

"ZIPLOK"

By

Andrew Morrison

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INT: ELEMENTARY SCHOOL-WAITING ROOM- DAY

Andrew sits calmly. He is sharply dressed, he wears a button-up shirt, a tie, and his hair is tied back into a braid. While listening to the cheers from the gymnasium, he straightens his back, stands up, and looks out the window at the mural of a big red hawk that he painted. The sun is shining bright and it illuminates the mural. He hears a knock on the door.

Prinipal:

(Soft)

Andrew, they're
ready for you...

Andrew:

(Soft)

Okay, I'll be right
there...

Andrew composes himself and steps through the doorway into a gymnasium full of kids.

INT: SCHOOL GYMNASIUM- DAY

Principal:

Here he is,our
hometown hero...The
artist, Andrew
Morrison!!

The kids go crazy.

Andrew:

Hey! Who wants to
be a winner?

The kids:

Me, me, me, me, me,

Andrew:

Who wants a T-shirt
with my art on it?

The kids:

Me, me, me, me, me

Andrew:

You, What's your
name?

Child:

Jacob

Andrew:

Jacob, my man Jake!
What year did
Christopher
Columbus land in
America?

Child:

1492

Andrew:

My man!

Andrew gives the child a shirt.

Andrew:

what's your name?

Child:

Mandy..

Andrew:

who starred in
Dances with wolves
and made the phrase
"Tatanka, Tatanka"
famous?

Child:

Wes Study?

Andrew:

Close, real close...

Child:

Kevin Kostner!

Andrew:

Yes!

And gives her a shirt

Andrew:

You, Who's the
Indian in the
cupboard?

Child:

Lightfoot!

Andrew:

Just throw em' out,
come up here, help
me out, Make sure
everyone gets one!

The kids make a dash to toss and wrestle for the shirts. A rough looking Native American man in his 30's walks into the gym,

stands at the back of the room, observes Andrew, and approaches him through the crowd.

Principal:

Great Job Andrew!

Andrew:

(Smiles)

My man..

Andrew and the Principal shake hands.

Principal:

Let's do it again..

Andrew:

You got it..

The Native American man stands at the front of the wave of kids and Andrew greets him.

Andrew:

(Excited)

Wassssup! How you
doin'?

Dude:

(Unenthusiastic)

Sup cuz. You're
doing good...Good for
you..but what's up
with your murals?

Andrew:

(Unsuspectingly)

Murals? What's up?

Dude:

(stern)

The school district
wants to destroy
your murals, they
wanna tear down
Indian Heritage
High School and
your paintings...

Andrew looks at the man in awe, there is a moment of silence,
and he quietly laughs.

Andrew:

(Shaking his head)

no one's takin'
down nothin'.

The man looks Andrew dead in his eyes.

Dude:

(Stern)

that's what's
happenin'.

Andrew:

I ain't even trynna
hear this.

Andrew laughs and then walks out to the parking lot.

INT: ANDREW'S CAR-SUNSET

It begins to rain and he sees that he has unread text messages.
He pulls into traffic, obsessively compulsively checks the rear
view mirror, and reads the messages.

Text:

Please save your
murals!

Text:

Why are they going
to be destroyed?

Text:

They symbolize
Indian Heritage

Text:

I'll miss them...

Andrew stops the car, laughs, and finds this comical. He pulls back into traffic, obsessively compulsively checks the rear view mirror, and receives a call on his video phone that is mounted on the dash.

Andrew:

This is Andrew.

Ju Ju:

(Cutting intensity)

heeeeey, what's up!
What's up with your
murals man!? The
school district is
gonna tear them
down!

Andrew:

(Surprised)

What the hell?
You're like the
tenth person to
tell me this in ten
minutes... What's
going on?

Andrew looks directly into the camera on the video phone.

(Continuing)

Give it to me
straight!

Ju Ju:

The school district
is shutting down
Indian Heritage...
they're sendin'
kids to school at
the northgate mall...
they're gonna tear
down your paintings
and build some kind
of megaschool.

Andrew:

A megaschool...

Ju Ju:

A Megatron school.

Andrew:

Where you hearing
this?

Ju Ju:

(Cautiously)

..online. Some
innuendo stuff...

Andrew:

(Overriding)

Innuendo stuff? No
one's destroyin'
nothin'. I don't
wanna hear another
word of this filth!
Not one brick will
fall.

Ju Ju:

But, but, uh..uh..

Andrew shuts off the video phone. It has turned into a dark Seattle night, he continues to drive through the rain, and heads into a heavily wooded area. He receives text after text and email after email. He keeps shaking his head in disapproval and his comical nature increases with every notification. The wooded area he drives into becomes darker as the streetlights fade into the distance. He shows up at his friend Ted's house, turns the ignition off, and sits looking at the downpour. He makes his way to the front door and knocks.

INT: TED'S HOUSE- NIGHT

Ted, a big jolly white man in his 50's opens the door with a hefty smile. Ted's house is decorated with Native American artwork and several of Andrew's paintings are on display.

Ted:

Andrew, hey! Come
in. how are ya?

The two men shake hands with a caring look in their eyes.

Andrew:

I'm good man...I
could use a cup of
coffee...

Ted:

Of course... have a
seat.

Andrew sits at the dinner table, Ted walks into the kitchen, and returns with a cup of coffee. He hands it to Andrew and they both sit facing each other.

Ted:

(Continuing)

What's happening?

Andrew:

(calm)

I just came from
the elementary, I
gave a talk to some
kids and gave out
some artwork..

Ted:

(Enthusiastically)

Great!! hey, I got
an email today..

Andrew:

(Overriding)

About the murals?

Ted:

Yeah! How'd ya
know?

Andrew:

(Sarcastically)

What kind of
blasphemy have you
been hearin'?

Ted leans forward and his demeanor becomes serious.

Ted:

Some type of a
Levy, proposition
2... a \$695 million
dollar budget that
is going to get
voted on Feb 8th....
and if it passes

the school district
is gonna build a
megaschool where
Indian heritage
is.... Where your
murals are..

