

**No matter what the color of your skin
All blood is red.**

MOHAWK COP

Hunt in NYC

by
Lorenzo Orzari

Mohawk Cop Franchise includes:
Features, series, digital media

Hunt in NYC

1st Feature film in franchise,
script completed

Busting L.A.

Sequel, script Act 1 with
scene treatment for full script

Beat the Rap (Chicago)

2nd Sequel, synopsis
with Native Rap

Franchise / TV Series Bible

with synopses of 3 feature films,
TV series episodes, Peace Power
Native Music, Wise Words, Rap,
new **Digital Content**

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FADE IN:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

An eagle cries as it soars over a forest...

JACK EAGLE, handsome, rugged, long black ponytail over plaid shirt, quietly pushes aside a little branch, frees a teary-eyed little deer caught in brambles.

He hunkers down... gazes at drops of blood on leaves.

JACK EAGLE

Maw... Still healing wounded deer?

He smiles, rises with his fishing rod.

In dark woods obliquely penetrated by daylight, a branch SNAPS --

A SCREAM's muffled.

Crouched, Jack Eagle's ears prick up, nostrils quiver. He narrows his piercing eyes, glimpses through leaves.

A footpath leads to a cabin. Smoke wisps out the chimney. The wooden front door CREAKS...

Jack Eagle cups his hands, makes a low bird CALL.

"Kwa-ah -- Kwa-ah. Ti-eww -- T-woo..."

He listens, motionless. No answer.

INT. CABIN - FOREST - DAY

Jack CREAKS open the door -- His fishing rod drops.

JACK EAGLE

Maw...?

He rushes to his **NATIVE AMERICAN MOTHER** slumped by an upturned chair --

Blood oozes through her fingers at her horribly slit neck, drips onto the floorboards...

Her glazed eyes slowly blink... Jack crouches over her, desperately clasps one of her limp bloody hands.

NATIVE AMERICAN MOTHER

...he's not dead... your half-brother...

She grips him closer, her mouth twists in pain as she tries to pull an old photo from her torn plaid jacket...

Blood drips... She's slipping away... Jack hugs her tightly, to pick her up.

JACK EAGLE
HANG ON, MAW -- 'Carry you
to a hospital!

But his dying Mother shakes her head, whispers...

NATIVE AMERICAN MOTHER
Find him... stop a war...

She COUGHS, closes her eyes, her bleeding slowed down...

NATIVE AMERICAN MOTHER
My son... let... my spirit free...

Her life, her valiant spirit... evaporates from her aged face... with her last faintly visible wisp of breath.

She dies in his arms.

Jack turns, hot tears glistening, lays his head on hers.

JACK EAGLE
Maw... Forgive me... came back
too late...

The crumpled photo that drops from her hand reveals Jack as a proud Native Boy, his hand on his younger Brother's shoulder in powwow Indian buckskin...

But her bloody finger marked a third Boy in the photo. He looks like Jack, but his haircut and clothes are half-Indian, half-white... Darkly disturbed face grinning, one hand grips a stone arrowhead, the other a toy gun like a gunslinger.

Jack rises. Thunder RUMBLES. An open crate on the floor contains a cache of .45 automatics, AK-47 assault rifles.

On a rough wood table lays a stone arrowhead, an empty "J. Eagle" hunting knife sheath... a ritzy champagne bottle, glasses, a gold snorting tube and cocaine.

Jack Eagle looks insane, nostrils flaring... sniffs. In a color saturated FLASHBACK VISION, he sees... cigarillo smoke hide a Man's face.

The back door CREAKS --

Jack crouches, moves toward the open back door, suddenly pivots. Two SHOTS BLAST as one.

EXT. CABIN - FOREST - DAY

A strange hunchback lumbers through the woods --

Jack Eagle bolts out of the cabin. A black .45 automatic fires like a machinegun.

Jack dives into bullet-blasted foliage --

The hunchback slams back against a tree. He's a big **HIT MAN**. His ugly face HISSES as he smacks another clip in his .45. He aims in the foliage, trudging back to finish the kill.

From behind a tree, a powerful hand grabs the Hit Man's hair tearing off as if "scalped" with Velcro like RIPPING!

Jack Eagle freezes with a raised fist, stares at the hairpiece he grips like a tuft of fur, flings it in disgust --

The Hit Man swings his big black .45 to shoot --

Jack powerfully lifts the big Hit Man by the neck -- THUMPS his gun hand against a tree --

The .45 automatically spits BLASTS -- Bullets RICOCHET, chip trees in the ECHOING forest.

The THUMPED black gun twirls off -- MASHES leaves.

Jack's fist grows HUGE -- SLAMS into the Hit Man's face --

The Hit Man tugs away, RAMS branch CRACKING karate kicks -- deflected by Jack Eagle's ~~own~~ Native American martial arts.

With lightning power, Jack Eagle twists the THRASHING Hit Man to the ground, presses him in a bone-bending wrestling hold, SNARLS in his ear --

JACK EAGLE

I'm a cop.

HIT MAN

Yeah? Read me my rights.

Jack's eyes flash toward the cabin.

JACK EAGLE

Think you have any... when you're dead?

The Hit Man rolls over, CLUBS Jack with a wood stump --

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The big Hit Man THUNDERS like a moose through the CRACKLING forest -- CRASHES through ferns, whip-like branches, looks back with a bloody mouth, terrified eyes --

Dark trees flash by to fast HEARTBEAT POUNDING TOM-TOM DRUMS -- Jack Eagle powerfully chases like a relentless wolf --

EXT. FOREST - CLEARING - RIVERSIDE - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The big Hit Man BURSTS out of bushes, rushes into a dark BMW sedan parked near trees --

Jack Eagle bounds out of the woods, THUDS and ROLLS over the hood of the BMW SCREECHING onto the two-lane country road --

Jack leaps into a bush -- It RUMBLES -- Jack BURSTS through leaves on his Harley kicking back dirt, ROARS onto the road --

"Iron Horse" is painted on the gas tank of the THUNDERING Harley. Across the handlebars is a magnesium "Golden Eagle" hunting bow. A black quiver with Thunderbolt brand black arrows sticks out of a saddlebag.

The hunched Jack Eagle furiously flashes down the road --

EXT. CABIN - FOREST - DIRT ROAD - DAY

In eerie silence beyond the cabin, a black limo glides on a dirt road, in a blur of shadowy forest trees.

EXT. FOREST - COUNTRY ROAD - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

In the saddle of his Iron Horse Harley, Jack BLARES after the Hit Man's BMW --

Jack yanks a Thunderbolt arrow from his hunting quiver -- pulls on his hi-tech bow -- fires the black arrow with a WHOOP -- as if hunting stampeding buffalo on horseback!

The BMW SWERVES around a country road curve, onto a highway.

The titanium-blade arrow F-THUNKS right through Smoky the Bear's hat on a road sign. Jack's Harley ROARS by --

INT. HIT MAN'S SEDAN - DRIVING - INTERSTATE HIGHWAY - DAY

The Hit Man leans over, slams open the glove compartment, grabs another .45 automatic.

EXT. INTERSTATE TO NEW YORK CITY - DAY

The BMW weaves through cars -- on a freeway piercing the heart of New York's forest of skyscrapers.

The Hit Man's arm SHOOTs back automatic .45 BLASTS --

Jack Eagle hunches, SWERVES --

His Iron Horse Harley ROARS, climbs an embankment -- in magnificent SLOW MOTION leaps over a low hill, back onto the freeway -- even closer to the Hit Man's BMW!

Jack Eagle raises his black bow, fires --

The arrow RICOCHET / SPLINTERS near a fast-spinning tire under the SWERVING car --

The Hit Man sticks his arm out again, aims his .45 back --

Jack Eagle WAR WHOOPS -- straddling his Iron Horse -- pulls back another Thunderbolt arrow --

The Hit Man, surprised, pulls his arm in fast --

The arrow THUNKS halfway through the BMW's side mirror -- !

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREETS - DAY

Jack's Harley BLARES after the BMW SCREECHING corners --

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - TRAFFIC JAM - DAY

Jack side-SLAMs traffic, leaps off his Iron Horse -- His cowboy boots THUMP the hoods and roofs of traffic jammed cars toward the blocked BMW -- Drivers SWEAR --

Gripping hi-tech bow and arrows, Jack Eagle bounds off the roof of a car strafed by automatic .45 bullets --

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ALLEY - DAY

Jack Eagle RAMS a huddle of surprised Drug Dealers --

The Hit Man stampedes up a pile of crates to scramble over an alley wall, hears a blood-curdling, heart stopping WAR WHOOP -- swings back his SPURTING .45 --

The Hit Man stops dead in his tracks, his chest pierced with a Thunderbolt arrow. His body drops, reveals...

Jack Eagle slowly lowering his magnesium bow.

In SLOW MOTION, the Hit Man crashed in crates tries to see straight, squints up... the world's tilting...

Tall Jack Eagle glares down, police badge in his palm --

JACK EAGLE

You **had** the right to remain silent.

The Hit Man can no longer keep his eyes open, and with a last GASP, blacks out...

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - ALLEY ENTRANCE - DAY

A Drug Dealer and a couple of Addicts stare bug-eyed --

Jack Eagle rises... muscular, primeval, the ultimate urban Warrior, grips his black bow over his dead prey.

He fiercely stares over his shoulder at the frozen Drug Dealer and Addicts. They immediately scatter, disappear --

EXT. SIDEWALK - ALLEY ENTRANCE - DAY

Cameraman **SWEDE** shoulders his Z-NEWS camera toward roving reporter **TANYA PALMIERI** in a jogging suit. She breathlessly wraps her lithe form in a raincoat, grips her mike --

Her low rapping Black soundman **MALCOLM** in a headset, adjusts portable sound equipment --

TANYA

(into news camera)

-- Tanya Palmieri... on the trail of an Indian... who uses a police badge... as a license to hunt.

She and her crew are almost rammed by a SWERVING Morgue van.

MALCOLM

Meat wagon motherf--!

TANYA

Hey -- Why're the dead in a hurry?

EXT. FOREST - CABIN - DAY

Police lights pulse red across Jack Eagle's determined face.

The crate of AK-47 assault rifles, automatic .45's is clumped shut with a wooden lid.

A **MOHAWK RESERVATION PEACEKEEPER** heaves the crate of guns from the cabin of Jack's mother into the back of his SUV cruiser, thumps the rear door down.

He's about to walk round to his driver's door, stops, watches Jack approaching, eyes him darkly.

JACK EAGLE

What's going on? A war? Natives buyin' illegal automatics now?

The Peacekeeper blocks Jack from the crate in the SUV.

PEACEKEEPER

I'm confiscating these samples. What's goin' on here is our business. Not yours. You're the hot blood sold out to the whites, became their Tonto, then go back to 'em. Don't contaminate our land by standin' on it.

JACK EAGLE

I got business here. Personal.

The Peacekeeper moves in, threatening. Jack doesn't budge.

PEACEKEEPER

You feel anything, your mother got her throat cut? Native hunting knife killed your Maw. Empty sheath near her body. Leather burn engraved with your name. Where's your knife, Jack?

Insanely accused, Jack narrows his eyes, points at the cabin. Thunder rumbles. The Peacekeeper, grim, slowly reaches for his handcuffs.

JACK EAGLE

We can't waste time. Gonna rain.
Tracks fade.

The Peacekeeper advances, one hand on his gun holster. Jack clenches his fist.

JACK EAGLE

You're gonna force me to do this my way?
Accept my regrets --

Lightning fast, Jack PUNCHES the Peacekeeper out cold, cuffs him to his own SUV cruiser steering wheel, tosses the keys.

INT. CABIN - FOREST - DAY

Jack studies... the old photo his Mother had clutched... the half-white, half-red Boy gripping a stone arrowhead and a gun.

Next to Jack's empty hunting knife sheath on the wooden table is the **real** stone arrowhead, reflected in Jack's eye.

Far off, Native TOM-TOM DRUMS solemnly POUND.

EXT. CABIN - SHADOWY WOODS - DAY

Deer antlers slowly move before branches and leaves.

Under the antlers is a deer head with black glassy eyes and feathers... worn on the head of an old Indian in skins and beads... **ELDER CHIEF DEER HORN.**

Aged with timeless wrinkles, he moves like a vision through the woods. Leaves cloak him, change shape, waft and shimmer.

ELDER CHIEF DEER HORN (V.O.)

Listen... with your eyes...

Jack Eagle crouches, slowly moves to the unseen TOM-TOM DRUMS as if in a warpath dance... around the cabin.

ELDER CHIEF DEER HORN (V.O.)

The Earth speaks to you...

Ground and trees MOAN, blur round and round Jack...

Jack leans, stares... smells the wisps of a cigarillo butt flattened in a square-toed shoe print... in a wooded path leading away from the back door of his Mother's cabin.

Elder Chief Deer Horn leans in parallel to Jack Eagle.

Jack sees VISION FLASHES / fast INTERCUT of images: A hand drops a cigarillo butt pressed in the earth by a freshly polished, black square-toed shoe.

Within zigzag track-shoe treads, the square-toed shoe prints are in line, one in front of the other --

JACK EAGLE

Indian walk... in white man's shoes.

Elder Chief Deer Horn closes his eyes, nods... slowly vanishes.

EXT. CABIN - FOREST - DIRT ROAD TO HIGHWAY - DAY

The square-toed shoe rises over a fresh tire track.

Jack's eyes follow... the deep set of tire tracks cross each other in a wide arc, turn off a dirt road hidden by trees... Jack VISION sees a long black limo swerve, vanish.

JACK EAGLE

The Earth speaks... Limo.

The tire tracks veer onto the highway behind some trees revealing a green highway sign: New York.

Trees hush, carry Elder Chief Deer Horn's WHISPERS...

ELDER CHIEF DEER HORN (V.O.)

Listen... the forest has more to say.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jack moves stealthily through the woods. He's watched... by a CHATTERING squirrel, motionless, with its paws together.

Jack mouths a low squirrel-like CHATTER...

The squirrel twitches its bushy tail, calmly hops, undulates through the underbrush.

Jack follows... zeros in on a short, headless furry creature hiding under forest ferns. He snatches up the hairpiece he "scalped" off the Hit Man.

Jack's nostrils flare... sniff the hair's odor. He turns away with a hard grimace.

An SUV horn repeatedly HONKS.

EXT. ROAD BARRICADE - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Passing a Z-NEWS van, Jack Eagle steers his RUMBLING Iron Horse Harley behind a crowd of construction workers, some closing in with chainsaws to cut through a road barricade behind which a few Natives stand in motionless solidarity.

As Jack approaches, he's coldly watched by Native ecologist **RACHEL BROWN FOX** in white shirt, jeans and cowboy boots, using a pickup truck as a stage in front of the barricade. She speaks passionately into the megaphone she grips --

RACHEL BROWN FOX

You poison our rivers so bad, fish we
eat poisons our Native mothers, poisons
their milk for our babies!

Choked by angry emotion, she faces the Z-NEWS camera shouldered by Swede next to soundman Malcolm and reporter Tanya Palmieri, mike in hand, staring grimly. Tanya's other hand squeezes a tension-relieving power grip.

RACHEL BROWN FOX

Now you want to cut trees, make golf
courses over sacred Native burial
grounds? Taking back reserve land -- ?

TANYA

You're saying White people are the
"Indian givers"?

Rachel Brown Fox looks down as if to say, "You got that right."

Tanya faces the Construction Foreman.

TANYA

Is your company going to accept that label
or threaten lives with chainsaws?

CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN

You trying to make things worse? Get
that camera outta my face -- !

RACHEL BROWN FOX

We're forced to take a stand, for our
race to survive!

The Construction Foreman waves for his workers to close in to the barricade with their chainsaws blaring.

The Natives press forward behind their barricade, raise AK-47s and automatic .45s in defense.

Jack quickly RUMBLE-REVS his Iron Horse Harley between the construction workers and pickup truck before the barricade.

Jack raises his cop badge before the construction workers.

JACK EAGLE

Police business. Stand back.

Reporter Tanya Palmieri watches Rachel Brown Fox glaring at Jack Eagle. They have history. Rachel's repressing a past hurt covered by anger. Tanya aims her cameraman and soundman.

TANYA

Zero in close on him -- and her!

Straddled on his stopped Harley, Jack Eagle looks up at Rachel.

JACK EAGLE

Small world.

Rachel coldly tugs free from Jack's look.

RACHEL BROWN FOX

Try walking around it.

JACK EAGLE

Almost did. Because of you.

(eyes the Native guns)

Rachel, lissen to me. The more res Natives arm themselves with illegal automatic weapons, the more blood will run.

(calls out to each Native)

You heard of Dekanawida, old prophet of peace? Prove to the news people and the world which side here's more advanced with self control.

Rachel's barely repressing her unspoken history with Jack --

RACHEL BROWN FOX

We have the right to protect ourselves.

A bulldozer CLANKS toward the road barricade. The Natives cock, aim their automatic weapons --

Rachel warns the construction workers --

RACHEL BROWN FOX

Don't **dare** take another step! You have no idea how massively widespread the shooting can be -- right before our new Native Independence Day!

State Trooper vehicles smoke down the road, sirens wailing.

CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN

(closing in with a chainsaw)

AWRIGHT -- C'MAN! -- ALL OF YOU'S --
GET OFF THE ROAD AND OFF THIS PROPERTY -- !

RACHEL BROWN FOX

NO, **YOU** white squatters get off **OUR**
property!

HOLLERING construction workers wave chainsaws while the
armed Natives SHOUT back.

A construction worker reaches to pull Rachel Brown Fox off
the pickup -- She's sidesteps to kick him in the face --

Jack calmly tugs the construction worker back by the neck,
saves the worker's head from being kicked, tosses him back
into the crowd of YELLING hardhats--

Jack grabs the reluctant Rachel Brown Fox by the legs, hoists
her off the pickup. She thumps Jack's back with her fists --

Jack ROARS off on his Iron Horse with Rachel Brown Fox on
his shoulder. Construction workers dive out of the way --

Reporter Tanya Palmieri, hotly intrigued, grabs her
cameraman and soundman to follow Jack Eagle -- suddenly
faces the Construction Foreman and his workers.

TANYA

Move aside, you're blocking the truth!
You want to be seen in a bad light?

The Construction Foreman angrily nods his head aside, enlists
some workers to "confiscate" -- SMASH the news equipment --

TANYA

Son-of-a--! You ever hear of freedom of
expression?!

Tanya fires her fist into the Foreman's face. Blackout.

EXT. PARK STATE UNIVERSITY - SCIENCE CENTER - DAY

The Iron Horse Harley SPITS, shudders, quiet. Rachel Brown
Fox dismounts, pushes Jack away.

RACHEL BROWN FOX

Go back to the city -- What do you care
about us, about our Mother Nature?

Jack's face is tense with smoldering emotions.

