

REDWOODS

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FADE IN:

1

EXT. REDWOOD FOREST - NIGHT

1

PRELAP - RUNNING and HEAVY BREATHING.

SOMEONE runs through the forest at night, their flashlight dances helter-skelter on trees ahead.

It's F.B.I. Agent EVA YANG, 38, determined, sweaty, hauling ass with her weapon drawn.

Trees whip by and draw blood on her face.

She slows to a stop.

Listens. Catches her breath.

It's a dark labyrinth. She hunts the woods with her flashlight.

Quick - a glimpse of her target as they disappear over a small rise.

Yang sprints.

FOLLOWING FROM BEHIND, she tears onward, disappears over the same brow.

On the other side she trips, the flashlight tumbles, her gun, too.

YANG

Fuck!

Yang gets back up, finds the flashlight, feels for the gun, nothing, keeps going without it.

She's breathing hard.

Stops again to listen.

Silence.

She scans the forest with the flashlight in all directions.

There - small branches and twigs quiver.

She scrambles in that direction. The light shows barely a foot path.

She jukes around trees, avoids rocks, pushes through shrubs, charges hard ahead.

A KNIFE swings out from behind a massive Redwood tree and sinks into Yang's stomach. Her flashlight hits the ground.

Yang's momentum carries her into the arms of her prey.

The dark shadows obscure the person's true identity. They hug her and guide her to the ground, the red and black painted face right next to hers.

They remove the knife and place her hands on the wound.

They kiss her lips and whisper in her ear MOS, disappear.

Yang lies there alone in the dark, hands holding her stomach. The flashlight beam cuts across her face, eyes wide in fear.

BARKING dogs track in the distance.

FADE TO BLACK.

2 EXT. REDWOODS NATIONAL FOREST - DAY 2

An EAGLE'S EYE view flying above a vast section of Redwoods National Forest.

TITLE: WHEN THE FIRST PEOPLE DIED THEY BECAME ALL THE PLANTS AND ANIMALS IN THE WORLD. THE ELDERS BECAME REDWOODS - CRIMSON COLORED TO REMIND EVERYONE THAT WE ARE ALL OF THE SAME BLOOD.

Wind rushes and branches shimmy.

LOWER, tree tops whiz by as the Eagle descends and circles in an artful and skilled path and lands on a lower branch.

On the FOREST FLOOR a circle of stones surrounds a motionless body. A fog blurs the landscape.

A MURMUR of incantation lifts above the wind.

3 EXT. FOREST FLOOR - DAY 3

The pallid face of an overweight man in his 50's. Rocks outline his body.

TITLE: SIX MONTHS LATER

The MURMUR grows louder, yet still indistinct. Neither male nor female in tone.

Red and black painted hands with long graceful fingers reach in and smear blood on the cheeks of the victim.

## THE KILLER

From behind, the killer sits astride the body and struggles to do something to the victim's head.

A headdress of a few feathers, a bear claw, and some beadwork holds back long black hair.

The killer stands and examines the victim.

A face blurs by - red and black - too fast for recognition. Closed hands ooze blood.

## THE VICTIM

The eyes have been removed, and without precision.

4 EXT. A ROAD THROUGH THE FOREST - DAY 4

A rented recreational vehicle tows a Jeep along a narrow forest road. Wide Redwood tree trunks crowd the pavement.

5 INT./EXT. THE R.V. - DAY 5

Yang drives, her dog Tango rides shotgun. She's a medium-sized black and white dog with sunglasses strapped to her head and a black bow tied to her collar.

The song "Come on Ride the Train" blasts over the stereo and Yang dances in her seat - hands on and off the steering wheel, head keeping tempo.

She is Korean-American with a delicate frame.

YANG

(sings along)

Ride that choo choo!

(pulls an imaginary train  
whistle)

Woo! Woo!

Through the windshield, the surrounding forest grabs Yang's attention: dark, deep, dank.

YANG (CONT'D)

(somber for a second)

This would be a good place for a  
murder.

(back to singing)

Woo! Woo!

4 The curves tussle Yang and Tango left and right. Items in 4  
the back RATTLE, CLANK, and ROLL.

The RV careens around a bend and encounters a SEA OF  
PROTESTORS marching in the road.

YANG (CONT'D)

Sheee-it!

She stands on the brakes - Tango slams into the dash and  
lands in the floor as the RV CLANGS to a stop.

Unfazed, Tango jumps back into her seat and BARKS at the  
CROWD.

CHRISSY YELLOWTAIL, 28, a drippy RED HAND painted across her  
face and mouth, leads PROTESTORS. She's built like a power  
forward in the WNBA. Imposing, confident, and intense,  
Yellowtail shouts through a MEGAPHONE.

YELLOWTAIL

(into megaphone)

Exist! Resist! Rise!

PROTESTORS

(answering chant)

Indigenous women rising!

They ENGULF Eva, Tango, and the RV as they MARCH.

- All have the RED HAND painted on their faces
- One carries and BEATS a DRUM
- Others have walking staffs, rain sticks, noise makers
- A banner reads: INDIGENOUS UPRISING

YELLOWTAIL

Stop the killing! Find the missing!  
Justice for the murdered!

PROTESTORS

Indigenous women rising!

YELLOWTAIL

Kill or be killed!

PROTESTORS

Indigenous women rising!

A HAND SLAMS against Yang's window - it's painted red and  
belongs to Yellowtail. She makes eye contact with Yang, her  
eyes wild against flowing black hair.

FLASH - EVA RECALLS BEING STABBED

The killer's wild eyes and flowing black hair. Yellowtail's face and hair with the red hand morph into the red face of the killer as they guide Yang to the ground and whisper into her ear.

Could the killer be female?

END FLASH.

Yellowtail whispers something MOS and winks at Yang, keeps moving.

The next protestor also puts their hand on the window as she passes. Others follow suit, one red hand after another.

Some INDIVIDUALS speak as they pass. JOIN US SISTER, I'VE BEEN RAPED, MY MOM WAS MURDERED, KILL OR BE KILLED, ELDERS ARE SPEAKING.

Tango BARKS nonstop.

YANG  
(to herself)  
What if I overlooked the  
possibility...

The last protestors are three Native men. They wear simple headdresses, have their faces painted, and move in a modified Eagle Dance. Their chant is low and haunting, arms extended at alternating angles to mimic Eagles gliding through air.

DANCERS  
Whey-ha-ya-da-na-nah, Whey-ha-ya-da-  
na-nah, Whey-ha-ya-da-na-nah.

The ritual dance mesmerizes Yang.

The dancers pass, leaving the RV alone in the road.

Tango WHIMPERS off screen.

6 EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

6

Massive trees squeeze the RV but leave a small clearing for the fire pit and a picnic table.

Yang unfolds a camp chair by the fire ring and Tango lays under the picnic table.

A white golf cart pulls up and the Camp Host, a Native American named NODIN AKECHETA, 55, gets out.

Tango stands and GROWLS.

Lean, tan, and dirty, Akecheta drops wood by the fire pit.

His left eye stares straight ahead, hazy white. Three scars rip down that side of his cheek to his jawline.

AKECHETA

Two bundles.

YANG

Thanks.

She walks into the RV. He stands and looks at the dog.

Yang comes back out with bottles of vodka and cranberry juice.

She slows her stride to the picnic table.

YANG (CONT'D)

What? Oh, are you waiting on a tip?

AKECHETA

No.

YANG

Then what?

AKECHETA

It's not common for a woman to camp alone.

Yang takes her time and pours the vodka a bit rich, adds a splash of cranberry, and rolls the cup.

She studies Akecheta while she takes a sip.

AKECHETA (CONT'D)

Watch out for bears - they're why tents aren't allowed.

Yang walks back toward the Jeep.

He keeps his distance but follows.

AKECHETA (CONT'D)

A bear took this eye from me. You can't see or hear them at night.

She starts disconnecting the Jeep from the RV.

AKECHETA (CONT'D)

Want some help?

YANG

No. I want you to move on so I can finish setting up before dark.

He stares at the gun on her hip.

YANG (CONT'D)

Now what?

AKECHETA

Those aren't allowed.

YANG

I'm a Federal Agent.

Akecheta doesn't budge.

She pulls her badge from her hip pocket and holds it up for him. He's too far away to actually inspect it.

AKECHETA

You here to investigate our missing and murdered sisters?

YANG

I don't discuss my work.

He turns and walks back to his golf cart. She watches him until he drives off.

Next she scans until she finds Tango, still laying under the table watching.

YANG (CONT'D)

Thanks for the back-up.

She bends back over the tow bar.

It has a warning label: TWO PEOPLE REQUIRED.

She uses both hands to remove the cotter pins that hold the tow bar to the Jeep.

The second one remains torqued and immovable. She BANGS it out with a hammer. The heavy steel frame SLAMS to the ground, a half-inch from her foot.

YANG (CONT'D)

Damn it.

Tango gets up and growls in the direction of the tree line. She pulls her leash taut and BARKS.

Tango watches a SHADOW step behind a tree.



FROM THE FOREST

A SHADOW with a red-painted palm pulls back branches and surveys the campsite.

Tango BARKS non-stop. Yang walks over to calm her down.

YANG (CONT'D)  
That'll do, that'll do.

Tango keeps barking until Yang pets her.

She GROWLS but contains her bark to a HURUMPFH.

Yang looks into the trees. The forest closes in quick from sheer density of undergrowth.

After a second, she moves to the fire pit.

7 EXT. YANG'S JEEP - DAY

7

Yang drives through dense grey fog. She turns the fog lights on to see the actual road.

She passes a Visitor's Center and sees law enforcement vehicles and crime scene tape.

YANG  
Bingo.

Tango looks out the other window.

Yang makes a quick u-turn, pulls in and parks.

Her glovebox contains a few basics: nitrile gloves, a flashlight, evidence bags. She takes the flashlight and gloves.

A few officers in the background enter the building.

She walks to the crime scene and flashes her badge to a uniformed cop. He lifts the tape for her.

The tree canopy and mist block most of the sun.

Yang's hands shake; she struggles to pull on the gloves.

Her flashlight studies the crime scene. It's the victim from earlier.

The body rests at the base of a Redwood tree. She studies its width, looks up to see the top, can't.

She scans the ground with the flashlight. No disturbances.

Moving to the Redwood, Yang turns to see the Visitor's Center, the parking lot, a game camera around a smaller tree.

She sweeps her flashlight along the doughy corpse, stops at the eyes. She kneels.

One hand covers his mouth and points at a missing eye.

The other holds a small piece of turquoise.

Yang's light lands on brown blood behind the corpse's head.

Dark dried blood stains a rock at the victim's right ear.

She stands and takes photos of key details.

- The raw and sunken eye sockets.

- The hand on the face.

- The body circled in stones.

- The bloody rock.

Yang turns again to the setting. A wooden, weathered sign with the word REDWOODS and an arrow points in her direction.

Her hands still quake. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath, exhales slowly.

Does it again.

A third time.

Her hands settle. She ducks under the crime tape and walks toward the visitor's center. After ten feet she stops and looks back.

The curvature of the tree line hides the victim.

Yang moves to the right toward the parking lot, keeping her eye on the crime scene.

A small rise in the ground also hides the victim.

As she studies the site, SHERIFF EDWINA TACKETT (48) walks up next to her, mouth talking MOS.

TACKETT  
(in mid sentence)  
...and that's what we know so far.

Tackett's talking penetrates Yang's train of thought.

TACKETT (CONT'D)  
 You got here awful fast, I just  
 notified ya'll a few hours ago.

Still sharply focused, Yang answers on auto-pilot.

YANG  
 Sorry, sheriff. I'm on vacation in  
 the area and could get on scene  
 quicker. The rest...

TACKETT  
 ...will be here tomorrow, got it.  
 Ain't this something?

Tackett steps toward the building. Yang stays a second,  
 ponders, follows along.

8 INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - DAY

8

A group of uniformed men study a map of the area. Yang reads  
 the room, eyes the BADGES, takes a deep breath.

Tackett pours Yang a cup of coffee and they join them.

TACKETT  
 It's not great.

YANG  
 Warm and caffeinated.

TACKETT  
 Agent Yang, a Profiler with the  
 F.B.I.

Tackett goes in order.

TACKETT (CONT'D)  
 Reservation Elder Dakota Rainwater,  
 Park Ranger Kevin Olsen, and  
 Junior. He's with me.

Rainwater, 61, fiercely handsome, with a sophisticated air,  
 turquoise in thin wrist cuffs and a pendant.

Olsen, 58, gaunt and lanky, in an ill-fitted uniform.

Junior, 24, a pasty, baby-faced cadet.

YANG

The crime scene matches the M. O. of an unsub we've been tracking, the Redwoods Killer.

Concern washes over the faces of the group.

OLSEN

What's he do with the eyes?

YANG

That's new.

OLSEN

How can you be sure it's the same perp?

YANG

It takes a long time to carefully create this kind of scene. Someone else wouldn't risk it.

TACKETT

How'd he get the body over there without any drag marks? It's like the vic was dropped in place from the sky.

YANG

Forensics will have to answer that.

YANG (CONT'D)

We think the unsub is a male. He uses older Native American symbolism in his rituals.

Rainwater clenches his jaw, looks to Yang.

RAINWATER

You know, using our culture to commit crimes does not mean he is a Native American.

YANG

No, but we've been consulting with an expert in Native American cultures.

RAINWATER

An expert, or an actual Native American?

YANG

Both. Dr. Henry Whitefish, a professor of Anthropology.

RAINWATER

That quack? He's not native, just another white person appropriating our culture when it suits them.

YANG

Oh, well, what can I say, he identifies as Lakota when working with us.

RAINWATER

(scoffs)

It's a lie, but why believe me, an actual Native?

Tackett puts her hand on Rainwater's shoulder.

TACKETT

Probably did one of those DNA tests you see on TV and it came back one percent Native American.

YANG

At present, Dr. Whitefish points to several nuances that lead us to believe the unsub is Native American...

RAINWATER

...Or has access to the internet.

YANG

He has an unusual target for a serial killer: middle-aged white men.

OLSEN

What's his motive?

YANG

Retaliation for murdered Native women.

OLSEN

Again, doesn't make him Native.

Yang lets it linger for a second.

YANG

I got close to catching him. Face painted red and black, long dark hair, a Native headdress. If it was a costume, it was a damn good one.

RAINWATER

Word on the Rez is he's trying to trigger an uprising, that true?

YANG

Elders tell him his actions will trigger a National outcry to end the violence against Native women.

RAINWATER

I'm an Elder.

YANG

Guessing you haven't made any such decrees?

RAINWATER

No, but here you are trying to stop a Native from killing white men while ignoring the white men raping and killing our Native sisters.

YANG

It's complicated.

RAINWATER

I bet.

