.

CHOCOLATE BUNNY

I'll do the crotch grabbing, you do the yelling.

THREADZ

Tee-he-he-HEEE!

They LAUGH, roll over and kiss, oblivious to the phone ringing near them. MOANS and GROANS coming from the mattress. Finally the answering machine comes on. BEEP.

MACK (O.S.)

Yo Threadz. Just got a call from the NFL.



They okay'd us to show our commercial during the games this Sunday. It's time for your national debut Mr. Director. Drop the clip by the crib tonight.

Threadz jumps up and starts getting dressed.

THREADZ

Hey baby. Keep that cocoa hot for me, I gotta run. When I get back, it'll be your turn to scream. Oh, by the way, can I use your car?

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Threadz races down the dirt road towards Cochise's house. He bumps to a version of RICK JAMES's SUPERFREAK, sung in Apache.

Suddenly he stops the car near a tree and turns down the tunes. His eyes, frozen. He grabs his cell phone and dials as tears well up.

THREADZ

Cochise. It's Carson, dude.  
He's...they murdered him.

Threadz leans out the window to see the lynched body more closely. Carson's bloody body swings in the breeze.

INT. COCHISE MACK'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Cochise turns off the lights, grabs his keys...and a gun. He opens the door, jumps back...startled. Horace stands there...stone-faced.

MACK

Dag, Grandpa. You still like to scare the crap outta me don't you?

HORACE

Some things never get old. Ready to bump heads against your favorite team when they come here for the playoffs?

You versus the Redskins on national TV, right here in Phoenix. What a media event. How do you want to handle it?

MACK

I'm kinda busy now, Grandpa.

HORACE

Come and spend some time with an old man. Spend some time before you blow everything you've worked for, stood for. I see the gun.

MACK

They killed your grandson! Carson got lynched by skinheads.

Silence. Horace slumps against the wall for a moment, then pulls it together.

HORACE

Carson?...DEVILS! I hate them too, believe me, but we can't strike back now. You've got so much to gain here for all Indian people if it works. One act of revenge and the movement will be sunk. The devils that did this evil will be punished somehow. For the sake of our people, we must stay focused and strong.

MACK

Sorry, but I have to kill them. I want to kill them.

HORACE

Me too. But we can't, son. Understand? It's too important.

MACK

I understand...but I don't like it.

HORACE

Me either, but it must be done this way. Your gun...is now your mind.

That's the weapon you must avenge  
Carson with. The clock is ticking.  
How far along are we?

They go back into the house.

MACK

A Navajo dude I know from college  
is going to help recruit  
volunteers. That will help a lot.

HORACE

Cochise, please stop using the term  
Navajo. The correct term is Di-neh.  
The Spanish started that Navajo  
nonsense and it is the equivalent  
to nigger. No offense of course.

MACK

None taken. I will never use the  
word Navajo again. I know how it  
feels. Any success on your end?

They walk over and have a seat on the couch.

HORACE

Yes, it is amazing. People from all  
backgrounds want to participate in  
this. I expect large numbers.

MACK

What kills me, is that it's not  
only Native people who are pissed  
off, this cuts across all colors,  
all races. Folks that don't even  
watch football are gonna protest.  
It's about time America grew up and  
realized how hurtful this  
foolishness can be. I just have to  
think of a creative way use these  
people to bring the message.

HORACE

How stupid and hateful are you, to  
even consider naming a football  
team, the 'Redskins' in the first  
place. The Redskins?

George Preston Marshall gave them that name. Jack Kent Cooke and Daniel Snyder are the spineless, racists that defended the name since. Their actions dishonor all white people.

MACK

Right, and didn't Jim Thorpe, a Native American, kick everybody's ass, up in this sport? Ain't that a statue of his red ass on the front lawn of the Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio? Ain't it? I don't see no statue of Jack Kent Cooke's old wrinkled ass out in front of that bad boy.

They both have a laugh.

MACK

And this dirt-bag George Marshall got the nerve, the NERVE, to call his team the Redskins? Maybe Brother Jim was long-stroking one of them bow-legged Marshall girls.

Horace tries not to laugh but does. Cochise even coaxes a hi-five from him on that one. Mack shouts towards the ground.