JACK EAGLE

I care about my mother.

Rachel's high cheekbones, proud stance indicate she's still
harboring some feelings for Jack. He awkwardly hands her
what looks like a tuft of fur she's reluctant to touch.

JACK EAGLE

Need you to analyze this rug.

RACHEL BROWN FOX

Why should I?

JACK EAGLE

'Cause you care.

INT. PARK STATE UNIVERSITY - LAB - DAY

She contemplates his Indian face, ponytail... black tie, blue
shirt, cop badge under his buckskin jacket.

RACHEL BROWN FOX

Sorry about your mother... Why did you
have to leave the res?

JACK EAGLE

Learn the ways of different people. To
protect our rights, like you said.
Thought I could be like a liaison,
understand what cultures share.

RACHEL BROWN FOX

Only sharing whites do is amongst
themselves. What do we share?

Jack is a solid, proud Native... repressing a turmoil of
emotions.

JACK EAGLE

Look... This stinkin' "scalp"...
grabbed it off a hit man... was at my
mother's cabin, where she bled to death.

Rachel silently shares the pain. She slowly turns to peer
through a microscope slide, sniffs it... focuses on Jack.

RACHEL BROWN FOX
 Pollutants on the hair fibers -- Tarco
 synthetic oil refinery. Condemned to be
 shut down. So they say.

EXT. PARK STATE UNIVERSITY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Rachel touches Jack's face, turns it to the horizon where
 refinery stacks stab the sky, belch gray black smoke.

RACHEL BROWN FOX
 Who can't see the smoke signals? Those
 chimneys are still spouting poison,
 killing the sky.

EXT. TARCO OIL REFINERY - INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND - DAY

Black smoke stacks BLAST fire, smolder, torture the sky.

RACHEL BROWN FOX (V.O.)
 Make us breathe death.

In dark haze... is a far forest of New York skyscrapers.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - ROOFTOP - DAY

A rooftop door POUNDS open -- Skyscrapers tower.

Wound-up Black **POLICE CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS** climbs out, lights
 a cigarette, spots Jack Eagle in black Ninja gear CHOPPING,
 KICKING a wooden martial arts dummy to CRACKING SPLINTERS.

Jack wears earphones... hears only TOM-TOM DRUMMING... in
 meditative "Ninjian" moves -- a hypnotic blend of Ninja
 martial arts, Native American war dance and sudden IMPACT.

Captain Harris shakes his head, looks back, runs a hand over
 his crinkly, thinning hair, takes a drag of his cigarette
 under a "Smokers Here" sign, irritably fumes --

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS
 Stress workouts with... JACK **NINJIAN**.

Jack Eagle whirls, stops his flashing hand-chop exactly half
 an inch before Captain Harris' nose. Smoke wisps.

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS
 You aim to chop totem poles with your
 hands?

Jack's hardly turned, in a calm, deliberate stance.

JACK EAGLE
Just hitman employers. "Chief".

On hearing Jack Eagle sardonically call him "Chief", Captain Harris grimaces, raises a warning finger --

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS
Your search warrant -- for refinery
sightseeing -- Forget it.

Jack Eagle SNARLS -- leaps, twirls and back-kick CRACKS off the wooden dummy's battered head.

A second lightning KICK -- SPLIT-CRACKS -- caves in the dummy. Jack breathes out, now more in control.

Jack throws his tomahawk THUMPING into the heart of the wooden dummy... stares at Captain Harris, slowly WRENCHES the tomahawk out of the SQUEALING wood.

JACK EAGLE
Gotta chop me another dummy.

INT. PRECINCT - CORRIDORS - BALLISTICS, FORENSICS - DAY

Jack Eagle strides past BLASTING Ballistics labs, glances in Forensics. African-American forensic specialist from Detroit **DEVON DAVIS** wearing glasses, mouth mask, red spattered lab coat, raises bloody forceps holding a .45 bullet.

DEVON
It's a boy!

The bullet CLANKS into a kidney shaped bowl.

INT. FORENSICS LAB OFFICE - DAY

Devon's glasses reflect computer screen data.

DEVON
Rounds of .45's, like your hit man's,
pumped into almost every stiff I get.
So what's up, Jack, factory warehouse
sales? Black market .45 automatics must
be selling by the crate.

JACK EAGLE
I know.

DEVON

How?

Jack raises a palm, Indian style --

JACK EAGLE

How.

Devon smirks, quizzically watches Jack stride off --

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CAPTAIN HARRIS' OFFICE - DAY

Captain Harris SLAMS shut the door, storms to his desk, whirls -- gun in both hands, high-strung.

Jack Eagle stands in semi-shadow, impassive, with his arms crossed, holding a small, unlit corncob pipe.

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS

Maybe I didn't hear you coming, but you heard me: Refinery's closed.

Harris SNAPS his lighter, nervously blows out cigarette smoke at a "**No Smoking**" plaque. Jack points his pipe at the window.

JACK EAGLE

So, if they're not makin' oil, what **are** they makin'? You gonna tell me all their smoke's from a cookout?

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS

Look. Some kinda deadly chemical leak's burning "under" control in an obsolete system the owners claim is too expensive to repair --

(warning Jack)--

Read my lips: Any trespassers -- **if** they survive -- will be **sued** to hell by the Tarco oil refinery.

JACK EAGLE

You're trespassin' only if you get caught.

Captain Harris knots his brows -- He knows what Jack is thinking, and he doesn't like it.

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS

Follow **standard** police procedures. No way I'm gonna have my under-budget department sued --

(flares)
Think money grows on trees?

JACK EAGLE
It's made of paper. Isn't it?

Captain Harris does a slow burn, seething, patient.

JACK EAGLE
Chief --

Captain Harris glares up from his file-cluttered desk. With calm deliberation, Jack tosses the "scalped" Hit Man hairpiece onto Captain Harris' desk.

JACK EAGLE
If the refineries are closed down
'cause they're deadly, then no one
could stay there alive.

Captain Harris' face wrinkles into a grimace. He rubs a hand back over his thinning crinkly hair, bends to peer at the "scalped" hairpiece, squints up...

EXT. MULTIPLE OIL REFINERIES - STACKS - TWILIGHT

Dark clouds billow. Thunder rumbles. Orange flickers glow across a forest of dark pipes. Black metal stacks BLAST fire and smoke into a blood red sky.

EXT. TARCO OIL REFINERY - FENCE - NIGHT

Wind WHISPERS in snake-tangled pipes. The fence sign --

CLOSED -- OFF LIMITS
Trespassers will be prosecuted

-- is blocked by a figure in black with backstrapped bow, arrows in a black quiver --

A Native American in black Ninja gear. He moves in shadows, stealthy, furtive, watches...

The spirit of Elder Chief Deer Horn appears like orange flickers gliding through the forest of dark pipes.

ELDER CHIEF DEER HORN (V.O.)
Listen... Wind whispers...

The "Ninjian" in black peers through shadows...

EXT. TARCO OIL REFINERY - PAVEMENT INSIDE FENCE - NIGHT

A match SCRATCHES across a dark coarse strip... FLARES before a cigarette... illuminates... the face of an ugly **THUG** with a bent nose... the close barrel of his Uzi.

A shoe scuffs the dark pavement...

The Thug hears an owl hoot... "Whooo... Whooo..."

EXT. TARCO OIL REFINERY - CORNER - METAL PIPES - NIGHT

Huge spooky shadows flutter on refinery pipes. OWL HOOTS ECHO... here, there, all around...

The Thug waves his Uzi, crouches past a pile of metal pipes, swivels his head toward each HOOT, eyes shifting left to right.

But he doesn't see right in front of him --

A figure in black uses a Ninja technique to remain unseen, blends right into the tangled maze of oil refinery pipes, in a bizarre motionless pose, head down, arms and legs bent like the pipes in shadows...

The figure in black slowly raises his partly visible face... His eyes gleam. It's Jack Eagle.

JACK EAGLE

Hoo...

The Thug jerks up and around surprised, grips his Uzi -- stares at a small suede pouch on Jack's slowly rising hand.

JACK EAGLE

Peace offering.

The Thug twists his face into an ugly snarl --

JACK EAGLE

Not feeling good? Try this...
good medicine... man.

Jack blows powder off his other hand into the Thug's face. Paralyzed speechless, the Thug GAGS, doubles over.

The GASPING Thug raises his Uzi like a slow erection...

Jack Eagle sidesteps, gently blows another puff.

JACK EAGLE

Smoke... dance in the moonlight.

Smoke curls. Bloody X-rays of the Thug's pulsing skull FLASH behind his face. Native DRUMS POUND... His HEART BEAT slows down with WEIRD SWIRLING "Hay-yah, Hay-yah..." singing.

JACK EAGLE

Sweet dreams.

The staring, paralyzed Thug's face slowly approaches the pavement... his mouth drooling saliva and blood. He slumps into a low, dark heap.

The Ninjian Jack Eagle shoulders the Thug's Uzi, scans up and around the maze of pipes and stacks. He tugs back an arrow on his hi-tech black bow, aims high --

The arrow head is a grappling hook with gleaming eagle claws.

The grappling hook arrow HISS-twirls through the air, pulls a WHISPERING snaky dark nylon rope.

EXT. TARCO OIL REFINERY - HIGH MAZE OF PIPES - NIGHT

The steel grappling hook claws quietly CLINK through, grasp a metal pipe support grid -- high above the ground.

From a distance, a black spider seems to be climbing a black thread up to a mass of beams and refinery stacks.

Black moccasins silently tread, one in front of the other, on a dark pipe --

High above a maze of metal snakes, Jack Eagle grips his black bow and Uzi... a full moon behind him...

EXT. TARCO OIL REFINERY - SKYLIGHT - HIGH PIPES - NIGHT

Jack Eagle peers down, between his feet on two pipes...

Below a yellow skylight window... Criminals in an undercover operation unpack black .45s from crates. The guns are disassembled, drilled, reassembled as illegal automatics on a long table. One Criminal picks up a .45 and tests it, fires bullets like a machinegun, disintegrates a rusty drum.

EXT. TARCO OIL REFINERY - METAL DOOR - NIGHT

The Ninjian in black silently drops within walls of steel drums. Yellow light flashes from under a metal door.

Ninjian Jack Eagle freezes in semi-shadow --
The barrel of an automatic .45 touches his temple.

COP (o.s.)

Nice of ya to drop in.

A shifty-eyed Cop in uniform emerges from pipe shadows, nervously SNIFFS like a messed up junkie.

COP

Now -- gimme the Uzi -- And huh -- A
bow -- ? Hand over the bow!

The Cop keeps the Uzi, tosses Jack's bow and billy club --
snatches the small suede pouch from Jack's hand --

JACK EAGLE

It's my medicine --

COP

You won't need it.

Jack moves into light.

COP

Jack fuckin' Eagle... Mohawk cop.

The Cop pressures Jack's temple with the automatic .45,
glances aside, HISSES --

COP

Don't ya know it's ~~s~~ against the law to
trespass? --

JACK EAGLE

So, what are **you** doing here?

The smug Cop smirks, SNIFFS, wipes a finger under his nose,
unknowingly spreads some cocaine on his upper lip --

COP

Security for midnight shoppers.

JACK EAGLE

Automatic .45. Get it wholesale, here?

COP
Beauty. It ain't regulation...

The junkie Cop brings the .45 gun barrel to Jack's eye.

COP
But it oughta be.

The Cop's face twists, sour.

COP
So, whattaya gonna tell me, huh? This refinery's built on your ancestors' cemetery -- ?

Jack Eagle nods... eyes determined, blazing power.

JACK EAGLE
My Mother's grave.

The Cop grimace-smirks...

COP
Ya jus' keep breakin' the rules of the game, huh, Jack?... Guess we'll just have to break **you** --

The crooked Cop flings open the metal door -- SHOUTS aside. The Criminals working the guns freeze, then hustle --

Jack Eagle THRUSTS the Cop into CLUNKING steel drums, grabs his bow and billy club nightstick off the ground --

INT. TARCO OIL REFINERY - GUN OPERATION - NIGHT

Jack Eagle flashes like lightning past a dark jungle of hanging, curving pipes, stacked steel drums --

WAR WHOOPING -- twirling his black-feathered billy club around his body -- Jack Eagle THUMPS aside charging, attacking Criminals into THUNDERING steel drums --

The gun BLASTING crooked Cop is stung by one of his own pipe-CLANKING, crazily RICOCHETING bullets --

Jack dives behind a fat pipe -- bullets ZING -- SPARK!

Outnumbered, Jack ties his black headband to an arrow, flicks a lighter... pulls back on his bow --

Jack's flaming arrow SWOOSH blazes into a crate of ammo that BLASTS BULLETS everywhich way tearing through pipes, multiply BLOWING a chain reaction of ammo crates --

Hot bullets perforate sealed oil drums that BOOM -- !

EXT. TARCO OIL REFINERY - METAL DOOR - NIGHT

Jack Eagle leaps out, dives --

A RAGING ball of orange flames ROARS after him --

From the EXPLODING building -- huge claws of flame reach out to grab Jack Eagle running from the red-hot Hell --

EXT. ROAD - OIL REFINERIES IN DARK DISTANCE - NIGHT

Blinding, red-flashing fire trucks WAIL away toward a fire blazing at one of the distant oil refineries.

EXT. OVERPASS SHADOWS - DISTANT OIL REFINERIES - NIGHT

Jack Eagle watches, crouched... In the starry horizon, dark smoke clouds billow with orange flashes above the refinery burning like a distant campfire.

Jack narrows his eyes at the access road below.

A black limo SCREECHES, stops. A fire truck WAILS by --

Visible from behind, a **Man** in a suit bursts out of the limo, views the blaze at the refinery a mile away -- POUNDS the limo roof, gripping a cellular phone, burrows back into the limo.

A utility pole blocks Jack's view of the license plate. The black limo SHRIEKS in a U-turn, peels away...

EXT. OVERPASS - HILL - ROAD - NIGHT

Jack slides down the dark side of the overpass hill --

The black limo races by, under the overpass --

Jack bounds over a CLINKING wire fence, sidewalk THUDS.

Bushes shudder. His Iron Horse Harley abruptly ROARS out, its huge headlight blinding white --

EXT. ROAD FROM OIL REFINERIES - TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

The limo bounces over tracks, license plate, taillights vanishing behind a THUNDERING, ponderous freight train.

EXT. ROAD - TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Swerve straddling his angrily RUMBLING Harley, Jack Eagle glares at the huge, CLUNKING, POUNDING freight train that blocks him, curving away long as the Great Wall of China...

INT. STONE CORPORATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - SKYSCRAPER VIEW OF MANHATTAN - MORNING

A newspaper with a head shot of Jack Eagle in police uniform SLAPS onto a conference table.

Headline: "MOHAWK COP BLASTS ILLEGAL GUNS"

BOOM -- ! Jack's photo is STABBED with a dagger letter opener. Darkly handsome **ROBERT STONE** leans over, late 30's, a coiled corporate snake at the head of the conference table under *The Stone Corporation* wall logo.

ROBERT STONE

This goddamn Indian's *not* going to jeopardize our shipment deadline.

Gangsters in business suits sit in disgruntled silence around the table. One of them, **MOLLOY**, roughly mugs.

BOSTON CRIME BOSS MOLLOY

If one lousy Injun can do this to us, what can a tribe of 'em do?

The Gangsters nod, grumble in agreement, look at Stone like their business arrangement is in trouble.

Stone's eyes wickedly shift. He survives by scheming.

ROBERT STONE

He's on his own. Tribes, gangs, drug dealers, gun runners, racists across the U.S. -- Who's going to provide them with guns if we don't? Our deals are better than the crap our competitors offer. Do you really think anyone can stop our sales?

(eyes them all)
 We won't disappoint our clients in every major city. Everyone's got the right to affordable self defense.

CHICAGO CRIME BOSS, BALD **LUCCA**
 Yeah, like all these poor kids in our Chicago schools need protection from fucked-up loner shooters --

NEVADA CRIME BOSS **PINSKI**
 Schools? We gotta protect our interests in Vegas. No fuckin' way Natives'll take over our casinos.

FLORIDA CRIME BOSS **MARCO**
 I hear ya. Where I come from, we gotta drive 'em back into the Everglades.

ROBERT STONE
 Don't worry, Natives are good for us. You want to sell, see guns everywhere? Stockpile now. You'll like my fueling a nice little war between whites and Natives. We deliver to both sides...
 (grins, smug)
 National sales'll blow through the roof. Next shipment's the motherfucking lode. Auto .45's, AK-47s, Uzis. My interstate distribution will spread 'em out **before** their new Fourth of July --

(leans in)
 -- with their new Native Declaration of Independence, claiming what's theirs, we get them to ignite war across the U.S.

MOLLOY
 You sure Natives across the country will rise up in this plan of yours?

ROBERT STONE
 (smiles, devious)
 I've been stoking the fires a long time. What's coming up is the most explosive day in U.S. history.

PINSKI
 And this one Injun?

ROBERT STONE
 (repressing his rage)
 This lone Jack Eagle... He's going to be
 turned into one dead Indian, real fast.
 Before he annoys our operation again.

Stone turns to shoot a warning glare at burly thug **CARL KAZIN**
 standing near the door.

ROBERT STONE
 You're hired. Earn my respect. Terminate
 Jack Eagle and everything he's into.

Stone raises a chromed .45, aims it at Kazin.

ROBERT STONE
 Or you're fired. Point blank.

INT. ROBERT STONE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - HIGH-RISE SUITE - MORNING

Robert Stone slams the door behind him, surprises a gorgeous
 woman, **ALICIA**, half sitting on the edge of his desk, one
 thigh very revealed in her slit skirt. He lunges, RIPS her
 designer blouse apart, throws her down to his leather sofa,
 muffles her mouth, closely whispers in her face.

ROBERT STONE
 Moan for me, baby. Relieve my stress.

He violently slaps her left and right.

STONE
 Louder! You like living...
 (breathes, smiles
 like an oily snake)
 ...in the lap of luxury, Alicia?

She glares back up at him, with her lip bleeding.

ALICIA
 Sure. Why not. For a few humiliating
 trade-offs.

Stone hisses into Alicia's ear.

STONE
 You watch your mouth. Or, I'll shut it.
 Permanently.

ALICIA

(whispered threat)

I go down... you go down with me.

Stone lewdly smiles, a sadist turned on by feisty women.

ROBERT STONE

You and who else on my payroll?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CAPTAIN HARRIS' OFFICE - MORNING

Captain Roscoe Harris flashes his eyes left to right behind his cluttered desk. He glares up, threatening. Jack Eagle stands with feet firmly planted, unflinching.

JACK EAGLE

Chief -- You wanna eliminate crime?

(beat)

Legalize everything.

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS

JACK -- You got hearing problems?