The two men look at each other and Andrew stands to leave.

Andrew:

(Laughs)

This is a joke
within a dream..

INT: ANDREW'S APARTMENT- PREDAWN

The next morning Andrew's alarm rings at 4am. He slaps it quiet and jumps out of bed. He makes coffee and looks at all the pictures on the wall of his artwork. He focuses in on a news publication that showcased his murals at the Indian Heritage High School during September of 2001. He reminisces about the good times when creating the murals 13 years earlier.

MEMORIES:

EXT. INDIAN HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL- DAY

Andrew paints with spray paint and a friend AJ, a Native American teen stands by his side.

Andrew:

toss me that can
man...

Aj:

Sure..

AJ tosses Andrew a can of spray paint.

Andrew:

Thanks!

AJ:

My sister asked me
if you're married...

Andrew:

Are you crazy!?
Whutchu talkin'?

AJ:

(calm)

she just asked..
that question came
out of left field..

Andrew and AJ burst out laughing.

INT: ART CLASSROOM AT INDIAN HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL- DAY

The classroom is old and on the walls are posters of Pow Wows.
The lighting in the classroom is dark. Andrew inspects a young
student's artwork.

Andrew:

Good job kid

Student:

Right on man!

Andrew:

When you draw... just
keep at it... don't
stop...

Student:

I don't know what
I'm doin'.

Andrew:

(Sarcastically)

You think I know
what I'm doin'?

They both look at each other and laugh. Andrew sits down with a group of 4 students and they are covered from head to toe in red attire. They are from a street gang called the Native Son Bloods.

Andrew:

Wassuppp....

3 Braids:

(Uninterested)

Wuttupp..

Andrew:

Whutchu up to?

3 Braids:

(Mumbles)

Chillin'

Andrew:

(Overly friendly)

You trynna do some
artwork?

3 Braids:

(shaking his head)

Naw man...

Andrew:

Y'all just Kickin'
it?

3 Braids:

(With downcast
eyes)

Yeah cuz....

Andrew:

You apache?

3 Braid's attention shifts towards Andrew.

3 Braids:

(Cautious)

Yeah, how'd you
know?

Andrew:

(Nonchalantly)

I can always tell
an Apache...they got
a WILD look in
their eyes...

The gang looks at Andrew with apprehension.

(Continuing)

You see the look in
my eyes?

The kid and Andrew lock eyes.

(Continuing)

It's wild!!

3 Braids:

(Excited)

You Apache?!

Andrew:

(Aggressively)

Bet your ass boy!!!

The kid and all of his homies burst out laughing.

EXT: INDIAN HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL- DAY

A crowd is gathered for the unveiling in front of the newly painted 25' foot tall Chief Seattle mural. The Mayor, Greg Nickels, along with dozens of community members gather for the celebration. Andrew stands next to the Mayor.

Mayor:

Andrew, on behalf
of the city, my
office offers our
most heartfelt
gratitude to you...
For creating the
largest
commemoration of
our city's
namesake! Thank
you..

The crowd cheers as the Mayor and Andrew shake hands. Memories end.

INT: ANDREW'S CAR-DAY

Andrew pulls up in front of his brother's house, he honks the horn, and waits. He looks out the window at the rain and lets his mind drift. James jumps in the car and just as fast Andrew jumps because he is startled.

James:

(Enthusiastically)

Hey drew!

Andrew:

(Jumpy)

Whoa! Morning---
how's the kids?

Andrew slowly pulls into traffic and obsessively compulsively checks the rear view mirror.

James:

(With excitement)

good, Sequoya did
good in his game..

Andrew:

(Calm)

Alright, coo...

It's pouring rain, they drive through city streets, and slither through canyons of high rises to a large mansion on a hill that looks like a castle from Transylvania.

INT: MANSION-DAY

The mansion is being renovated, the walls are covered with plastic, tarps cover the floor, tools are everywhere, there is little to no lighting, rain can be heard pounding the roof, and the brothers work as painters. Andrew keeps receiving text messages, emails, and calls from people but refuses to engage the controversy.

Text:

So sad..

Andrew replies:

Leave me alone

Text:

We need your help

Andrew replies:

I don't want any
part of this...

After forwarding calls to voicemail, Andrew picks up a call.

Andrew:

(Short tempered)

Yeah...

Caller:

Hey man, Whatchu
doin'?

Andrew:

(Snapping)

what you doin'!?,
what's so PRESSING?
I know... the murals,
let this go, this
is not my
inferiority
complex, this is
the school
district's
masochistic
tendency and it
will only be
redirected inward..

Andrew's boss looks at him, puts his hands up, and this is a
silent sign to get off the phone.

Caller:

Inward?

Andrew:

(Irritated)

Look.. I don't
wanna be within 50
feet of this
discussion.

Caller:

I, uh, I... you

Andrew:

Bye!

Andrew stumbles to press the call-end button and waves to his boss.

James:

(Curious)

Who's that?

Andrew stops what he's doing, turns to James, and explains.

Andrew:

(Stern)

Some paranoid foot
soldier who has no
understanding of
how real victories
are seized!

James:

(Sarcastically)

Loser...

The brothers burst out laughing. Andrew writes ZIPLOK on the wall with the industrial paint gun.

James:

imagine showin' up
at the graffiti
battle with that...

Andrew:

(Excited)

I'll show up like...
back up!! Give me
50 feet!

The brothers burst out laughing. Andrew continues to wildly spray and his boss shakes his head.

INT: ANDREW'S CAR-DAY

They line their seats with plastic, climb into the car, and Andrew tosses James a pair of blue surgical gloves.

Andrew:

put these on...

They both put on the blue surgical gloves.

James:

protecting that
leather huh...

Andrew:

(Excited)

Yeah, buddy!

They burst out laughing, Andrew shifts to drive, and he obsessively compulsively checks his rear view mirror. On the ride home Andrew answers a call on the video phone.

Andrew:

(Sarcastically)

Hellllloo!?