YANG

I ran into a protest yesterday, anything you can tell me about Indigenous Women Rising?

RAINWATER

Passionate group, tired of being murdered, kidnapped, raped, and swept under the rug. Using non-violent protest to raise awareness and demand action.

YANG

Maybe there's a connection. One said to me, the "Elders are speaking," what do you make of that?

RAINWATER

Means we're saying we've had enough.

YANG

Seems to match the killer's motivation.

RAINWATER

Everyone should feel like we've had enough.

TACKETT

Look, most everyone around here is Native by blood or kin. We're all tired of the abuse we suffer, but your angle that this is an actual Native, well, it just doesn't square.

YANG

How so?

TACKETT

Natives aren't serial killers.

YANG

Always a first.

OLSEN

If you don't mind me asking, how'd he get away?

YANG

What?

OLSEN

If you got close to catching him, how'd he get away?

Yang raises her shirt slightly and reveals the fresh scar on her stomach.

RAINWATER

There's the bias.

TACKETT

And, why you're on vacation.

Tackett starts toward the door to dismiss Yang from the room.

TACKETT (CONT'D)

Thank you for sharing what you know.

Yang hesitates but takes the hint and walks with Tackett.

RAINWATER

There's a marine layer coming in soon. Watch yourself.

She doesn't look back and walks faster than she wants.

9 INT./EXT. JEEP - DAY

9

Despite fighting against it, she cries once she's in the Jeep.

She rips out of the parking lot in a huff.

A short distance away, she stops in a pull out near a stand of Redwoods.

Yang SCREAMS and beats the steering wheel with her fists.

She sees herself in the rearview mirror and knocks it off the windshield.

Tango whimpers.

Yang jumps out, SLAMS the door, opens it and SLAMS it harder, storms around the Jeep taking deep breaths.

Her breathing starts working and she calms down a little.

She stops in front of the Jeep and SMACKS her hand down on the hood.

YANG

Dammit!

Another SLAP of the hood.

YANG (CONT'D)

(an angry whisper)

They looked at me like I was some kind of wilted flower.

With her outstretched hands on the Jeep and her head facing the ground, a passerby would think she was throwing up.

10 EXT. EVA'S CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

10

Darkness engulfs the campsite, except for a small circle around a campfire. It's large, hypnotic.



Yang sits back in a camp chair, vodka and cranberry bottles at her feet.

YANG

(mocks)

I'm an Elder, you're an Elder.  
Wouldn't you like to be an Elder,  
too? Ancient Elders, asshole.

Yang stares at the flames. They become the blur of trees whizzing by.

FLASHBACK - CHASING THE KILLER

Back on the trail of the killer. The fire light fades and trees whiz by in the darkness. Her thoughts fragment.

- She trips and drops her gun and flashlight.
- Get's back up and runs, her light bounces off trees.
- She stands still, the red and black face next to hers.
- Flashes to black.
- The face of a MALE AGENT, fear in his face, he yells MOS into his radio. Later, we learn this is Reed Bandon.
- Dogs BARK.

END FLASHBACK.

Back at the campsite, the dog BARKS get louder - it's Tango at the edge of the campsite again.

Yang stumbles to get out of her chair. The chair goes one way and she the other, both end up capsized on the ground.

She gets back up, steadies herself for a moment, shines her flashlight into the darkness.

It dances like in her dream, lands on nothing.

Movement, but she's not fast enough to follow it.

11

FROM THE FOREST

11

A SHADOW sees the fear on Yang's face and ducks behind a Redwood tree as her flashlight lands on it.

12 EXT. YANG'S JEEP - DAY

12

The next morning, Yang drives into town. She opens a prescription bottle, fishes out a pill, chases it with coffee.

She pulls into the Moonstone Cafe and parks with a cluster of similar looking sedans.

YANG  
(to herself)  
Hello friends.

13 INT. MOONSTONE CAFE - DAY

13

The diner is a leftover from the 1940s. Probably last cleaned then, too. A jukebox plays Sea of Heartbreak to a mostly empty room.

Three over-dressed MEN and one WOMAN gather at a large round table and chat over coffee.

The FBI team, led by REED BANDON, 36. His agents are MARIO LOPEZ, 38, JAKE CHO, 33, and WANDA HAMPTON, 39.

Yang enters, looking haggard but flashing a smile.

YANG  
It's about time you losers showed up.

BANDON  
Holy heck, you're supposed to be on a beach somewhere.

Bandon's eyes light up, he flashes an authentic smile, watches her move to the table.

YANG  
Yep, hung out to dry for being a woman.

Lopez and Cho exchange uncomfortable looks. Hampton nods in agreement.

BANDON  
What? You think...

YANG  
You damn well know if I was male, they'd send me back out there the day I left the hospital.

YANG (CONT'D)

Hell, they'd have the docs speed up my release.

BANDON

I don't know, it's a new Bureau.

YANG

Same sexist shitheads at the helm.

Lopez goes to the WAITRESS, 51, gets another cup of coffee, adds a chair at the table.

Yang sits and reads faces. Lingers on Bandon, their eyes meet, both force a smile. She looks at the worn floors and water stains on the ceiling.

YANG (CONT'D)

This is quaint.

Quick with the drink, Lopez wants to redirect the conversation.

LOPEZ

Still having nightmares?

YANG

I'm fine. Well, except for the camping.

BANDON

It's great to see you. I mean, you look good.

YANG

Just good?

BANDON

A little dirty...

YANG

Yeah well, I didn't pack my Men-in-Black starter kit.

A laugh.

Yang takes another hungry sip of coffee.

YANG (CONT'D)

Seriously, I was about to give up on finding good coffee.

Hampton is Yang's replacement, a profiler, but also a colleague.

HAMPTON

You hate camping but rented an RV?

YANG

I was enjoying the nauseating roads  
and nasty bathrooms right up until  
yesterday.

The waitress arrives and starts delivering food.

BANDON

Order something, we're buying.

YANG

I visited the crime scene and  
talked to the locals. This is my  
guy.

The others eat. Bandon grinds butter into his toast.

BANDON

You mean *our* guy.

Yang doesn't respond, but glares at Bandon.

BANDON (CONT'D)

You gotta let it go.

Bandon stuffs a forkful of eggs in his mouth and takes the  
time to chew and swallow.

Yang's hand trembles as she takes another drink of coffee.

YANG

Come on, I'm on leave, and our  
unsub targets someone right where  
I'm staying? That's not a  
coincidence.

Everyone keeps eating.

BANDON

Tell me about it. You could have  
gone anywhere and yet you chose to  
set-up right in the middle of his  
playground.

YANG

Doc said fresh air, fewer people.

BANDON

Well, you have to stay away on this  
one. He almost killed you.

YANG

Right. But why didn't he?

BANDON

Not his type, you know, middle aged, fat, white guys.

YANG

I've been thinking. What if he's a she?

Bandon rolls his eyes.

BANDON

Hampton's taken over as the Profiler, it's not personal to her.

YANG

God dammit, this is not about Hampton. What if I whiffed on the gender?

HAMPTON

Not likely. Few women serial killers, the targets and rituals take strength, the headdress, the first encounter. Either way, not your problem.

She leers at Bandon.

BANDON

Are you going to be a problem?

YANG

Not if you keep me in the loop...unofficially.

BANDON

No. We can't keep you in the loop, but we'll get him for you, okay?

YANG

*For me?* Fuck you. I thought I could count on you. You were the one person I trusted. But you're just another bureaucrat, a real Boy Scout.

Bandon recoils and looks at Yang with concern. Everyone else stops eating and also looks at her.

Yang stands and starts to leave.

YANG (CONT'D)  
 (to Hampton)  
 Watch out for these boys. They'll  
 make all the mistakes, but it'll be  
 your fault when the killer gets  
 away.

Yang storms toward the door.

BANDON  
 Eagle Scout.

YANG  
 (turning back)  
 What did you say?

BANDON  
 I was an Eagle Scout.

She flips him off and bursts through the door.

14 INT./EXT. YANG'S JEEP - DAY 14

Yang drives and cries, whipping the Jeep around curves.

She bounces through the campground, passes a 5 M.P.H. sign, a few unoccupied sites, and finally pulls in behind her camper.

The Jeep slides into the back bumper of the RV.

Wiping her eyes and walking at the speed of anger, she absently snatches a NOTE attached to the RV's door and stomps inside.

15 INT. RV - CONTINUOUS 15

Space is tight in the RV, her movement, efficient.

She slings the note down on the table.

Grabs vodka from one cabinet, a mug from another, cranberry juice from the fridge, an easy slide into the dinette.

She looks at her WATCH: 11:11 a.m.

She puts down the bottle and starts pacing in the four feet of aisle in the RV.

YANG  
 Fuck it!

She pours herself a shot, kills it, pours another.

Yang opens the seat base and removes a box. She does the same to the other side.

She stands and stares at the boxes. Her hands shake again.

Yang takes out photos, notes, and maps from the boxes and starts building a murder board.

She pulls the curtain to the over-cab bunk and pins up photos of the male victims.

One by one, five photos go up. Tango hides under the dinette table.

She tapes a large map above the sofa.

Yang fills her glass and turns back to the storyboard. It has filled out more, marking the passage of time.

Curtain and cabinets are covered. The dinette, a cluttered desk.

A COLOR PRINT comes off her inkjet - Chrissy Yellowtail. She pins it to the murder board.

Yang checks her WATCH: 3:21. And sees the note.

She starts to open it when her phone RINGS.

Looking at her phone: BANDON.

YANG (CONT'D)

Shit.

Yang goes outside for better reception.

16 EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY 16

Yang answers and walks over to the picnic table.

17 INT. BANDON'S CAR - SAME 17

Bandon's in his parked car with the window down. He watches Yang.

INTERCUT - TELEPHONE CONVERSATION

YANG

What?

BANDON  
Hey, just checking on you, are you  
okay?

YANG  
Yeah.

BANDON  
You've never lost your cool like  
that.

YANG  
I've never been sidelined before.  
It's bullshit!

BANDON  
Or P.T.S.D. Come on, you need a  
little break, take it easy.

Silence.

BANDON (CONT'D)  
I miss you.

YANG  
Don't.

BANDON  
I'm serious. I think about you all  
the time.

Yang doesn't respond.

BANDON (CONT'D)  
Look, I'll share what I can, but  
keep it between us.

YANG  
Fine.

BANDON  
Let's catch up at lunch tomorrow,  
just us, as friends. Get back on  
good footing.

YANG  
Okay.

END INTERCUT.



18 INT./EXT. BANDON'S CAR - DAY 18

After disconnecting with Yang, Bandon searches his contacts to find: DIRECTOR JILL TURNER and hits CALL.

BANDON  
(into phone)  
I'm meeting with Yang tomorrow.

He's silent as Turner talks MOS.

BANDON (CONT'D)  
No. She won't be a problem.

He keeps watching Yang's campsite.

19 INT. RV - DAY 19

Yang returns to her seat and unrolls the NOTE.

Her eyes go wide - it's from the KILLER.

INSERT - THE NOTE, which Yang reads.

YANG  
"Hello Eva. I have missed you.  
Unlike the soulless who cannot see  
their own aggressions, you  
understand. You still have a soul  
and will be the voice of reason for  
our cause." Holy shit.

She opens a folded piece of paper, a poem, reads it.

20 MONTAGE - CIRCLE OF ELDERS - DAY 20

We skim across the forest to a clearing made by a circle of eight huge Redwoods.

YANG (V.O.)  
The Mighty Elders, rooted across  
the eons, guide me through great  
fires.

There's a rock altar in the center next to an open pit.

YANG (V.O.)  
They compel me to awaken our  
kindred to unite and preserve the  
sisters who sustains us.

FROM ABOVE, an altar and pit combine to appear like a human heart.

YANG (V.O.)  
Pity the white man who walks among  
the tops of Redwoods. I cry Eureka  
and reach for their hearts.

BACK IN THE RV

The note shudders in Yang's hands.

She steps into the bedroom and attaches her gun to her belt.

Twists the blinds and peeks out the window.

Nothing, Yang moves slow, puts the note and poem in ziplock bags, locks her door.

Yang stares at the note through the baggies.

Tango YIPS and WHINES to break her trance.

She fumbles through her phone, finds RECENT CALLS, selects Bandon's name, hits SEND.

Hangs up.

After a second, her phone RINGS - Bandon calling her back.

YANG  
Shit. Shit. Shit.

It keeps RINGING.

21 INT./EXT. BANDON'S CAR - DAY

21

From overhead, Bandon's car travels through the murky forest.

He drives with his elbow resting in the open window and holds a cigarette between his thumb and forefinger.

YANG (V.O.)  
Hello.

BANDON  
You haven't changed your mind  
already have you?

YANG (V.O.)  
No, why?

BANDON

I just missed a call from you.

YANG

Oh. I must have hit a key by accident, sorry.

BANDON

(laughs)

Okay. Get some rest.

He ends the call and flicks the cigarette out the window.

Stops the car.

Backs up and retrieves his cigarette butt.

22 EXT. NORTHWESTERN CALIFORNIA STATE COLLEGE - DAY 22

The next morning, Yang walks across a busy campus. Students ramble by briskly and in every direction. A bus stops and discharges its air brakes. A young woman curses loudly into her cellphone.

Yang starts up the steps to the Anthropology building with two cups of coffee and a small bag of donuts.

She's in a dark blue suit and looks ready to deliver the nightly news.

Across the promenade, a red hand on a banner catches her eye.

At a makeshift booth, a group of Native women hand out flyers.

Yang checks her watch, no time to spare.

23 INT. ANTHROPOLOGY BUILDING - DAY 23

DR. HENRY WHITEFISH (43), quirky, sits behind a desk cluttered with Native American antiquities. He reads a letter.

Whitefish is tan with tight salt and pepper hair. He accessorizes with turquoise, silver and leather bracelets, a beaded belt.

He fixates on the main point of the letter.

INSERT - THE LETTER, which reads:

"Your submission is too speculative and in conflict with contemporary views on the subject matter."

BACK ON WHITEFISH

WHITEFISH

Fools.

Yang KNOCKS on the door and sticks her head in.

YANG

Dr. Whitefish, are you ready for me?

He transforms in an instant. His eyes shine and a smile overtakes his face.

WHITEFISH

Of course, always a delight, please come in. How are you? I heard about your, er, incident.

YANG

I'm fine thank you.

She puts the coffee and donuts on his desk, takes hers.

WHITEFISH

I love visitors with treats.

His office is like a small museum filled with artifacts: a full feather headdress, antique tomahawks, balanced rock stacks, arrowheads.

YANG

I wish it was under better circumstances.

WHITEFISH

We should work on that.

Yang pulls out her phone and opens to the photos of the crime scene. She hands him the phone.

He carefully examines each one before swiping to the next.