Team players **DON'T** defy orders --

JACK EAGLE

Which team? That Cop at the refinery was a crooked, outta control junkie, snorted bad "medicine" up his nose.

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS

Goddammit -- He was working undercover!

JACK EAGLE

In uniform?

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS

You don't like uniforms? Forget about beats. You're gonna ride a desk.

JACK EAGLE

But, Chief... The indoors for a Native... It's like jail.

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS

Oh, yeah? I accept your resignation. Hand over your piece, badge. What? You want a "going away" party? Your locker's waiting. Clear it out!

Jack gazes through the unnecessarily harsh Captain Harris. Jack's nostrils flare. He narrows his eyes like he smells something fishy.

Captain Harris glares at the open door where Jack stood.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - ROOFTOP - DAY

Jack unleashes his anger, hacks the hell out of what's left of the wooden martial arts dummy. He breathes, sweats --

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - COPS' LOCKER ROOM - DAY

A couple of suspicious **Cops** wait, then nod at each other, stand apart and look away --

Jack pads out of a shower, waist wrapped in a towel, bumped by a **ROOKIE COP**. Jack stops him from slipping.

ROOKIE COP

Hey, Eagle, is it true? You "rain dance" for your mother squaw, her "spirit" tells ya what's goin' on?

The other Cops are silent, still. They glance with hard looks. Jack smolders. The Rookie grins around.

Jack impulsively grabs the Rookie Cop by the throat -- **SLAMS** him against the **BOOMING** police lockers.

JACK EAGLE

Lissen, Rookie, in this democracy, everybody's got a right to free speech.

(closer)

No matter how wrong-it is.

Jack's hand squeezes. The Rookie **GASPS**, eyes bulging --

Two Cops jump Jack Eagle, grab, try to strong-arm him, but he doesn't budge. Made of rock. His towel falls at his naked feet.

The Rookie Cop stares, scared, into Jack's eyes --

JACK EAGLE

I'm not here as a tom-tom pounding, tomahawk throwing, war-dancing Warrior -- But you and your buddies make me wish I were.

A black gun barrel almost touches Jack Eagle's jaw.
A thumb COCKS back the hammer of a gun in a big hand,
revealed to be that of a cop, Carl Kazin on Stone's payroll.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN

Back off, Injun. Or you can try
stoppin' a bullet with your teeth.

JACK EAGLE

(not looking)

I reckon you take my life... you're just
takin' away my troubles.

(beat)

I even oughta thank ya. Shoot. Sorry,
Rookie. Your throat comes with me.

An **OLDER UNIFORMED COP** steps in between Jack and the scared
Rookie whose throat is in a grip of steel.

OLDER UNIFORMED COP MACNAMARA

Look -- It's like this -- We don't
like it, one of our own gets barbecued --
with his badge burned into 'im --

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN

Refinery blasting "**Lone**" Eagle here --
works against the brotherhood --

JACK EAGLE

So, what're you gonna do? Throw me out?

(glares)

I'm already out.

Jack releases the Rookie Cop who slumps, GASPS in relief.

Jack pushes the bottom ends of his blue cop shirt into his
pants, his back to a huddle of uniformed Cops, just says
over his shoulder.

JACK EAGLE

But I ain't resigned, yet.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - OFFICES, DESKS - DAY

Jack Eagle leans closely over a **Cop** at a computer.

COP AT COMPUTER

Oh, you **don't** want the file on the **white**
cop brother... killed at the refinery.
You say after an all-nighter, you found

a toll booth video of a **limo** that came out of a Mohawk reserve? You sure?

At a computer screen in a nearby cubicle, racist white cop Carl Kazin views a Department of Transport Interstate toll booth video of a limo, trees in the background, time and date running on screen.

Kazin presses the "Delete" key.

In the next cubicle, the Cop slyly turns to Jack Eagle, his computer screen forms coming up blank, "No Record."

COP AT COMPUTER

Uhm, the **red** Indian cabin murder files, and an interstate toll video of a Mohawk reserve limo -- No record.

(smirks)

Guess they're not in our jurisdiction.

Racist cop Carl Kazin rises, leans with crossed arms on the cubicle wall, stares at Jack Eagle as if daring him to say something against the brotherhood of cops staring at him.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN

You can go string some wampum back on your reserve, red skin.

JACK EAGLE

Yeah, maybe I'll go have a powwow. With people who talk sense.

Jack stares back hard as if daring Kazin to make a move.

African-American forensics specialist Devon Davis in the b.g. witnesses the wall of racism. He wipes his glasses with a small cloth from his labcoat, makes the slightest of eye contact with Jack.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CORRIDOR - FORENSICS - NIGHT

Devon peers left to right behind his glasses, his face framed in the small window of a door.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - FORENSICS LAB OFFICE - NIGHT

Devon worriedly glances over his shoulder.

DEVON

Jack, man... White brothers in blue round here don't want you to know this. But... I can't help it if you dig the screen when my back's turned.

Devon raises like a mask an X-ray of a skull grinning with a forehead bullet hole -- raises it to the small door window so a Cop passing in the corridor can't see in the lab.

DEVON

Neck bone connected to...

Devon turns his face over his shoulder, talks out the side of his mouth... to Jack at a computer.

DEVON

"Ballistics." Press "F5". Ya just might accidentally notice the m.o. of two merc .45 gun runners. Always lawyer up. Sell to kids, Natives, everyone. Got summer jobs: Door-to-door sales.

Jack studies two ugly mug shots... computer info... images of their automatic .45 handguns, AK-47 assault rifles.

JACK EAGLE

They have Tupperware parties?

DEVON

Why're these illegal auto .45s such hot sellers?

JACK EAGLE

When trigger-happy shooters can squeeze out 20 rounds a second, that means more gun and ammo sales. Everybody's happy.

Jack looks at Devon still pretending to keep his back turned.

JACK EAGLE

Thanks for the backup, bro.

DEVON

What? Did I hear someone? Nah.

JACK EAGLE

Hm. Only decent white man I know is a Black man.

Devon smiles, "working" -- stares up through another X-ray.

DEVON

Man, looka the set of ribs on this babe!

EXT. BRONX GUN SHOP - ALLEY - STREET - STAKE OUT - NIGHT

Rusty bars protect the shop window sign "AIM TO PLEASE".

In the dark alley across it is a black Jeep Renegade. Slouched inside is Jack Eagle in off-duty buckskin jacket. He raises a taco to take a bite -- stops, sees --

Two ugly **GUN RUNNERS** get out of a van in shadows, tug down their mercenary army caps real low... enter the gun shop with heavy duffle bags.

Jack moves. Suddenly, aggressive RAP MUSIC THUMPS --

A **BLACK STREET GANG** surrounds Jack in his Jeep. They stand tough, threatening, eyes half-closed --

BLACK GANGSTER

Yo, red man. You steal these wheels from a white man? We niggahs gonna take it for a ride, a'ight, 'no what 'm sayin'?

Jack gets out of his black Jeep, chewing. He's circled, moves as if slowly stalking --

JACK EAGLE

You know, in Wisconsin, some people call Natives "timber niggers".

GANGBANG LEADER

No shit.

JACK EAGLE

No.

(beat)

Duck.

GANGBANG LEADER

What the -- ?

JACK EAGLE

Duck.

Jack's taco SPLATS on the ground, spurts salsa, 'cause --

Jack whips out his huge, gleaming Colt Python 357 magnum -- a killer cowboy revolver -- seems about to shoot the Black Street Gang Leader in the face.

JACK EAGLE

No matter what the color of your skin...
all blood is red.

Jack BLASTS at the two Mercenary Gun Runners shooting up the
gun shop behind the ducking Gang Leader --

Jack's double-action Python 357 magnum BLASTS away,
distinctively THOOMPING, the fastest revolver in the world.

The Gun Runner van EXPLODES, a fireworks of RICOCHETING ammo --
SHATTERS building and car windows in the SHOOT-OUT!

Bullets ZING / RICOCHET / BLAST outta the gun shop --

Brick walls SPARK -- Parked cars LEAPFROG over each other,
gas tanks EXPLODING! --

The Black Street Gang scatters in all directions --

The two Mercenaries run down the street, firing machinegun
spurts from their auto.45s --

-- SHOOTING at Jack who ducks, runs, in SLOW MOTION looks
like he's war dancing between bullets --

Behind parked cars -- Jack's Python BOOMS, flashes a tongue
of fire --

One Gun Runner grabs his chest like a bite was taken out of
it, trips to the pavement.

Jack Eagle charges between cars, fast-BLASTING his Colt Python
revolver till it CLICKS without bullets --

Jack CLUMPS over a car, leaps -- THUMP TACKLES the 2nd Gun
Runner down to the pavement -- grips him in a headlock.

JACK EAGLE

Where's your boss?

Jack pressures. The Gun Runner SCREAMS with yellow teeth.

EXT. BRONX GUN SHOP - STREETS - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Yellow police tape is unrolled by two **Uniformed Cops** to
section off the busy, red-light flashing crime scene.

COP

Jeez -- Not her again --

The Cops separate to avoid being run over -- The Z-NEWS Van SCREECHES, stopped by the flimsy yellow tape --

Behind the wheel, black soundman Malcolm turns off a THUMPING ghetto blaster that's Hip Hop RAPPING in a cool contrasting exchange with a SQUAWKING police radio --

Reporter Tanya Palmieri leaps out of the van, followed by Cameraman Swede. They're awed by the destruction.

TANYA

What happened here, Beirut?

Tanya pushes through bystanders, at times threatening to use her bulky microphone like a blackjack.

She slips under yellow police tape, CRUNCHES over broken glass. The Owner of the blasted Gun Shop GASPS in her mike --

GUN SHOP OWNER

-- An Indian! -- appears outta nowhere -- busts -- single-handed -- coupla thugs forcin' me to buy illegal guns -- !

TANYA

What "Indian"? --

GUN SHOP OWNER

That Indian! --

Across the street -- Jack Eagle grips the ankle of a slumped Gun Runner cuffed to the rear bumper of a black Jeep Renegade.

Jack smells the earth in the zigzag tread under the Gun Runner's black track shoe --

Jack sees a FLASH VISION of the same zigzag track shoe treads all over the ground near his Mother's cabin.

JACK EAGLE

What were you doin' on a Reservation?
Who do you work for?

Jack sees a FLASH VISION of the altered .45's in the crate of guns near his dead Mother. He points a similar black automatic .45 close to the silent Gun Runner's eyes.

JACK EAGLE

You don't wanna see me lose control.
Where d'you get these black market
automatics?

GUN RUNNER

Birthday present. From my mother.

Jack RAMS a stick shift -- His Jeep Renegade ROARS, jumps, drags the bumper-cuffed Gun Runner around the intersection!

The Gun Runner SCREAMS -- his background twirling --

-- dragged between SCREECHING cars and trucks -- over street construction holes, rubber cones -- THOOMP-THOOMP, THUMP! -- against the curb -- CLANK! -- a steel lamppost -- SLAM! -- against a building wall! --

Gripping her cameraman and soundman and trying to get past a line of cops, Tanya can't believe what she's seeing --

TANYA

Holy shh--! You getting this?!

Jack springs cat-like out of his Jeep, pulls the Gun Runner up by the neck like a rag doll --

JACK EAGLE

That help loosen your tongue?

The Gun Runner GASPS, tightens his bloody lips shut, stares up defiantly at Jack Eagle.

JACK EAGLE

Awright. You want speed bumps.

Jack starts up his GROWLING black Jeep Renegade --

The bumper-tied Gun Runner gets a faceful of exhaust --

Bulky lights in a row over Jack Eagle's windshield light up a bumpy alley, blinding Bystanders scattering from his Jeep REVVING on husky, muddy tires.

Hulking racist white cop Carl Kazin in uniform turns off the RUMBLING Jeep's ignition key, grips the muscular arm of the hot-tempered Jack. Kazin closes in, stony, warning.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN

Injun -- Ya can forget about being his chauffeur.

Jack looks down -- The gun in the racist Cop's hand is discreetly pressed into Jack's ribs.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN
 (in Jack's ear)
 Just give me a reason to do you here.
 With witnesses. Or I can do it off-
 duty, won't even ask for overtime.

The silent, stony faced Kazin just stares, as another Cop behind Jack moves to uncuff the Gun Runner.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN
 We'll process this alleged gun runner at
 the precinct. Like everybody else.

A bullet SPARKS off the Jeep near Jack. Everyone jerks and ducks at a fast spurt of GUN SHOTS --

The Gun Runner SLUMPS dead onto the Jeep, wrist still CLINKING cuffed to the rear bumper.

Further off on the pavement, the second Gun Runner fatally wounded in a pool of blood, grips a smoking .45 between his legs, near his leg-strapped holster.

He drools blood, slumps back, dead. His black .45 automatic CLANKS onto a manhole cover.

Police Captain Roscoe Harris stands with his smoking gun pointed down at the Gun Runner. Jack checks, he's dead.

POLICE CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS
 I saved your ass. You owe me.

JACK EAGLE
 You shut his mouth. You owe *me*.

Harris eyes the Gun Runner cuffed, slumped behind Jack's Jeep.

POLICE CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS
 (close and low, to loud)
 Did I cause an inconvenience... to your
radical questioning of suspects?

People in the area rise up from behind parked cars.

Tanya surveys the two dead Gun Runners near Jack's Jeep Renegade, writes the license number in a notebook.

TANYA
 Some road kill.

Police Captain Roscoe Harris storms away from Jack Eagle, motions for big Cops to stand around them so no one overhears.

Harris hooks a thumb at nosy Tanya and her Z-NEWS Crew. Two cops push the protesting Tanya back, wrench the camera off the reluctant Swede. Captain Harris raises a hand.

POLICE CHIEF ROSCOE HARRIS
Crime scene evidence.

Then Captain Harris furiously pulls Jack aside behind cops.

POLICE CHIEF ROSCOE HARRIS
What did I tell you about getting the department sued? I see devastation, you're in the middle of it! I got the mayor, the D.A., on my case --

JACK EAGLE
Chief.

Captain Harris grimaces, hates it when Jack calls him that.

JACK EAGLE
You either kiss ass, or kick ass.

Jack reaches into the Gun Runners' burnt van, raises one of several black .45 automatics to Captain Harris' face.

JACK EAGLE
Runners pushin' .45's -- illegally converted to fully automatic --
(leans over Gun Runner)
Bet his prints match the prints on the crate of guns at the res --

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS
If there ever was a crate --

JACK EAGLE
(starting to rage)
What? Look at his track shoes -- same prints at my mother's cabin --

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS
You're through, Jack! Ya shoulda been outta town payin' your respects to your mother -- instead of sweeping the streets with a suspect cuffed to your Jeep!
Hey -- Where do ya think you're going?

Jack fiercely eyes the dark forest of skyscrapers.

JACK EAGLE
Huntin'.

POLICE CHIEF ROSCOE HARRIS

Cuff him.

Cops CLICK out cuffs. Jack's a blur. Tanya tries to see, swiftly turns to Swede shouldering a battered #2 backup camera, reports --

TANYA

Finally, we get a chance to talk to officer Jack Eagle. What's the connection --

Cops stare at each other, empty handed. Jack's vanished.

Tanya stamps her foot, thrusts her mike up to a big Cop.

TANYA

Where'd he go?

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN

Goddamn -- Back to the teepee he crawled out of, for all I know.

Backed in alley shadows, Jack sees Tanya talk to racist white cop Carl Kazin. Harris pulls Kazin away, speaks low.

POLICE CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS

Get word out.

Kazin moves out of sight to secretly, tensely talk on his cell phone. Kazin nods to Harris, eyes searching for Jack.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - SKYSCRAPERS - NIGHT

Pointed New York skyscrapers look like sky-high teepees atop massive concrete trunks in a forbidding forest. Street-level trees HISS, wave leaves.

INT. STONE CORPORATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Robert Stone glares as he grips his cell phone.

STONE

He's hitting our salesmen now?!

(seethes)

I don't just want this Jack Eagle dead or alive. I want his head displayed on my conference table -- for target practice!

Stone whips out his chromed .45, in a flash disintegrates the water pitcher in the center of the conference table.

What Stone's hearing makes him want to crush his cell phone.

STONE

How many people we got on the payroll?

We give them money?

(closer)

Make them earn it.

Stone flashes his eyes, snatches up his table phone.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREETS - 24-HOUR DINER - NIGHT

On her cell phone, Tanya paces by cameraman Swede and soundman Malcolm checking their equipment in their Z-News van.

TANYA (ON CELL PHONE)

I got his license number. If he has a GPS or not, we can track him down.

SWEDE

(hunched, inside van)

Damn backup camera's jammed. Gotta get another one. We'll hook up --

The Z-NEWS van tears away, leaves Tanya on the sidewalk like she's got somewhere else to go. She hurries into a yellow cab.

EXT. NEW YORK - RUNDOWN, HIGH-RISE TENEMENT - NIGHT

Tanya's face is as hard as a criminal's. She darts furtively through the shadows of a canyon-like New York City street... A dark car follows.

She slips back, hides in the impenetrable blackness of a doorway across from a crumbling tenement block.

The dark car stops. The **Driver** leans over, wolfishly leers out the passenger window to Tanya.

MALE DRIVER

Hey, baby! How much for a date?

Tanya steps down to the car, looks left to right, curls a finger for the driver to come closer. He does...

Tanya's fist THUMPS his face with the speed of a cobra.

TANYA

That's free, for the insult. Now, get
outta here, before my momma comes down.

Tanya steps back into shadows. The car hurriedly drives
off. Dark cars WHISPER by, ominous.

Tanya spots the red brake lights and license of a black Jeep
Renegade with husky tires. Jack Eagle hops out, saunters
across the street to the tenement shadows.

Headlights flash by. Tanya raises her hand like a signal,
crosses the street.

Three deadly **URBAN THUGS** emerge from a black car, follow Tanya.
Her designer clothes clash with the ratty surroundings.

Jack's face partly visible in shadows, watches... On the
sidewalk, Tanya leads the three Thugs toward him.

Jack checks his gleaming gun. No bullets left...

Tanya hears FOOTSTEPS... whirls round in a karate pose --

The three Thugs smirk -- yank out .45's in brass-knuckled
fists -- They run toward Tanya, right past her --

Jack fights the Thugs with his "Ninjian" martial arts, twirls
his strong arms and legs with the speed of lightning, power
of thunder, kicks guns out of hands -- abruptly swivels
sideways -- Brass knuckles PUNCH a brick wall. Jack knee-
THUMPS a crumpling Thug.

Tanya fights the Thugs, too, gets in the way --

Jack drops his guard to save her from getting hurt --
He gets SMACKED, THUMPED, blackjacked from behind --

But Jack rises, slow and fierce, to his majestic height. He
SNAPS off a rusty stop sign post, hulks mean and muscular
toward the Thugs --

JACK EAGLE

I'm afraid... of losin' control.

