

WINDS OF ENCHANTMENT

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FADE IN:

EXT. FAR SIDE OF SIOUX VILLAGE - BRIGHT AFTERNOON

It's a beautiful spring day in 1860. Sun shines high in the sky. Two Lakota Sioux tribes meet for a celebration.

SIOUX INDIAN WARRIORS circle the perimeter of the village.

A RED CEREMONIAL BLANKET lays across a warrior's lap. He rides alone into the village. Then to a hill on the far side.

INT. WICONI'S FAMILY TIPI - CONTINUOUS

SIOUX INDIAN WOMEN, of different ages, fill the inside of the tipi. In their hands are feathers, beads, flowers, and ceremonial clothing.

We can't hear what the women say, but they laugh and chat as they move in tandem around the middle of the tipi. Two of the women separate and we see what all their attention is about.

WICONI (late teens), is in the center of the movement. She is a young Sioux woman, sharply beautiful with long, thick, coal black hair.

Wiconi's mother, ZYNTKALA, and three of her AUNTS weave feathers and beads into Wiconi's hair. Under her bare feet is a ceremonial rug.

Today is Wiconi's Wíąyaa Hé Čhiačák'upi (meaning: "They gave her to him"). She will be given to Chief Otaktay.

EXT. SIOUX VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

MEN and WOMEN of the village ready fires and food for the feast. Some of the CHILDREN help with ceremony duties while the younger ones play games and chase animals.

Wiconi's grandfather, WAHCHINTONKA , 50s, sits on the village's hill in prayer. His mostly gray hair blows high and free around him in the wind.

INT. WICONI'S FAMILY TIPI - CONTINUOUS

Wiconi fidgets, winces, and growls under her breath.

(PLEASE NOTE: ALL NATIVE AMERICAN DIALOGUE WILL BE IN THE NATIVE DIALECT OF THE LAKOTA SIOUX. SUBTITLES WILL BE USED.)

ZYNTKALA

The wind is calm, my daughter. Our people are happy this day. Why are you acting like a trapped raccoon?

WICONI

I... cannot hold still. I am too nervous. What if Chief Otaktay sees me today and changes his mind?

ZYNTKALA

You have been promised to this chief for many moons. Why would he change his mind now? You look as perfect as a butterfly's wings.

Wiconi pulls up one of Zyntkala's hands and holds it firm.

WICONI

How can I be like a butterfly when you did not allow me to leave my cocoon before this?

ZYNTKALA

The great creator Wankan Tanka decides our path. The most favored must make the greatest sacrifices for their people.

Wiconi closes her eyes. Tears roll down her cheeks.

WICONI

I hope today brings the favor I have dreamed of for many moons.

Zyntkala looks at her for a few seconds, opens her mouth to say something, but braids Wiconi's hair instead.

EXT. WICONI'S FAMILY TIPI - CONTINUOUS

Children run and laugh while they chase tiny lambs.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF SIOUX VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Chief Otaktay's warriors stop circling the village and move into a line. They watch the tribe's activities.

The warrior with the ceremonial blanket rides to Wahchintonka and hands it to him with impatience. Wahchintonka gives the warrior a curious look and accepts the blanket.

EXT. SIOUX VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

A tiny girl, LYANKE (8), Wiconi's youngest sister, runs through the village to her grandfather, Wahchintonka.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF SIOUX VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Wahchintonka smiles, leans down, and kisses Lyanke on the cheek. He WHISPERS something in her ear.

LYANKE

Thank you, grandfather. It's so beautiful. I'll be careful.

Lyanke nods her head yes and carefully takes the blanket. She holds it tightly to her chest and runs all the way through the busy village to her family's tipi.

LYANKE (CONT'D)

It's here. It's here. Move. Move. I carry a special gift for my sister.

INT. WICONI'S FAMILY TIPI - DAY

Lyanke scurries between the women to get to Wiconi.

LYANKE

It's here, Wiconi. It's here.

ZYNTKALA

Lyanke... slow. Sit down. You'll ruin your sister's gift with all your wiggles.

Lyanke huffs her breath deeply. She plops down near Wiconi's feet, lays the ceremonial blanket gently on her lap, and looks up at Wiconi.