- The victim surrounded by stones.
- The sunken eyes.
- The finger pointing.
- The turquoise stone.

- A photo of Tango in his motorcycle glasses.

He smiles and hands the phone back. He looks off and out the window.

YANG

Same ritual, but now the eyes.

Whitefish looks tired.

WHITEFISH

Traditionally, my people believed  
eyes were the windows to the soul.  
Take the eyes, take the soul.

Yang reaches into her bag and pulls out the poem and hands him the plastic baggie.

Whitefish takes his time to read the evidence.

As he does, Yang takes a quick inventory of his desk.

- Lab books.
- Envelope.
- Serrated flint knife.
- Beaded pouch.
- Tray of loose turquoise stones.
- Human scalp encased in plexiglass.

Whitefish looks up from the poem and sees her looking at the scalp.

WHITEFISH (CONT'D)

You know, scalping goes back over  
five thousand years in Europe.  
Easier to transport only the scalp  
for bounty. You know, instead of  
the whole head.

YANG

Amazing how fresh it looks.

WHITEFISH

The magic of formaldehyde.

YANG

What do you make of the poem?

Whitefish takes off his glasses and chews on one end of a frame, pondering.

WHITEFISH

In some Native origin stories, the Redwoods are thought to be the first Elders reborn.

YANG

So he's taking his cues from these Elders, the trees.

WHITEFISH

So it seems. They stand the test of time to inspire the living to endure and keep growing.

YANG

And, preserving the sisters?

WHITEFISH

Black Elk said, "We are not truly dead until the hearts of our women are on the ground."

YANG

He feels Native existence is at risk?

Whitefish smiles at her question, answers with a slight shoulder shrug.

WHITEFISH

He's not alone. Natives believe they will have a more empathetic partner for protection, restitution, and union as other people of color come into power.

YANG

What is this about the tree tops and spirits?

Whitefish looks around as if the answer is in the air.

WHITEFISH

My guess is sky bridges. Tourists use them to get a perspective for how tall the trees are.

YANG

Let me guess, there's one in Eureka?

Whitefish shrugs.

Yang takes the evidence back and shakes Whitefish's hand.

WHITEFISH

You are welcome to the guest room  
while you in town.

YANG

Thanks, I'll think about it.

WHITEFISH

Hold on.

He skims books on a shelf, selects one for her.

WHITEFISH (CONT'D)

If anyone can catch this killer,  
it's you. Take this book in case it  
helps.

INSERT - BOOK, NATIVE AMERICAN MYTHOLOGY.

YANG

Do you think the killer could be a  
female?

WHITEFISH

Have you come across something to  
give you the idea?

YANG

Not really. I just experienced a  
protest by a group of Native  
women...

WHITEFISH

M.M.I.W.

YANG

I think it was Indigenous Women  
Rising.

WHITEFISH

Red hand across the face?  
(off her nod)  
Missing and Murdered Indigenous  
Women. They're advocating for the  
end of violence against Native  
sisters.

YANG

Same cause as our killer, got me to  
thinking.

WHITEFISH

Since tribes can't prosecute non-tribal members for crimes conducted on Reservations, they have become dangerous places for our women.

YANG

But, the F.B.I. can.

WHITEFISH

The last numbers I saw were something like fifty-eight hundred cases of missing or murdered Native women, only one hundred and twenty investigated by the FBI.

YANG

Shit. That would motivate me.

At the door, she turns back to Whitefish.

YANG (CONT'D)

The protestors had dancers at the end, they looked to be flying.

WHITEFISH

Meditative. Calling on ancestors. Could be a number of things.

She opens the door.

YANG

Thank you. And, hey, other agents have been assigned to the case, please be patient if someone else calls on you. Wires get crossed.

He waves her off and returns to work at his desk.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS PROMENADE - DAY

Native women hand out flyers and talk to passersby. They have red hands painted across their faces.

Yang notices Yellowtail and approaches her.

YELLOWTAIL

Hi Sister, join us to end violence against Native women.

YANG

Or, all women.



YELLOWTAIL

Right on, but only the Native women are ignored.

YANG

What can I do?

YELLOWTAIL

As a Chinese-American you can take our story to your people and we can band together to share our tragedy.

YANG

I'm American. I mean, of Korean dissent, but born and raised here.

YELLOWTAIL

The white man has abused your women in the past just as he abuses us now. They have a sickness for taking advantage of others.

YANG

You know, I saw you the other day. I was in an RV your group walked around, remember?

YELLOWTAIL

One of our Red Road marches.

YANG

You seemed to whisper something to me, what did you say?

YELLOWTAIL

Join us, Sister. Be our voice.

YANG

Why me?

YELLOWTAIL

We ask that of everyone. Men, too.

YANG

Oh. It felt so personal, I'm sorry.

YELLOWTAIL

You've suffered for being a woman in man's world, that's what makes it personal.

YANG

Hmm. Have you heard of the Redwoods Killer?

## YELLOWTAIL

We all have. The Elders say he is a harbinger, a sign of revolution, a call for the Uprising.

Yang studies her face, the way her eyes are set, her cheekbones, her chin, her black eyes...could it be?

24 INT. MOONSTONE CAFE - DAY

24

Bandon sits alone at a table thumbing through his phone. Except for an older couple across the way, the place is empty.

Yang rushes through the door and hurries over to the table.

She still looks fresh, but back in casual clothes.

Bandon notices, smiles, gets up for an awkward hand shake. There's an odd tension between them.

## YANG

Sorry. The shower's only a drip, the dog has to pee, before I know it, I'm running late.

## BANDON

Don't worry about it. Where are you staying?

## YANG

Park campground right up the road.

The waitress brings her coffee.

## BANDON

Camping looks good on you.

## YANG

Right.

## BANDON

I can't tell you how much I miss you.

## YANG

I miss you, too, but we made the right decision.

## BANDON

Well, technically we don't work together at the moment.

YANG

True, but I'm a little upset about that, you might have noticed.

BANDON

Me too. Looking for a silver lining.

YANG

Hey, would you run a check on Nodin Akecheta? He's the host at the campground. Creepy as hell.

Bandon gives her a disapproving glare.

BANDON

We don't investigate people for being creepy.

YANG

Well, I think he's been watching me from the woods.

BANDON

Uh, okay, I'll see what I can find.

YANG

And, an activist, Chrissy Yellowtail, she's running Indigenous Women Uprising.

BANDON

(joking)

Anyone else? We can't investigate everyone for you.

YANG

I know, I know. Only those two. And, I have a hunch about our guy's next location.

BANDON

Let's not talk about it. Hampton's pouring over the crime scene photos.

YANG

I think it'll be a sky bridge.

BANDON

What's that?

YANG

Rope bridges between Redwoods, a  
hundred feet in the air.

The waitress tops up their cups.

WAITRESS

You eating today or just talking?

They order at the same time.

REED

House salad with ranch.

EVA

Cheeseburger and fries.

WAITRESS

(laughs)

Must be starving...or really  
nervous.

She moves on before they can answer.

Bandon studies Yang's face, has an epiphany, and starts  
nodding his head.

BANDON

Jesus...he contacted you.

YANG

What? No. It's logical, it makes  
sense.

Bandon doesn't buy it.

Yang holds steady.

Still silent.

She sips her coffee.

Bandon doesn't budge.

YANG (CONT'D)

I haven't been contacted.

BANDON

If he's contacted you, we have to  
bring you in...put an officer with  
you...get you a room next to us.

YANG

Well, that *would* bring me closer to  
the case.

Bandon mulls it over.

BANDON

This is not just about you. Turner is pissed you're out here. If you've been contacted...

YANG

How does she know?

BANDON

I told her.

Yang keeps silent, surprised.

YANG

Even if he had contacted me, you wouldn't let me on the case.

Irritated, Bandon turns to find the waitress.

BANDON

(to the waitress)

Miss, wrap our lunch to go, we're finishing up early.

He checks his watch and shakes his head.

YANG

I found him once. I can find him again.

BANDON

I have to run, meeting Whitefish this afternoon. Give the hotel some thought. Or don't. I can't care anymore.

The waitress drops off their bagged lunches and the check.

Bandon grabs his lunch and heads for the door.

Yang stands and starts to leave, too.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

How long you two been together?

She catches Yang by surprise. She turns and laughs.

YANG

Oh, we're not together. And, I hope he chokes on his salad.

The waitress laughs at her denial.

YANG (CONT'D)

Hey, do you know the caretaker up  
at the campground?

WAITRESS

Nodin? Sure, everybody does.

YANG

I haven't been able to catch him,  
does he hang out at the bar?

WAITRESS

Honey, you don't want to be around  
him when he's drinking. But, he has  
a booth at the farmer's market,  
chainsaw art.

YANG

Really?

WAITRESS

Oh yeah, he can carve anything with  
it. Tomorrow and Sunday.

25

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

25

Dr. Henry Whitefish stands at the front of an old poorly  
equipped classroom.

The STUDENTS in attendance are half-lidded from a potent  
combination of apathy and boredom.

Bandon looks in through the classroom door and gets a wave  
from Whitefish.

WHITEFISH

That's the assignment. A five-page  
essay for or against reparations  
for Native Americans, including an  
argument for how far back we go.

The students gather their backpacks and shuffle out the door  
past Bandon.

Whitefish takes a seat at his desk and Bandon walks over  
carrying file folders.

WHITEFISH (CONT'D)

Come in Agent Bandon, please, take  
a seat.

Bandon sizes up the small, old desks.

BANDON  
Thanks, but I'll stand.

WHITEFISH  
Would you like a donut?

Bandon doesn't respond. He hands over crime scene prints.

BANDON  
We have another victim. Anything  
strange or out of place?

Whitefish takes his time again with the photos. Same focal  
points as before, but different angles.

- The victim surrounded by stones.
- The sunken eyes.

WHITEFISH  
(acts surprised)  
Well now, I wonder why he cut out  
the eyes?

BANDON  
We were hoping you might be able to  
tell us.

WHITEFISH  
I don't know, souvenirs? Maybe he  
felt like the victim was judging  
him?

Whitefish hands him the photos back.

WHITEFISH (CONT'D)  
Any notes or poems like before?

BANDON  
Not yet.

Whitefish looks to Bandon.

WHITEFISH  
He's an artist, of sorts, but it  
could get more difficult to  
determine if it's his work or the  
work of a new disciple.

Bandon considers this possibility.

BANDON  
Any ideas about his next steps?

WHITEFISH

It seems impossible to predict the heart of a madman or woman.

BANDON

A woman? You think the killer could be female.

WHITEFISH

Maybe. Not likely.

BANDON

Sky bridges?

WHITEFISH

Maybe. Any non-Native structure in a sacred forest carries some symbolic weight, but so do natural formations.

BANDON

Anything else? Anything at all.

WHITEFISH

He...or she...is escalating, but you already know that.

Bandon checks his watch and walks back across the classroom.

BANDON

Remember Agent Yang?

WHITEFISH

Yes, such a brilliant mind.

BANDON

She's not on the case any more so if she stops by, please don't share details. You know, keep it social.

Whitefish grabs a stack of papers and straightens them without looking up at Bandon.

WHITEFISH

If she reaches out, I'll let you know.

Bandon leaves.

Whitefish looks at the door with contempt.



26 EXT. MOONSTONE CAFE - DAY

26

The waitress stands at a back door smoking a cigarette. She talks to someone in the shadow of the doorway.

WAITRESS

Is it illegal to eavesdrop on the  
F.B.I.?

SHADOW

Not in a public place.

He hands her some cash. She puts it in her apron, dumps her cigarette, and goes back inside.

DAKOTA RAINWATER steps from the shadow and walks to his car.

27 INT. YANG'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

27

The RV rocks and shakes from a storm.

Yang lies on the bed in her underwear, dreams.

YANG DREAMS

Yang is a young girl with a pixie cut. She's in a boy's version of the school uniform, a blue/green plaid tie, white shirt, khaki pants.

She sits by herself and uses a small pocket knife to whittle a point on a pencil.

Three BOYS rush over to her. The biggest one pushes her and the others circle around her.

BOY

Hey Yang, I heard when you were  
born, your momma wanted to name you  
Sum Sing Wong.

They all point and laugh at her.

She moves away from the boys and bumps into her teacher.

YANG

Miss Love, they're...

She turns and the teacher is the killer, face painted red and black, holding a large KNIFE.

END DREAM.

BACK IN THE CAMPER





Bandon hands him a photo of Akecheta, Rainwater studies it.

RAINWATER

Not much.

Bandon hands him another piece of paper.

BANDON

He's got a record. Theft, assault, possession, D.U.I. I'd like to talk to him.

RAINWATER

Do you have a warrant?

BANDON

I just want to talk.

RAINWATER

You think he's your guy?

BANDON

Maybe. Fits the physical profile.

RAINWATER

Meaning he's Indian?

BANDON

Meaning he's the right height and build, same hair color.

RAINWATER

Nodin believes he's a bear. As a young man it got him into trouble, but prison broke his bear spirit.

BANDON

Could be motive.

RAINWATER

Everything is motive to you.

Rainwater hands the photo and paperwork back.

BANDON

Sounds like you have someone to protect.

RAINWATER

I do. My whole tribe.

Bandon turns and sees a simple headdress on a coat rack. It's a leather band with a bear claw and a few feathers hanging down one-side.

BANDON  
That yours?

Rainwater doesn't answer.

BANDON (CONT'D)  
I'll work on the warrant.

INT. VISITOR'S CENTER - DAY

Tourists meander around looking at old dioramas and stuffed animals in the never updated visitor's center.

Yellowtail invades the personal space of a Ranger, STAN JONES, 34. She runs her fingers down the seam of his shirt.

YELLOWTAIL  
So, you'll help me?

JONES  
You just want me to keep an eye on  
a friend in an RV?

YELLOWTAIL  
She's all by herself. You know how  
dangerous that can be.

JONES  
What's in it for me?

YELLOWTAIL  
My undying appreciation.

Her smiling eyes feed his imagination.

EXT. THE BACKWAY INN - NIGHT

Yang pulls into an open parking spot at a road side shack with a broken neon sign that reads COLD BEER.

She notes the three other cars. Checks her gun belt, goes in.

INT. THE BACKWAY INN - NIGHT

Two mugs of beer land on the bar, handed over by Chrissy Yellowtail. The MEN take them and head to the pool table.

Dark and small, The Backway is a true roadhouse. The bar isn't much with an old laminate top and mismatched chairs.

Yang takes a seat at the bar and notices a headdress with a bear claw, three feathers, and some beadwork hanging from a hook.

Red, black, and white face paint, and a stack of flyers are shelved near the headdress. Yang swallows hard.

YANG

Oh, hey. Wow, I guess I didn't expect you to be a bartender.

YELLOWTAIL

Gotta do something, and this is where all the good shit happens.