Two Thugs back off, scared, bug-eyed -- The third Thug rises
behind Jack, but gets GUT THUMPED when Jack RAMS the pole back.

Jack advances, swings his stop sign post like a huge ax --
SWISH cuts the head off a naked mannequin stuck in garbage.

The three Thugs stumble and scramble the hell outta there --

Tanya smiles -- jerks back at a THRUSTING metallic CLANK.

Jack planted the stop sign post back in the grid base of a sidewalk tree. He stands like a wall in his buckskin jacket, arms crossed, cop badge at his belt... nods at the SQUAWKING, SWEARING Thugs receding in the distance --

Tanya composes herself, smiles, ever the professional.

TANYA

I don't believe we've met --

JACK EAGLE

Let's keep it that way.

(beat)

You attract trouble.

Her eyes take in his mystique and quiet strength.

TANYA

Me? Yeah, well, maybe I'm attracted to some people who get in trouble --

Tanya half grins with narrowed eyes, looks away. He's gone.

TANYA

(calling out)

Hey, I'm a reporter! Tanya Palmieri.

He surprises her, standing close in a side shadow.

JACK EAGLE

I know who you are.

TANYA

And I've been wanting to know you. You're doing things your way, driven for some reason. What? You're not getting a fair shake, right? What's going on? You hunt -- and now you're the hunted?

JACK EAGLE

You do some huntin' down of people in the city your way. For who?

TANYA

For the news, what else? The people have a right to know --

JACK EAGLE

Which people?

Jack stares into her sharp eyes, sizes her up.

JACK EAGLE

I'm wondering if I can trust...
your predictability.

TANYA

What? Hey, wait -- Is that a good
thing or a bad thing?

INT. RUNDOWN TENEMENT - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Harsh light. ECHOES. Unseen tenement dwellers ARGUE. Tanya briskly follows the silent Jack Eagle.

He stops by a door.

TANYA

(low, intimate, behind him)
We going to be breaking and entering?
'Cause I'm okay with that.

He looks over his shoulder at her as if to say, "Figures."

INT. JACK EAGLE'S "BACHELOR" APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tanya follows, steps past a slowly SQUEAKING door... It's dark. A linen sheet's draped over a strange lump on the wall.

She glances aside, slowly pulls down the sheet -- jerks back, hand to her mouth to muffle her shock --

A terrifying, painfully twisted red face stares at her with horrified copper eyes, big lips and wild, white horsetail hair. At the light switch, Jack smiles.

JACK EAGLE

False Face Society mask. Not like
white's. Protects. Cures.

TANYA

Get outta here!

JACK EAGLE

Why? I live here.

Tanya smiles, relieved. Jack offers her a wobbly chair, somewhat embarrassed by his simple furniture. He moves off to open a desk drawer that reveals boxes of bullets to reload his gun. She also eyes his police academy wall photos...

... Jack training, track and field, in a black Ninja martial arts outfit, leaps with his legs forward, seemingly over the city in the background...

... Jack in New York police uniform between a Reservation Peacekeeper and NYC police Captain Roscoe Harris.

TANYA

What made you a cop -- ?

JACK EAGLE

-- when it pays more to be a criminal?

With his back turned to her, Jack opens an old wooden cigar box, gently touches the bloodstained eagle feather inside, stares in the window at white lights blinking with red...

EXT. KANYEGEHAKA (MOHAWK) RESERVE - AERIAL VIEW - DAWN

An eagle CRIES... soars in a red dawn sky.

EXT. COUNTRY 'N' WESTERN BAR - TRUCK STOP - DAY

YOUNG JACK EAGLE, as a ponytailed buck in jeans, plaid shirt, leans back on the windshield of a big old yellow car, a smoking cigarette in his grin. He watches...

JACK EAGLE'S FATHER, tall and husky in his Reservation Peacekeeper uniform, in a firm yet friendly way drags two brawlers, an **Indian** and a **redneck White Trucker**, by their shirt backs out of the bar --

FRIEND OF INDIAN BRAWLER

(standing up for his friend)

HE was beating **HIM!**

FRIEND OF WHITE BRAWLER

(standing up for **his** friend)

No way!! **HE** was beating **HIM!**

Jack Eagle's Father eyes the **Bartender**, alternately raises the two hulking Brawlers, first the Indian then the White Trucker, by the backs of their necks --

JACK EAGLE'S FATHER (PEACEKEEPER)

Was the Red beating the White, or the White beating the Red?

BARTENDER

Well. Dunno. They were fightin'
together, 'bout some beer on TV.

Jack's Father, friendly like -- lifts and suddenly DUNKS the
heads of both Brawlers in a barrel of water, asking first
one then the other --

JACK EAGLE'S FATHER (PEACEKEEPER)

Is the water cold, or is it wet -- ?

He shakes them and they nod, understanding that...

JACK EAGLE'S FATHER (PEACEKEEPER)

See? An argument is just two opinions
of the same thing.

The situation is defused. Everyone smiles and HOOTS --

JACK EAGLE'S FATHER (PEACEKEEPER)

You both owe me a beer.

Young Jack LAUGHS, COUGHS on smoke, sitting cross-legged on
the hood of his big old beat-up car. Then he looks on
proudly at his approaching Father...

His Father puts a hand on his shoulder, calmly takes his
cigarette. Crushes it under a cowboy boot heel.

JACK EAGLE'S FATHER (PEACEKEEPER)

Now, somethin' real, son. Gonna catch
me some gun runners.

He nods to Jack with an assured smile, pats his hefty Colt
Python revolver, strides with quiet power to his cruiser.

JACK EAGLE (V.O.)

My father... was a Peacekeeper.

EXT. BLACK-PAVED ROAD - FOREST - DAY

The body of Jack Eagle's Father lies next to his bullet-
riddled cruiser in the middle of the forest road.

Seen from high above where a magnificent eagle CRIES... the
road is a black ribbon in a carpet of thick green pines
rolling under a blue sky...

An eagle feather gently lands onto a pool of blood... near
Jack's Father's upturned hand on the black road. The blood
reflects the face of young Jack Eagle standing on the road.

Young Jack grips the bloody feather with a piercing gaze. A breeze wafts through his black hair in the blue sky.

EXT. PEACEKEEPER FIRING RANGE - DAY

Young Jack Eagle trains to become a Peacekeeper.

And he's not kidding. He stands firm at a firing range, two-handedly BLASTS his Father's super-fast gun --

A big, hefty Colt revolver... "Python 357" stamped on the long barrel -- BLASTS the head right off a man-shaped target.

INT. PEACEKEEPER SCHOOL - LIBRARY - DAY

Young Jack Eagle studies stacks of books, even books on Ninja martial arts... next to a wall-hung beaver trap.

INT. PEACEKEEPER TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

Young Jack dressed as a Ninja in black develops his own martial arts technique -- hand CHOPS, KICKS the hell out of a man's figure roughly carved out of wood --

Young Jack Eagle HACKS and THWACKS, sweating through his black forehead band with fierce determination -- relentlessly hardening himself to the pain --

His hands leave imprints of blood on the CRACKING wood.

INT. PEACEKEEPER SCHOOL - DAY

Young Jack writes a test with a bandaged hand.

EXT. PEACEKEEPER SCHOOL - DAY

The **Peacekeeper Trainer** hands diplomas to five **Young Indians** in new Peacekeeper uniforms.

Young Jack Eagle stands proud as he accepts his diploma.

PEACEKEEPER TRAINER
Peacekeeper. Make your father proud.

Maintaining strong, silent emotion, the young Jack Eagle nods.

INT. JACK EAGLE'S "BACHELOR" APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack stares, fiercely reflected in the dark window... slips the bloodstained eagle feather into his breast pocket... slowly pushes bullets into his father's Colt Python revolver.

TANYA

And you're going to avenge your mother's murder. When are you heroes going to learn you can't do it alone?

He responds to her street-wise cynicism with stoic calm.

JACK EAGLE

Why do you live alone?

TANYA

What? -- How did -- ? Who told you that?

JACK EAGLE

You. Your body talks.

She immediately unfolds her arms, puts her hands on her hips, about to verbally let him have it, then tries to take on an "unreadable" professional reporter pose.

TANYA

I live alone 'cause my last boyfriend got shot in a drive-by. He was just a bystander. Stray bullet. Fucking guns everywhere, getting out of control --

JACK EAGLE

You want to put a stop to that?

TANYA

Who are you looking for?

JACK EAGLE

Someone I can trust.

TANYA

You can trust --

JACK EAGLE

You followed me for your own agenda.

TANYA

Then trust my agenda as a reporter. Look, if you can't trust anyone, then what?

JACK EAGLE

I trust myself. Do what's right. My way.

TANYA

Yeah, if you just want to keep hitting brick walls, that's okay, get a bloody face. But why don't you try me? I know a few ins and outs.

JACK EAGLE

How fast are you at tracking people in the city?

TANYA

I make my deadlines.

JACK EAGLE

My mother's dying words... told me to find my half-brother... stop a war.

TANYA

A war? Where?

JACK EAGLE

We'll find out when we find him. Need to do it now. His name's Rock Eagle. Half-white, was always into big-city living, money... and guns.

She's hooked by the troubled look on his face, steps forward with her Blackberry out, but is stopped by the fridge door opened by Jack who hunkers down.

TANYA

I can check cop and government databases with my Blackberry. What're you looking for in the fridge?

JACK EAGLE

Strawberries.

TANYA

What?

JACK EAGLE

Customary in our culture to offer visitors hospitality, food. Even to whites.

(leans back)

You ever see a white person offer shelter or food to an Indian?

Tanya shakes her head.

JACK EAGLE

And they call **us** "savages".

Tanya gives an almost apologetic look, then busily fingers her Blackberry. But the responses she gets frustrate her.

TANYA

Damn. Can't get anything on a Rock Eagle. How in the world can anyone today be invisible in all these databases?

JACK EAGLE

'Cause he's not an electronic spirit. We'll have to track him the good old fashioned way. On foot.

Jack opens the tray doors inside his fridge, near empty except for some beef jerky and a whitish pudding.

JACK EAGLE

Hmm. All I've got is beef jerky and popcorn pudding... Naw. How would you like to eat Native?

TANYA

(comes closer, smiles)
Who'd you have in mind?

JACK EAGLE

I'm talkin' Native American restaurant. High-steel workers' neighborhood. Brooklyn. They might know my half-brother. Might get a lead.

TANYA

Your half-brother? Like, what, he's half your size -- ? I'm kidding. You said he's half-white. How did that happen?

JACK EAGLE

All in due time. Your mouth needs to chew on somethin' other than air. Bodies can't run on empty. We don't get a lead at the Native food place, 'least we can get coupla buffalo burgers.

TANYA

Buffalo burgers? -- That oughta stampede my diet taste buds. Awright, I'm game --

Just so long as I don't have to hunt the buffalo myself.

Jack pats his Colt Python under his buckskin jacket, cracks a smile when she motions she'll zip her lips. But --

TANYA

Hey, wait a minute. What do you mean, "popcorn pudding"?

JACK EAGLE

Wataton-gwus odjis-kwa.

TANYA

What?!

JACK EAGLE

I just run popcorn through a blender. Faster than the old way. Add maple syrup and milk or cream. Like my ma used to make...

She's drawn by his quiet reserve. She approaches, looks up in his eyes... touches one of his powerful folded arms.

TANYA

Let's go for the buffalo.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - TENEMENTS - SKYSCRAPERS - NIGHT

Jack Eagle waves his arm over the Manhattan skyline.

JACK EAGLE

My people, the high steel Mohawks, helped build Manhattan's "big trees".

He nods toward the pointed Empire State Building.

JACK EAGLE

Like the Empire State. But, I'm not crazy about those kinda heights.

TANYA

Yeah, you could say New York's my "forest"... where every ape's rushing to get on top of the next ape -- or woman. You want a career, great, no time for anything, family, men, nothing.

JACK EAGLE

Hm. Work so fast to make a livin', you forget how to live.

She gazes at his handsome profile. Wind WHISPERS.

JACK EAGLE

Smells good.

EXT. SHADOWY STREET - BROOKLYN - "GRILL" RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A simple wooden front indicates Native American food.

INT. BROOKLYN - "GRILL" NATIVE AMERICAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Roast meat SIZZLES, rotates on a spit on a red brick oven near Native American decor, dark wood and plants.

A **Native Steelworker** glances at Tanya in designer clothes, then stares at Jack, shakes his head. Jack nods, stony. The Native walks off.

TANYA

What is that? Like you're a black guy going out with a blonde?

JACK EAGLE

I'm not so popular here, ever since I became a "white" city cop. Still...

A waitress brings Native American food steaming, artfully prepared, mouth-watering.

TANYA

Hey... this soup ~~tastes~~ delicious.

JACK EAGLE

"O-nen-sto." Maize. Traditionally, made with a bear's head.

Tanya grimaces, just swallowing a spoonful --

TANYA

A bear's head...? In the pot...?

JACK EAGLE

Yeah. But don't worry, eat.

(tastes, nods)

In the city, they use a pig's head.

Tanya "savors" this, politely pushes the bowl aside... ventures to taste a fork-tip of wild game, is amazed --

TANYA

Wild! Tell me it's buffalo! Mmm, to die for --

Jack keeps getting secretive glances in the near-empty Native restaurant.

He eyes the last patrons leaving, moving slow and tense like* they know there's going to be a shootout. The **Bartender** looks like he's reaching for a gun under the counter.

Jack suddenly grips the Bartender's wrist, sees he was only reaching for a bottle opener. Their eyes lock in tension.

BARTENDER

No. We don't know where your half-white brother is. You and your white squaw have to leave. Now. We're closing.

Jack drops money on the table, backs out the door, firmly, quietly pulling Tanya who's rarin' to have a word with the Bartender. The door clumps shut. The Bartender pushes down a black .45 in the back of his pants, nods for the waitress to lock the front door.

EXT. "GRILL" NATIVE AMERICAN RESTAURANT - SHADOWY STREETS - ALLEY - NIGHT

Tanya bangs out of the restaurant with Jack --

TANYA

You believe that -- ? He calls me **your white squaw?! And you let him?**

JACK EAGLE

Something's goin' on.

TANYA

Goddamn right, something's going on! Too much big silent male testosterone -- !

She STAMPS her foot on the sidewalk. Jack listens, glances aside -- Footsteps approach.

Jack puts a finger to his lips, his ear, leads Tanya into alley shadows. FOOTSTEPS furtively follow...

JACK EAGLE

Listen... to the city's wild life.

A drunk's voice HOLLERS, echoes in the grungy streets of the big city... a siren WAILS far away... a bottle POFF! SMASHES ... could've been a GUN SHOT. A rat scampers in garbage.

Jack sniffs the air --

TANYA

Yeah, smell the roses.

Tree leaves SWISH... HISS... She turns. Jack's vanished!

In the darkness, a gun barrel extends from a hand. In another hand, a short blade edge glints, draws nearer...

Like a blind person coming out of shadows, Tanya speaks low.

TANYA

Jack...?

He YANKS her down -- BLISTERING BULLETS suddenly pulverize bricks in the alley wall next to her!

Jack sweeps his leg and the sweaty white criminal stalking them trips, SLAMS onto his back, his automatic .45 blazing bullets up into the night sky.

Jack lunges, rattlesnake fast grabs the .45 --

JACK EAGLE

I could smell your sweat downwind.

Leaping up, the criminal wields an ax in his other hand --

STALKER CRIMINAL

No time to shower. \$250,000 for your head -- I'm the one gonna get it!

He charges, swinging the ax to chop off Jack's head!

JACK EAGLE

Goddamn right, you're gonna get it.

Jack pivots, ducks, throws him down with Ninjian martial arts, keeps his face pushed hard into the sidewalk. Jack leans in close, gripping the ax at the criminal's neck. The blade edge tastes blood.

JACK EAGLE

Who put a price on my head? I just want
to stop guns from turning every corner
into a warzone.

STALKER CRIMINAL

(smirks)

Yeah, you're bad for business.

An Uzi explosively SPURTS -- Bullets DRILL cars, CHIP
bricks, SMASH car windows! The criminal bolts away.

Tanya SCREAMS -- She pulls Jack back --

SWOOSH! -- A **ROLLER BLADER with an Uzi** glides by -- Mean
black helmet, big shades, black handkerchief over his mouth.
He whirls -- Bullets BLURT out his Uzi.

Jack can't shoot his gun. People scattering -- Jack aims,
throws the ax which THUMPS into the forehead of a smiling ad
on a passing bus, just misses the SWERVING Roller Blader.

Jack leaps over a hydrant, chases the Roller Blader weaving
through SCREECHING cars --

Rollerblade wheels SCRAPE pavement, SWISH -- The Roller
Blader SWOOSHES up the street like a hockey player. Jack
runs like the wind --

Tanya, desperate to follow, cries out --

TANYA

TAXI!!! --

INT. YELLOW CAB - NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Tanya thrusts bills forward, holds on in a crazy cab ride!

TANYA

FASTER! --

EXT. YELLOW CAB - NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Tanya's yellow cab SCREECHES, weaves through traffic.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - TRAFFIC - TRUCK - NIGHT

The Roller Blader skates between cars, looks back --

Jack Eagle runs, powerful, relentless.

A **MOUNTED COP's HORSE** turns, rears up. The Roller Blader brakes, SLIDES under -- His Uzi slips under a car -- He THUDS a tire, points back -- The Cop swivels round --

ROLLER BLADER
-- Maniac's after me! --

The Mounted Cop tugs out his gun -- Jack races up --

MOUNTED COP
FREEZE -- FUCKIN' RED SKIN!

Behind the Cop, the Roller Blader grabs his Uzi from under the car, stuffs it in his back-sack, skates away.

Jack leaps, dive-tackles the Cop off his horse SLAM! onto a car hood -- Jack GALLOPS away with a WHOOP -- over a bench --

Jack ducks a cop bullet, horseback chases the Roller Blader down a park path -- A **Bag Lady** push a shopping cart of baby dolls into a fountain! Jack leaps off the galloping horse --

Jack collars and lifts the neck of the slipping and sliding Roller Blader... dismounts back onto the sidewalk. The SWEARING Cop charges up to arrest Jack --

A big truck SWERVES in traffic, ROARS onto the sidewalk --

A SCREECHING cab stops -- Tanya bolts out --

TANYA
JACK! -- LOOK OUT!!!

The RUMBLING truck bears down --

Bullets BITE the sidewalk! -- The horse CLATTERS away --

Jack grabs the stunned Cop by the throat -- tugs -- makes him body slam a wall, saves him from being run over by the BOOMING truck which swerves around the intersection.

The truck driver STRAFES automatic bullets up 5th Avenue -- Jack's hit -- pivots down to the pavement. The truck grinds towards Jack --

The truck driver grinning with the smoking gun is none other than the hulking --

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN
 Want to do something right, do it
 yourself.