MACK

Hey, George Marshall and Jack Kent Cooke, you racist, paleface, bastards. Stick your head out of the fires of hell long enough to kiss my red and black ass. No offense Shaman.

HORACE

None taken.

MACK

I CAN'T WAIT for this showdown. I dedicate all I'll do to Cousin Carson and Uncle Coby. We'll get some respect that day, even if we beat it into them, but how?

HORACE

The family will take care of  
Carson. Focus on the battle ahead.  
I've been waiting a very long time  
for such a day. Make me proud.

MACK

You got it. And, hey, did you to  
watch my new ad for the protest  
yet? It's pretty powerful.

HORACE

Your what?

MACK

Check this out. My homeboy Threadz  
helped me put this together.

INSERT - TV

The clip starts out the same as the commercial for MONDAY  
NIGHT FOOTBALL, except this is called, FRIDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL.  
Mack is comically dressed like HANK WILLIAMS JR.

MACK/HANK

Are you ready for some football?

The teams being advertised for the upcoming game are the NEW  
JERSEY JIGGABOOS and the TEXAS HONKY PIGS. Insulting cartoon  
mascots of each team dance around. Mack sings the melody of  
the MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL theme but inserts the names of the  
fictional teams, along with racial jabs.

The mascots fist-fight each other as the second half of the  
game between the NEW YORK YIDS and the LOS ANGELES WETBACKS  
is started. Degrading cartoon mascots parade across the  
screen. The song ends. Spotlight on Mack.

MACK

Now. Now you know how it feels.

The screen fades to black slowly.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

The soothing Native American music of R.CARLOS NAKAI plays  
over Mack's stereo. He rides through the Rez.

MACK

Come on, Cochise, think. What can we do to protest this exploitation of our people? Think, symbolic...

Cochise looks to the side and sees the Bureau of Indian Affairs Building. He slows down and stops. A huge smile crosses his face.

EXT. NATIVE AMERICAN STUDENT ASSOCIATION - DAY

The Arizona chapter of N.A.S.A. office is decorated in local Native American designs. Cochise strolls out of the front door smiling, he shakes hands and waves to the numerous Native Americans who escort him out.

MACK

Okay brothers, I'll meet you at the B.I.A. tomorrow, we'll be counting on you. Don't let me down.

EXT. BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS - DAY

Cochise watches a rigged up TV that is setup in the parking area. The local news station carries the unfolding story, live.

His friends Threadz, Victorio, Rashid, Ajamu and even Horace join him. Reporter, Denise Vidal and crew get ready.

People from the Rez and young students march. Some hold signs. They chant...

CROWD

Change the name...or we stop the game!

DENISE

Nice outfit Mr. Mack. Something special for the playoffs? What tribe is it from?

MACK

The lost and found tribe. These clothes have historical significance.

It is a replica of the outfit  
Hendrix wore at Woodstock. Jimi was  
part Cherokee you know.

He looks great in the fringed buckskin with the intricate  
bead work. The headband even matches. Many others in the  
crowd are adorning Native American fashions also.

MACK

The reason we are here isn't for a  
fashion show. We're here to protest  
the Washington football team using  
a derogatory slur for a name, that  
offends us to the core.

The crowd yells their approval.

MACK

Our demand is that they change the  
name, at least while they play in  
Arizona, then hopefully, for good.

DENISE

I see you have strong feelings  
about it.

MACK

It's a strong issue and it has been  
tolerated, far too long. If they  
don't come to terms now, prepare to  
see us at the stadium on Sunday.

DENISE

Why the Bureau of Indian Affairs  
Building?

MACK

To me, the B.I.A. stands for - the  
Breeding-ground for Indian  
Annihilation. They are supposed to  
protect our rights, they don't.  
They do the opposite. Their history  
is pure Klansman stuff. Relocating  
us, teaching our children to hate  
our culture and ripping us off  
every chance they get.

DENISE

How so?

MACK

There is presently a class action lawsuit against the B.I.A. for \$10 billion dollars in missing funds that were supposed to go to Native Americans. This nation needs to know, the world needs to know. If you care, come and take a stand.