YANG

Fair enough. Do you have vodka?

YELLOWTAIL

You a cop?

YANG

Nope.

Yellowtail pulls a green two-liter bottle without a label from a cooler and pours a shot of vodka, passes it over.

YELLOWTAIL

No mixers. I have Seven-up in a can.

Yang takes a sip.

YANG

This is fine.

YELLOWTAIL

You following me?

YANG

No, only looking for a drink.

Yang surveys The Backway Inn. A woman has her head down on a table while the men play pool. They're all Native.

YANG (CONT'D)

I have been thinking about what you said, though.

YELLOWTAIL

Which part?

YANG  
Suffering abuse for being a woman  
in a man's world.

YELLOWTAIL  
Yeah, what about it?

YANG  
You're right. I have been abused.  
And, the more I thought about it,  
the madder I got.

Yellowtail drinks from her beer.

YELLOWTAIL  
Join the club.

YANG  
I have a list of men I've  
fantasized about killing.

YELLOWTAIL  
Killing can be too good for some  
assholes.

Yang nods to the headdress.

YANG  
I think I've seen that before, do  
they sell them around here?

YELLOWTAIL  
Uh, no. Not everything is for sale,  
right?

YANG  
Can I see it?

Yellowtail hands it over.

YELLOWTAIL  
It's a sacred symbol.

Yang fingers the beadwork.

YANG  
It's beautiful, what's it a symbol  
for?

YELLOWTAIL  
Protection mainly.

YANG  
From what?

YELLOWTAIL  
The white world. Evil. Harm.

YANG  
How's it work?

YELLOWTAIL  
You can only get one of these from  
an Elder. It tells everyone you are  
under their protection. So don't  
try any shit.  
(laughs)

Yang hands it back.

YANG  
Doesn't seem to be helping Native  
women, too much.

YELLOWTAIL  
We have to help ourselves.

YANG  
You ever feel like killing someone  
who's done you wrong.

YELLOWTAIL  
Eight times a week.

Yellowtail leans over the bar and gently kisses Yang on the  
lips.

YANG  
What was that for?

YELLOWTAIL  
You seem lost. I wanted to see if I  
could find you.

YANG  
Well?

YELLOWTAIL  
They're talking about you on the  
Rez.

YANG  
What would they know about me?

YELLOWTAIL  
That the Elders directed the  
Grizzly to spare you.



YANG  
The Grizzly?

YELLOWTAIL  
Our name for the killer. Tribes  
have Grizzlies to meet the evil of  
the world.

YANG  
What do they want with me?

YELLOWTAIL  
They call you Nanya-hi Mankiller.  
You're supposed to bring everyone  
together to uproot the white man.

YANG  
Nope. I don't want anything to do  
with that.

YELLOWTAIL  
I don't think the Elders give you  
the choice.

YANG  
Any women among the Elders, or just  
more men dictating our lives?

Yang throws a ten on the bar.

34 EXT. REDWOODS NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

34

Smoke trails out of a primitive dome-like hut made of bent  
branches. It feathers into the sky.

INT. HUT - DAY

A small fire burns inside the hut. Fist-sized river stones  
are among the glowing embers.

From over the killer's shoulder, we survey a storyboard.

They study photos of the victims on the left.

To the right are photos of the FBI team and sheriff Tackett.

Agent Yang occupies the center.

Photos of eight famous war chiefs are arranged in a circle.

The killer touches each picture, bows their head, moves to  
the next.

PHOTOS - NAMES ARE SUBTITLED

- Geronimo
- Crazy Horse
- Cochise
- Black Elk
- Billy Bowlegs
- Techumesh
- Touch the Clouds
- Red Cloud.

From the side, woodland camo paint obscures the face. They kneel and use tongs to lift the rocks from the fire.

Once in a tidy line, they pour water over them, steam roils off of them.

The killer speaks Lakota Sioux with English subtitles. A neutral tone, neither distinctly male nor female.

KILLER

These rocks, the water, the  
fire...these are sacred.

They place different rocks into the fire.

KILLER (CONT'D)

For purification, for life, for  
health. All of this has been given  
so that we may live. Tunkashila,  
Grandfather Spirit, we will learn  
to worship you again.

The killer stands and looks at the photo of Yang.

They take the picture of Bandon off of the storyboard and hold it up to the one of Yang.

A GUST of wind swirls through the hut.

The killer reattaches Bandon's image to his board - on the left side with the victims.

35

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

35

Yang sits by her campfire with Tango. It CRACKLES and POPS. She's wrapped in a blanket and stares into the fire, glassy-eyed.

An empty bottle of vodka and a few cans of cranberry decorate the picnic table. A travel mug dangles from her fingers.

The world spins around her at a snail's pace.

From the light of the fire, a SHADOW stands motionless in the woods behind her.

Lean and graceful, a natural part of the landscape.

They're masturbating.

Tango charges to the edge of the light and campsite clearing.

She BARKS like firecrackers going off.

Yang struggles to get out of the camp chair but finally stands and turns to face the darkness. She sways from the alcohol.

She grabs Tango by the collar and puts her in the RV.

Yang pulls her gun, racks the action, and staggers into the darkness.

Outside the fire light, the forest swallows Yang in a thick blackness. Her eyes adjust and distinguish between trees and shrubs.

She steps slow, one foot at a time, and feels her way across the forest floor.

YANG

You want me? Here I am, come and  
get me!

A few feet to the left and she stops to listen.

SILENCE.

YANG (CONT'D)

Come on, you chicken-shit coward,  
let's end this right now.

More SILENCE.

Sticks BREAK - movement, faint steps.

Yang swings her gun in that direction and takes a few blind steps. She stumbles and slows back to a stop.

LOOKING OUT into the woods, it's a labyrinth of black-on-black trees.

YANG (CONT'D)

You want to make a statement? Now's your chance.

There - movement to her right, LOUDER and closer.

She sets out fast, falls over an exposed tree root, THUD!

Yang's head lands on a large exposed root.

She rolls over, blood seeps from a gash in her head. The sky spins and her hand feels around for her gun.

She tries to rise, fails, can't even get up on her elbows.

Blacking out, her eyes blink like strobe lights.

THE CAMO FACE RIGHT IN HER FACE.

BLINK.

THE FACE.

BLINK.

FINGERS REACHING IN.

Dirty fingers reach in and stroke her cheek.

BLACK.

PRELAP - RHYTHMIC CHANTS: WHEY-HA-YA-DEH-NA-NAH

36

EXT. REDWOODS NATIONAL FOREST - DAY

36

A shirtless Rainwater sits on his knees and applies RED AND BLACK PAINT to his face.

He puts on a headdress like the one worn by the killer, lights a sage bundle, trails it around his body.

Rainwater lights more sage on the ground surrounded by stones.

He stands and moves with intention.

## RAINWATER

Whey-ha-ya-da-na-nah, Whey-ha-ya-da-  
na-nah, Whey-ha-ya-da-na-nah.

In cadence with the chants, his arms mimic the flight of a gliding Eagle, flying left then right. Both hands hold flint knives.

He hops on alternating legs, arms moving in tempo.

## RAINWATER (CONT'D)

Kill or be killed, Whey-ha-ya-da-na-  
nah. Elders speak to me, Whey-ha-ya-  
da-na-nah. Guide me.

He dances and chants clockwise around the sage.

37

INT. MOONSTONE CAFE - DAY

37

Bandon and his team meet at the Moonstone Cafe. He passes around photocopied mugshots.

## BANDON

Meet Nodin Akecheta. Sometimes hard  
to find, but has an address on the  
Reservation.

Lopez, Hampton, and Cho take the mugshots of Akecheta.

## CHO

Distinct scars.

## BANDON

After surviving a bear attack, he  
believes he is one. A spirit animal  
kind of thing.

Bandon circulates two more pieces of paper.

## BANDON (CONT'D)

He has a history that escalates  
from D.U.I. to drug possession,  
armed robbery, and assault. Spent  
time in prison.

The waitress refills coffees. Bandon pauses when she's near.

## BANDON (CONT'D)

I talked to Rainwater, he doesn't  
want us on his Reservation, so I  
cashed in a favor and got a  
warrant.

LOPEZ

Are we taking him into custody or trying to interview him?

BANDON

We only need to talk to him, but this will get hot. Folks will swarm us within a few minutes.

(points to Jake and Hampton)

You two manage the crowd.

The team downs their coffee and gets up to leave.

BANDON (CONT'D)

Two more things. In earlier times some tribes would have warriors called Grizzlies. They would be the first to charge into battle. And...

(looks at each one)

...this guy works at the campground Agent Yang is staying at.

38

EXT. YANG'S CAMPSITE - DAY

38

Ranger Jones approaches and knock's on Yang's door.

Tango BARKS from inside the RV.

Waiting on a reply, Jones studies the campsite:

The vodka bottle and overturned chair.

A blanket crumpled on the ground, a bag of dog treats.

He walks over to the chair and sees a SHOE in the underbrush.

He rushes over and finds Yang lying on the ground.

She's on her back and dried blood covers one side of her face.

Jones checks for her pulse.

She strikes his hand like a rattlesnake and opens her eyes. Jones jumps back, startled.

RANGER JONES

Jesus, are you okay?

Yang sits up, looks around, and tosses away his hand.

YANG  
My head is pounding.

RANGER JONES  
Stay still and I'll call the  
paramedics.

YANG  
No.

She makes it to her feet and uses him for stability.

He sees her gun on the ground, picks it up, and puts it in  
his jacket pocket.

Ranger Jones starts to lead her toward the picnic table. She  
throws off his hands.

YANG (CONT'D)  
I don't want your help.

On her way to the table, she picks up the blanket and wraps  
herself in it. She shivers.

RANGER JONES  
Look, I have to call an  
ambulance...

Her hand lifts to feel the dried blood on her face.

YANG  
Wait, I'm with the F.B.I.

RANGER JONES  
Got a number?

YANG  
Uh, no, please, I can't have them  
knowing I was stumbling around  
drunk in the woods.

He pulls out her gun and puts it on the table out of her  
reach.

RANGER JONES  
Why did you have this on you?

YANG  
I always have my gun.

RANGER JONES  
I'm going to need to see your I.D.

YANG  
It's in the camper.

RANGER JONES  
Go get it, but leave the door open.

Yang walks into the camper, leaves the door open.

He waits, eyes trained on the door.

YANG (O.S.)  
(from inside)  
I'm coming out.

She steps down from the camper, walks over, hands him her badge. She has her phone in the other hand.

YANG (CONT'D)  
I can call a friend.

He studies it for a few seconds - gives it back.

RANGER JONES  
If I don't call this in how are you going to explain it?

YANG  
I tripped while walking the dog.

He reads her eyes.

YANG (CONT'D)  
I need this favor. A little professional courtesy, officer to officer. I will lose my job if they find out about this. And, well, that's all I have.

Yang looks as desperate as she sounds.

RANGER JONES  
No more drinking and I'm keeping your gun for now.

YANG  
I can't let you take the gun.

RANGER JONES  
Let's call your boss, then.

Yang stays quiet.

RANGER JONES (CONT'D)  
Unlock and hand me your phone.



She punches in her code and hands it over.

He swipes, taps, and keys in his number.

RANGER JONES (CONT'D)  
 You start throwing up, call me.  
 Your headache gets worse, call me.  
 You hear animal sounds, call me.

He hands the phone back to her.

RANGER JONES (CONT'D)  
 You think you can go without  
 drinking or do you need to detox?

YANG  
 I'll be fine.

He nods to the table.

RANGER JONES  
 Clean this mess up.

As he starts to leave, Yang speaks up.

YANG  
 Hey, what do you know about the  
 camp host? I'm running low on  
 firewood.

He looks at her stack of firewood.

RANGER JONES  
 I don't know. I'll be back later.  
 If you're sober, you'll get the gun  
 back.

A quick turn and he's back in his unmarked Bronco.

39

EXT. RESERVATION SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

39

Like Rainwater's office, the sheriff's department is also an old modular on a dirt road. The agents wait by their cars.

The Reservation Sheriff, ALO BRAVEBIRD, 55, stern and hawk-eyed, stands with Bandon, examines the warrant.

BRAVEBIRD  
 I'll escort you to his place, but  
 he's not there. I haven't seen him  
 in a few days.

BANDON

What do you know about him?

BRAVEBIRD

Doesn't seem like your guy. Came back from prison a different person. Hardly speaks. No real trouble.

BANDON

We'll need to talk to his neighbors, friends, family.

Bravebird does not respond.

BANDON (CONT'D)

We're here to rule him out as a suspect, nothing else.

BRAVEBIRD

Right.

Bravebird casts a doubtful glance to the other agents.

40 INT./EXT. BANDON'S CAR - DAY 40

Bandon and Lopez ride together, follow the sheriff's car. Bandon points to the glovebox. Lopez opens it and takes out a bottle of antacids. He shakes out two and hands them to Bandon, two more that he pops into his mouth.

They drive through the Reservation, passing basic rectangular homes. The houses lack landscaping and seem stark.

Multiple generations live together. Elderly father, son, and grandson flock outside and watch the procession pass.

Several community members work on a new build.

Folks follow the cars.

41 EXT. AKECHETA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS 41

The cars stop in front of a mobile home from the 1950s. It's chalky and has a plywood addition. A partially carved totem surrounded by wood shavings.

As soon as the agents get out of their car, community members assemble across from Akecheta's trailer.

Agents Hampton and Cho go over to greet them and ask them questions.

A PAINT BUCKET passes hand to hand through the crowd.  
 Hands go in, come out red, get pressed to faces.  
 The faces and somber expressions taunt Hampton and Cho.

CHO  
 (into radio)  
 Something weird happening here,  
 standby.

Bandon and Lopez follow the Sheriff to the front door. They turn in response to Cho's comment and scan the crowd.

More than a dozen stare emotionless with the mark on their faces.

The sheriff KNOCKS, a cat bursts out from under the trailer.

BRAVEBIRD  
 Nodin, you in there?

No answer. KNOCKS again. Nothing.

He tries the doorknob, it's unlocked. He opens the door a crack.

BRAVEBIRD (CONT'D)  
 Nodin, you here? We have a search  
 warrant.

Bandon pushes his way past the sheriff.

42 INT. AKECHETA'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

42

Dust coats the inside. Blankets cover the window. Bandon tries the light switch, no electricity, uses his flashlight.

BANDON  
 Nodin Akecheta? F.B.I. We have a  
 few questions for you.

Bandon looks around. The small stove has a dirty pan. Dried food splatters on the stove top and counter. The garbage can overflows with messy paper plates. Plastic utensils are here and there. Open and empty cans of food grow bacteria.

On the table, an opened tackle box contains psychedelic mushrooms.

Lopez stays in the main area as Bandon moves down the hall.