Jessica:

(Confused)

Ouch!..Andrew??

Andrew:

(Snaps)

Yes, the murals...

Jessica:

There's a meeting
going on...
everyone's talking
about your murals
and the school

district says they
have your blessing...

Andrew:

Look, the district
is going against
the natural laws of
humanity and the
evolution of the
yin and yang will
return this favor
to these small
minded low class
spearmen.

Jessica:

(Confused)

spearmen?

Andrew:

(Snapping)

The city was named
after Seattle, why
would they wanna
destroy a
commemoration of
him? It's a
DICHOTOMY... and a
ploy.... stay away
from them!

Jessica:

(Pleading)

please just come to
this meeting. The
community needs
you, the people
need you... why

won't you get
involved?

Andrew:

(Calm)

I already fought my
war...

Jessica:

(Pleading)

This isn't a war,
this is your
murals, and their
tearing down Indian
Heritage! Please..

Andrew and James look at each other.

Andrew:

(Calm)

Okay, you got it...

EXT: QUEEN ANNE MIDDLE SCHOOL PARKING LOT-NIGHT

Andrew shows up, he is in his work clothes, and covered in
paint. He approaches the school and is greeted by his friend.
Jessica is a beautiful young women in her early 30's.

Jessica:

(Excited)

Hey, Andrew! So
glad you came...

Andrew:

(Uninterested)

Right...

Jessica:

This Way... this way

INT: QUEEN ANNE MIDDLE SCHOOL CAFETERIA-NIGHT

They walk into the crowded cafeteria and it is filled with yuppie rich people dressed in lavish business attire. The school board sits in front of the crowd at the front of the cafeteria behind microphones like the U. S. Senate. The school board is all middle aged white people and look like dried up human beings who have no emotional connection to life. They look annoyed at the crowd and address everyone in a condescending way. Andrew cautiously sits at the back and observes. He is caught off guard by a man who creeps up from behind and introduces himself as Kelvin. Kelvin is a rugged faced Native American man in his 50's, with long hair, and is dressed like a Calvin Klein model. His pants are so tight that they are bursting at the seams.

Kelvin:

(Snakelike manner)

Andrew!.. I'm
Kelvin Scares the
Hawk... the new
Executive Director
of United Indians...

Kelvin is inches from Andrew's face, he looks directly into Andrew's eyes, and waits for a response. Andrew is disgusted, turns away, and covers his nose with his hand.

Andrew:

Your breath...

Kelvin:

Oh, oh, I'm sorry...

Kelvin quickly backs up several steps. Jessica watches the two men in anticipation, Kelvin sees her, he smiles at her, she blushes, he winks at her, and then regains his confidence.

(Continuing)

I'm here to save
your murals...

Andrew:

(Uninterested)

and...

Kelvin:

As Executive
Director of United
Indians, I want to
ensure you that I
am fully capable of
GARNISHING
community support
for your murals

Andrew:

(Monotone)

Our murals....

Kelvin:

Ours?

Andrew:

(Stern)

they are our
murals, not just my
murals, they are
the community
murals, and please
refer to them as
OUR murals.

Andrew then looks Kelvin directly in the eyes and Kelvin seems perplexed. Kelvin looks at Jessica and runs his hand through his long black hair.

Kelvin:

Okay... Hey, I wanna
transform SEATTLE...

Kelvin leans in, places his hand on Andrew's shoulder, Andrew
pulls his shoulder away, and Kelvin begins to sweat.

(Continuing)

Into the new SANTA
FE... Of the
Northwest and at
the epicenter of
this art mecca... I
see you and your
artwork. I would
like to support you
by giving you CASH-
MONEY for some of
your prints...

Andrew:

(Calm)

I have prints
available. We can
do that...

Kelvin's eyes bubble with a lusting gaze and he replies in a
manner that is similar to a person having sex.

Kelvin:

Ooh... yeah... Great,
great, oh yeah...
yeah... just like
that... so you would
appreciate CASH?

Andrew shifts his attention, shoulders, and focus onto Kelvin in
a very aggressive manner.

Andrew:

(Stern)

I will gladly TAKE
money from you!
Take and take and
take!

With every pronunciation of the word "take" Kelvin flinches and takes a step backwards. Kelvin is not prepared for this type of response and struggles to smile while nodding his head in agreement. He extends his hand, Andrew gives him a very limp shake, and then turns away. There is jibber jabber on stage about budgets and new school agendas. Andrew listens and hears his name referenced in regards to the murals.

Board member:

Yes, we will be
reproducing the
artwork on Indian
Heritage in a
respectful way to
honor the Native
American, first
people, brave
nations... the artist
Andrew Morrison
will be involved.

Andrew is approached by a man who kneels before him and speaks with sincerity.

Chris Jackins:

(Respectful)

Excuse me,
Andrew....

Chris is a humbly dressed man that looks like all of his clothes were purchased at Goodwill. He is tall, lengthy, pale, his hair is out-of-style, and he is unattractive by society's standards. Andrew calmly looks at the man.

(Continuing)

I'm Chris Jackins,
founder of Save the

Schools Foundation,
and I've been
campaigning to stop
this levy that the
school district is
trying to push
through, and please
accept my
apologies...but I've
been using the
image from your
murals on my flyer.
The flyer addresses
several issues
involving saving
several schools and
at the forefront of
this advocacy are
your murals...

Chris gives Andrew a flyer that has an image of his artwork on it and it opposes proposition 2.

Andrew:

That's my Chief
Joseph painting. My
family friend
Brooklyn, Chairman
of the Nez Perce
tribe..blessed this
mural with sage and
song. From where
the sun now stands...

Chris smiles.

Chris Jackins:

Yes

Andrew:

Thanks for using
our murals in a

healthy way. I'm
much obliged. I
have your number
now Chris. Here's
my contact info.

Andrew hands Chris a business card.

(Continuing)

Thank you.

Board member:

Is there anyone
else who would like
to share?

Andrew raises his hand.