The Cab Driver gawking by his open door is elbow SLAMMED
 aside by Tanya who gets behind the wheel of the cab --

CAB DRIVER
 Hey, NO! You can't! -- WHATTYA DOING to
 my ca-- ?!!

The Cab Driver tries to hold onto his cab, dives into the
 back seat, as the cab SCREECHES, rear wheels smokin' to
 where Jack lays, to block him from the oncoming truck --

Bleeding from a flesh wound on his arm, Jack reaches for the
 big yellow passenger door that suddenly stops in front of him,
 yanks himself into the cab --

Bullets pepper the cab -- Tanya ducks --

INT. YELLOW CAB - DRIVING - NIGHT

In the back seat, the Cab Driver babbles in shrieking terror
 as Jack grips the steering wheel Tanya's holding, his foot
 stomped on the gas pedal -- Jack fires his BOOMING Colt
 Python out the side window --

EXT. TRUCK - YELLOW CAB - NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

The cab charges the LOOMING truck.

In crazy cross-traffic chaos, the truck veers around the
 cab, lumbers away, disappears in a maze of hustling
 interlocking vehicles.

The Cab Driver THUMPS onto the sidewalk and kisses it in
 relief when Jack gets out of the cab to stare down the street.

JACK EAGLE
 Looked like Kazin driving that truck.

Tanya's sprawled in the Cab Driver's side, still gripping the
 wheel and seat back.

TANYA
 You're welcome... And you think **I'm** the
 one who attracts trouble!

JACK EAGLE

Someone put a hit on me, so I'm going to hit back.

(scans the city around him)

Must be a major gun runner who set his sights on me. 'Cause I'm gonna put him out of business.

Checking Jack's bloody arm, Tanya looks around in tense anticipation, sure that more hits are coming.

TANYA

If your head's worth \$250,000, every criminal and crooked cop in the city's going to come after you.

Fearing for his life, the Cab Driver scrambles away on his hands and feet, tumbles down a subway entrance. Jack looks at the open cab door, faces Tanya.

JACK EAGLE

Can I give you a ride?

EXT. / INT. CAB - DRIVING - NIGHT

One of the yellow cabs flowing down a New York avenue is driven by Jack. Tanya listens in the passenger seat.

JACK EAGLE

Same kind of illegal automatics appearing everywhere. New York and the Mohawk reserves are turning into powder kegs, gonna blow in Wild West chaos. Can't waste time. Gotta find my half-brother faster. We don't stop the source selling these automatic weapons to both sides, rivers of blood are gonna run.

EXT. SHADOWY STREETS - BROOKLYN - "GRILL" NATIVE AMERICAN RESTAURANT - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Jack reaches his Iron Horse Harley in the dark alley next to his Native restaurant. He and Tanya suddenly turn to the *CHIK-CHIK* mechanism of a heavy gun.

The Native Bartender was loading his Winchester repeater rifle in the shadows of the back door. He eyes Jack.

NATIVE BARTENDER

How much you want for your horse?

JACK EAGLE

Me an' my Iron Horse Harley go way back.

NATIVE BARTENDER

Figured if you're dead, somebody oughta
take care of it.

There's a tension as the Native Bartender cock-checks the
load of his rifle.

NATIVE BARTENDER

So many guns around, things getting too
hot in the city.

JACK EAGLE

Tell me about it.

But all Jack gets is --

NATIVE BARTENDER

Watch your back.

Jack nods to the Bartender who recedes into the shadows of
the back door that closes and locks.

EXT. TANYA'S HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - GARAGE - NIGHT

Jack and Tanya ride the Iron Horse Harley quietly rumbling
into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - TANYA'S HIGH-RISE APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Tanya gets off the back seat, gently touches Jack's arm.

TANYA

Where you going? Back to your place?
I tracked you there, others could be
waiting there right now to take you out.
Where else can you go?

JACK EAGLE

Nowhere. The reserve.

TANYA

Yeah, right. I forgot, you're so
popular there.

Tanya's close, gently puts a hand on his arm to check his
bloody flesh wound from the truck shooting.

TANYA

You've got to come up to my place to clean and bandage your arm.

His cell phone rings. He answers.

RACHEL BROWN FOX (V.O. - PHONE)

What are you doing, Jack?

He's looking down into Tanya's eyes looking back up to him like she cares for his safety. Jack winces, looks at his bloody arm, just tells Rachel --

JACK EAGLE

I'm thinking about getting a Band-Aid.

RACHEL BROWN FOX (V.O. - PHONE)

Instead of fooling around in the city, you should come back to the reserve, prove you care for your people. Act like a real Native Peacekeeper, like your father was. And now's the time, 'cause a war party's heating up, with a shipment of guns coming in. Jack, you can't have your people die on the reserve surrounded by white cops.

Jack gets ready to crank up his Harley. Tanya's eyes light up. She holds his arm. He winces again.

TANYA

Wait! Covering that confrontation on the reserve from the inside would be a major scoop --

But then Jack pulls back, looks down at her, turned off.

JACK EAGLE

Why is it, a lawyer offers his services at a crime scene, it's ambulance chasing -- but when reporters ride with cops, it's called investigative reporting?

Tanya fumes, almost wants to punch him in his wounded arm.

TANYA

You want the truth? You think you know **me** and my past? What makes me the way I am? --

(paces, pokes his chest)

Always the same goddamn male dominated world where I've always got to work

harder, put my career before my life, just to end up being called a troublemaker!

JACK EAGLE

Well I'm in it for more than my career. Even though I get shit on by white cops, told to get lost by the people I'm trying to help. My own people.

Jack cranks up his Harley RUMBLING to his anger.

TANYA

You're alone. I know.

Jack stares off, silent.

TANYA

I understand how you can be on your own, with no one to trust. But you don't have to be alone.

JACK EAGLE

Why?

TANYA

Because I'm alone, too.

She stubbornly takes his bloody wounded arm.

TANYA

Now are you going to let me dress that bloody wound before it gets infected? 'Cause I don't care, you know. You lose your arm, how're you going to ride, shoot and fight back, huh, big shot?

INT. BATHROOM - TANYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jack's reluctant, quietly looks down at Tanya dressing his wound. She discreetly eyes his muscular bare chest.

JACK EAGLE

Thanks... for saving my life back there on the road.

TANYA

You're lucky the bullet didn't go through your heart.

Close and intimate with her caring touch, is her spirit getting through to him? The scent of her hair and skin

is intoxicating. She's drawn to the warmth of his muscular mystique...

INT. BEDROOM - TANYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT / DAWN

Their clothes seem to melt off their sensual bodies as they make hot passionate love on her bed...

Then as DAWN BREAKS --

Tanya almost purrs as she smiles, but she wakes up alone, window open, wonders...

TANYA

Was I dreaming...?

She hears a rumbling Harley, looks out her window and sees Jack Eagle riding off into the rising sun.

EXT. TWO-LANE HIGHWAY - KANYEGEHAKA (MOHAWK) RESERVE - DAY

White median lines flash on black pavement. Wind blows into Jack Eagle's narrowed eyes and his buckskin frills.

Jack rides his ROARING Iron Horse Harley down to a stop on a two-lane highway in the middle of nowhere.

He dismounts. Under his buckskin jacket, his open police shirt reveals his black and turquoise beaded Mohawk choker.

His Harley leans near a burnt-out car punctured by bullet holes, rusting next to a paint-chipped totem pole.

Small light bulbs flicker "**BINGO!**" across the totem pole wings. The top carved face teeth-clenches a cigarette, "lit" end blinking red.

The old totem pole leans toward a rundown souvenir shop selling firecrackers and trinkets.

A near-empty booze bottle glints in the sunlight, sucked on by a hefty young Indian who drunkenly stumbles, THUMPS across the crumpled car hood --

The hefty Indian is **JACK'S** full-blooded **YOUNGER BROTHER** --

JACK EAGLE

Billy.

Billy Eagle looks up with a bleeding cut forehead and a streak of rust on his cheek, smiles, unsteady.

BILLY EAGLE

Huh. Big Brother... you slummin'?
Peacekeeper... wants your blood.

Billy tastes the little blood that trickles down to his mouth, weighs the blood on his fingers... swigs booze, and with a WHOOP -- points at Jack --

BILLY EAGLE

Who killed our mother, *our blood*? Goddamn,
no one's caught -- I wanna *kill* --

Unsteady, he rolls his eyes, closes them in the hot sun... He looks sick, suddenly VOMITS into a ditch. He wavers, trips, falls back into the ditch with a sliding SQUELCH.

Jack pulls his brother Billy up, out of the ditch.

BILLY EAGLE

White men corner us into little piece-
of-shit Reservation dirt, poison,
pollute it so's we can't hunt or fish...
'n' we gotta live like *this?!*

Billy waves an arm at a rundown teepee-shaped hut with a big handpainted yet peeling sign -- "Big Cloud's TaX-FrEE SMOKES" -- leaning next to a shabby tin-walled warehouse with lights blinking "CASINO PALACE! BINGO HALL".

BILLY EAGLE

They keep killing us! They killed our
mother -- 'M gonna get justice!

Billy tugs out a black automatic .45, waves it at Jack --

JACK EAGLE

You saying whites killed her? You
witness anything -- ?

BILLY EAGLE

(weighed down by guilt)
I was workin' on the high steel,
skyscrapers in Detroit when she died.
(anger flares)
All's I know it's the *whites' fault*
we're in this *shit!*

Billy swerves, BLASTS SHOT after SHOT, punching SPARKING holes in the rusted old car hulk.

Jack places a hand over the gun Billy angrily grips.

JACK EAGLE

Who sells guns to blind people -- to people blinded by rage? We don't need a war against the whites.

Billy wrenches the gun away -- gets in his brother's face.

BILLY EAGLE

You come here now, some city cop spoutin' PR bullshit for the whites? -- They're comin' in to take whatever's left of our land, all of it!

JACK EAGLE

All of it?! Who's tellin' you that? The gun runners?

BILLY EAGLE

I studied history, the treaties, I see --

JACK EAGLE

You see who wins in a war? The ones who sell guns -- They profit by selling more guns. Always been that way. They don't give a shit about who's right. The losers are the dead, on both sides.

BILLY EAGLE

People say this is a free country -- But somebody's gotta **pay! NOT US!**

All torn up, Billy drunkenly trips to his knees. Jack grabs Billy's shoulder, grips his gun, tugs him up.

JACK EAGLE

Lissen to me -- I find out who's doing the sellin', I'll prove to you what kinda bullshit's really goin' down.

GRUFF INDIAN (o.s.)

You. Get your hands off my nephew.

EXT. CASINO - KANYEGEHAKA (MOHAWK) RESERVE - DAY

The Casino door CLUMPS shut behind a tough, paunchy **GRUFF INDIAN** with a trucker's face, cowboy hat, Indian bolo neck piece, sky-blue suit and cowboy boots.

He throws his cell phone in the back seat of his big old red Cadillac convertible, THUMPS the driver's door, advances.

GRUFF INDIAN

Ya wanna take **me** on, Jack? Thirty years wrestlin'. Throw you down like a sacka corn, one hand.

Jack Eagle folds his muscular arms, rock solid.

JACK EAGLE

Big Wolf, that's about as true as your cowboy hat, that old teepee 'n' fake totem pole. Not our **Northeast** culture.

GRUFF INDIAN

Yeah, so? Tourists don't care.

JACK EAGLE

You care, Big Wolf? Billy?

Billy looks away, glum. The Gruff Indian smolders at the sight of Jack's Mohawk neckband, flicks his police shirt.

GRUFF INDIAN, BIG WOLF

Where you comin' from, Jack Eagle -- Insultin' your Mohawk nation wearin' a **white** cop's uniform? Watta **you** want?

Jack Eagle grabs drunk Billy's shoulder.

JACK EAGLE

To take care of our people. Prevent war... As a Peacekeeper. Like my father. Your brother.

BIG WOLF

White men killed your father.
(eyes drill into Jack)
Not so sure about your mother --

JACK EAGLE

And my half-brother, Rock Eagle?

Big Wolf keeps Jack in a piercing stare, grabs Billy by the scruff of the neck, tosses him back, points.

BIG WOLF

Billy, go sweep up the casino -- And stay away from the bar. I'm not tellin' ya again.

Billy stumbles backward, still listening.

A big **Native Casino Bouncer** emerges, aims a PUMP-ACTION shotgun at Jack Eagle.

BIG WOLF

You, Jack. You disrespect your clan by workin' for the white cops. Shoulda never come back. Make footprints back to your Iron Horse. Ride off this Res -- while your body's still breathin'.

Native Warriors silently appear, aiming AK-47s at Jack. But Jack doesn't budge. Even the Reservation Peacekeeper that Jack previously cuffed steps in, cocks a black .45 at Jack.

RESERVATION PEACEKEEPER

Want to try cuffin' **me** again?

The standoff is suddenly filmed by Tanya and her two man crew in the rotary whirl of her descending Z-News helicopter.

Rachel Brown Fox rides up on a horse like storm. Under white clouds, blue sky, Rachel Brown Fox glares down at Jack.

RACHEL BROWN FOX

I asked you to come back to the reserve, but not with a white squaw tagging behind you.

Independent reporter Tanya Palmieri starts looking riled.

TANYA

I **really** don't like being called a **white** squaw.

RACHEL

Excuse me -- white sensationalist reporter -- here to exploit us and Jack Eagle for five minutes of higher ratings.

Despite her university appearance, Rachel Brown Fox retains a proud, traditional air. She has her eye on Jack Eagle... and Tanya standing a little too close to Jack.

RACHEL BROWN FOX

No one knows anyone, anymore. You grow up with someone, and today...

JACK EAGLE

Today, I'm trying to keep peace between Native and white people.

Tanya steps closer to Rachel Brown Fox.

TANYA

Nice of you to sit up there and judge on your high horse, but why don't you give him a break?

RACHEL BROWN FOX

"**Ms.**" Palmieri -- You come here to find out... or tell us... who we are?

Tanya opens her mouth to say something, but Rachel Brown Fox cuts her off --

RACHEL BROWN FOX

You journalists run around waving your microphones and cameras -- But you know nothing about us, just romanticize us "noble savages" to sell air time, lies in newspapers. What a waste of trees.

TANYA

I never said there was anything romantic about the oppression of Native Americans.

(beat)

You're quick to judge me -- without knowing me -- just 'cause I'm white.

Even Rachel Brown Fox's horse seems to sarcastically snort.

RACHEL BROWN FOX

Poor **white** girl. You tell everyone how terrible it is that white people stole the Indians' land.

(vehement glare)

But I don't see you getting off it.

Some of the armed Warriors nod like "Damn right."

Jack puts his arm before Tanya to back down. Rachel looks from Tanya, directs her anger at Jack.

RACHEL BROWN FOX

There are two sides to every story,
Jack. What side are you on?

Jack Eagle calmly looks back at Rachel Brown Fox, faces the Reservation Peacekeeper and Warriors ready to shoot him.

JACK EAGLE

Goddamned. The outside.

The armed Mohawk Warriors clicking, aiming AK-47 assault rifles and automatic .45's push forward. Tanya, cameraman Swede and soundman Malcolm backpedal to their Z-News van --

Jack doesn't move, eyes Rachel Brown Fox, bristling.

JACK EAGLE

But no one's going to stop me from
paying respects at my mother's grave.

He stares down the Warriors.

JACK EAGLE

You're gonna talk to me about those
illegal guns. I claim my right as a
blood Mohawk to speak at the Longhouse.

Jack moves through the silent Warriors.

EXT. CEMETERY - KANYEGEHAHA (MOHAWK) RESERVE - DAY

Among grave stones and short crosses of skyscraper girders...

Jack Eagle looks on with an impenetrable expression, stands in the middle of the quiet burial ground. One or two birds CHIRP and FLUTTER away.

Ghostly images burn before Jack's glistening eyes...

EXT. CABIN - FOREST - DAY

...images that knife Jack's heart... His mother, her neck slashed -- the cabin, the woods... his Mother's blood seeping through his fingers...

EXT. CEMETERY - KANYEGEHAKA (MOHAWK) RESERVE - DAY

A hot tear drops from Jack's face to a gravestone base...
 "Jasmine Eagle" is chipped near sweet-scented jasmine flowers
 blooming under a picture of his Native Mother.

An eagle CRIES. Jack gazes up to a treetop. The eagle
 closes her wide wings, lands proudly in her nest.

NATIVE AMERICAN MOTHER (V.O.)

My son... find your half-brother...
 stop a war...

Jack takes out the photo his dying mother had in her hand.
 A photo of three Native boys... full bloods Jack, Billy...
 with a bloody mark left by his Mother's finger over the
 third Boy, half-Indian, half-white with a darkly disturbed
 face, gripping an arrowhead and a gun like a gunslinger.

Elder Chief Deer Horn seems to appear out of thin air...
 in the flesh, this time... gently places his gnarled hand on
 Jack's shoulder, ponders Jack with ancestral dignity.

ELDER CHIEF DEER HORN

Why does it take the hand of death to
 bring Jack Eagle back to his tribe?

JACK EAGLE

I never forget, Elder Chief. No matter
 what others say. The spirits of my
 family run through me... as long as the
 grass grows and rivers flow. They are
 part of me.

Jack's fist closes at his chest. The Elder Chief nods.

ELDER CHIEF DEER HORN

Time to bury your grief with your
 mother. Weighs her down.

(raises arm)

Let her spirit free.

Jack extends a hand from his heart to above the graves and
 green forest, as if flowing with the spirits of his mother
 now one with nature. A distant eagle CRIES.

EXT. LONGHOUSE - KANYEGEHAKA (MOHAWK) RESERVE - DAY

DRUMS pound... The Reservation Peacekeeper and Warriors
 hold guns, rifles, watch Jack pass them with quiet power.

Reservation Indians enter the Longhouse where Iroquois Nation Mohawks traditionally hold councils.

INT. LONGHOUSE - KANYEGEHAHA (MOHAWK) RESERVE - DAY

Indians enter, pay no attention to Jack by a wooden table, yet watch him out of the corners of their eyes.

The men sit on the east side, equally facing women on the west side, on wood benches along the four walls. Light smoke rises from an open central fireplace to a ceiling funnel. The Drummers around a sacred DRUM stop.

Big Wolf now in wolf fur headdress opens his arms.

BIG WOLF

As Wolf clan chief, I thank the
Earth Mother, guiding spirits and
Creator for all we share.

He raises a ceremonial wampum belt made of small white beads with two central, parallel rows of colored beads.

BIG WOLF

Now... This Two-Row Wampum belt signifies
the Native canoe and the white man's boat
travel together down the river of life...
But their paths do not cross.

He points to Jack Eagle.

BIG WOLF

And I say no ex-Native, big-city cop can
stop our war talks on our own Res --

CLAN MOTHER

We're saddened by the death of your
mother, Jack Eagle. May her spirit rest
with peace... Now, you speak.