## BANDON (CONT'D)

Nodin?

A five-gallon bucket in the bathroom has urine in it.

Bandon's flashlight finds a hunting knife in the bedroom. He pulls gloves and an evidence bag from his pocket. He puts on the gloves and seals the knife in a bag.

## LOPEZ

Boss, you'll want to see this.

Bandon sweeps the bedroom another time. Small blood drops on the sheets.

He goes back to Lopez.

His flashlight frames a mason jar containing a heart.

Bandon picks it up and puts it in another bag.

More five-gallon buckets, overturned and used as seats and a side-table for one threadbare chair.

Stones like those from the murder scene are stacked in a corner, carefully balanced. Bandon takes a picture.

He runs a finger through dust on an old television, gives Lopez a look.

43 EXT. PARKING LOT - DUSK 43

An old Chevy work van lumbers into the empty parking lot of the Redwood Sky Bridge.

A defunct HVAC company logo stains the side of the windowless van.

44 INT. CHEVY VAN - CONTINUOUS 44

Without revealing his face, the killer climbs into the back of the van. They turn a five-gallon bucket upside down and sit on it.

Someone else is in the van, tied up and struggling.

With their back turned, they open a tackle box and begin applying red face paint.

They use a shop rag to wipe the red off their fingers.

Lashed ankles and boots flail in the background.

45 INT./EXT. YANG'S CAMPER - NIGHT

45

DUSK. Yang lies on the small couch with an ice pack on her head. She has directions to Eureka pulled up on her phone.

It VIBRATES and she reads a text from Bandon:

YOU AROUND?

She types back: YES

She keeps the phone in her hand and folds her arm across her chest.

It doesn't vibrate again.

Instead, there's a KNOCK on her door.

She jumps up and looks out the window - it's Bandon.

YANG  
(through the door)  
What are you doing here?

OUTSIDE

He holds a pizza box.

BANDON  
Our lunch didn't go so well and I  
was thinking we could do better.

BACK INSIDE

Yang looks at her sprawling murder board.

YANG  
(through the door)  
I'm not dressed, why don't you set-  
up out there and I'll be out in a  
minute.

BANDON (O.S.)  
If this is a bad time, or uh, a bad  
idea, I can, uh...

OUTSIDE

Bandon starts to leave when Yang pokes her head out the door.

YANG  
I don't mind, I only need a minute.

She closes the door fast, but not before Bandon notices her head.

INSIDE

She looks out the curtain - Bandon's starting a fire in the fire pit.

At the sink, Yang splashes cold water on her face and runs a brush through her hair.

She grabs two bottles of beer and a roll of paper towels and heads outside.

46 EXT. PICNIC TABLE - NIGHT 46

As she walks over, Bandon notices she cleaned up a little.

They gather at the table, each taking a side.

BANDON

Your hair looks great, the gash not so much, what happened?

YANG

It's nothing, I tripped walking Tango and landed on a rock.

BANDON

Ouch. You been icing it?

YANG

Yes, dad.

47 INT. CHEVY VAN - NIGHT 47

The killer takes his headdress from a hook on the van's wall and puts it on his head.

They light a sage stick and say a quiet prayer.

KILLER

Grandfather Spirit, allow this sacrifice to awaken our brothers and sisters.

They run the sage stick around the body. They start at the sturdy hiking boots, trace along the legs in brown denim pants. They trail the sage along the torso and reach the head.

It's Ranger Jones.

Smoke strangles the air.

The killer pulls a rock from a five-gallon bucket and straddles Jones. They remove the duct tape from his mouth.

JONES

I did exactly what was asked!

WHAM! The killer strikes him in the head with the rock. Blood sprays the van walls and the body twitches, stops moving.

48

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

48

LATER. Yang and Bandon have moved to chairs around the campfire. A few more empty beer bottles litter the ground.

They're in mid-laugh from something said.

BANDON

This is nice and exactly what I needed, thank you.

YANG

What do you mean?

BANDON

You know, a normal night and conversation with a friend... without it always turning back to the case.

YANG

Yeah...

Yang leans forward and stirs the fire.

Bandon stares into the flickering fire and speaks in a trance-like tone, attempts a compliment.

BANDON

I think you're brilliant, remarkably tough. A little too standoffish, but hard-nosed and stubborn.

His awkwardness gets a small laugh from her.

BANDON (CONT'D)

That came out wrong. I love how you are and who you are.

A loud CRACK from the fire and a SPARK pops above the flames.

49 EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

49

Without street light it's inky black.

At the back of the van, the doors open and the killer gets out. They turn on a headlamp outfitted with a red lens.

They pull on the corners of a blue tarp to slide the body out.

THUNK! The legs fall from the van to the ground.

Using the tarp, they pull the body toward the park entrance.

50 EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

50

Bandon and Yang remain around the fire. The fire burns low, mostly embers.

Bandon checks his watch, stands.

BANDON

I need to go and let you get some rest.

She stands with him and they move toward the camper door. Tango tags along.

They stop at the door to say their goodnights.

BANDON (CONT'D)

I'm glad we did this tonight.

Yang gives him a goodnight kiss.

He kisses back, pauses, starts to leave, turns back.

BANDON (CONT'D)

Shit, I almost forgot. I looked into Akecheta and it's not good. I want you to consider getting a room at the hotel near the team.

YANG

Not sure which is scarier.  
(considers)  
Will you be watching him?

BANDON

We're looking for him. We searched his house but folks haven't seen him in a while.



YANG  
I'll think about moving.

She and Tango go into the camper. Bandon walks to his car.

51 INT. RV - CONTINUOUS 51

Yang takes a seat at the dinette and watches Bandon drive off.

Satisfied he's gone, she grabs a coat and leaves.

52 EXT. REDWOOD SKY BRIDGE - NIGHT 52

Ranger Jones lays on the forest floor, partially outlined by stones.

The killer pulls more stones and places them around the body.

They straddle the body and look at the Ranger's face. The eyes have already been removed.

They hold a knife on the victim's chest, use their other hand to hammer it deep.

53 INT. YANG'S JEEP - NIGHT 53

Yang drives as fast as she can. Her headlights illuminate the road ahead. She passes a SIGN: WELCOME TO EUREKA.

54 EXT. REDWOOD SKY BRIDGE - NIGHT 54

The killer uses a rag to wipe their hands.

They rise to observe their art.

Stones encircle Jones. His eyes are missing. One hand on his face, the other by his side. A piece of turquoise sits in his throat notch, a nasty chest wound.

The killer kneels and places something in the victim's other hand.

His heart.

Content with his work, they start extending a line of stones from the body.

55 INT. YANG'S JEEP 55

Pockets of fog obscure the road as Yang drives. She turns on her fog lights and hits the wipers.

She glances at the clock on the dash: 12:20.

A deer DARTS from the darkness. She slams on the brakes, barely misses it.

56 EXT. REDWOOD SKYBRIDGE - NIGHT 56

The killer places the final two stones around the base of the Redwood. Eight stones total.

They grab their bucket, and headlights sweep over them.

Startled, they see Yang's Jeep pull into the parking lot.

The killer runs to the van.

AT THE VAN

The killer starts to open the door when Yang's headlights stun him. She's coming up behind with caution.

She gets a glimpse of the killer running off behind the van.

She gets out and sprints in that direction.

The killer scrambles up the stairs to the launch deck of the sky bridges, disappears in the night sky.

Yang charges up the stairs, reaches the top and stops.

Listens.

She scans the void with her flashlight.

Suspension foot bridges extend in three directions.

The flashlight beam follows a tree trunk up to oblivion.

Pointed down, it doesn't reach the forest floor.

Each bridge attaches to a tree with a circular deck and railing. Yang's light shows them to be covered with vegetation.

YANG

Dammit.

One bridge still undulates from being crossed. She eases out on it. Moves fast, it starts rolling, she slows back down.

She stops right before the next deck.

Listens.

Shines her flashlight.

They could be behind the rail or tree, waiting on her like before.

It's quiet. She hears the swinging of another bridge, moves onto the deck. Her light finds the path that still shimmies and she runs across it. Her knees find the rhythm and she reaches the next deck.

A quick pass of the flashlight shows four bridge options, none of them moving.

She goes around the tree, THUNK!, hits her head on something.

Spiral stairs to a second deck, four more options in four different directions.

Yang takes the stairs, hunts with the light for a glimpse, anything.

Listens.

Faint footfalls and breathing can be heard, but from which direction?

She takes the longest bridge, maybe she can get ahead of him.

As she crosses, she sees a red light dancing in the air. She stops, watches, finds it with her flashlight.

Across from her, the killer stops in the light, and faces Yang.

YANG (CONT'D)

Stop!

She reaches for her gun, it's not there. The killer turns off their light, disappears in mid air.

Yang changes directions, runs back the way she came to match his direction.

ON THE KILLER

They're tired. They reach a deck and bend over to catch their breath, look back up, watch Yang's light bounce in the opposite direction.

The killer looks over the rail, turns the red light back on, it won't reach the ground.

The killer reaches into the bucket of supplies and pulls out rope, kneels, ties it to the lowest part of the deck. They tie the bucket to the other end.

They climb over the rail and let the rest of the rope fall below.

The first step sucks the worst. The killer tries to keep their feet on the tree, but crashes into it with their shoulder coming off the deck.

They dangle for a second, strains to gain control.

The killer repels down the tree, one short leap at a time, until they reach the bucket - the end of the rope.

They look down and see the forest floor, ten feet or so away.

Pulls a knife from their waistband, cuts the rope and SLAMS to the ground.

The killer lays there motionless like one of their victims, sucking air in to catch his breath.

They turn the headlamp on, gather the items that spilled out of the bucket, and make off through the woods.

ON YANG

She's out of breath, too. Her light follows an endless maze of bridges. Some dead end at a tree, others ascend to higher platforms. Without enough light she can't see how they connect.

She holds her arms high to get more air into her lungs. Out of options, she pulls her cellphone, finds Bandon, hits send.

ON PHONE: NO SERVICE.

The perspective pulls back until she is but a tiny dot of light in a vast void.

THE KILLER

They limp out of the treeline, back to the van. Yang's Jeep still has its headlights on and runs.

They walk to it first, open the door, kill the headlights.

The killer leaves the Jeep running.

Gets in the van and drives off.

57 EXT. DECK AROUND A REDWOOD TREE - DAY 57

DAYBREAK. Yang sits with her back against a tree. It's early morning and the light starts to overtake the dark.

She stands and looks around to get her bearings.

The stairs to the launch deck are five bridges away. She heads across a bridge in that direction, walking.

58 EXT. LAUNCH DECK 58

At the top of the launch deck, Yang sees her Jeep, and the missing van. She looks at the corpse.

YANG

Fuck!

She hurries down the stairs and runs over to the victim.

59 EXT. RANGER JONES CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS 59

She recognizes Jones.

FLASH -

Ranger Jones talking to her the previous day.

RANGER JONES

I'll keep your gun.

END FLASH.

Yang closes her eyes.

YANG

Shit.

Moving on, she takes a few quick photos with her phone.

She kneels to inspect the chest wound, sees his heart in his hand and dry heaves.

She stands fast and takes a step back, stumbles on more rocks.

Her eyes follow the line of rocks to a Redwood tree and sees more rocks circle the tree.

She takes pictures of these new details.

It's getting lighter, a ground fog blows through. She hustles over to the Jeep.

60 INT. YANG'S JEEP - DAY 60

She gets in shaking and reaches for a pill bottle in the cup holders. She fishes one out, takes it dry.

Two lights flash on her dash - the temperature light and the gas light.

She rubs the dash.

YANG

Come on, Kate, get me out of here.

PRE-LAP - A telephone RINGS, RINGS, RINGS...

61 INT. BANDON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY 61

Bandon's phone RINGS on a bedside table. His arm comes out from under the cover and feels for the phone.

He knocks it to the floor. It keeps RINGING.

BANDON

Dammit.

Bandon gets up and lands on his ankle wrong - he grimaces and hops over on one foot to retrieve the phone.

BANDON (CONT'D)

(answers)

Bandon.

62 EXT. MOONSTONE CAFE - DAY 62

On the other end of the phone, AGENT LOPEZ stands by his car as Hampton and Cho come out of the cafe behind him.

LOPEZ

Boss, where are you? We have another victim.

BANDON

Where?

ON LOPEZ

LOPEZ

Place called the Redwood Sky Bridge. It's a rope bridge that goes from mid-tree to mid-tree about a hundred feet up...

BACK TO BANDON

BANDON

(interrupts)

Text me the address and I'll meet the team there.

LOPEZ

LOPEZ

Roger. Hey, I'll work security today, you know me and heights...

Dial tone. Lopez looks at his phone.

IN HIS ROOM

Bandon dresses fast. There's a large manilla envelope on the floor at his door.

He grabs and opens it. There's multiple pages. Bandon skims it, tucks it under his arm, limps out.

63

INT./EXT. BANDON'S CAR - DAY

63

Bandon drives fast and talks on speaker phone to Director Turner.

BANDON

No, there wasn't any indication the killer would strike again this soon.

TURNER (V.O.)

I.D. of the new vic?

BANDON

Unknown at this point, we'll be on scene in about five minutes.

He passes a road sign: SKY BRIDGE 10 MILES.

TURNER

You still on Yang?

BANDON

Yes, she's been leaving things  
alone.

TURNER

Do you think the unsub knows she is  
around?

BANDON

We haven't ruled it out, but we  
don't think so.

TURNER

Don't take any chances...

Bandon brakes hard and careens through a curve.

64 EXT. REDWOOD SKY BRIDGE - DAY

64

The Redwood Sky Bridge is closed to the public. Two police cars and the unmarked cars from Bandon's team are the only vehicles in the parking lot.

Yellow police tape FLAPS in the wind right beyond the entrance.

In what seems one fluid motion, Bandon pulls in, parks his car, gets out, flashes his badge at a patrolman, hustles toward the gift shop.

He never breaks stride.

65 INT. GIFT SHOP - DAY

65

The agents have a makeshift war room in a corner of the souvenir shop. A white board stands on a flimsy easel with notes scribbled on it.

Lopez leads the show in Bandon's absence. He holds a few pieces of paper.

LOPEZ

The vic is Stan Jones, Park Ranger,  
thirty-four years old.

BANDON

Jesus, has someone notified Olsen  
that it's one of his men?

LOPEZ

On his way.



BANDON  
Who discovered the body?

LOPEZ  
Anonymous caller, said she showed  
up for an early hike.

Bandon hobbles a step away and turns his back to the others.

LOPEZ (CONT'D)  
You okay, boss?

BANDON  
Yeah, must've landed on my foot  
funny.

LOPEZ  
(jokes)  
Worker's comp for old people.

Bandon hands Lopez the folder.

BANDON  
This was under my door this  
morning. It's a manifesto of sorts.