Board member:

Come on up....

Andrew walks to the front of the crowd in a calm manner and the entire room is silenced. The paint that covers him from head to toe drastically differentiates himself from others in the room.

(Continuing)

Here you go...

He is handed a microphone, he slowly looks at the board members, and they look as if they are going to fall asleep.

Andrew:

(Calm)

What are you doing?

He continues to stare at them and they look perplexed.

(Continuing)

What are you doing?

Board member:

(Stern)

Excuse me?

Andrew:

(Calm)

What type of ploy
are you trying to
force on the
populace?

Board member:

(Annoyed)

Excuse me and you
are???

Andrew:

(Respectfully)

Andrew Morrison

The school board look as if they have seen a ghost.

(Continuing)

the murals are a
landmark and why
hasn't anyone
contacted me?

Board:

Well... uh... well..
uh. We, we..

Andrew:

I got a question.
My buddy works for
D and D carpenters...
he's a union guy..
he helped install
the new hardwood

floors into the
gymnasium at Indian
Heritage last year.

And if the school
is old and no good,
then why would the
school district
invest \$75,000 into
a brand new
hardwood floor... if
the school was just
to be demolished a
year later?

Peggy McEnvoy:

the school is old
and infested with
asbestos. The
student's safety
and security are in
jeopardy. We need
to fortify this
school in case we
have a Marysville
Pilchuck incident.

The existing
building is not
adaptable to
today's educational
needs and this
particular style of
school with the
open walk ways is
called a
"California style
school". These
schools were
popular during the
1950's and all 18
of these
"California style

schools" within the
district have been
demolished... or are
going to be
demolished to make
way for a new
wave... Of global
academia that fits
within our... pyramid
of progress.

While finishing the Peggy McEnvoy puts her two hands together to form a pyramid and looks Andrew directly in his eyes.

Andrew:

(Calm)

Is that why you
destroy the schools
because they're old
and there's not
many left?

The board members look at each other in perplexity.

Board:

uh, we, uh, um..

Andrew:

(calm)

It's wrong to
destroy Indian
Heritage and it's
wrong to destroy
our murals. Thank
you.

Andrew walks off the stage, passes the board members, and they look up at him in total awe. The meeting is adjourned, the room fills with anxious people fleeing to the exits, and Andrew is approached by Michael McDowell, school district board President. Michael McDowell is a slender white man in his 60's who has the approach of a cheap used car salesman.

McDowell:

Andrew... it is such
a pleasure.

Michael McDowell reaches his hand out and Andrew gives him a limp shake.

(Continuing)

I am Michael
McDowell, school
district board
President and we
have been waiting
and wanting to get
in touch with you..
The SUPER thanks
you for coming to
this meeting.

Andrew shakes his head in disapproval.

Andrew:

(Annoyed)

The super?

McDowell:

(Condescending)

Now that I have you
here, I'd like to
extend you the
school district's
greetings and
partnership. The

new levy being
voted on Feb 8th
will benefit the
Alaskan Native,
first nations,
aboriginal, first
people in such an
immaculate way....

Andrew:

(Overriding)

How so?

Michael McDowell:

We, uh, we...

Andrew:

(Overriding)

How can children
benefit by
destroying murals
on their school?

McDowell:

That's the thing.
We are still in the
early stages of the
proposition 2 and
if it's voted
through, the Native
Alaskan, first
people, first
nations, INDIGENOUS
community will
receive extensive
amounts of funding
through our title 7
program which we
plan to
systematically...

Andrew:

(Overriding)

are you going to
destroy the murals
and demolish the
buildings?

McDowell:

Well the voting
isn't for months
and...

Andrew:

(Overriding)

Yes or no.....

McDowell:

Well...

McDowell exudes a sinister grin, leans in close to Andrew, and puts his hand on Andrew's shoulder.

(Continuing)

Between you and me,
yes, we are but we
would like to and
are planning on
reproducing your
artwork digitally...

Andrew pulls his shoulder away from McDowell's hand and takes a step back.

Andrew:

(Calm)

Digitally...

McDowell:

(Stern)

We would like you
to be in accord
with our resolve.

McDowell looks Andrew directly in his eyes and Andrew says nothing.

(Continuing)

Is this something
you can do?

Andrew:

We'll find out.

McDowell exudes another sinister grin, pats Andrew on the shoulder, and his demeanor shifts from condescending to cocky.

McDowell:

Here's my card,
email my assistant
tomorrow morning by
8am and we'll be in
touch with you
about the
particulars...

Andrew takes McDowell's card and shakes his head in disapproval.

INT. COFFEE SHOP-PREDAWN

The following day Andrew sips coffee, looks outside at the rain, and sends an email to McDowell's assistant on his laptop.

Email:

(Voice over)

Hello, this is
Andrew Morrison.
Michael McDowell
told me to email
you about the

particulars. I'm
always available. I
look forward to
hearing from you.
Thank you.

INT: MANSION-DAY

Weeks go by and Andrew doesn't hear back from McDowell's assistant. He checks his inbox religiously and receives no reply. He continues to receive text messages and emails from community members inquiring about his murals. He and James paint inside of the mansion, it is barbaric work, and he receives a phone call.

Andrew:

Hello

Ann:

(Worried)

Andrew, I heard
you're working with
school district?

Andrew:

that's a no go..

Ann:

Well, the word
around town that's
spreading very FAST
is.... You have some
type of an
agreement with
McDowell to
preserve your
artwork digitally.

Andrew:

No, I met McDowell
three weeks ago at

a school board
meeting and we
CASUALLY spoke
about the
murals....our
conversation was
informal and any
suggestions about
digital
reproduction was
said on a whim, in
jest...I showed up
uninvited and
unannounced to that
meeting.

Ann:

A lot of people are
assuming that the
school district has
your blessing to
reproduce your
artwork...

Andrew:

(Overriding)

Proposition 2 isn't
even being voted on
til' February.

There's no
guarantee that
it'll get voted
through. If we
campaign to
overturn the levy
then there's no
demolition and no
one can destroy
nothin'. You get
it?