She pops back up quickly, pulls Wiconi's arm to pull her down, gives Wiconi's cheek a kiss, and sits again.

Zyntkala growls and yanks back on Wiconi's hair.

LYANKE

That was from grandfather. He said you would need it.

Wiconi looks down at Lyanke without moving her head again.

LYANKE (CONT'D)

You look like a beautiful hummingbird.

WICONI
And you look like a dust rolling
buffalo.

Wiconi gives Lyanke a wink. Lyanke giggles.

CUT TO:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. WICONI'S FAMILY TIPI - DAY

YOUNG WICONI (10), sits on a stool and watches her YOUNG SISTERS and aunts. Two aunts brush Young Wiconi's hair, and rub animal fat on the ends.

WICONI (V.O.)
Being the girl with the velvet
hair, caramel eyes, and golden skin
didn't allow me to be anything but
a gift. I am protected for my
people's future without question.

Young Wiconi's sisters learn Quillwork from their aunts.

Across the tipi YOUNG ZYNTKALA (20s), hums, rocks gently, and rubs her full pregnant belly.

EXT. LARGE GRASSY FIELD - SUNRISE

The bright sky is clear and a strong wind blows through the grass. Young Wiconi, in shadow, runs as a bright sun rises behind her. She giggles.

WICONI (V.O.)
Over the short time of my life, I
only remember a few times of truly
feeling free and peaceful. Sneaking
out at dawn to meet the sun and run
in the tall grass was one of my few
acts of rebellion.

Young Wiconi comes into full view. She runs and smiles broadly. Her arms and fingertips spread wide. She touches the tops of tall grass within her reach.

Young Wiconi twirls and twirls, and runs again. Her hair moves like wings that fly and flap behind her.

E/I COUNCIL TIPI - NIGHT

Young Wiconi, kneels outside the tipi in the rain. Thunder claps. A GROUP OF TRIBAL ELDERS laugh and talk loudly inside.

She waits for another thunder clap. Thunder claps. Young Wiconi slides under the side of the tipi, and slips behind a pile of buffalo hides.

INT. COUNCIL TIPI - CONTINUOUS

CHIEF SUNKWA, a strong thick man, passes a large Calumet pipe to Wahchintonka. Five ELDERS sit with them around a fire.

A small group of YOUNG WARRIORS sit near the elders. The fire's light flickers on their faces.

WICONI (V.O.)

I would have been beaten if caught in the Council Tipi, but it was worth it. I crave the times when no one is looking at me and I can just listen to the elders speak of life and war. My grandfather is a great elder and all are quiet when he speaks.

A young warrior, NAPAYSHNI, stands and waits. He looks over in Young Wiconi's direction. She slides deeper in the hides.

CHIEF SUNKWA

(to Napayshni)

Do you wish to speak, young one?

NAPAYSHNI

Enough of village and war talk. Wahchintonka should tell us one of his stories.

Napayshni bows his head in respect and sits down.

The group of men laugh loudly. Wahchintonka slowly exhales smoke from the Calumet pipe. All go quiet.

WAHCHINTONKA

One winter's morning, after my father hit me for slapping my little sister.

The Elders laugh. Napayshni laughs louder, much louder.

WAHCHINTONKA (CONT'D)

My mother told me a story... She said there sits a grandmother on top of the biggest hill to the north, with her watchful dog and a cooking a pot of soup. She sits and quills her quilt with her dog watching closely each time she moves her hands.

Wahchintonka takes another slow puff of his Calumet. He exhales and passes the Calumet.

WAHCHINTONKA (CONT'D)

Every time she gets up to stir her soup with her buffalo bone the dog goes and unravels her quill work. The dog does this again and again. It is said if the grandmother ever finishes her quilt, it will be the Earth's end.

NAPAYSHNI

I do not think women have that kind of power.

WAHCHINTONKA

Young warrior, the years will soon teach you differently.

The Elders and young warriors break into a beautiful unity of laughter and shake their heads in agreement.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. WICONI'S FAMILY TIPI - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

A decorative hide dress slides down over Wiconi's shoulders. Final touches to the gown are taken care of by her aunts.

Wiconi opens her eyes and looks down at her sister. Lyanke hands the ceremonial blanket to Zyntkala.

WICONI

(to Lyanke)

What are you staring at?