Lopez sifts through it in a hurry.

LOPEZ  
Damn, the killer knows where we're  
staying.

BANDON  
Only one hotel around.

LOPEZ  
Indigenous people uprising, funded  
by Russia, China, the Middle East,  
foretold by the Elders, he's an  
instrument to trigger others.

Hampton joins them.

BANDON  
Hampton, check this out, see if you  
think its Akecheta.

Bandon turns to the last page and a red circle.

INSERT - THE MANIFESTO, which reads:

"LA Times, NY Times, USA TODAY."

HAMPTON

I'll get someone from Washington working the phones and ask them not to print.

LOPEZ

Boss, you'll want to see the body.

66 EXT. CRIME SCENE - DAY

66

Bandon stands, stares at the man. He shakes his head, something doesn't add up. He looks at Hampton.

BANDON

This guy is younger, in better shape.

HAMPTON

Crime of opportunity?

Bandon puts on gloves and kneels. He uses his pen to move one of the victim's fingers from around the heart.

BANDON

Jesus. Call Bravebird, have him pick up Akecheta on suspicion of murder.

He notices the turquoise in the hollow of the corpse's throat.

Park Ranger Kevin Olsen joins them, regrets it immediately, and takes a step back.

Bandon doesn't notice, focused on the corpse.

Olsen leans in for a peek, is disgusted.

OLSEN

That's Jones, first year guy.

Bandon breaks his trance to study Olsen. Olsen has a bandana over his mouth.

At Olsen's feet, Bandon sees the rocks linking the Redwood.

BANDON

This shit means something. Send the photos to I.C.S.J. in Oklahoma, see if Agent Youngblood can help.

67 INT. YANG'S JEEP - DAY

67

Yang looks haggard. She's running on adrenaline and drives into town.

The Farmer's Market is set-up in the parking lot of an abandoned school.

She parks at the Moonstone Cafe.

68 EXT. FARMER'S MARKET - DAY

68

It's a bright, windy day. Tents at the Farmer's Market flap and strain against their anchors.

Yang passes a family of tourists, the kids clamoring for souvenir shirts. She walks with patience, smiling and nodding at vendors.

UP AHEAD she sees a display of animals carved from tree trunks.

She crosses to the other side to get a better look. A vendor offers her a marionberry sample. It's delicious, she buys a small container and a jar of jam.

During the transaction, she studies Akecheta's set-up. A homemade SIGN - BEARMAN CARVINGS. It's unattended.

She samples honey at another stand, buys a plastic squeeze bottle shaped like a bear.

Yang walks over to Akecheta's booth and begins admiring the artwork. The biggest piece is a bear, but he also has an eagle, a humpback whale, and a seal.

Akecheta limps out from behind his event tent and stops stock-still when he sees Yang.

YANG

Looks like you do more than  
firewood.

Akecheta bends and checks a ratchet strap that connects his tent to their anchors, five-gallon buckets filled with concrete.

YANG (CONT'D)

I didn't know they made chainsaws  
that small.

She points to the three sizes of chainsaws on his display table.

AKECHETA

They make some even smaller, but I use chisels and knives for the details.

YANG

I haven't seen you around the campground lately.

AKECHETA

I've been working nights.

YANG

I didn't know campgrounds had a night shift, what is there to do?

AKECHETA

Mostly sleep. It's in case of emergency. Like that storm the other night.

YANG

Yeah it was rough.

AKECHETA

Could have been worse, a heavy branch can do a lot of damage, even kill.

Yang moves closer to his display table and sees a headdress with a bear claw, three feathers, and some beadwork on top of a bearskin draped over a chair.

YANG

Can I ask you something?

AKECHETA

I guess.

YANG

Do you ever see people creeping around in the woods?

AKECHETA

Sometimes. Campers poke around, hikers get lost, dogs run off.

YANG

A couple of times I've felt like I was being watched.

Akecheta pulses his jaw a couple of times.

AKECHETA

I never heard of anyone doing that.

She locks eyes with him, he looks away.

AKECHETA (CONT'D)

You shouldn't do that.

YANG

Do what?

AKECHETA

Stare into our eyes. It feels like you're trying to steal our soul.

YANG

I'm sorry.

She points to the headdress.

YANG (CONT'D)

What can you tell me about that piece?

AKECHETA

It's not for sale.

YANG

Do you mind if I take a closer look?

AKECHETA

Yes. It's sacred. Only a few of us have this particular bonnet.

YANG

It must be an honor, congratulations. Who else has them?

AKECHETA

Elders. Now, do you mind moving on so I can finish setting up?

Yang smiles and nods.

YANG

Are you an Elder?

AKECHETA

I serve the Elders.

YANG

Oh, well, beautiful work. I'll see you around.

AKECHETA

I attend an AA meeting each week.

A puzzled glance.

AKECHETA (CONT'D)

In case you need one. I mean, we could meet there.

YANG

I'm good, cheers.

He watches her move a few booths down.

69

EXT. REDWOOD SKYBRIDGE - DAY

69

At the base of the launch deck, Bandon kneels and looks closely at the stairs. Faint shoe prints are visible on the dew covered stairs.

Bandon sees that they lead down the stairs and toward the parking lot.

LAUNCH DECK

At the launch deck Bandon looks and sees more coming across the first footbridge.

He turns around and compares their size to his shoe, smaller.

FOREST FLOOR

Lopez and Cho gather near the base of a Redwood tree, looking up at the rope hanging from the observation deck above.

Bandon's on the deck examining the rope knotted to the deck rail.

He stands and scans the area, a maze of bridges connecting trees, ascending to different heights, vanishing out of sight.

70

INT. YANG'S CAMPER - NIGHT

70

DUSK. Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata fills the tiny space of the RV.

Yang closes her eyes and listens. She sits at the dinette, opens a notebook and writes: NATIVE SYMBOLS

STONES EYES HEART REDWOODS TURQUOISE HEADDRESS BEAR  
FACE PAINT ELDERS

Yang opens Whitefish's book, Native American Mythology, flips through the pages.

She lands on a page, uses her finger to move across the page, skimming.

She jots down a few notes, turns more pages in the book.

Her phone RINGS.

She looks at the CALLER I.D.

ON YANG'S PHONE: BANDON.

Yang answers.

YANG

Hello.

BANDON (V.O.)

You still at the camper?

YANG

Yes.

BANDON (V.O.)

I'd like to stop by.

(hesitates)

The killer took another life, it's been a tough day.

YANG

I don't know, I'm starting to like being alone in the dark.

BANDON (V.O.)

I won't be long, need to see a friendly face.

After a second.

YANG

Okay.

71 EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS 71

Yang stands by the fire warming her hands, Bandon pulls up.

72 INT./EXT. BANDON'S CAR 72

Bandon looks at the file folder in his hands. He flips to the photos of footprints.

Looks up to see Yang looking at him and smiling. He removes those photos, gets out, hesitates. Adds the photos back in.

He gimps over with a six-pack and the file folder.

YANG

You look beat, what's wrong with your foot.

BANDON

Twisted it as the crime scene, damn rocks.

At the picnic table, he hands her the file folder, opens them each a beer.

Yang starts looking through the images in the photos. Up first, the body at the crime scene.

ON BANDON

He studies her face as she takes her time looking at the photos. She rifles through and sees what he mentions.

BANDON (CONT'D)

This is the kind of day that makes me hate the job. All day at the crime scene.

(pauses)

This time the killer...

YANG

...Removed the heart, Jesus.

BANDON

Stones link the body to a Redwood tree.

Yang comes to the close-up of Ranger Jones, chokes back her fear.

YANG

A Park Ranger?

BANDON

There's a wrinkle. Not really the M.O. is it?

She looks up at Bandon. Her hands tremble.

YANG

What?



BANDON  
It gets stranger.

She looks back at the photos and continues.

He smiles as he watches her concentrate.

Yang pulls out and places the photo of the rope.

YANG  
What do you make of this?

BANDON  
Used it to climb down. Sent it to  
forensics.

YANG  
This could be the big break.

BANDON  
I hope so.

Bandon pulls out his phone and plays a slow song.

BANDON (CONT'D)  
Dance with me.

He gets up and starts moving without her, holds out his hand.

BANDON (CONT'D)  
Come on. If I can do it, you can.

She laughs, but takes his hand.

They get close and dance by the fire.

Bandon and Yang gaze into each other's eyes. He leans in and  
kisses her, soft at first, hungry, ends with tiny touches.

She presses her mouth hard against his and both open with  
eager exploration.

Yang leads the dancing a step or two toward the RV, stops and  
takes Bandon by the hand.

73 INT. YANG'S CAMPER - NIGHT

73

Bandon lays back on the shortened queen bed of the RV. Yang's  
hands are on his hip bones, her head active right below his  
waistline.

She pulls herself up Bandon's body and straddles him, using  
the overhead cabinet to steady herself into a rhythm.

Yang reaches for his hands, gets them, uses the leverage.

His neck arches and face flushes as she thrusts her hips hard against him.

Pressure and release. She lets go of him and keeps her balance with her hands along his jawline, head still tilted to the sky.

Bandon bows his back and matches her effort with rhythmic plunges that lift them both into the air.

THE NEXT MORNING

Yang pours herself a cup of coffee and looks at the murder board covering the living area.

Bandon gets up and goes into the bathroom.

When he comes out, she hands him a coffee. He sees the murder board, walks past her.

BANDON

What the hell, Eva?

YANG

I can't turn it off.

Bandon takes it all in, sees Yellowfish's photo.

YANG (CONT'D)

You said you couldn't find Akecheta?

BANDON

We issued an arrest warrant yesterday, we'll find him. He had a heart in a jar at his house.

YANG

I, uh, I talked to him at the farmer's market yesterday. He does chainsaw art.

BANDON

You are killing me, stop.

YANG

Hey, he wasn't exactly hard to find.

BANDON

I'm booking you a room at the Red Elk.

YANG

I can still get this guy. I just need help. I need the team. I need you.

BANDON

Jesus, you have to stop.

He finds the folder of photos, pulls out the one of small footprints at the sky bridge, hands it to her.

Yang studies the image, keeps calm. Her eyes well, she wipes them dry. Gives the photo back and turns away from him.

YANG

Fifteen minutes sooner and I would have had him. I was so close.

BANDON

What happened?

YANG

I got there when he was about to leave. He ran up the sky bridge. I couldn't catch up and he seemed to vanish.

BANDON

You are one slow learner, you know that? He could have ambushed you again. Why didn't you call me?

YANG

I tried. No service.

BANDON

You make the anonymous call this morning?

She nods.

YANG

I was so lost up there in the dark.

BANDON

How did you know it would be there and then?

YANG

Dumb luck. I made a list of all the sky bridges and it was in his area. I decided to stake it out, spend the day there talking to people and learn what I could.

BANDON

You didn't know he'd be there placing his victim?

YANG

You came over. I was going to go the next morning, but couldn't stop thinking about it.

Bandon rubs his eyes.

BANDON

Later today I'm sending Cho out here to convince you to come to the hotel for safety. Go with him, please.

74 EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

74

Bandon drives off.

Yang waits a second, starts attaching the Jeep to RV.

She walks to the other side of the RV and looks over her campsite. She turns to go back inside and sees...

HER GUN.

It sits atop the passenger side front tire in its holster.

Yang scans the horizon in all directions, nothing.

YANG

Fuck!

She picks up the gun and goes inside.

75 INT. YANG'S CAMPER - DAY

75

Yang ejects the magazine. She thumbs the ammo out into her palm, inspects each bullet as she reloads.

She notches the slide open, looks in the chamber, smells the barrel.

Satisfied, she inserts the magazine and releases the slide.

She looks around, besides the evidence decorating the walls, it's pretty tidy.

Yang puts anything not locked down in the sink.

76 EXT. CAMPSITE - CONTINUOUS 76

The RV lurches out of its space.

Everything outside, the chairs, the grill, an axe, and a few pieces of firewood are left behind.

77 INT./EXT. YANG'S CAMPER - DAY 77

The narrow two-lane road sets its own slow pace with frequent curves, unexpected undulations, and no shoulders.

Recreational vehicles, trucks towing trailers, delivery vans, and cars stack-up and wind along like segments of a centipede.

Two tall Class A diesel pushers sandwich Yang.

UP AHEAD and traveling in the opposite direction, Agent Cho in his sedan. He's penned in by trucks.

The two pass each other in the apex of a tight curve. Yang notices him and turns on her rearview camera.

As the road straightens out, she stays focused on the monitor.

Nothing.

Nothing.

Nothing.

She grabs her printed map and tries to find her mark.

HONNKK! She steers back into her lane, looks again at the map, sees her mark, and brakes hard.

She hits the turn signal, slows and makes a right turn onto an unmarked dirt road. Cabinet doors swing open and shit flies everywhere.

78 EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY 78

Yang's RV bounces and slows even more. It WHACKS a side-view mirror against a tree, disappears around a curtain of thick forest.

79 INT. BANDON'S CAR - DAY 79

Bandon drives, follows Sheriff Tackett's car. Lopez rides shotgun, he's antsy. He takes out his gun, pulls the slide back, confirms a bullet in the chamber, slides it closed, thumbs on the safety.

Bandon looks at him.

They take a corner, tires screech.

80 EXT. FARMER'S MARKET - DAY 80

Tackett's car enters the parking lot on the end near Akecheta's booth and blocks it in.

Bandon's car stops behind it, Bandon and Lopez get out. Junior's car pulls in and blocks the other side.

THE BOOTH is empty. The tent remains, the carvings, but not Akecheta.

The crowd gravitates toward the commotion.

Bandon and Lopez disperse and talk to nearby vendors.

81 EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY 81

Cho walks through Yang's empty campsite. He looks at the garden hose, still attached to the tap.

Looks at the items left behind around the campfire ring.

Two chairs grab his attention. He walks over and sees both large and small footprints in the dirt. Uses his phone to take a picture.

He kneels to examine empty beer bottles at the base of each chair, pulls out gloves, puts them on, places a bottle in an evidence bag.

He stands and walks out to where the site joins the loop road and sees the 5 m.p.h. sign knocked at an angle.

82 EXT. BOONDOCKING SITE - NIGHT

82

Yang stops the camper at a boondocking site. It's a small clearing with a stone-ringed campfire pit.

She opens the side door and Tango bolts for a bathroom break.

Yang walks back to the Jeep and unhooks it.

Her first attempt to release the coupler from the hitch ball fails. She sits on the bumper of the RV and uses her legs to rock the Jeep a little. As it moves toward the camper, she springs the lever and unhooks the tow bar.

YANG

This really is a two person job,  
maybe three.

Yang leans the tow bar on her shoulders and removes the pin from one side of the Jeep's bumper.

Like before, she shimmies left and disconnects the other pin.