No response from Ann. Andrew stumbles to click the call-end button and puts his phone down on a table. He looks over at James and they both laugh. Both are silenced by the realization that their boss is watching them. Andrew's boss shakes his head in disbelief and Andrew's phone begins to ring again. Andrew looks at his boss, his boss stares back at Andrew, Andrew looks at James, and then all three men look at the phone on the table. Andrew hopes it shuts up, but it continues to ring and you can cut the tension with a knife. Andrew has a deep look of concern on his face, he then looks at his boss, and calmly answers the phone while keeping eye contact with him. His boss throws up his hands, shakes his head in disapproval, and angrily walks off.

Andrew:

(Calm)

This is Andrew

Chris:

Andrew, hello... this
is Chris Jackins...
Do you have time to
talk about the
levy?

INT. COFFEE SHOP-DAY

The following day Andrew meets Chris at a coffee shop. It's pouring down rain and Andrew sits looking out the window. Chris enters, Andrew stands, and they shake hands.

Chris:

(Smiling)

Andrew, can I buy
you a cup of
coffee?

They both sit.

Andrew:

(Calm)

Sure, thank you...

Andrew gains his composure and he looks directly at Chris.

(Continuing)

What can we do?....

How can we stop
this?

Chris takes a deep breath and then smiles.

Chris:

(Stern)

We campaign to let
voters know what's
really driving this
levy and what kind
of destruction
proposition 2 is
really proposing.....
and we save your
murals.

INT: ANDREW'S APARTMENT-PREDAWN

"Ziplok" Rap music begins to play over the next scenes which are action sequences with very little dialogue. The following morning Andrew emails Chris an image of his murals. There is a CLOSE-UP shot of the excitement in Andrew's eyes and a close up of the actual image that is being sent.

INT: PRINT SHOP-DAY

Later that day Chris makes "Vote No on Proposition 2" signs with Andrew's mural image plastered on them.

INT: POST OFFICE BOXES-NIGHT

It's midnight and raining. Chris and Andrew are knee deep in signs and anxiously assemble them.

INT: ANDREW'S CAR-DAY

The following day Chris and Andrew begin driving around Seattle distributing the signs. It rains as Andrew speeds through the narrow streets and he obsessively compulsively checks the rear view mirror. At any given stop light he slams on the brakes while Chris jumps out of the car gripping a sign in one hand and a hammer in the other to quickly pound the sign into the ground. Chris jumps back into the car, his body is only halfway in, Andrew steps on the gas, and Chris is jerked deep into the passenger seat and the momentum of the acceleration slams the car door by itself. Chris is a little cautious of Andrew's fearless approach.

Chris:

(Worried)

Andrew, it's
getting dark...

Andrew:

(Excited)

I like the dark, I
like the black, I
like the night!

EXT: GREENLAKE NEIGHBORHOOD STREETSIDE-DAY

The following day Chris and Andrew go door to door distributing flyers. It starts to rain.

Chris:

(Worried)

Andrew, it's
starting to rain...

Andrew:

(Uninterested)

What else is new?

Chris finds an umbrella somewhere and hands it to Andrew. Andrew takes it, slams it onto the ground, it breaks in half, and he continues walking.

EXT: NORTHGATE PARK AND RIDE-DAY

The following day Andrew, Chris, and other Native American community members promote their cause by passing out flyers. It's the dead of winter, it's now snowing, and the scene is reminiscent of Auschwitz. Andrew is dressed in an old gray suit, he wears old combat boots, a black trench coat, black leather gloves, a fedora hat, and holds a magnum flashlight. Andrew's upfront approach, his formal way of speaking, and intense mannerisms are reminiscent of a German officer. Andrew's determination and intensity are increasing.

Chris:

(Worried)

Andrew, it's
snowing...

Andrew:

(Annoyed)

And?

Chris:

(Worried)

It's getting cold...

Andrew:

(Extremely annoyed)

And??!!!

EXT: FREEWAY OVERPASS-NIGHT

Later that night the team hangs a huge "Vote No on Prop 2" banner over the freeway overpass. The freeway looks like a parking lot. The snow continues to fall and the commuters honk their horns. The team wave their hands and wave signs. A state

trooper in his cruiser who sits in the freeway-parking lot below announces on his intercom.

State Trooper:

(Intercom)

DO NOT hang your
sign on the
overpass!

Chris:

(Worried)

Andrew, the state
trooper...

Andrew:
(Annoyed)

So!?

Chris:

(Worried)

I think he wants us
to stop...

Andrew:

(Extremely annoyed)

Don't you get it!?
It's us against
them!

Andrew drops what he has in his hands and flips the state trooper off by giving him two middle fingers. The team is in awe of Andrew's audacity. They all then flip the state trooper the bird, commuters begin honking their horns uncontrollably, and the state trooper moves forward under the overpass. The team all burst out laughing.

INT. ANDREW'S VEHICLE- NIGHT

Andrew and one of his young advocates sit in his car. Andrew turns down the rap music and the action sequence chills out.

Andrew:

wassup with that
chic? She was
cool..

Julian:

she coo bro..

Andrew:

Yeah..

Julian:

but I don't know
...she ain't got a
lot of money and
she come from a
family that don't
really have
nothin'....

Andrew:

She ain't got no
money..

Julian:

know what im
sayin'...

Andrew:

Naw, I don't know
what you're sayin'

Andrew shifts his shoulders in an aggressive motion towards the young man.

(continuing)

(Extremely
intense)

let me tell you
somethin' about
money and
love...money and love
don't mix! Period!
If you love her,
hold on to her! Let
me tell ya a lil'
story about love.
the ONE TIME in my
life that true love
presented itself to
me...

Andrew pauses and looks deep into Julian's eyes.

(Continuing)

GOD didn't bring me
a woman from the
top of the space
needle with a
silver spoon in her
mouth... He brought
me a woman from
Everett! Not just
Everett, but South
Everett! That part
of town that you
just don't wanna go
to!

