

Black.

A mechanical BEEP signals.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. RIVER BASIN - DAY

1

A metal detector skims across red mud and pebbles. Muddy feet clad in raggedy flip flops follow close behind.

The BEEP increases cadence, rising to a fever pitch. The detector and flip flops stop in their tracks.

A hand dips into frame and digs.

The hand stops, retrieves a metal object from the mud.

A rusty fish hook.

JAX (Native American, 30's), stands on the perimeter of a small river looking down at the hook in her hand. She exhales a puff of smoke from the limp joint pressed at her lips and attaches the hook to her backpack.

She crouches down at the waters edge and pulls her heavy braid up with one hand, splashing cool water on her Oklahoma Thunder jersey.

She peers over her shoulder.

A few yards away, ROKI (Native American, 11), balances a large white bucket between her summer-scraped knees as she squats in the river.

She slowly flips a stone over, searching. Nothing. She flips another. Nothing. The third stone flips and Roki's hand darts beneath the surface of the water. It comes back out, holding a struggling crawdaddy behind the pincers.

She tosses it into the bucket to join a pile of other creek critters and a large black snake.

2 EXT. TREE GROVE - DAY

2

Jax hunches down under a grove of trees with Roki beside her.

Jax pulls a milkweed pod off of a plant, holding it up for Roki to see.

(All dialogue in italics spoken in the Cayuga language.)

JAX

*Pull here and you won't kill the
plant, okay?*

She places the pod in her open backpack on the ground next to their feet.

Jax pushes a plant toward Roki. Roki mimics Jax's technique and pulls another pod.

3 EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

3

Jax and Roki walk through the woods hauling their take.

Jax notices a FISHERMAN (white, 50's) casting his reel on the other side of the river.

She stops walking, signaling Roki in the direction of the man. Roki quietly puts down her bucket, takes off her flip flops, and enters the water.

Jax scales a nearby ravine and positions herself in the fisherman's direct sightline. The trap works. He notices her right away.

Jax continues her siren act, stripping off her jersey to reveal a well-worn sports bra. She hasn't shaved her armpits in a while, maybe not ever. The fisherman is transfixed.

Water drips off Roki's soaked clothes as she creeps up behind the man and closes in on his unattended tackle box.

Jax eyes her protégé's progress and ups the ante, peeling off her shorts to display her fitted, men's boxer briefs.

Roki moves in for the steal, snagging the fisherman's wallet, wedding ring, and keys from the top of the tackle box.

4 EXT. RESERVATION, DIRT ROAD - DAY

4

Jax and Roki break through the tree line and wrestle two bikes out of the nearby bushes.

Jax looks up the road to her left. Nothing. She looks to her right and there it is: a shiny, new black truck. Jax speeds off in that direction and Roki follows.

JAX

Hurry.

They hoist everything into the bed of the truck. Roki climbs in too.

5 INT./EXT. FORD TRUCK/ RESERVATION COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 5

Jax checks her mirrors as she drives through the red, dusty landscape.

Oil pump-jacks bob in the distance. A green sign declares that this is the Seneca-Cayuga Reservation.

Roki stands in the bed of the truck, belly pressed against the cab, arms outstretched in a 'V' for victory. Roki has the black snake held high, coiled around her wrists as she whoops into the hot highway unrolling in front of them.

6 INT./EXT. FORD TRUCK/ RESERVATION GAS STATION - DAY 6

Jax drives the truck into a gas station parking lot that opens up into a junkyard filled with crushed vehicles.

A MECHANIC (Native American, 20's) leans up against a garage door, smoking a cigarette.

Jax nods and without missing a beat, the mechanic pushes a button and the door opens. Jax drives in and the mechanic closes the garage behind them.

7 INT. RESERVATION GAS STATION - DAY 7

BOO (Native American, 50's) overflows onto a small stool behind the gas station counter. He surveys the ring and watch.

Roki notices Jax has her arms folded across her chest. She mimics the posture.

BOO
I'll give you forty for the gold and
three for the bait.

JAX
I was thinkin' fifty.

ROKI
I was thinkin' five.

BOO
Forty-five and three fifty. Tops.

JAX
Fine.

ROKI
Fine.

Boo counts out the cash and hands it over.

BOO
And the boost?

Jax looks toward the garage.

BOO (CONT'D)
Let's see it.

Boo hobbles out from behind the counter and walks toward the garage. Jax glares at Roki to stay put as she follows him out.

Once the adults are out of sight, Roki pulls a candy bar off of the shelf and rips it open with her teeth. She tries to peek into the garage on her tippy-toes but it's a no-go.

Roki meanders around the store eating the candy bar. She stops in front of a community bulletin board covered in business cards and flyers.

Her gaze lands on the image of a young woman who is mostly obscured by other announcements.

Roki clears everything away to reveal "MISSING" scrawled in black magic marker on the top of the flyer. Roki stares at the poster as she finishes her candy bar.

8 INT. RESERVATION SENIOR CENTER - AFTERNOON

8

Jax sets up a folding table in a busy multi-purpose room.

In one corner, A group of ELDERS eat Indian tacos from pastel cafeteria trays.

In the other, a group of ELDER WOMEN struggle to keep up with a chipper AEROBICS INSTRUCTOR.

Roki occupies herself at an empty table with three walnut shells. She places a piece of dried corn underneath one of them and shuffles the shells around trying to keep track of the corn.

Jax unpacks the backpack full of herbs and puts out a donation jar. An ELDER WOMAN approaches.

ELDER WOMAN

Do you have anymore of that red clover?

JAX

Your knee acting up again?

ELDER WOMAN

My knees, my hips and everything else.

Jax throws some red clover in a paper bag and passes it over.

JAX

Just brew that in with your tea.

ELDER WOMAN

Nya:weh.

JAX

Nyoh. Oh and here...

Jax pulls a small stack of missing posters out of the backpack and passes one to the woman.

ELDER WOMAN

That's okay, I've still got them others you gave me last week.

JAX (CONT'D)

This one's different. Has my new phone number down at the bottom.