INT. SKINHEAD HIDE-OUT - SAME TIME

Lester walks into the scuzzy hang-out and sits at a table with other skinheads. He pulls a bag out of his pocket filled with white powder.

LESTER

Straight from my brother Montague's lavish Meth lab, and straight into my hungry ass arm. I give you Arizona's finest crystal sensation.

He flops the bag on the table. In seconds, numerous spoons and syringes are readied. Lester pours some out on a mirror and starts to divide it up in lines.

LESTER

Hey honky. Turn on the TV.

The skinhead closet to the TV, turns it on. The situation at the B.I.A. is shown. Lester watches intently as he prepares a spoon for himself at the same time.

LESTER

That trouble making bastard. His cousin's stretched neck should have been a warning. I wish I would have shot him instead of his dumb-fuck daddy.

Cochise is seen on screen just as Lester's needle ejaculates into his bloodstream. Immediately, his eyes get big, veins on his head pop out.



LESTER

FUCK! FUCK! This is the perfect time to ice that monkey. Right now. National TV. YES! Let's take a stand for the Aryan race! You with me?

The skinhead crowd screams their approval as syringes get passed around.

SKINHEADS

YEAH!

LESTER

Good. Dose up, men. It's time for a holy war.

EXT. BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS - DAY

Cochise continues his interview.

MACK

Look at this place, it's a monument of dysfunction. Big and glitzy, but around it is squalor and poverty. And it's just as rotten on the inside. The bureau chief, Bitterman, got the job through crony-ism, he's incompetent and probably corrupt too. We want him out! Now!

The people gathered have a new chant.

CROWD

B.I.A....Go away...We don't need you anyway!

BITTERMAN (50s, white) emerges from a side door with a bullhorn in hand and security guard at his side.

BITTERMAN

Go home. This has gone far enough.  
The team owner has said he will  
never change his mind on this and  
he thinks the name redskin gives  
honor to your people. I can't  
change that. Go home!

CROWD

Booo!

BITTERMAN

If you don't leave soon...I'm  
calling the Feds.

Bitterman goes back into the building. The crowd starts  
chanting again.

CROWD

B.I.A....Go away...We don't need  
you anyway!

Soon the chanting is cut off. Cochise looks over to see  
dozens of skinheads armed with clubs. They attack the  
protesters. Denise and crew broadcast it live. Cochise finds  
Iva.

MACK

Get the women and kids into the  
building, now!

Women are handled by the thugs just as brutally as the men.  
Threadz, Victorio, Ajamu and Rashid can take no more and go  
out to defend the people from the invaders.

Cochise picks up a rock a bit larger than a softball, then  
takes his buckskin jacket off. He puts the rock in the jacket  
and uses it as a sling. He swings it over his head and slams  
it into a skinhead's back. It knocks him flat.

MACK

Hey Rashid. King David is in the  
house.

He swings his weapon into another skinhead's gut, he doubles  
over and collapses.

The fighting continues and it looks like the skinheads have the upper hand. Bloody faces appear in the crowd. One of them, Joseph Red Thunder's mom.

RED THUNDER  
AAAHHH..MOMMY...NOOOO!

Her body collapses into a ball, bright red on jet black hair. The boy runs to his mother. Iva takes her medical bag and kneels down to help her.

On the way, to see his mom, the child is cracked, full force on the back of the head by a skinhead. He goes down, out cold. A TV cameraman captures it all.

An enraged Cochise Mack pushes the abusive bald bastard to the ground. He cannot see his face.

MACK  
COME ON PUNK. I'M THE ONE YOU WANT.  
YOU DISGUSTING BUNCH OF NAZIS JUST  
BEAT ON WOMEN AND CHILDREN OR WHAT?

The skinhead turns around.

THREADZ  
Yo Mack, that's that punk Lester  
that shot your Pops and killed  
Carson. Beat his ass like Geronimo  
would.

Several other skinheads start to converge on Mack.

MACK  
It's payback time, Lester. I've  
been waiting all my life for this.

Victorio's roughnecks from the Rez rush to Mack's side, game faces on. They start to beat on the stray skinheads.

LESTER  
If it ain't that nigger injun  
himself. Now, you and your daddy  
can sit in matching wheelchairs.