Julian's total attention is on Andrew and his speech is sinking into the kid's spirit like an anchor.

(Continuing)

When I met her she
didn't have jack!
No nothin'!, no new
clothes, she never

had her hair cut,
never been to the
salon...her dad was
some ex cop, ex
military, ex
fireman, ex private
investigator...
Vietnam veteran
burn out!! her mom
slaved at alfy's
pizza for pennies!
This girl never had
a new bag of lays
potato chips...
Never felt that
pop!!

Andrew motions his hands together in a manner like he was
popping open a bag of chips.

(Continuing)

know what I'm
sayin' that pop!
But she was the
most RIDING ass
chic I've ever met
in my entire life!!

Julian:

(Enthusiastically)

Those are the best
kind!

There is a pause and Andrew shifts his attention forward.

Andrew:

(Calm)

They are....

INT. LOBBY OF SEATTLE INDIAN HEALTH BOARD- DAY

Andrew religiously promotes his cause to different Native American Organizations around town. He wears his Cleveland Indians hat and stands in front of a mural he painted. A beat up group of Native Americans listen attentively.

Andrew:

(Aggressive)

Indian Heritage
High School is a
place of healing.
It's a place of
good spirit and
safety. If
proposition 2 is
voted through, our
history will be
denied and the
murals I painted
for you will be
desecrated to the
ground!!

Andrew points to the ground.

(Continuing)

the concrete walls
will be ground into
used cement, like
some cheap
starbucks
beans...blonde roast!

The crowd laughs.

INT. ART GALLERY OF DAYBREAK STAR INDIAN CULTURAL CENTER-DAY

Andrew hands flyers to a group of Native American men that are sitting in a circle.

Andrew:

(Aggressive)

Indian Heritage is
a place of love.

Andrew casually sits in the circle with the men and maintains
intense eye contact with them.

(Continuing)

And the students
will be sent to the
Northgate Mall if
this levy passes.
They're gonna be
forced to have
class in the damn
food court!!

The men begin laughing.

(Continuing)

Probably next to
Panda Express!

The men laugh harder.

(Continuing)

They're gonna need
a hall pass to go
to Victoria Secret!
Breakfast club with
kicks!

The men continue laughing.

Danson:

(worried)

Panda ex.. Club
breakfast? You
mean..

Andrew:

(Overriding)

(Aggressive)

The kids, the kids,
the kids!!!

Andrew shoves a flyer in Danson's face.

Danson:

(Flustered)

Oh, yeah... the kids.

INT. BASEMENT OF THUNDERBIRD TREATMENT CENTER-DAY

Andrew stands before a group of hardened Native Americans.

Andrew:

(Aggressive)

I took something
beat up, unwanted,
and turned those
old walls into a
piece of artwork!
Look at us... what do
we got?

Andrew points to the walls, chairs, and lights.

(Continuing)

We got these beat
up old chairs. We
got these unwanted
lights and
basement. Well,
this lil' piece of
land up in the
north end ...We're
keepin' it! This is
our battle at
little big horn!
This is NOT
Custards last
stand! And this

time, the Indians
don't lose the damn
fight! Vote No on
prop 2. Thank you.

INT. SCHOOL DISTRICT MAIN OFFICE- DAY

A "vote no on Proposition 2" flyer end up on Superintendant of Seattle School District, Jose Panda's desk. He cautiously picks up the flyer, and slowly turns to School Board President, Michael McDowell.

The Super:

(Worried)

What's this?

Both men look at each other in fear.

McDowell:

(Somber)

We can put this
fire out.

INT: DOWNTOWN CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY

Chris and Andrew show up at a Democratic conference and are given a chance to speak.

spokesman:

Today, we have
Andrew Morrison,
he'd like to
address proposition
2...Andrew...

Andrew moves in front of the microphone to speak.

Andrew:

(calm)

We have a chance to
give the kids a

real education
about preservation.
The United States
history is painted
on the Great Walls
of Indian Heritage.
The Native American
culture has been
tortured enough...

Andrew stares intensely at the yuppies.

(continuing)

...our culture needs
this visual
representation

He points to himself.

(continuing)

Please vote no on
prop 2. Thank you.

INT: DOWNTOWN ELEVATOR HALLWAY- DAY

As Andrew and Chris leave, a woman with a dog chase the men down. She is a thin unattractive woman in her mid 40's and has the appearance of a prototypical conservative Seattleite.

Woman:

(Obnoxious)

Andrew!

Andrew slowly turns to her and her dog barks at him.

Andrew:

(calm)

Yes...

Woman:

(aggressive and
loud)

I work with the
SUPER... and I was
under the
assumption that
there was an
agreement to
preserve your
artwork digitally.

Andrew looks at the dog that is still barking at him.

Andrew:

(uninterested)

negative...

Woman:

(angry)

Wait, the Super
would like to find
a resolve about the
Indian wall
painting issue.

Andrew:

(annoyed)

Indian wall...

Andrew shakes his head in disapproval.

(continuing)

who are you and
what's your name?

The woman says nothing and Andrew gives her his card.

(continuing)

(polite)

Please tell the
Super that I am
always available.

Andrew enters the elevator and the woman stands holding his card with a look of perplexity. A CLOSE-UP of Andrew obsessively compulsively punching the close-door button.

INT. COFFEE SHOP-DAY

The next day Andrew types an email to Indian Country Today magazine.

Andrew:

(voiceover)

Dear Indian country
Today, I am writing
to you about our
Great Walls of
Indian Heritage.
This is a national
issue that bears
directly down upon
the Native American
spirit and I really
need your help.
Please get back to
me as soon as you
can. Thank you.

Andrew begins religiously calling news publications.

Andrew:

(formal)

I would like to
speak to Linda Craw
from the Seattle
Times please.

Secretary:

(annoyed)

She's not
available.

Andrew:

(playful)

Why not?

Secretary:

(annoyed)

She's in Thailand

Andrew:

(playful)

How does she cover
stories in Seattle
from Bangkok?