LYANKE

I want to remember you like this forever. When our people tell stories and sing songs about you I want to close my eyes and see you clearly.

WICONI

I don't think today is important
enough for songs, little one.

EXT. COUNCIL TIPI - CONTINUOUS

Chief Sunkwa, points to livestock, blankets, clean hides, and wooden boxes overflowing with blankets. A few warriors tether beautiful paint horses near the Council Tipi.

VILLAGE MEN sit with Chief Sunkwa and discuss the trade items. A man in his 40s with broad shoulders sits near Chief Sunkwa and shows deep impatience. This is CHIEF OTAKTAY.

War wounds scar his face, his hair is long and in thick braids, and his black eyes squint to the sun.

CHIEF OTAKTAY

She must be worth all I will give
in trade.

CHIEF SUNKWA

You will find the trade is in your
favor.

CHIEF OTAKTAY

We will see. I will send her back
to you in shame if she does not
satisfy me.

CHIEF SUNKWA

If you treat her as your other
wives it is my tribe you will meet
in the dark of winter.

Chief Otaktay's pulls out his knife. Stands quickly. Lets out a loud war cry. He looms over Chief Sunkwa.

Activity in the village quiets.

CHIEF OTAKTAY

Do you dare to threaten me?

Chief Sunkwa stands nose to nose with Chief Otaktay.

CHIEF SUNKWA

It is no threat.

Chief Otaktay shakes his head fiercely and walks away.

INT. WICONI'S FAMILY TIPI - DAY

Wiconi waits alone in the tipi for the drum signal. She holds her ceremonial blanket over her arms in front of her.

Napayshni clears his throat. Wiconi jumps and turns on her heel. Napayshni is very close to her. She jumps back.

WICONI

What are doing in here?

NAPAYSHNI

I want to say goodbye.

WICONI

Why?

NAPAYSHNI

I have always felt sorrow and love
in my heart for you.

WICONI

There is no reason to feel sad for
me. I am the prize of our tribe.

Wiconi turns back toward the entrance of the tipi.

WICONI (CONT'D)

Going with Chief Otaktay means I
will finally be happy... and free.

Napayshni moves closer. He touches Wiconi's cheek gently.

DRUMS beat outside.

NAPAYSHNI

I hope this will be true. Your
smile brings more warmth than a
cloudless day.

Napayshni pulls up the back of the tipi and slides out. She watches him and laughs.

EXT. EDGE OF VILLAGE - DAY

Wiconi's tribe's people gather at celebration fire, and men continue to beat drums and sing.

Chief Otaktay sits atop his white horse and wears a tremendous warbonnet. His warriors line up behind him.

EXT. WICONI'S FAMILY TIPI - DAY

Wiconi exits the tipi. She notices a woman who swiftly walks toward her.

Deep lines etch the woman's face and show the toll of her life. Yet, the gray color of her eyes give her a hint of beauty. This is Chief Otaktay's mother, IYANKE.

Iyanke grabs Wiconi's arm. She looks deep into Wiconi's eyes.

IYANKE

You must be strong, child.

Wiconi draws back as though lightening strikes her.

EXT. EDGE OF SIOUX VILLAGE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Rain pours down.

A WARRIOR holds the reigns of a dark horse. Iyanke sits atop the horse. She pushes the body of WICONI'S FATHER from off the back of the horse.

Young Zyntkala kneels in the mud next to him. Blood weaves through the mud. She screams, and pulls him into her arms. LITTLE WICONI (3), appears behind her mother.

Lightening flashes. Little Wiconi's eyes meet Iyanke's. Wild wind blows the rain straight at Little Wiconi, and her hair whips at her face. Wahchintonka grabs Little Wiconi.

PRE-LAP - Wiconi screams.

END FLASHBACK.

EXT. WICONI'S FAMILY TIPI - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Wiconi continues to scream. Iyanke moves back.

EXT. CENTER OF VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Wiconi walks through her village clumsily. Iyanke follows quietly a few feet behind her.

EXT. EDGE OF VILLAGE - DAY

Wiconi stops at the edge of the village to catch her breath.

The DRUMS get louder

Wiconi stops. Shakes her head. She notices Iyanke behind her.

WICONI

I have... I have seen you before.