MACK

You got a bald head and a few  
tattoos but your still just a  
little bitch to me. Lets' do this.

LESTER

Bitch, huh? Watch this bitch cut  
you in half, boy.

Lester pulls out a knife and lunges at Cochise, it nicks his chest, blood trickles. Lester smiles.

He lunges again. Mack moves to the side, knees him in the stomach, elbows the back of his head and knocks him down hard.

As Lester gets to his feet, Cochise slams his buckskin hammer into his gut. Little Hitler goes down on one knee.

MACK

AAAHHHHH ... You friggin' Nazi  
fuck! That was for Carson. This  
one's for daddy!

Lester stands up, just in time to catch a thunderous blow to the jaw from the retooled Hendrix jacket. Cochise knocks him, smooth-the-fuck, out.

From the road, a brightly painted bus with, AMERICAN INDIAN MOVEMENT pulls up. Twenty battle ready warriors emerge and jump into the fray.

Soon buses that proclaim, SENECA NATION, CHEROKEE NATION, LAKOTA NATION, CHOCTAW NATION and YAQUI NATION pull up and a hundred angry Native Americans converge on the skinheads.

They yell in unison as they attack the brutes. Although unarmed, they begin to crush the skinheads. Carloads of blacks, whites and Chicanos join the Native Americans in their skirmish against the neo-Nazis.

The Skinheads lose ground quick. They run for their cars. Soon tribal police get there and give chase.

MACK

Everybody inside! We're retaking  
this building.

The crowd roars their approval and clamor to get inside the B.I.A Building. Mack joins them.

INT. BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Once inside, many people congratulate Mack.

BEN

Hi, Cochise. My name is Ben, I'm from the Yaqui tribe. The Nations were having a huge Pow-wow near Tucson. When we heard the news, we dashed right over.

MACK

Just in time too. Glad you came, Ben.

RASHID

This kinda reminds me of the siege at Wounded Knee with Russell Means, in the Seventies.

MACK

No guns this time.

HORACE

We're gonna start a Ghost Dance in the lobby. Come join us.

IVA

I need him upstairs now. It's important, Cochise. Hurry!

Cochise and Iva sprint up the stairs. The drumming and chants from the Ghost Dance are heard in the background.

INT. BITTERMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

They enter the lavish office. Mack is handed a stuffed Manila envelope.

IVA

We don't know where Bitterman is but we found this on his desk. Look.

Denise and the film crew follow in behind Cochise and begin broadcasting again. Neatly stacked hundred dollar bills are inside with a note to Bitterman. Cochise reads it.

MACK

Hey Bitterman. Thanks for your help with the redskins. We never would have gotten the okay for mining this shithole if it wasn't for you. Signed, your friends at Harry Burton Construction.

IVA

There must be about \$20 thousand dollars here.

BITTERMAN

Get out of there! Give that back now.

Bitterman comes out of the bathroom.

MACK

Iva, take it downstairs, run!

Iva runs out the door and down the stairs. Bitterman tries to chase her but is knocked down by Cochise.

BITTERMAN

No! Get back here!

MACK

It's over, Bitterman. We got it all on film anyway.

DENISE

Good news, Cochise. Look at my monitor.

INSERT - TV SCREEN

The ANCHORMAN reads from his notes.

## ANCHORMAN

We're getting word from Washington that team owner, Daniel Snyder has agreed to suspend the use of the name redskin while in Arizona, sighting public safety concerns. A temporary name has yet to be picked but it will be sensitive to regional cultures.

## BACK TO SCENE

The Indians in the office celebrate and shout for joy. Bitterman tries to sneak out. Men in FBI JACKETS meet him at the door.

## BITTERMAN

Good, the Feds are here. Get Chief Yahoo and the rest of them out of my building and in jail where they belong.

## FBI AGENT

We're not here for them. We came for you, Mr. Bitterman. We hereby place you under arrest. Read him his rights in the car fellas.

Bitterman struggles but is cuffed and taken downstairs. Cochise smiles.

## MACK

I guess the Ghost Dance worked this time, huh? Let's go home.

Cochise Mack leaves the office. He thrusts his fist in the air in a power salute.

## THE END