Andrew calls another resource.

Andrew:

(formal)

I would like to
speak with Andy
from the Seattle
Central Circuit
please..

Secretary:

He's not available.

Andrew:

(playful)

Is he available
later?

Secretary:

We're on winter
session break.

Andrew:

(playful)

Are you available?

Andrew calls another resource.

Andrew:

(formal)

I would like to
speak to Nina from
the Seattle Weekly
please.

Secretary:

Yes, of course..

Andrew seems a bit relieved and he sips on his coffee.

Nina:

(gentle)

Hello Andrew. It's
nice to hear from
you.

Andrew:

It's a pleasure..

Nina:

I've been wanting
to get in touch
with you. Can you

meet at the Fry Art
Museum for an
interview?

INT: FRY ART MUSEUM LOBBY-DAY

The next day Andrew enters the Fry Art Museum with one of his paintings in hand. Andrew is dressed in his favorite football jersey and wears his Cleveland Indians hat.

Andrew:

(enthusiastically)

hello, how are ya?
I'm here to meet
Nina Shapiro. She
said to meet her
here at 1pm.

Guard:

(uninterested)

I don't know Nina.

Andrew:

(joyful)

Okay, she said to
meet her in the
lobby at the coat
check...

Guard:

(stern)

you can't bring
that painting in
here.

Andrew:

(scarcastically)

can I check it?

Guard:

(annoyed)

check it?

Andrew:

(stern)

Can I check it in
with the jackets?

Guard:

(puzzled)

Who did you say
your friend was?

Andrew takes a step back.

Andrew:

I'll just chill
out. I'll have a
seat....

Andrew attempts to sit on the bench that is next to the coat
check but the bench is cluttered with coats.

(continuing)

or not...

Guard:

(condescending)

that's a nice hat...

Andrew:

thanks

Guard:

(condescending)

You might wanna get
a Mariners hat. How
long you been in
Seattle?

Andrew reaches to adjust his hat in a manner that a pitcher like
Nolan Ryan would do before he is about to throw a fastball.

Andrew:

(stern)

I was born right up
the street in
Providence
hospital...five
blocks from here... I
am not a Mariners
fan... As a kid, I
saw the M's trade
all my favorite
players...swung on
and belted!

The guard jumps and is startled. Andrew imitates famous Mariners
commentator, Dave Niehaus.

(continuing)

Randy Johnson,
gone! Ken Griffey
Jr., gone! A. Rod,
gone! and now
Ichiro going going
gone! My, oh' my!
My, oh' My!!

The guard does not know how to react to this sarcasm.

(continuing)

and don't even get
me started on the
SUPERSONICS being
sold!! I'm a full
blooded Native

American
Indian....that's why
I where this
Cleveland cap. Do
you have anything
else you wanna say
about my hat?!!

Guard:

(stunned)

well...I...uhhh..

Nina Shapiro walks into the lobby and sees the two men
confronting each other. She quickly intervenes.

Nina:

(inquiring)

Andrew...

Andrew:

(stunned)

oh, hey...wazzup...how
ya doin'?

Nina:

(apprehensive)

Is everything okay?

Andrew:

(joyful)

Yes..

I was just checking
in my painting...

Andrew turns and looks at the guard with apprehension.

Guard:

(anxiously)

yeah, yes..yes we
can take care of
that...

Nina:

Is that the
painting for the
photoshoot? My, oh
my, that is
beautiful!

INT: FRYE ART MUSEUM GALLERIES-DAY

Andrew and Nina slowly walk through hallways, pass through galleries covered with artwork, find a seat in front of a beautiful fresco mural, and begin the interview. Nina pulls out her microphone and a writing tablet.

Nina:

(calm and kind)

So, Andrew...why
should beautiful
artwork be
preserved and
saved?

INT. SCHOOL DISTRICT OFFICE-DAY

The interview by Nina Shapiro goes to print and a copy ends up on Michael McDowell's desk. McDowell sits looking at the news article of Andrew standing in front of his artwork. The news article is titled, "Seattle School district wants to tear down this wall". The Mayor Mike McGhin sits at the other side of the room and McDowell looks defeated.

McDowell:

(sad)

This guy won't
quit.

Mayor:

What's going on?

McDowell:

(concerned)

Mr. Mayor, this
guy...this Andrew
guy...He's not
playing ball.

INT. COFFEE SHOP ON HIGHWAY 99-DAY

It is February 8th, Andrew sits alone staring out at the rain, and looking at the headlines on the front page of the Seattle Times. The headline reads "Proposition 2 Passes!" CLOSE-UP of him seeing that the article was written by Linda Craw. His phone begins ringing, he watches it ring several times, and then slowly answers the call.

Andrew:

(monotone)

yeah...

Lucy:

(loud)

Hello, Andrew this
is Lucy Montello,
director of capitol
projects from the
SCHOOL DISTRICT.
How are you? I have
been really meaning
to get in touch
with you. Can you
meet me in front of
your murals at
Indian Heritage
High School to

discuss what is to
ensue?

Andrew says nothing and takes another sip of his coffee.

Lucy:

(Continuing)

Andrew? hello...

Andrew:

(monotone)

sure...

EXT. INDIAN HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL. NORTHSIDE OF CAFETERIA-DAY

The following day Andrew meets Lucy Montello and it is raining.
She is a short older woman in her 60's and appears to be lost.

Lucy:

(joyful)

Andrew, thank you
for taking the time
to discuss the
mural situation.

Andrew:

(stern)

Congratulations on
your victory.

Lucy:

(enthusiastically)

beautiful murals by
the way. just
lovely...

She points to the loading dock of the cafeteria.

(continuing)

So is this Indian
Heritage?

Andrew:

(somber)

That's the
cafeteria.

He slowly points past the gymnasium.

(continuing)

The classrooms are
on the other side
of the gymnasium.

Lucy:

(pushy)

Is that Bob Eagle
Bear?