IYANKE

Yes, child. Now go.

Wiconi goes to her people. Chief Sunkwa takes the blanket from her, and helps her up onto a horse held by Chief Otaktay.

A fierce wind blows, Wiconi closes her eyes, and takes another deep breath.

Wiconi's tribe circles around them. Wahchintonka comes in front of the Wiconi and Chief Otaktay. He extends his hands up to the sky.

The drums stop.

WAHCHINTONKA

Today our villages are one. Wankan
Tanka blesses all of our people.

Wiconi looks at her grandfather and he smiles broadly. She looks out over the grasses that bend to the wind's force. Wahchintonka lowers his hands and drums beat again softly.

WAHCHINTONKA (CONT'D)

Wiconi... my granddaughter, my
heart. I love you more than all of
the fire lights in the sky. My
heart will be with you always.

Chief Otaktay grabs the red ceremonial blanket from Chief Sunkwa. He places it around Wiconi's shoulders. He takes a rope, tied to his horse, and ties it around her waist.

WAHCHINTONKA (CONT'D)

You now belong to a great warrior.
May his love bring you many
children to run with the buffalo.

The tribe erupts with cries of celebration. Tears flood Wiconi's face. She smiles at her family and tribe. Chief Otaktay leads Wiconi and the warriors away from the village.

EXT. FAR SIDE OF THE VILLAGE HILL - CONTINUOUS

Chief Otaktay moves his horse closer to Wiconi's, looks over at Iyanke, grabs Wiconi by the hair, and slaps her hard. Her lip drips with blood. He pulls her face to his.

CHIEF OTAKTAY

You are mine now. I will say when
you cry. I will say when breath.

Wiconi tries to pull away from Chief Otaktay and he yanks her
back even closer.

CHIEF OTAKTAY (CONT'D)

I will show you again, girl. Go
ahead and cry. It will bring me
great pleasure to tame you.

WICONI

I will tell my grandfather.

CHIEF OTAKTAY

You will never see him again. You
are mine. I made sure you would be
mine the night I killed your
father.

WICONI

(yells)

No.

Another slap connects with Wiconi's jaw. Iyanke rides up
close to Wiconi and Chief Otaktay.

IYANKE

Son, we are still on Chief Sunkwa's
land.

Chief Otaktay stares at Iyanke. He points to the west with
his chin and the group heads in that direction. Iyanke
directs her horse behind Wiconi's.

EXT. OPEN GRASS PRAIRIE - DAY

Horse hooves kick up dust on a prairie path. The rope from
Chief Otaktay's horse binds Wiconi's wrists. Blood drips into
her horse's mane. Wiconi's body rides limp on her horse.

EXT. CHIEF OTAKTAY'S TRAVEL TIPI - NIGHT

Rain POURS. Thunder booms. A figure sits near the entrance of
the tipi. Wiconi's screams of pain escape the tipi.

INT. CHIEF OTAKTAY'S TRAVEL TIPI - NIGHT

Wiconi's bare shoulders gleam in the firelight. Her hair wraps around her naked torso. She rocks back and forth. Hums and fiercely brushes a small section of her hair.

Chief Otaktay sits naked, smokes, and looks content.

CHIEF OTAKTAY
You will learn to enjoy me.

WICONI
I will never enjoy you touching me.

Chief Otaktay grabs Wiconi's hair and slaps her face.

CHIEF OTAKTAY
You will learn.

Wiconi stands and grips the brush with rage. Chief Otaktay laughs at her. She wraps the buffalo hide around herself, and pushes herself out of the tipi.

EXT. CHIEF OTAKTAY'S TRAVEL TIPI - NIGHT

Wiconi runs and slips in the mud. Wind blows across her with force. She pulls herself up.

Iyanke, the figure outside the tipi, stands and pushes through the wind to Wiconi. She squats beside her. Lightening brightens the sky.

Wiconi screams at Iyanke's face. Iyanke pulls on Wiconi's arm, she pulls back hard, and her face slams down in the mud.

IYANKE
Get up, child.

WICONI
Leave me. I am not your child.

IYANKE
You must return to your Chief.

WICONI
He can drag my dead body back into the tipi.

Iyanke grabs Wiconi's face and pulls it up to hers.

IYANKE
That is what he will do.