JACK EAGLE

There is no peace... Death comes with
those who run illegal guns. Who's
selling them to the Res?

Four Warriors wearing CIA-style sunglasses enter the Longhouse as a tight, tough group dressed in a mixture of Indian and army surplus camouflage gear...

They're armed with shotguns, AK-47 assault rifles, with .45's in holsters. No one talks.

JACK EAGLE

You want to survive, you've got to stop buying illegal guns.

The Warriors stand motionless, heavy, imposing. Silent. One Warrior unfolds an arm and points at Jack Eagle.

WARRIOR IN NATIVE CAMOUFLAGE

You can't stop us from buying guns. We, all tribes, got the right to protect ourselves from the whites closing in on us!

Jack speaks out to all the gathered Natives.

JACK EAGLE

Going to war against the whites is cultural suicide, 'cause you're all going to get killed by the U.S. army. They outnumber you and have greater fire power.

WARRIOR IN NATIVE CAMOUFLAGE

Then as true Braves, we'll die free.

The Warriors wave their AK-47's and automatic .45's, WHOOP, HOLLER and STOMP. Jack Eagle stands firm.

JACK EAGLE

You want your race to die? You want to become extinct? The profit-pushing gun runners are leading you into a massacre.

In the uproar, the Warriors swear and call out Jack --

WARRIOR IN NATIVE CAMOUFLAGE

Jack's a "white cop" Tonto -- He'll shut down our weapons source -- take our guns away -- to weaken ~~us~~ for white takeover! **He** should be the first to **die** -- !

The Warrior in Native camouflage throws his feathered tomahawk --

It THUNKS into a wooden post, barely dodged by Jack's face.

The Warriors angrily WHOOP for war -- The Warrior in Native camouflage swivels to grab an AK-47 assault rifle --

Jack Eagle WRENCHES the tomahawk out of the post, twists round like a mountain cat --

The tomahawk THUMPS, pins the stunned Warrior's jacket to the wall so he can't aim the AK-47 straight.

Jack Eagle flicks out his gleaming huge Colt Python 357 magnum revolver, SLAMS it side-down on the wood table with a BOOM -- silences everyone. He looks fierce, molten hot.

JACK EAGLE
Goddamn right -- ! If I'm wrong, I want you to kill me *first*.

The Longhouse door CREAKS open -- All the Natives stare in silence. Tanya peeks in.

EXT. KANYEGEHAKA (MOHAWK) RESERVE - FIELD - DAY

Tanya runs breathlessly through a field of tall grass. The fierce Jack Eagle runs like a wolf after her --

Both are chased by a WHOOPING Indian posse on the warpath, appearing over a rise in the field!

Jack jumps into Tanya's Z-NEWS helicopter -- It lifts off with a ROTARY CLATTER, veers away into the sky --

EXT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - FLYING - NEW YORK SKYSCRAPERS - DAY

The Z-NEWS helicopter ROARS full tilt over a dizzying view of skyscrapers... erect like a forest of missiles.

TANYA (V.O.)
...police radio... says a suicidal Native protester is staging a protest, barricaded on a crane arm atop an unfinished skyscraper -- He's going to be nailed by S.W.A.T. sharpshooters!

JACK EAGLE (V.O.)
Fast way to ignite a war.

Skyscraper spike points seem to scrape the helicopter window below Tanya.

INT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - FLYING - NEW YORK SKYSCRAPERS - DAY

Tanya listens to her headset, reports into her mike, scans incoming faxes --

TANYA
The Native protester wrote this incredible manifesto... claims the **Indians still own Manhattan!**

Tanya looks aside, incredulous, at Jack Eagle.

TANYA

(into mike)

-- The European settlers who bought Manhattan for twenty-four dollars of cloth and trinkets, took unfair advantage -- Their concept of individual **ownership** of land was entirely different from the Indians' concept of land **shared** --

Jack Eagle listens, taking this in.

TANYA

He states pioneer translators are guilty, too -- misinterpreted ancestral beliefs -- The land is the Earth **Mother**... A Mother can never be sold or surrendered.

Tanya stares at Jack. He slowly nods at the truth.

TANYA

In short, this manifesto claims the land purchase treaty, based on misrepresentation and fraud -- is not legally valid!

(incredulous)

Now here's his ultimatum, declaring for all Native Warriors -- Manhattan must be returned to all Natives -- on the new 4th of July Native Independence Day -- within 24 hours --

(stares at Jack)

-- or quote: "bullets will blast through the streets of New York, and war between Natives and whites will be unleashed across the U.S."!

(still wowed)

This is Tanya Palmieri, reporting over **Manhattan** -- which may **still belong to the Indians**.

INT. ROBERT STONE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - HIGH-RISE SUITE - DAY

Robert Stone smugly smiles at the skyscraper crane on the flat screen TV news. He waves his chromed .45 for Gangster Pinski to come and see.

ROBERT STONE

The whites will never hand over New York to the Natives. War is going to break out in 24 hours. And my gun sales are going to go through the roof!

GANGSTER PINSKI

Fuck me... Your plan's working. You sure know how to move 'em.

ROBERT STONE

All we had to do was stir up a little Native blood.

The banner across the crane arm reads: "NATIVE LAND".

INT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - FLYING - NEW YORK SKYSCRAPERS - DAY

Jack Eagle glances at Tanya listening to her headset.

JACK EAGLE

Native warriors shooting in New York streets... Does the protestor have weapons right now, anything explosive?

TANYA

All I'm hearing -- He's on the crane, threatening to start dropping loose girders -- He wants all whites and non-Natives to get off Manhattan! Now.

JACK EAGLE

(looks down to skyscrapers)
There's gonna be some traffic jams.

EXT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - FLYING - NEW YORK SKYSCRAPERS - DAY

The Z-NEWS helicopter FLASHES by, swerves round the top of the unfinished skyscraper.

INT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - VEERING - OVER SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - DAY

Tanya grips her mike, tensely scans through binoculars --

TANYA

That's -- !

Jack Eagle stares fiercely down at the tiny Indian thumping a Native hand drum over the "NATIVE LAND" protest banner fluttering on the crane arm.

JACK EAGLE
My brother -- *Damn, Billy!*

EXT. SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - CRANE ARM - DAY

Billy Eagle drums, dangerously "tightrope walk" dances on the CREAKING arm of the crane -- bare-torsoed with two eagle feathers in his long black hair --

BILLY EAGLE
Hai, Hai, Honh-ya-ya --

EXT. OPERATOR CAB - CRANE ARM - DAY

Billy gets in the cab, operates the arm, swings a girder --

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - ELEVATOR - BELOW CRANE - DAY

Workers torch-cutting the welded elevator barricade look up as the HORN-BLASTING crane arm positions a girder overhead --

The workers HOLLER, scramble out of the way -- The falling girder THUNDERS like a pile driver way too close into the unfinished top floor, stands like a giant steel spear.

INT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - FLYING - NEW YORK SKYSCRAPERS - DAY

Tanya argues with her SQUAWKING mike, CLICKS it off, grabs Jack next to her --

Police Captain Roscoe Harris' voice furiously BARKS --

CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS (V.O. - RADIO)
I'm **NOT** calling off the sharpshooters -- !
(HISS/CRACKLE...)
You hear me, Jack -- ?

Tanya calmly offers Jack her Z-NEWS headset --

TANYA
Captain Harris wants to chat --

Jack swivels out of his seat.

JACK EAGLE

Tell the Chief -- I just stepped out.

In a panic Tanya sees Jack move to the chopper door.

TANYA

You're gonna wha -- **JUMP??!** --

Tanya grips his arm --

TANYA

Don't --

JACK EAGLE

S.W.A.T.'s not going to shoot my little brother!

(grabs pilot's shoulder)

Faster!

TANYA

There's gotta be another way -- !

But there's no stopping Jack.

JACK EAGLE

He's my blood.

Before he lowers himself below deck on the rope ladder, he nods at her cell.

JACK EAGLE

What's your number?

TANYA

(incredulous)

Like what, you're asking me for a date

-- **Now?**

EXT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - FLYING - NEW YORK SKYSCRAPERS - DAY

Skyscrapers bristle under Jack's feet... He shakes his windblown face, uncertain, like what he's doing **is** crazy.

TANYA

(from the door edge)

I thought you didn't like heights!

He looks down, back up at her...

JACK EAGLE

He had ta choose a damn high one.

But he hunches, determined, like he's gotta do what he's gotta do.

TANYA

You die -- I'll never forgive you!

He nods thanks her for the send-off, lowers himself -- grips rungs of the ladder hanging under the Z-NEWS helicopter -- its CHOPPING rotors CLATTERING like machine guns --

INT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - FLYING - SKYSCRAPERS - DAY

Tanya red-nail grips the **Pilot** in mirrored sunglasses --

TANYA

LOOKOUT!!! -- S.W.A.T. CHOPPER -- !

The Pilot turns, soundlessly gasps -- A **S.W.A.T. helicopter** rounding a building, rises on a collision course!

EXT. TWO HELICOPTERS - FLYING DOG FIGHT - SKYSCRAPERS - DAY

The Z-NEWS helicopter SWERVES UP -- The S.W.A.T. chopper SWERVES DOWN --

Jack high-kicks both legs -- The ZIPPING S.W.A.T. chopper blades disintegrate the end of the ladder just under him -- !

The two helicopters veer off like dragonflies avoiding collision within the high concrete forest of skyscrapers.

INT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - FLYING - NEW YORK SKYSCRAPERS - DAY

Tanya bites her lip -- as she and soundman Malcolm grip the waist belt of her cameraman Swede -- who boldly risks slipping out the TILTING helicopter to keep filming Jack Eagle still hanging below -- Swede's loving it, totally awed by Jack. Gives Jack a thumbs up!

Malcolm's running shoes squeak slip as he backpedals, gripping the back of Swede's waist belt --

MALCOLM

DAMN! -- YO! -- DAMN! -- MAN! --
Shoulda buckled your DAMN seatbelt!

INT. SKYSCRAPER - FLOOR OF OFFICE WINDOWS - DAY

Office Workers gape -- A ponytailed cop hanging loose-legged under a helicopter flies by --

EXT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - FLYING - SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - DAY

From the ladder hanging under the helicopter -- Jack leaps into the wind --

INT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Tanya grips her mike in shock --

TANYA
My God -- The Eagle flies...

EXT. EAGLE FLYING - BLUE SKY - DAY

An eagle flies in slow motion in the blue sky, releases an ECHOING CRY...

EXT. MID-AIR - BLUE SKY - DAY

Wind blows into the face of Jack Eagle... his buckskin jacket fluttering, his arms outspread --

EXT. SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - CRANE ARM - DAY

Jack Eagle CLUMPS onto the triangulated cross-members of the skyscraper crane arm -- but wind from the retreating Z-News helicopter almost blows him away.

Jack grips, climbs, then carefully "Indian walks" -- one foot in front of the other -- on the high steel beam of the crane with the sure-footed balance of a fierce bird of prey, edging closer to his brother --

INT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - FLYING - SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - DAY

Tanya grips her mike with both hands, can hardly bear the high-tension suspense --

She pivots to the sky-beating S.W.A.T. chopper closing in, bristling with the high-powered rifle of a **S.W.A.T. sniper**.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - CRANE ARM - DAY

Jack fiercely faces his angry brother Billy -- both ready to pounce at each other -- grapple over the city --

Jack eyes the S.W.A.T. chopper, whips out his handcuffs that flash in the sunlight --

JACK EAGLE

For your own safety -- You're comin' with me -- alive.

BILLY EAGLE

Brother, you can't stop me! -- I walk on downtown streets, whites make me feel like I'm on their property.

(points below)

Even though I help build their goddamn bridges and skyscrapers.

(steps closer with crumpled Treaty)

American cities sit on Indian land -- By contract **fraud**.

(waves Treaty over skyline)

I want Manhattan back -- for all Natives hunted west across America --

(grips Treaty in fist)

I want all non-Natives out of the city. NOW! In twenty-four hours, all this land as far as the eye can see is ours again.

(crumples Treaty)

We'll give the thieves back their handful of beads and shit.

JACK EAGLE

(edging closer)

Then, what -- Grow rows of corn on Manhattan streets? All these buildings --

BILLY EAGLE

They want to use 'em, they gotta pay us land rent. Back rent, too. Three hundred and eighty-two years worth.

JACK EAGLE

Who put these ideas into your head?

BILLY EAGLE
People. Our people.

JACK EAGLE
Who?

BILLY EAGLE
Doesn't matter who. It's time the
whites face the truth.

The CLATTERING S.W.A.T. helicopter rises, LOOMS huge behind
them -- Wind blows -- The Treaty paper shrinks to a white
flutter way below --

The S.W.A.T. Sharpshooter aims -- Jack gets in the way --

JACK EAGLE
Billy, listen to me. Way you're doing it,
you're gonna be shot down by white men --

BILLY EAGLE
They can't kill me... the Red Man. They
try, but we never die --

Jack snaps one side of his handcuffs on his own wrist --

JACK EAGLE
You're forcin' me to arrest you.

Billy Eagle steps closer, ready to pounce on Jack with the
city spread out below --

BILLY EAGLE
You can't arrest Native spirit, brother.
Like you can't arrest the wind --
or freedom --

Billy narrows his eyes at Jack's approaching handcuff --

BILLY EAGLE
YOU -- my brother -- You would jail
your own blood --
(points underhanded)
You "serve, protect" the whites --
Traitor to your own people!

Billy suddenly swings, punches Jack in the face -- Billy
swings another FIST -- SMACK into the punch-stopping grip of
Jack's hand -- Billy SNARLS -- pushes in more power --

Jack raises the open handcuff -- Billy tugs back -- Jack
sideblocks another powerhouse punch --

Jack and the hotheaded Billy fight -- in the crosshair line of sight of the sharpshooter in the S.W.A.T. chopper.

The Eagle brothers grapple, Indian wrestle -- separate --

The S.W.A.T. sharpshooter's about to squeeze the trigger when his view is filled with the sudden appearance of --

EXT./INT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Tanya grips her mike, white-knuckled --

TANYA

This is Tanya Palmieri, reporting on-air,
live -- **so far** -- !

EXT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - S.W.A.T. CHOPPER - FLYING - DAY

Tanya and her two-man crew watch tensely as their Z-NEWS helicopter closely beats the air over Jack and Billy's sky-high fight.

The black S.W.A.T. chopper angrily ROARS in like it wants to eat the HOVERING colorful white Z-NEWS helicopter --

Swede aims his camera -- The Sharpshooter on the Police chopper hesitates --

EXT. SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - CRANE ARM - DAY

The chopper propeller wind gusts push Billy to *FALL* over the crane arm --

An eagle CRIES as it veers in the blue sky...

Like lightning, Jack dives, handcuff flashing --

Billy swings in midair over the city below -- connected to Jack just by the handcuff.

Jack strains, slips down on the crane arm strut he grips face down -- crosses his legs on a crane arm beam, plunges his free arm, grabs Billy's forearm, fiercely pulls his brother back up.

Billy wraps an arm around a horizontal crane arm beam, snorting angry...

Jack seethes with quiet power, closely tells him --

JACK EAGLE

We're blood brothers -- What's pumping
the Native anger in our hearts is the
murder of our mother!

Jack Eagle's eyes blaze like they're on fire --

JACK EAGLE

I swear my spirit will never rest till I
find the gun runners who did it --

Jack yanks Billy up by the handcuff --

-- tugs him inside the crossbeams of the crane arm.

JACK EAGLE

Look at me! What was a crate of automatic
.45's and AK-47s doing in her cabin?

Billy broods, silent...

JACK EAGLE

When I found her dying, she told me to
stop a war by finding our half-white bro
Rock Eagle. He was always into weapons.
Our mother was against guns, never
wanted them on the reserve, ever since
our Peacekeeper father was shot down by
gun runners ten years ago.

As they rise, tensely facing each other, Jack reaches into
his heart pocket, hands Billy the bloodstained eagle feather.

JACK EAGLE

This is our father's blood. I'm asking
you to honor our heritage with the truth.

The bloodstained eagle feather is now in Billy's grip.
He and Jack with long flowing black hair face each other
in proud silence on the crane arm.

INT. Z-NEWS HELICOPTER - S.W.A.T. CHOPPER - FLYING - DAY

Tanya stares down at the two brothers, then at the threatening
S.W.A.T. chopper. Tanya shouts in her radio mike --

TANYA

They're unarmed! It's under control!

The S.W.A.T. Sharpshooter talks on his headset but he's
keeping his rifle at his shoulder aimed below --

EXT. SKYSCRAPER UNDER CONSTRUCTION - CRANE ARM - DAY

Handcuff flashing, Jack defiantly stands between the S.W.A.T. chopper and Billy.

BILLY EAGLE

High-steel workers back on the res say
Rock Eagle and some men from the Stone
Corporation are the gun sellers coming to
reserves, telling Natives across the U.S.
to fight for their rights before it's too
late, take a stand on a real 4th of July,
before all Natives shrink out of sight --
with white people taking more and more,
all of our land to build malls and golf
courses and shit over our sacred Native
burial grounds.

JACK EAGLE

See all this land around us, farther
than the horizon? No one can own Mother
Earth. We'll always have somewhere to
live -- We make our space to live --
if we live! We'll always walk wherever
we want with our spirit free in here --
(thumps his chest)
We can't have a bloody massacre of our
people by a greater number of white
guns. Not for gun runner profits.

Jack grasps Billy's shoulder.

JACK EAGLE

I can't stop this alone. I always had
to make do as a cast-out loner. Hated
by both sides I'm tryin' to help. But
now I'm askin'... I need your help to
find Rock Eagle, to find a way to stop
the spread of illegal automatic guns
that'll kill men, women and the future
of our people.

(closer)

Are you with me -- and the spirit of our
father who died as a true Peacekeeper?

Facing Jack Eagle's volcanic intensity, his brother Billy
tightens his grip of the eagle feather stained with their
father's blood. He slowly nods.

Jack uncuffs him.

EXT. BASE OF CRANE - SKYSCRAPER ROOF - DAY

Jack and Billy climb down the tower ladder at the base of the crane, thump out onto the skyscraper roof. But Jack stops in his tracks when he hears --

BILLY EAGLE

Bro, even if I step down, there's still the Native Warrior movement to get back Native lands like Manhattan in twenty-four hours. Just before this 4th of July Native Declaration of Independence, a huge shipment of automatic weapons is supposed to go out to Native Warriors in different states across the U.S. Deadline's coming up fast -- But I don't know where the guns are coming from.

The police S.W.A.T. chopper ROARS close overhead, forces Tanya's news helicopter away from the scene. Billy runs --

Jack tugs Billy behind cover as S.W.A.T. "warning" bullets CLANK against rooftop girders.