CLUNK! The tow bar hits the ground.

YANG (CONT'D)

Yeah, this is so not for me.

She goes back inside.

83 INT. YANG'S CAMPER - DAY

83

Yang spreads a map out on the table. She circles the skybridge in Eureka.

She studies the map and finds the Visitor's Center, circles it.

Looks some more, moving her finger around the map, finds her previous campsite and circles it.

She connects the three points to make a triangle.

Finds the mark for the road she took. It's out of the triangle, but not by much.

She locates the town and adds a red dot. She looks at the major road connecting the town and Eureka. A smaller road leads to the Reservation. She circles it, too.

As she looks, she sees the college, adds a red dot there.

Yang looks frustrated. She pulls out her phone and opens the photos. She swipes to the one linking the last victim to the Redwood. Studies it.

Opens her notebook, flips to her notes of symbols, reads her note on STONES. DIRECTIONAL, CEREMONIAL, CAN BE SACRED.

She looks back at the photo, at the new rocks, connecting the victim to the Redwood. Looks next at the rocks circling the Redwoods.

YANG

Circles.

She turns the triangle on the map into a circle, it covers more space. Makes another circle connecting the town, the college, the Reservation.

She looks at the area of overlap. No roads. No marked hiking trails. Scans more, finds the closest hiking trail and it's trailhead.

EXT. THE BACKWAY INN PARKING LOT - DAY

Yellowtail juggles the keys to open up the bar.

INT. THE BACKWAY INN - DAY

The light from the door opening reveals Akecheta already sitting at the bar.

AKECHETA

I need a place to lay low.

YELLOWTAIL

You got the next step figured out?

AKECHETA

Need your help with that, too.

The door closes and the room goes dark.

84

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

84

Yang and Tango hike along the trail, reach its turnaround point.

Off leash, Tango hangs close to Yang.

Yang sits on a split log bench, slips off her daypack. She pulls out a map and a water bottle, takes a drink.



A light fog reduces visibility.

She orients a compass with the map, looks in the direction she wants to travel. It's thick with undergrowth.

Yang finds the best opening and pushes through. It opens up once she gets past the trail.

She finds a narrow deer trail, checks it with her compass heading, takes it. Tango runs ahead.

85 INT. AKECHETA'S HOME - DAY 85

Bandon walks to the center of Akecheta's living room.

BANDON  
What are we missing?

Forensics took the blankets over the windows so now light seeps in. Bandon looks at the ceiling, yellowed. He looks at the carpet, squashed and dirty.

He walks to old framed photos on a shelf. He puts on gloves and wipes the dust off of one.

Another photo, younger versions of Akecheta, Yellowtail, and Rainwater in front of a huge Redwood.

Bandon dusts the others, rock stacks, a sculpted bear, branches stacked in a mound like a hut.

86 EXT. HUT - DAY 86

Yang kneels and looks at a hut like the one in Akecheta's photos. She snaps a photo with her phone.

Her eyes sweep the forest, looking for movement. It's still.

She pulls her gun, chambers a round, and moves in.

At the hut, she looks in through cracks between the branches.

SHE SEES - a fire ring, rocks, no person.

Yang moves around to find the entrance, ducks in.

87 INT. HUT - DAY 87

Yang holsters her weapon and kneels at the fire pit.

She holds her hand over the coals, touches one, cold.

Of all the photos on display, she sees her's first, then the victims.

No Park Ranger, but a photo of Bandon with the victims.

YANG

Shit.

She studies the photos of the ancient Native Americans organized in a circle.

She calls Bandon. ON PHONE - NO SERVICE.

YANG (CONT'D)

No, no, no.

She hears rustling outside, rotates and draws her gun.

Tango sniffs her way into the hut.

She puts her gun away, takes out her camera, starts taking photos.

88 INT. AKECHETA'S HOME - DAY 88

Bandon puts the hut photo back. He walks to the front door and exits.

89 EXT. AKECHETA'S HOME - DAY 89

A group of Native American men have gathered around Bandon's car. They have cell phones trained on him as he comes out of the house.

Rainwater comes forward and meets Bandon.

RAINWATER

What are you doing here?

BANDON

Looking for a killer.

RAINWATER

Where is Sheriff Bravebird?

BANDON

Hell if I know.

## RAINWATER

It's a violation to not check in with our law enforcement before coming onto the reservation for investigative purposes.

Bandon pushes on to his car and opens the door.

## BANDON

You know, now that I think about it, you meet the physical description of our suspect, too.  
 (pointing to others)  
 As does he, and that guy, him.  
 Maybe I'll get more warrants.

He gets in his car and backs up without hesitation. The crowd bangs on his car as he leaves.

90

INT. MOONSTONE CAFE - NIGHT

90

The waitress finishes taking the agents' orders.

## CHO

Chicken fried steak.

## WAITRESS

Got it.

Bandon takes a drink of water.

## CHO

Yang left in a hurry, something must have spooked her. And, she wasn't alone.

He hands his photo over to Bandon, it shows the two chairs, beer bottles, and footprints in the dirt.

Bandon hands it back.

## BANDON

Great. Akecheta's on the run,  
 Yang's on the run, maybe they're together.

Hampton's up next, hands over her phone.

## HAMPTON

You're a social media darling.

Her phone plays a video of the mob banging on his car.

BANDON  
At least they got my good side.

He hands her phone back.

BANDON (CONT'D)  
Lopez, what's on your phone?

LOPEZ  
I didn't record it, but the vendor next to Akecheta said we should steer clear of him because he's part of a secret council.

BANDON  
What kind of council?

LOPEZ  
The kind led by Rainwater. Traditionalists focused on the old ways.

BANDON  
Yellowtail?

CHO  
Feared and respected, a woman warrior thought to have dished out vigilante justice to more than one white man.

The waitress looks on from the drink station.

BANDON  
Good work. Our priority tomorrow is finding Yang. After that we can get back on the others.

Bandon stands and grabs his jacket.

BANDON (CONT'D)  
I'm going to the bar to do a little processing. See you in the morning.

As he leaves, the waitress makes a call in the background.

THE CALL

WAITRESS  
They're getting close, hope you have a plan.

She hangs up and deals herself a cigarette, sneaks out the back door.

INT.THE BACKWAY INN- DAY

Yellowtail hangs up the phone and looks in the bar mirror, her face painted red.

91 EXT. RED ELK MOTOR LODGE - NIGHT 91

It's dark when Bandon parks in front of his room at the Red Elk Motor Lodge.

The cars from his other team members are already in place.

Bandon gets out, looks drained. He opens the back door, grabs his jacket, feels around for his keys, pulls them out. He leans against the car, takes a deep breath, looks at the sky.

92 INT. BANDON'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT 92

Bandon enters his room and turns on the lights. His eyes are red and underscored by dark half-moons.

His button-up shirt wrinkled, untucked, and each sleeve rolled to a different level.

He sits, plunges back on the bed, spreads his arms as if nailed to a cross.

He turns his head toward the window.

Bandon sits up and stares at his own reflection in the old picture-tube television.

He walks into the small bathroom, unzips his pants, and urinates.

THE SHOWER CURTAIN EXPLODES and wraps around him. The red-faced killer leaps on Bandon's back and places his head in a choke hold.

The space is so tight, the two barely THUD backwards against the wall. The killer's legs wrap around Bandon's torso, securing his arms.

As Bandon passes out, they slide to the floor.

93 INT./EXT. YANG'S JEEP - NIGHT 93

It's dark and foggy. Yang drives her Jeep on a dirt road, the headlights bounce around on trees ahead. She turns on the fog lights, the road becomes visible.

She arrives at the camper. It sits in total darkness.

She gets out and uses a flashlight to light her way to the RV. She fumbles her keys at the lock, drops them.

They fall under the RV. She turns and searches the area behind her, kneels, sees the keys, grabs them.

When she stands, she finds the lock again and enters.

94 INT. YANG'S CAMPER - NIGHT 94

Yang sits on the couch, stares ahead.

She calls Bandon.

95 INT. BANDON'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS 95

Bandon's phone rings on the dresser.

BANDON (V.O.)  
(recording)  
You've reached Reed Bandon, F.B.I.,  
please leave a...

The call disconnects before he finishes.

96 INT. YANG'S CAMPER - NIGHT 96

Yang opens the photos from the hut, finds the one of the ancient Native Americans.

She flips through the book, finds a photo that matches. It's Geronimo. She turns more pages and finds another, Crazy Horse. Riffles through more, matches Techumesh.

She opens her notebook and writes the names in a circle to match the photo.

Without finishing, she counts them.

YANG  
Eight. Eight war chiefs. Were they  
elders?

Yang's tired. She looks at the crime scene photos again.

First, the full crime scene, the body circled by rocks.

Next, a close-up on the corpse's face.

The missing eyes.

The turquoise stone at the base of the neck.

She leafs through her notebook and finds the symbols. Finds  
TURQUOISE - CREATION, INVINCIBILITY, STRENGTH.

Yang turns back to the photos. She looks at the victim's  
chest wound. Swipes to the heart in the hand. She makes  
herself study it. Disgust overwhelms her eyes.

The entry in her notebook reads, HEART - RESPECT,  
FORGIVENESS, SPIRIT.

The next photo shows the line of rocks, followed by the rocks  
around the Redwood.

Out from STONES - DIRECTIONAL, CEREMONIAL, CAN BE SACRED.

Looks at the line again.

YANG (CONT'D)  
What direction is that?

97 EXT. YANG'S CAMPER - NIGHT 97

From outside, the light inside the camper filters through a  
thick fog before the darkness swallows it altogether.

98 EXT. REMOTE FOREST - DAY 98

MORNING. From above, Bandon lays in the center of a circle of  
eight towering Redwoods on a rock altar.

A layer of fog floats above him.

At ground level, worn boots step over to him.

KILLER'S POV - he looks down at Agent Bandon. Bandon meets  
his eyes.

KILLER  
In the old days, the U.S. Army  
would tie the arms of a Native to  
one team of horses, their legs to  
another. After the interrogation,  
or heckling, they would whip the  
teams and tear the person in two.

Bandon struggles, his face dirty and red.

BANDON  
What do you want?

KILLER  
A revolution. My land, my dignity.  
I want a worthy adversary.

BANDON  
Nobody can give you those things.

KILLER  
Certainly not you.

BANDON  
This place is about to be crawling  
with agents.

KILLER  
I sure hope so. That's what sets  
the Uprising off. Federal Agents  
gunning down an old Indian.

The killer leans in and smears thick peanut butter on the  
sides of Bandon's face.

Bandon moves his head back and forth in resistance.

The Killer wipes his hands with a cloth and picks up a large  
white Cool Whip container.

KILLER (CONT'D)  
Did you know that the solenopsis  
invicta love peanut butter? You  
probably know them as fire ants.

He opens the container and plops a knotted mess of fire ants  
on Bandon's face.

Bandon twists and SCREAMS.

99 EXT. RED ELK MOTOR LODGE - DAY

99

Fog engulfs the Red Elk Motor Lodge.

Lopez and Hampton knock on Bandon's door.

LOPEZ  
Boss, you in there?

The MANAGER arrives with Cho. She uses a master key to open  
the door.

They go inside.



100 INT. BANDON'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

100

Bandon's bed, wrinkled but still made up. His gun and identification are on the dresser.

In the bathroom, the shower curtain balled in the tub, the curtain rod askew on the floor.

Lopez picks up the curtain. It has smears of red and black paint, plus some blood.

LOPEZ

Shit. Hampton, call D.C. Cho, get both Sheriffs out here. We'll need dogs and a helicopter.

Hampton starts dialing and walks out of the room.

CHO

What about Yang?

LOPEZ

Find her.

Lopez drops the shower curtain back into the bath tub.

101 INT. YANG'S CAMPER - DAY

101

Yang sits on the couch and sips her coffee. She has a blanket over her legs and feet. She stares into the mist outside.

SHE RECALLS

Bandon's genuine smile and kind eyes.

Yang shakes her head, no.

YANG

Concentrate.

THEN REMEMBERS

Talking to Dr. Whitefish.

WHITEFISH

The ancients had an origin story where the first people died and became all the plants and animals in the world. The original Elders became the Redwoods...

He keeps talking but we stop hearing him.

In her memory, Yang looks past and around Whitefish.

- A flint knife with an antler handle.
- An ornamental pipe with a feather at the end.
- A chiseled stone tomahawk.
- Stones stacked as a trail marker.

His voice returns as Yang turns her focus back to his words.

WHITEFISH (CONT'D)  
There's a Circle of Elders in the  
forest. A sacred place...

His voice tunes out again.

END MEMORY.

BACK IN THE RV

Yang puts her coffee aside and grabs her phone again.

YANG  
What am I missing?

She studies the overall shot. Looks at the line. She swipes past the gory photos, stops at the line of rocks. Uses her finger to count them.

Cues the next photo, the ring around the Redwoods.

Counts the rocks.

YANG (CONT'D)  
Eight. Holy shit.

She looks at the sketch in her notebook of the war chiefs.

YANG (CONT'D)  
Eight chiefs. A circle of  
eight...Redwoods.

Yang moves the map to the top layer on her desk.

She pours over it using her finger, finds...

INSERT - THE MAP: Circle of Elders landmark.

She circles it in red.

Yang pulls up Bandon's number and pushes send.

BANDON (V.O.)  
 (recording)  
 You've reached Reed Bandon, F.B.I.,  
 please leave a...

She hangs up.

YANG  
 Why the hell are you not answering?

Next, she finds Hampton's name in her contacts, but  
 hesitates.

She snaps a photo of the map with the landmark circled.

Yang walks into her bedroom, comes back with her tactical  
 vest and a jacket, heads out.

102 INT./EXT. YANG'S JEEP - DAY

102

Yang crawls along in the fog, she can only see a few feet in  
 front of her. She reaches the main road, stops. Checks the  
 map, looks left and right. There are no landmarks to get her  
 bearings.

Turns left and speeds up.

She pulls Hampton's name up again and hits send.

The phone RINGS, RINGS, RINGS.

HAMPTON (V.O.)  
 Yang, we've been trying to find  
 you.

YANG  
 I think the killer's next location  
 will be the Circle of Elders...

HAMPTON (V.O.)  
 (cuts in)  
 Bandon's been (cuts out). We need  
 you to (cuts out) safety.

YANG  
 What?

HAMPTON (V.O.)  
 Bandon's been taken.

YANG  
 Are you sure?

HAMPTON

His bathroom is a bloody crime scene, he's gone.

YANG

(cuts back in)

Listen, you have to send the team to the Circle of Elders. It's a landmark in the forest. I'll meet you there.

HAMPTON

Where?

YANG

Circle of Elders, hurry!

Yang hangs up and throws her phone in the floorboard.

YANG (CONT'D)

Fuck! Do not do this to me, please don't let this happen.

She slams her hand against the steering wheel.

INT. AKECHETA'S HOME - DAY

Akecheta fills in the last section of red on his face.

He pries the back off the old tube TV and removes a tomahawk.

103 EXT. RED ELK MOTOR LODGE - DAY

103

Sheriff Tackett pulls into the parking lot. Hampton talks MOS on the phone. Lopez studies a map on the hood of a car.

CHO

Sheriff Bravebird doesn't answer and his voicemail is full.

Hampton rushes over to Lopez and Cho.

HAMPTON

That was Yang. She wants us to send a team to the Circle of Elders...

LOPEZ

(interjects)

Did you tell her about Bandon?

HAMPTON

Yes. She thinks that's where he's going to be.

LOPEZ

Based on what?

HAMPTON

Why don't you ask her that yourself once we get there.

Tackett joins the group.

104 INT./EXT. YANG'S JEEP - DAY

104

The fog thins and starts to lift. Yang speeds up.

She passes a WOOD SIGN: CIRCLE OF ELDERS TRAILHEAD and the road.

She slams on the brakes, the tires SQUEAL and the Jeep stops. Yang slams it into reverse, backs up past the turn in, YELPS the tires again before leaving the asphalt.

Yang bounces down the uneven road until she reaches a small parking lot at the trailhead. The Jeep slides to a stop.

An IMAGE POPS INTO HER MIND - The turquoise from the crime scene.

ANOTHER IMAGE - her memory of the turquoise pendant worn by Rainwater at the Visitor's Center.

She gets out, chambers a round, puts on her vest, adds the jacket, takes off running.

105 EXT. HIKING TRAIL - DAY

105

Patches of thick fog lower visibility on the trail. Yang slows to maintain control.

She runs the narrow path, follows it around trees, over small hills, and around tight bends. Tree branches whip Yang in the face and arms.

SHE REPLAYS what Whitefish said about the place as she runs.

Whitefish's dark eyes glisten with excitement for impressing Yang.

## WHITEFISH

There's a ceremonial pit with tunnels that lead away from the site underground.

Heavy BREATHING and footfalls.

END RECOLLECTION.

BACK ON THE TRAIL

She almost runs into the split-rail fence around the landmark.

Yang bends over to catch her breath, draws her GUN and steps over the fence.

A thin, one-track trail carves through a hedge of underbrush.

She travels it in a strategic stance, gun in both hands, at eye-level, pulled close to her body.

She's fast but deliberate.

The trail ends at a clearing.

106

EXT. CIRCLE OF ELDERS - DAY

106

The wind blows the fog horizontally through the trees.

Up ahead, Yang sees Bandon and the killer standing in the center by the altar.

For the first time we see the killer's face, though the red and black make-up still conceals their true identity.

They press a GUN against Bandon's temple.

Yang stops and finds the killer's head in her gunsights.

She's breathing too hard, Bandon and the killer bounce around in her sights. Something's wrong with Bandon's face.

## KILLER

I knew the others would never find me. It had to be you.

Yang tries to get her breathing under control and takes a small step forward.

The killer cocks the hammer on their gun.

KILLER (CONT'D)

No. No. That is close enough. I do not want to accidentally shoot Agent Bandon.

She stops.

107 EXT. MOONSTONE CAFE - DAY

107

Agent Hampton stands with her cell phone to her ear.

RAINWATER (V.O.)

You have reached Dakota Rainwater.  
I am unavailable at the moment.

Hampton hangs up and pockets her phone.

A helicopter buzzes overhead and lands in the parking lot.

A deputy in a black S.W.A.T. uniform gets out and holds the rear door open.

Hampton runs, bent at the waist, and jumps on board.

She hands the pilot a paper map, buckles in, and dons a headset.

The helo's blades pick up and it lifts back into the air.

108 INT./EXT. THE HELICOPTER - DAY

108

The helicopter zips above the marine layer of wet sea fog, banks to the left and follows the road below.

They pass over a convoy of the other agents hauling ass down the highway.

The copter banks to the right and beelines across the top of the forest.

109 EXT. CIRCLE OF ELDERS - DAY

109

Yang's breathing remains steady. She takes another peep through her gun sights. The heads of both Bandon and the killer dance in her view.

KILLER

You are as likely to kill Agent Bandon as me.

Bandon's hands and legs are tied, so he can only squirm or fall over. He squirms. The fire ant venom has disfigured his face.

BANDON  
(slurred)  
Take the shot!

Her finger tightens against the trigger but doesn't pull it.

KILLER  
I have a better idea. One where we  
all get out of here alive.

There's a faint THUMP of the helicopter in the distance.

KILLER (CONT'D)  
I will trade Agent Bandon for you  
or I can kill you both and escape.

YANG  
Why me?

KILLER  
The Elders say you will play a key  
role in the uprising.

YANG  
Newsflash, I catch killers, not  
work with them.

KILLER  
Really? No one has killed more than  
your government. They killed your  
people, Chinese immigrants, by the  
thousands. Worked them to death.

YANG  
You can't judge the past by the  
standards of the present. No one is  
innocent.

KILLER  
The Elders say you will change your  
mind. Like Saul became Paul.

YANG  
That took a message from God.

KILLER  
We cannot allow white men to  
continue killing and raping our  
sisters. You have paid your own  
price, you must know this.



The THUMPING grows closer and more pronounced. She needs more time.

YANG

That's for the Justice Department,  
not vigilantes.

KILLER

That's why you're so important. You  
step up to speak for the Missing  
and Murdered Indigenous Women.  
Missing and Murdered Asian Women  
join you, and then African American  
groups. You become the voice of the  
Uprising.

YANG

That's why you let me live?

KILLER

Yes, and helped you find me. And  
kept you safe from yourself. And  
watched over you in the woods. And  
returned your gun.

INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Flying over the tops of Redwoods, Hampton checks the map,  
looks at a sea of trees, notes a tall ring of treetops.

HAMPTON

Over there!

The helicopter banks in that direction.

EXT. CIRCLE OF ELDERS - DAY

Yang inches closer when the Killer looks to the sky for the  
helicopter.

KILLER

We are out of time Agent Yang.  
Trade or die?

The killer repositions himself to be behind Bandon and moves  
the gun to the back of his head.

YANG

Wait!

BANDON  
 (slurred)  
 No trades. Shoot us both, dammit.

The killer looks out from behind Bandon.

KILLER  
 Put your weapon down and walk over  
 to us.

Bandon intensifies his struggle but the killer rams their  
 knee into him to settle him down.

The helicopter SOUNDS are now distinct.

YANG  
 Okay!

She lowers her gun and walks towards the Killer.

KILLER  
 Move faster.

Yang takes it slow.

110 EXT. TRAILHEAD PARKING AREA - DAY 110

The other Agents and Sheriff Tackett pull in next to Yang's  
 Jeep.

They burst from their vehicles, take a few seconds to get  
 guns from their trunks.

Sheriff Tackett has a shotgun. She pumps a round into the  
 chamber.

Cho and Lopez have assault rifles. They jam home magazines  
 and pull back the actions of their weapons.

They all head down the trail in a quick jog.

111 EXT. CIRCLE OF ELDERS - DAY 111

Yang inches close enough to make the exchange.

Yang and Bandon lock eyes for a second, then she returns to  
 the Killer's eyes.

The helicopter breaks the sky overhead. A beam of light cuts  
 through the mist and wraps around them.

112 INT./EXT. HELICOPTER - DAY 112

The sniper leans out on the landing rails and finds them in his scope.

HAMPTON  
(over headset)  
Take the shot.

With the movement of the helicopter, all three people dance in his sight.

SNIPER  
(over headset)  
I need more separation.

The helicopter adjusts for a different angle.

113 EXT. CIRCLE OF ELDERS - DAY 113

The Agents and Sheriff arrive at the fence line.

They step across the rails and move in a compact shooting stance.

FROM THE CENTER

Yang notices something behind the killer at the tree line.

White faces with red hands painted across the mouths.

She glances around, dozens have lined the Circle of Elders.

IN THE CENTER

The whirling blades of the helicopter suck a blinding amount of debris into the air.

Bandon lunges his whole body at the killer.

Yang attacks, too.

She hammers a fist down against their clavicle. It SNAPS and all three tumble backwards into the Ceremonial Pit.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! The killer shoots into the air.

114 INT. CEREMONIAL PIT - CONTINUOUS 114

A shaft of light from the helicopter fills the pit.

Yang rides the killer down to an incredible THUD on the ground some ten feet below. She's forced off him on impact.

Bandon crashes next to them.

Ambient sounds fade out and become only the RHYTHMIC THUMPING of the helicopter blades.

Dust billows up from the crash of the bodies on the ground.

The killer's eyes flitter open and they GASP for air.

Yang lays on her back, her eyes flitter and close.

FLASHBACK - ON BEING STABBED

From black, Yang opens her eyes as the killer leans in and kisses her.

KILLER

(whispers)

Join me lover, be our voice.

Her eyes close and all goes black.

END FLASHBACK.

Back in the corridor, Yang stirs and struggles to catch her breath and regain her focus.

The killer gets up and stumbles down one of the corridors.

Yang struggles, rolls over, rises to a knee, checks on Bandon. He's shot and bleeding, unconscious.

Yang hobbles off after the killer.

THE CORRIDOR

From the lighted exit of the tunnel, another person, face painted red and black, with the same headdress as the killer, moves carefully into the corridor. He holds a torch in one hand and a tomahawk in the other.

The light and smoke cast odd shadows in the roughly hewn tunnel.

As he goes deeper into the maze, the light from his torch only extends a few feet in front of him.

FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION

The killer moves through the dark corridor and sees the light of the torch up ahead.

They stop and look back, listens, and hears the rhythmic CRUNCH of footfalls moving in his direction.

The killer goes in the direction of the light.

The two meet, stop, and study each other - almost identical.

The other Native American throws a tomahawk at the killer, but the killer twists enough for it to pass by their head.

They run toward each other.

The killer buries their shoulder in the other's gut, grabs his legs and completes a textbook tackle.

The torch falls as the pair hit the ground.

The downed fighter seats his thumbs in the killer's eye sockets, pushing them to the side.

He rolls over and punches the killer in the face. His blows knock the wig and headdress off the killer.

Yang catches up to them. She stops at seeing two of them fighting.

YANG

Stop!

They don't stop.

Yang rams her knee into the warrior's tailbone and pushes him off the killer.

She takes his place on top of the killer, but hesitates, trying to process why there are two of them.

She has the killer pinned down...and recognizes *him*.

YANG (CONT'D)

Dr. Whitefish? What? Why?

WHITEFISH

They needed my help.

YANG

You're not even Native, it's not your battle!

WHITEFISH

I grew tired of waiting, of watching them suffer.

YANG

What about the suffering you have  
inflicted? My scars?

WHITEFISH

I loved you...you were supposed to  
understand me and bring the Chinese  
to our side.

SSHING - Whitefish pulls a KNIFE from a sheath tied to his  
thigh.

He swipes the knife at her, but she leans back and it misses.

She slams her fist against the bridge of his nose and it  
shatters.

The knife still comes at her, but she meets his hand with  
both of hers and stops it inches from her throat.

They struggle but Yang has leverage.

She gradually turns his arm and starts the knife toward him.

YANG

(inching the knife with  
each syllable)

I. Am. Korean. You. Racist.  
Asshole.

She sinks the knife into his throat. He gurgles and dies.

Yang pulls the knife, moves to her feet and stands to  
challenges the other person.

He holds his hands out, non-threatening.

WARRIOR

You have the spirit of the bear.

The voice registers.

YANG

Nodin?

AKECHETA

I came to help.

Cho and Lopez arrive, lights and laser sights trained on  
Akecheta.

LOPEZ

On the ground asshole, now!

They move past Yang. Akecheta kneels, hands in the air.

115 EXT. MOONSTONE CAFE - DAY

115

TITLE: THREE DAYS LATER

Locals pack the Moonstone, most of whom are Native Americans. Akecheta stands in the back, still creepy looking.

A large group of women surround Yellowtail, all with the red hand painted across their faces.

They hold a BANNER: INDIGENOUS WOMEN UPRISING.

Agent Lopez and Elder Rainwater address the crowd. Yang, Hampton, Cho, and Tackett occupy chairs behind them. Bandon is not present.

Three members of the regional news media are at the front of the crowd recording the update with their phones.

LOPEZ

This remains an ongoing investigation so there's not much more I can tell you.

REPORTER

Can you be sure this is the Redwoods Killer?

LOPEZ

Yes, we have uncovered an abundance of corroborating evidence, we expect the labs will use it to confirm this as the guy.

Rainwater steps forward, smiles.

RAINWATER

It is safe to go back into the Redwoods.

REPORTER 2

How do people on the Reservation feel about this nightmare coming to an end?

RAINWATER

The same as everyone else, relieved.

REPORTER 2

And his claim of being Native American?

RAINWATER

Untrue. There has never been a Native American serial killer. This is another example of law enforcement rushing to judge and blame a minority group.

REPORTER 3

There are also reports that the F.B.I. violated the law, will you file charges?

RAINWATER

We'll see. You have to appreciate the irony here. White men are getting killed by a suspected Native and the F.B.I. make it a priority to stop the killer. When it's white men killing Native women, they lack the resources to investigate. We will invite them to help stop the killing of our sisters.

REPORTER 2

How do you feel about the killer pretending to be a Native American?

Rainwater thinks of his response, looks at the people behind him, looks at his tribespeople in the audience.

RAINWATER

How do I feel about it? Well, I find it disturbing. White Savior Complex. We know the ways of white people, their willingness to appropriate our culture for their convenience, but we do not understand or accept their ways.

REPORTER 3

We've heard a second Native American was taken into custody, can you comment on that?

He looks at Akecheta and Yellowtail.

RAINWATER

Only one person was identified as the killer.



## RAINWATER (CONT'D)

An old white man on a crazed mission. But, maybe someone saw a great warrior spirit sent to help the F.B.I.

Hands go up and questions continue.

116 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

116

After the press conference, the team gathers around Bandon's hospital bed. Bandon's conscious but distant.

Some of the swelling has gone down in Bandon's face, but it's still pocked with angry red bites.

BANDON

(groggy)

My face hurts less than the ass chewing I just got for letting Yang anywhere near the case.

They all manage a small laugh.

YANG

Do you think I'll be terminated?

BANDON

I hope so.

LOPEZ

No, but they'll come up with some kind of fresh hell for you.

The weight of the case crashes on Yang, she starts to tear up. She gathers herself by making eye contact with her teammates.

YANG

I hate to say it, but the Bureau was right. I should've gone to the Caribbean.

She gets a good laugh.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

IN A TREE behind the cars, an Eagle takes to the sky and glides over the dense Redwood National Forest.

FADE OUT.