BILLY EAGLE

Can you get us through these cops -- ?

Jack whips out his cell.

JACK EAGLE

I'll get us a ride.

Jack eyes the Z-News helicopter forced to back away by the black S.W.A.T. chopper swinging round to fire more METAL CLANKING bullets --

JACK EAGLE

You had a plan to get down?

BILLY EAGLE

This way --

EXT. AIR DUCT - SHAFT - SKYSCRAPER ROOF - DAY

Billy brings Jack behind an air duct next to an unfinished elevator shaft -- Jack glances at Billy like he's crazy.

BILLY EAGLE

We're ridin' cable. You came, so we're gonna have to share these -- Made 'em.

Billy brings up two elevator cable pulleys with grips and brake pads.

JACK EAGLE
You ever use 'em?

BILLY EAGLE
Nope. Brakes from my truck, should work.

Jack eyes the brakes, the deep shaft. He's not liking this.

JACK EAGLE
You hadda choose a goddamn high one.

BILLY EAGLE
(grins)
Yeah, Bro. Like when we were kids slidin'
down treehouse rope! Sorry about that
time I greased yours.

JACK EAGLE
Now's not the time to remind me.

The S.W.A.T. chopper LOOMS above them, monstrous, bristling --

Jack and Billy grip the pulleys face to face, ROCKET down the shaft.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - SUBLEVEL GARAGE ENTRANCE - DAY

Tanya's news van comes out a sublevel garage, is waved through a cordon by cops.

INT. Z-NEWS VAN - DRIVING - DAY

Jack and Billy look like they've jammed themselves sitting knee-up in a metal box of coiled wires and equipment.

BILLY EAGLE
Woo. Brake pads wore out just in time.
Now my truck's got no brakes.

JACK EAGLE
No way we're ridin' your truck.

Hunched hiding in the back of the van, Billy distrustfully eyes Tanya in the front seat, confides to Jack crouched next to him --

BILLY EAGLE

How do you know she's not just some white, fast-talkin', word-twistin' reporter tryin' to take advantage of you like some Native idealist?

Tanya turns to the grudging, skeptical Billy.

TANYA

Because he reminded me *I'm* an idealist.

The Z-NEWS van pushes through the Crowd laced with Cops.

TANYA

Look, Billy, if you want, I can let you out now.

Billy watches the feisty Tanya. With a growing sexual hunger, he wolfishly eyes her open shirt, her firm, muscular body, up and down.

But he sees her eyes are attracted to his older brother... Billy glances uncertainly at Jack.

Jack's gaze is impenetrable as he looks on at Tanya. Could he be attracted to her?

TANYA

The Stone Corporation is headed by Robert Stone. But he's so slippery, getting proof out of him is harder than pulling a chair out of a snake's ass. Pardon my insults to snakes.

Tanya glances at Billy, then at Jack.

TANYA

Look, trust me, I can help you. I've been working on some exposés. I can get more information from my contact, a model named Alicia --

Billy smirks, eyes Jack like "Why are we even talking to her?"

BILLY EAGLE

Great. She's a fashion reporter --

But Tanya's insistent.

TANYA

-- Alicia happens to be the unhappy girlfriend of corporate head **Robert**

Stone keeping her for his sadistic, violently sexual power games. She wants out, but she can't leave him because of his threats.

(disgusted)

Men like him oughta be neutered. That Stone slime treats her like a slave, beats her... She'd never live to testify.

EXT./INT. SULTRY SEX SHOP - DAY

Tanya looks like she's got Jack and Billy as body guards. They discreetly move behind sex shop aisles, eyeing this and that wicked sex toy. Billy picks up a big leather codpiece and strap, elbows Jack.

TANYA

He doesn't need that.

Billy looks from Tanya to Jack, gets that Tanya has come to know his bro, tosses the codpiece back as they move.

Tanya stops them, looks at her watch, tense. Alicia comes in, pretends to shop the S&M section while nervously glancing left to right. She picks up a tiny black leather bra and matching miniskirt, glances at Tanya. With a discreet eye exchange, both women slip behind the curtain of a changing room.

Billy moves to follow, but he's stopped by a hand on his arm. Close, Jack shakes his head "No". Billy's disappointed.

INT. SULTRY SEX SHOP - CHANGING ROOM - DAY

Alicia speaks fast and breathy in the leather-bound stall --

ALICIA

This is too tight -- for time -- just have seconds. Robert sees me with you, he'll use blades to cut me up, kill me. He's on the phone, limo outside --

The curtain is abruptly whisked open -- Alicia turns away in fear, into Tanya's arms.

But it's just a leering male customer, with Jack and Billy closing in fast to heave him away. Tanya effectively SMACKS the leering customer. He winks with a grin, but backs away when muscular Jack and Billy stare him down. Tanya quickly whisks the curtain closed.

Alicia's terrified, removes her sunglasses. Tears burn her two black eyes in her otherwise gorgeous face. Tanya looks grim, motions for Alicia to keep her chin up.

TANYA

Let's finish this.

ALICIA

(gets determined)

Stone Corporation owns a gun factory in Brooklyn. Here --

(slips Tanya a paper)

Warehouse where Stone's ordered a huge shipment of automatic guns to be loaded tonight into a smuggling convoy, Cross State Trucking -- to meet the 4th of July deadline -- Catch him redhanded, but watch for cops on his payroll --

Alicia's suddenly jarred by her cell phone ringing --

ALICIA

He's coming!

She whisks off her slinky top to put on the leather bra, shocks Tanya with the bruises and cuts on her shoulders.

TANYA

Leave him now. Come with us.

ALICIA

No. He'll find me, anywhere -- Just get him **caught** -- **permanently!**

INT. SULTRY SEX SHOP - DAY

Tanya pulls Jack and Billy behind aisles, out the back door.

EXT. SULTRY SEX SHOP - BACK ALLEY - DAY

The Z-NEWS van quietly drives away down the back alley.

INT. Z-NEWS VAN - DRIVING - DAY

TANYA

Bastard -- ! Twenty-four hour deadline is closing in real fast.

Now Billy's impressed. Jack eyes Billy about to ask --

JACK EAGLE

I'll tell you what's next. Gonna stop us a U.S.-wide war. And you'll get a kick out of how we do it.

EXT. RUNDOWN, HIGH-RISE TENEMENT - NIGHT

Jack and Billy look like they're moving out of Jack's tenement apartment, lugging a heavy locked case to Jack's Jeep.

Now wearing a black T-shirt and black army pants, Jack unlocks the case, packs his Iron Horse Harley with bullets for his Colt Python, clamps on his hi-tech hunting gear, RDX detonator-strapped Thunderbolt arrows -- Tanya stares --

JACK EAGLE

Used these to clear log jams.

Jack carefully packs a padded box of explosive arrowheads in his saddlebag.

TANYA

My God, where'd you keep this arsenal in your apartment?

JACK EAGLE

Closet. Don't worry, it was safe. Locked with an alarm. Booby trapped with sleeping gas. Here, put this .38 in your purse.

TANYA

Uh, no thanks. I've no idea how to handle a gun, might accidentally kill someone I know. I've got my own weapons.

She hooks a thumb at Swede's camera and Malcolm's recorder.

Billy raises his black automatic .45 and bullet clips.

BILLY EAGLE

Awready got mine.

Jack finishes arming his Iron Horse Harley and Jeep Renegade with Billy at the wheel.

Videotaped by Tanya and her rarin' two-man news crew in the Z-NEWS van, Jack straddles his Harley, CRANKS it, ROARS into the lead.

EXT. CONDEMNED BROOKLYN FACTORY - ALLEY CORNER - NIGHT

Jack and his posse, Harley, Jeep and Z-NEWS van turn off headlights and glide into the shadows behind a condemned factory. Jack sneaks a look around an alley corner.

EXT. OLD BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE - SHIPPING DOCKS - NIGHT

They stake out an old warehouse discreetly patrolled by thugs and corrupt cops on Stone's payroll, led by hulking racist white cop Carl Kazin talking out the side of his mouth.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN

For 250 grand, I'll cut off Jack Eagle's head with a chainsaw. Pays better than cutting down Native protest barriers.

For an old warehouse in this deserted area of town tonight, the shipping docks look busy with a row of Cross State Trucking semitrailers backed up and starting to be loaded with crates of boxes under spotlights.

Moving as a secretive Ninjian in black, Jack infiltrates intermittent shadows to scout, scales a drainpipe to the darkness over the warehouse roof.

WHISPERING as they secretly watch the trucks being loaded...

MALCOLM

(to Swede)

'Tellin' you, man. Our unions should insist on bullet-proof vests.

TANYA

We can't wait any longer. We've got to get in, get evidence -- before it's shipped out.

Tanya leads her cameraman Swede and soundman Malcolm to sneak closer into the shadows outside the warehouse. At an old, narrow side entrance --

A hand SUDDENLY PULLS Tanya back. It's Billy who pulls her back motioning to wait before going in. Tanya argues to convince him, whispering --

TANYA

Time's ticking -- Trucks are almost all loaded with the evidence -- Maybe Jack's in trouble --

INT. OLD BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE - SHIPPING DOCKS - NIGHT

Tanya and Billy sneak in with cameraman Swede and soundman Malcolm recording their progress... They hear packing sounds off in the darkness, see boxes of... widescreen TVs, DVDs?

BILLY EAGLE

(whispers)

Are we in the right warehouse?

Cameraman Swede videos soundman Malcolm pull a half-open back panel off a widescreen TV... It contains AK-47 rifles.

Around an aisle, they watch criminals packing automatic .45s inside hollow DVD players.

TANYA

(whispers)

Explosive entertainment.

A black automatic .45 quietly presses her temple --

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN

Yeah. You're gonna be a blast.

Billy whips out his black automatic .45, but it's quickly snatched out of his hand by a thug from behind.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN

Hey, you pay for that gun, Injun?

BILLY EAGLE

Matter of fact, I did. Give it ba--

Kazin's nod makes a thug BLACKJACK Billy unconscious.

In the dark recesses of second-level stocking shelves, Malcolm grabs Swede, motions to stay hidden, 'cause they don't have guns, can't do anything but keep recording, as two thugs with guns out look left and right for them.

The last of the stacked boxes are loaded into semitrailers at the shipping dock doors marked Chicago, Detroit, Miami, Las Vegas, Phoenix...

Tanya's gripped between two other armed Thugs led by racist white cop Carl Kazin.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN

Call him. Who...? Jack Eagle. Or you swallow red-hot bullets.

TANYA
 (calls out)
 Jack... come in with backup and arrest
 these shits!

Kazin angrily pulls Tanya back by the hair, aims his .45
 down her throat.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN
 Very funny. Jack's got jack squat.
 No backup. Nobody works with him.

ON A CEILING GIRDER, Jack's gripping his Colt Python aimed
 at the group, his eyesight zeroing in on Kazin's head.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN
 Jack Eagle! Come out, come out, wherever
 you are! Or she dies, right here, right
 now. Mr. Stone's waiting to meet you.

Jack drops quietly in a black Ninjian crouch on the floor,
 his Colt Python still aimed at Kazin's head.

JACK EAGLE
 Kazin. I see Stone, you let her and
 Billy go, or I'll blow your fat head
 like a rotten pumpkin.

Kazin presses his boot on Billy's neck, pushes his gun
 further into Tanya's mouth.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN
 Naw. **You** put your gun down. Make like
 a totem pole. Arms out.

INT. ROBERT STONE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Kazin and two thugs escort the unarmed Jack Eagle out of the
 elevator. Jack's Colt Python gun looks big in Kazin's waist
 holster. Before entering the office suite, Kazin grins as
 Jack eyes the gun taken from him.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN
 This Colt's a nice hefty gun. But
 it's more for cowboys than for Injuns.

Kazin suddenly PUNCHES Jack in the stomach, THUMPS the wind
 out of him.

INT. ROBERT STONE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - HIGH-RISE SUITE - NIGHT

The suite has a magnificent view of a dark forest of skyscrapers. Jack holds his stomach, sees five massive **BODYGUARDS** flanking Robert Stone in a tailored suit with his back turned, leaning over, threatening sensual model Alicia beaten and strapped with leather belts to a chair.

ROBERT STONE

You have a problem with a loose tongue.

(oozing menace)

Now you're a beauty, a work of art... but maybe you can lose a little more weight.

Stone twirls a glistening Native hunting knife before Alicia's gorgeous lips, her face, her breasts.

ROBERT STONE

...here and there. With my slow cutting off different parts of your body... starting with your tongue.

JACK EAGLE

Tough guy, beating on a woman. Least give her a chance to fight back.

Still leaning into Alicia, Stone doesn't bother turning as he catches her exchanging looks with Jack, her eyes pleading to save her from Stone.

ROBERT STONE

So you've met.

Stone elegantly lights a cigarillo, waves smoke wisps aside, his back still turned to Jack.

INT./EXT. CABIN - FOREST - DAY

In a FLASH VISION, Jack stares in anguish... through smoke wisps in the cabin... **His Mother lays in a pool of blood.**

Blood-red trees MOAN, whirl round Jack in a blur...

Jack leans, motionless... SNIFFS a smoking cigarillo butt flattened in a pointed yet square-toed shoe print...

The shoe prints are in line, one in front of the other.

INT. ROBERT STONE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - HIGH-RISE SUITE - NIGHT

Jack focuses... the pointed yet square-toed shoes of Robert Stone walk toward him... one foot in front of the other... the way Indians walk.

Cigarillo smoke gently curls out of Stone's smile.

Jack glares, muscles forward --

The five huge Bodyguards with guns in their gray suits block* Jack, stand impassive, carved out of granite.

ROBERT STONE

Where do you come from, Jack?

JACK EAGLE

My Mother.

Jack yanks out the old photo his dying Mother gave him... The half-white, half-red Boy marked by his Mother's blood -- has grown, is now Robert Stone!

ROBERT STONE

This is good.

(smiles, close, takes photo)

...Only picture I've ever seen of me as a kid. My father, the great white alcoholic Senator Stone, did his best to "erase" my existence...

(narrows eyes)

But, accidents... happen.

(killer look)

Now, the drunk's dead.

Jack's eyes blaze at the Native hunting knife.

JACK EAGLE

So is our mother --

Jack FLASH VISION sees the knife slash his mother's throat. He closes his eyes. A tear glistens down his cheek.

ROBERT STONE

Makes us orphaned brothers, doesn't it?

You know, I always liked your knife.

Stone hefts the Native knife as he gazes at the bloodied photo.

ROBERT STONE

Our mother didn't understand -- Morals are bad for business.

JACK EAGLE

So is murder.

Robert Stone brings the blade close to Jack's neck, murmurs.

ROBERT STONE

Take it easy... brother. Life's too short. You don't want to make yours shorter.

JACK EAGLE

Life's too long --
(glares at Stone)
For people like you.

ROBERT STONE

Brother, listen to me... Our mother's death was really... an accident.
(shrugs, a touch remorseful)
You believe it? **I** was nervous... visiting our mother for the first time, after so many years. I mixed some 'fire water' and pure 'snow'... tried my best at the cabin.

Stone opens a drawer, looks angered as if by rejection.

ROBERT STONE

Our **own mother** preferred to keep living in a rat hole shack in the sticks, instead of a mansion in the city -- on land we'll take back from the whites.

Stone leans forward, waves the knife --

ROBERT STONE

I offered her so much... **She** didn't want **me** in the family.

Stone raises a bag of cocaine from the drawer.

ROBERT STONE

Our mother threatened to expose me, to tell you, the authorities on and off the res, all about my big plans to empower Natives.

(eyes gleam...)

But I don't take threats. I give them.

Stone slits the cocaine bag with Jack's hunting knife. Jack's eyes flash. Stone SNIFFS coke off the blade.

ROBERT STONE

She came at me to throw me out of her cabin. I put up my hands.

(motions with knife)

Our mother's throat kind of... fell onto your ceremonial hunting knife.

Jack's glistening eyes are cut by the GLARE of the blade -- Muscles bulging, meaty fists clumped, Jack advances like a molten, fuming hot volcano --

The five massive Bodyguards close in, two granite walls on either side of Robert Stone. Guns CLICK.

Stone aims, taps his chromed .45 automatic point-blank at Jack's chest, curls his lips into a hint of a smile, SNIFFS.

ROBERT STONE

Now you and me, brother, we're "**family**".

JACK EAGLE

(hisses)

You kill your family -- against all natural law --

ROBERT STONE

You know natural law? Only the strong survive. And the strong are those who can afford my guns.

Stone smiles, just calmly conducting a business deal.

ROBERT STONE

Brother, you want respect in modern society, forget about the... "law".

Stone looks down his panoramic view of the city --

ROBERT STONE

You need money, power. It's all down there, Jack, in every city -- We profit while the lowlifes continue killing each other. White, reds --

Jack ever-so-slowly moves -- Without turning, Robert Stone aims his chrome .45 automatic LOOMING in Jack's face --

ROBERT STONE

Everybody wants to get into Heaven. But nobody wants to pay.

(smirks)

I paid. Can you see me? Disowned, half-white penniless kid... selling my body in an underworld where life's cheap, abused, discarded like junk... where even painted whores humiliated me...

EXT. NEW YORK - RUNDOWN STREET - BLACK LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Two smoking **WHORES** SHRIEK, horribly twist their lips around lipstick-stained, crooked yellow teeth, LAUGHING at **FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD ROBERT STONE**, thrown out of a MUSIC-THUMPING black limo, slipping half-naked in sidewalk trash.

INT. ROBERT STONE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - HIGH-RISE SUITE - NIGHT

The older Robert Stone stares, deadly.

ROBERT STONE

But they're not laughing anymore... They kind of... lost their voices.

EXT. NEW YORK - RUNDOWN STREET - NIGHT

The young Robert Stone in torn T-shirt and jeans switchblade slits the throats of the Whores from behind --

The Whores gruesomely grapple, bend, GAG in smoke and their own spurting blood that soaks their garish clothes in the lurid night...

INT. BLACK LIMOUSINE - RUNDOWN NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

MUSIC-THUMPS in the limo. A fat, rich **DRUG DEALER** with a greasy ponytail snorts coke through a gold tube.

He smugly smiles at the young Robert Stone who slowly lowers his head to the Drug Dealer's lap.

From GASPING pleasure, the Drug Dealer's face convulsively twists HOWLING in excruciating pain --

Young Robert Stone rises, bloody hand gripping a gory switchblade, stuffs a dripping red pulp into the Drug Dealer's SCREAMING, GARGLING mouth --

EXT. LIMOUSINE - RUNDOWN NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

A tinted rear window of the limo is violently PERFORATED by a bullet hole ejaculating a SPURT of bloody brains --

INT. LIMOUSINE - RUNDOWN NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

The uniformed **Driver** stares back in terrified shock --

The young Robert Stone calmly turns from the slumped, bloody headed Drug Dealer --

Young Stone's black .45 gun barrel rises, looms HUGE, fires a blinding white BLAST --

INT. ROBERT STONE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - HIGH-RISE SUITE - NIGHT

Stone's chromed .45 flashes in his hand. Calm, wealthy businessman Robert Stone checks his gold cufflinks, brushes an unseen speck of lint off his lapel.

ROBERT STONE

I've got plans for you, Jack.
Killing you would be a waste.

Stone eyes Jack's muscular tension.

ROBERT STONE

Our Indian code of honor, stoic silence,
unflinching will power even facing long,
slow, painful death... just proves the
strength of our proud manhood.

Jack stares down Robert Stone flanked by his huge Bodyguards.

ROBERT STONE

You wouldn't cry out running the gauntlet,
say, made of two lines of my bodyguards
disfiguring you with baseball bats,
knives, axes...

(beat)

Even if I... say, with pliers, twisted off
one... or several of your fingers, you
won't cry out. Not you.

(confiding)

But Billy, your blood brother... what if
he were to be drained of his blood? And
that reporter... what's her name? She's
still alive and kicking. For now.

JACK EAGLE
 (smoldering)
 What do you want?

ROBERT STONE
 I want to keep you alive, Jack.
 (smiles)
 Working for me. Down in shipping.
 You're going to oversee the transport
 of my guns to every major city across
 the U.S. The more guns I sell, the more
 violence and war there is -- the even
more guns I sell. I **love** America!
 (waves .45 at Jack)
 Especially with cops on my payroll.

Stone slowly opens a long lacquered box.

ROBERT STONE
 You'll have lots of opportunity for
 advancement. Power, money... Screw
 working for the whites. You can have
real respect.

Stone takes out, offers Jack a Native peace pipe.

ROBERT STONE
 Buffalo bone. What do you say we smoke
 a little weed on our deal?

Jack SNAPS the bone peace pipe, drops the two pieces.

Stone shrugs, uncaring... cocks, uncocks his .45 at Jack.

ROBERT STONE
 Now, Jack, my brother, you'll do what I
 tell you. You'll ~~make~~ make sure the gun
 shipments go through without any delays
 before the end of the 24-hour
 deadline... And Jack, you'll do it
 well. You know, for family.

Jack glares in angry silence to see his father's bloodstained eagle feather in Stone's hand. The feather Jack had given Billy. The bloody feather that Stone now softly runs across Jack's neck like a blade.

ROBERT STONE
 Or, I'll bleed Billy, ship him and that
 squaw Tanya Palmieri to another state --
 a dead state.

Jack narrows his eyes at Stone and his Bodyguards, glances at Alicia bound and beaten in the chair. Stone smiles, offers Jack his hunting knife.

ROBERT STONE
You want a piece of her?

EXT. OLD BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE - SHIPPING DOCKS - NIGHT

Checking his watch in a hurry -- Gangster Pinski in a leather jacket oversees the massive trucking operation, signals for the semitrailers to move out faster. He answers his cell phone, talks loudly with trucks passing behind him --

GANGSTER PINKSI
What?! You're sayin' Jack Eagle's gonna ride shotgun in the lead truck? That's my place -- I was gonna catch up -- Lead truck's already gone -- or we won't meet our deadline! Look, no disrespect, Mr. Stone, but d'you really believe Eagle will do what you want?

INT. ROBERT STONE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - HIGH-RISE SUITE - NIGHT

ROBERT STONE (ON CELL PHONE)
I'm keeping my enemies close. What does he have to lose? Just the people closest to him. His blood brother, that reporter who's risked her life for him...

EXT. OLD BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE - SHIPPING DOCKS - NIGHT

GANGSTER PINSKI (ON CELL PHONE)
Yeah well considering what he's done to our operation before, even if he *is* just one Injun, I'll bet my share he'll try anything to jam up our interstate shipment -- That kinda hardhead's crazy enough to let two hostages die while he tries stopping this white-Native war that'll make way more die across the U.S. -- He's gotta be exterminated!

INT. ROBERT STONE'S PRIVATE OFFICE - HIGH-RISE SUITE - NIGHT

Robert Stone nods for racist white cop Carl Kazin and another big hitman thug to get going --

ROBERT STONE (ON CELL PHONE)

I'm sending extra assurance to keep him on track.

(to Kazin)

When the job's done, shoot Eagle in the back of the head. Then you cut off his head and bring it to me.

Kazin tells the hitman thug as they both leave --

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN

When I signal, you can shoot Eagle in the back of the head -- but not before I get the satisfaction of blasting his face.

Heading for the elevator, Kazin leans in, smiles maliciously.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN

And hey -- got a chainsaw in the trunk. Eagle's just gonna fall to pieces!

Robert Stone smirks with Jack's big hunting knife as he closes in on Alicia bound to the chair. He barely touches her arm with the blade, then a leather wrist strap, as he smiles sensually, loving the juice of his power threats --

ROBERT STONE

What do you want me to cut first?

She shrieks as he slashes her cheek. He cuts one of her hands free. She grips her face. He leans down, running the back of the blade down her leg, abruptly cuts off an ankle strap. Then he brings the blade up like an erection as he hungrily eyes her crotch --

She suddenly hugely kicks him in the groin -- He drops, grimacing in exquisite pain.

ROBERT STONE

You got **balls!** That's why I love you --
(raising the knife)
That's why I'm gonna cut you and eat you!

Alicia drops onto him with the chair, bites his hand, grabs the dropped knife and cuts herself free -- Then though she's gripping the knife, half-crouched over him, she's terrified.

ROBERT STONE

You're getting me **s-o-o** hot for you.

Alicia can't bring herself to use the knife -- runs away, hearing Stone curled on pain on the floor shouting after her --

ROBERT STONE

How can I live without you? I'll follow
you to the ends of the world and --
RUN YOU THROUGH!!

INT. OLD BROOKLYN WAREHOUSE - SHIPPING DOCKS - NIGHT

Two massive Stone thugs escort Jack. One thug listens to orders on his cell phone as he walks.

ROBERT STONE (V.O. ON PHONE)

Stick to him like a second skin -- or
I'll have you both skinned alive.

But as Jack's escorted to the shipping warehouse, he and the two Thugs are suddenly blocked by Alicia, her cut cheek bleeding. She raises Jack's hunting knife in her hand.

ALICIA

I know how much this knife means to
you. I know how much I mean to Stone.

She approaches threateningly, face bleeding, looking crazed, staring into Jack's eyes.

ALICIA

I want you to kill me.

The two thugs eye each other. One tells the other --

THUG

Call Stone.

Jack suddenly whirls, Ninjian martial arts the thugs into unconscious heaps, and with shipping twine, hogties them like two steers in a rodeo, face down, wrists to ankles behind them. Alicia hands him his hunting knife.

ALICIA

Bring that animal down. **Gut him!**

Jack gently turns Alicia's cheek, exposes where Stone cut her face.

JACK

You're bleeding bad. Get to a hospital
fast, take care of your face.

ALICIA
You're bleeding, too.

She points to his arm bandage torn in the fight.

JACK EAGLE
Got shot by a racist white cop who tried
to run me over.

ALICIA
He must love you.

Then seeing the taillights of the convoy of semitrailers
driving off, he gives her a nod, raises his hunting knife.

JACK EAGLE
Thanks for the knife.

Jack leaps away.

With a lingering look at Jack, Alicia turns to walk away --

She's suddenly speared in the side up against a wall by
Robert Stone breathlessly pushing a crowbar into her as he
closes in, a sick sexual predator.

ROBERT STONE
I'd love you to... **stick around.**

EXT. CONDEMNED BROOKLYN FACTORY - ALLEY CORNER - NIGHT

In the darkness by the factory, Jack Eagle whisks off the
tarp hiding his Harley.

With one hand and his teeth, he tightens the bandage on his
bleeding arm. Glares at the blood on his fingers...

Smears two streaks of bloody warpaint on his rock-hard face.

He checks his clamped hi-tech bow, shoulders his quiver,
ROARS away on his Iron Horse Harley --

EXT. HIGHWAY - HILLY FIELDS - RISE - NIGHT / DAWN

Jack fast rides his Harley past the lead semitrailer in the
convoy of semitrailers loaded with guns.

Jack with his quiver on his back disappears way ahead.

Then Gangster Pinski in his leather jacket riding shotgun next to the thug driving the lead truck both squint at what's up the road --

Dawn light cracks the sky behind a rise on the highway where the silhouette of one lone Native Warrior raises a bow.

That's one Mohawk Cop bristling in his own one-man war in a climactic showdown with gun runner truckers BLARING their horn, ready and rarin' to blow him away with guns since he's not budging off the highway.

Jack's explosive RDX Thunderbolt arrow rockets, pierces the radiator of the lead semitrailer which BOOMS into spectacular flames, a highway comet shooting off ammo fireworks.

It's watched by Jack rising from the side of the road.

Demonically glaring in his cop cruiser, racist white cop Carl Kazin runs Jack down from behind, THUMPS him over the hood.

The cop cruiser kicks side road dust round in a 360 SWERVE, SCREECHES to come run down Jack, with the hitman thug BLASTING his auto .45 from the passenger side.

Jack rolls between BULLETS SPARKING pavement -- dives for his hi-tech bow, pulls an arrow from his back quiver, aims-releases in a flash --

Jack's titanium arrows THUMPS right into the thug's forehead, out through the back of his head where the razor sharp arrowhead blades SNAP open to prevent withdrawal.

In a cloud of dust and flashing cop lights, Jack tries to get up from the side of the road in killer pain, but his chest is stomped down by Kazin's boot.

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN
Injun, I'm gonna make sure you die for
good this time.

Kazin cranks up his chainsaw, finally about to kill Jack, cut his head off --

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN
(grins)
Only good Injun's a dead Injun.

Jack twist kicks free, the chain saw wildly cuts the air.

JACK EAGLE
Racists always get a final justice.

Kazin smirks, dismissively spits. Circling each other in a tense crouch, Jack asks the condescending Kazin --

JACK EAGLE

You know if there's life after death?

Kazin charges --

RACIST WHITE COP CARL KAZIN

You're gonna find out!

Jack whips out his big knife.

JACK EAGLE

Meet your maker.

With the speed of lightning, the big blade thumps into Kazin's Adam's apple.

The GAGGING Kazin hawks blood, drops to his knees, then onto his own BLARING, gurgling chainsaw.

Jack reaches down into the gory mess, turns off the chainsaw, pulls his 357 magnum Colt Python out of Kazin's holster.

JACK EAGLE

This Injun's keepin' his Colt.

Then Jack pulls his hunting knife out of Kazin's throat.

JACK EAGLE

Got my point, racist?

Gripping his gun with both hands, police captain Roscoe Harris closes in on Jack crouching over dead cop Carl Kazin. Harris tensely eyes Jack, finally says --

POLICE CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS

I don't like crooked cops who try to run down good cops. That reporter Tanya Palmieri's news crew called, recorded evidence of what's going down --

JACK EAGLE

Stone's got her and my brother Billy hostage --

Harris eyes the convoy of semitrailers disappearing over a rise in the highway.

POLICE CAPTAIN ROSCOE HARRIS

Jack -- I never liked your breaking the rules before, never will. Goddamn never know which cops you can trust. Now seeing that convoy getting away -- I got new orders for you, Jack --
 (already regretting
 what he's going to say)
 Do what you gotta do.

Jack nods with vengeance, like the power of justice is going to be delivered with his thunder. He checks, still has some explosive RDX Thunderbolt arrows in his hunting quiver he shoulders.

JACK EAGLE

'Expect to bring down some big game.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT / DAWN

Jack Eagle ROARS away on his arsenal-packed Harley, catches up to a semitrailer speeding on the highway --

Straddling his Iron Horse Harley, Jack fires his bow like hunting buffalo on horseback...

EXT. HIGHWAY - HILLY FIELDS - RISE - NIGHT / DAWN

Captain Harris sees the horizon light up with explosions, orange fireballs.

EXT. HIGHWAY - BURNING SEMITRAILER - DAY

Jack stands on the highway facing the last semitrailer blackening in flames and smoke. He turns with his cell phone.

JACK EAGLE (ON CELL PHONE)

Hey, Chief -- ?
 (grins at Captain Harris shouting
 to stop calling him '**Chief**')
 Gonna need some firetrucks. Got a whole
 convoy of semis burnin' on the highway,
 loaded with illegal guns.

But then a black Stone Corp helicopter suddenly ROARS down the highway toward him. Jack stands his ground.

JACK EAGLE (ON CELL PHONE)

Here I am, you bastard -- No, not you Chief. The man who incited this white-Native U.S. war just to profit from sellin' guns. He's comin' my way. Figure I should get him to talk, clear the air --

The black chopper dives with guns blazing --

JACK EAGLE

Gotta run.

Jack hunch-runs as bullet blister the pavement on each side of him -- He dives over his Harley.

Jack's squawking phone shatters, shot silent on the road.

The helicopter swerves back -- Jack grabs the last detonator arrow out of his quiver, aims his bow, ready to take down the looming chopper --

But Jack suddenly holds back from firing 'cause of what he sees --

Tanya and Billy are "buffer bodies" bound with rope to the landing rails of the Stone Corp helicopter zooming in.

JACK EAGLE

Goddamn.

Jack dives and rolls as the helicopter SWEEPS over him -- bullets blazing.

Jack gives chase on his Harley -- The helicopter veers to come back in another fly by -- with Robert Stone in the open side door gripping two automatic .45s, one chrome, one black, machine gunning up the highway, zooming down toward Jack head on --

Jack's Harley roars off into a cornfield, riderless in ghostly silent slow motion, SLASHING through cornstalk leaves --

Jack rolls, THUMPS onto his back in the open field -- aims his big Colt Python at the helicopter diving down to him --

EXT. BLACK STONE CORP. HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Laying bound to one landing rail, Tanya shouts to Billy tied on the other landing rail.

TANYA

He's gonna **shoot us?!**

EXT. HIGHWAY - CORNFIELD - BLACK STONE CORP. HELICOPTER - DAY

Jack's narrowed eye gleams as he aims the barrel of his big Colt Python at the imminently approaching black chopper --

He SHOOTs a fast series of bullets that PING SPARK off the landing rails, cut through rope bindings that release Tanya and Billy who hang onto the rails then drop SWISHING into the cornfield.

Blaring like a giant angry insect, the chopper blazes bullets through exploding cornstalks, zooming in to kill Jack.

Jack stands sideways, aims his big barreled gun and -- *CLICK*. Damn -- It's out of bullets!

EXT. BLACK STONE CORP. HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

The helicopter swerves round for the kill with Robert Stone psychotically grinning down, reloading his chrome and black automatic .45s.

EXT. CORNFIELD - BLACK STONE CORP. HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Jack leaps into a run for his Harley still bristling with some weapons --

Snatching his hi-tech bow, quiver arrows and a coil of wire, Jack zigzag runs to avoid bullets --

Jack raises his magnesium "Golden Eagle" bow -- aims a titanium 3-blade arrow at the circling chopper --

EXT. BLACK STONE CORP. HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

The ZZ-R-RIPPING black arrow rockets, pulling a wire --

-- THUMP-pierces Robert Stone's shoulder -- arrowhead blades snapping open out his back with unretractable grip.

Grimacing in pain, Stone holds onto the edge of the open chopper door -- The chopper pilot greedily eyes, reaches for the fat briefcase next to Stone --

EXT. CORNFIELD - BLACK STONE CORP. HELICOPTER - FLYING - DAY

Jack yanks the wire to the chopper --

EXT. BLACK STONE CORP. HELICOPTER - FLYING - CORNFIELD - DAY

Stone SCREAMS in pain -- lunges for the briefcase like it's worth more than his life -- with his chromed .45 still in hand SHOTS the grasping pilot -- as Stone's tugged out of the helicopter in excruciating pain --

Stone somersaults out of the chopper -- falls SCREAMING into WHIPLASHING cornstalks --

The helicopter spectacularly CRASHES into a tree, BURSTS into flames.

Jack stands tall, looking down at Stone in crushed leaves, gasping, clutching his briefcase broken open, fluttering cash.

JACK EAGLE

A Stone can't fly away.

Jack kicks Stone's chromed .45 aside, leans in threatening with his hunting knife --

JACK EAGLE

This is the blade you held when it cut our mother's throat.

Stone, broken and bloodied by the arrow in his shoulder, still manages to taunt Jack --

ROBERT STONE

You -- You don't have the guts to kill your own half-brother -- !

Jack grabs Stone by the throat. The knife glints --

JACK EAGLE

In our culture, 'cause life is sacred, we ask animals if they want to die.

(closer, in Stone's face)

I'm askin'.

ROBERT STONE

You stupid Indian -- ruin --

(desperately raises a fistful of bloody cash)

a chance to make so much money selling guns?!

JACK EAGLE

That's something I'll have to live with.

Jack grabs Stone's raised fist, cuffs him.

JACK EAGLE

At least, I'll be living. Free.

Billy comes out of the cornfield pulling leaves off him, points down a flattened corridor of cornstalks crushed by Jack's Harley.

BILLY EAGLE

Yo, Jack. What's your Horse doin' in a cornfield?

The helicopter in the tree BOOMS again, burns in flames.

BILLY EAGLE

Not bad, bro. Caught a bird roasting on a stick.

Billy points down at Robert Stone.

BILLY EAGLE

Is that who I think it is?

JACK EAGLE

Yup. Just a Stone in the grass.

BILLY EAGLE

Does it talk?

Billy pull-twists the arrow in Stone's bleeding shoulder. Stone gapes to scream --

EXT. HIGHWAY - CORNFIELDS - DAY

The Z-NEWS van SCREECHES to a stop in a cloud of roadside dust, past a burning semitrailer.

Cameraman Swede and soundman Malcolm jump out and video record the scene, from blackening truck to helicopter burning in a tree... zeroing in on Tanya stumbling out of a cornfield, then running to embrace Jack Eagle.

Down the highway, a line of police cruisers approach, wailing, lights flashing.

EXT. CORNFIELD NEAR HIGHWAY - DAY

Jack's kinda enjoying Tanya's hug. She looks up at him.

JACK EAGLE

What would you do without me?

TANYA

I'd look for you.

EXT. FOREST - SKYSCRAPERS - AERIAL VIEW - SUNSET

A magnificent eagle soars over a forest of green trees under a blazing sky... that becomes a forest of skyscrapers before a gorgeous red sunset.

TOM-TOM DRUMS pound in the distance...

The THUMPING Z-NEWS helicopter suddenly ROARS -- ZOOMS by -- shrinks as it swerves, flies to the city.

TANYA (V.O.)

In the forest and the city walks a man between two nations. A man who destroyed the guns of war. Jack Eagle, **MOHAWK COP**.

The magnificent eagle soars in the silent, blood red sunset, emits a piercing CRY.

FADE OUT.