She points to a random Native American character painted on the wall. Andrew explains in a manner that he would explain the A,B,C's to a 5 year old child.

Andrew:

(calm)

That is Louie
McDonald, he is a
traditional dancer
from Eastern
Washington.

Lucy:

So, this building
is unoccupied?

Andrew:

(annoyed)

No, everyone uses
it... they have an
open gym for
basketball once a
week... the Indian
Heritage students
have classrooms,
there's an annual
pow wow here..

Lucy hands Andrew an MOU (memorandum of understanding) and he
looks at it.

Lucy:

(pushy)

now that
proposition 2 has
passed and this
facility is
scheduled for
demolition, we at
the DISTRICT would
like for you to be
in accord with our
resolve and sign
this MOU.

They look at each other like adversaries.

(continuing)

Respectfully, with
your permission, we
would like to honor
first tribes by
reproducing your
artwork DIGITALLY,
in a size that is
feasible. 300 DPI,
the resolution of
the images will
be..

Andrew:

(mumbles)

Feasible...

Lucy:

this is our best
alternative to
honor Bob Eagle
Bear. release to us
the copyrights of
this artwork.

Andrew continues to look at the MOU.

(continuing)

sign it... date it...
and we're good.

She smiles, exposing her yellow wood-like teeth.

Andrew:

(respectfully)

I'll get back to
you. Thanks for
taking the time to
come look at my
artwork.

INT: ANDREW'S VEHICLE-DAY

Andrew notices he has a voicemail. He checks it and it is a
message from Linda Craw of the Seattle Times.

Linda:

(voicemail)

Hello Andrew. This
is Linda Craw from
the Seattle Times

and I'd like to
interview you about
your murals, the
passing of
proposition 2..

INT. COFFEE SHOP ON HIGHWAY 99-DAY

The following day Andrew, Chris Jackins, and Ted meet to
debrief. They all sit quietly drinking coffee.

Ted:

it was a hell of a
fight...

Chris:

Well, you know, the
district, they have
their way of
bullying people.

Ted:

my god, it's like
throwing rocks at
the machine!

Chris:

All that hard work...
for what?

Andrew:

(serious)

it ain't over man.

Both men look at Andrew.

(continuing)

I met with Lucy
Montello and she
wants me to sign an
MOU.

Ted:

an M,O, what?

Andrew:

a MEMORANDUM OF
UNDERSTANDING.

EXT. INDIAN HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL INFRONT OF CHIEF JOSEPH MURAL-
DAY

A week later, Andrew meets with Linda Craw on a cold and rainy day. She is a pudgy white woman in her 50's. She is accompanied by her photographer, a young Native American woman named Sabrina.

Linda:

(excited)

Sorry, I wanted to
meet you earlier
but I was told by
the school district
to not contact you
until after the
levy had passed.

Andrew reacts with joy.

Andrew:

(joyful)

that's just great!

Linda:

I spoke with Lucy
.. I heard of the
MOU and I just
couldn't be
happier! I know a
lot of people
downtown are happy
with the resolve!

Andrew:

(cheerful)

first of all I'd
like you and
everyone in Seattle
to know that I will
not be signing the
MOU and I do not
give the school
district permission
to reproduce my
artwork in any way,
shape, or form.

Linda is stunned. She goes from excited to defensive.

Linda:

(angry)

wait, wait, wait...I
don't understand.
Lucy said you were
in accord with our
resolve. You're
suppose to sign the
MOU!

Andrew:

(very calm)

Please write this
down, word for
word.

Andrew speaks in a manner that he would explain the A,B,C's to a
5 year old child.

(continuing)

The district does
not have my
permission to

reproduce my
artwork in any way,
shape, or form. I
would rather let
the walls crumble
to the ground than
work with them.

Sabrina stands watching with admiration in her eyes. She nods her head in agreement as Andrew explains.

(continuing)

I do not TRUST
anyone from the
district and every
school district
official that I
have come into
contact with has
tried to use
artfulness,
discretion,
discrimination, and
wisdom to try and
coerce me into
being in accord
with their resolve.
These cunning
attempts to
preserve their
reputations for a
later date is weak!

Linda takes a few steps back.

Linda:

(defensive)

What
discrimination are
you talking about?

Andrew:

(stern)

In October, 4
months before
Proposition 2 was
to be voted on,
Michael McDowell,
school board
president, told me
that they had
already decided to
demolish the
buildings of Indian
Heritage!

Linda is mortified.

(continuing)

This is the school
board president
telling me this?
This is their
leader? This is who
they look to for
answers?

Andrew continues to stare at Linda with a piercing intensity as the rain crashes down upon him. Sabrina breaks the tension by placing Andrew in front of his Chief Joseph mural and takes several photos.

EXT: INDIAN HERITAGE STREETSIDE-DAY

Andrew walks to his car, Linda runs up behind him, and asks one more question.

Linda:

(loud)

Andrew! Is there
anything else you'd
like me to write?!

Andrew:

(calm)

It's in my best
interest... to walk
away.

INT: SCHOOL DISTRICT OFFICE-DAY

A photo of Andrew standing in front of the Chief Joseph mural is slammed onto the front page of the Seattle Times on February 25th. The title of the article is, "Beloved murals may disappear, Artist feels DISRESPECTED and is not giving district officials permission to reproduce his work". CLOSE-UP of the paper being slammed onto the desk of the Super and he damn near pisses himself. He picks up the paper, is frozen stiff, and begins trembling. His face turns red, he looks at his executive assistant, junior staff, and silent partners for comfort. The office turns into total chaos.

INT: STARBUCKS-DAY

Andrew walks into Starbucks wearing a disguise. He wears sunglasses and a hat. He picks up a paper with his image on it and walks to the front counter.

Barista:

(perky)

what can I get you?

Andrew:

(calm)

mocha...

Barista:

(cautious)

vente...tall...

Andrew:

(calm)

Medium

Barista:

A vente?!

Andrew:

(stern)

A triple sixteen
ounce mocha with
vanilla soy...no
foam at all.. and a
little...just a
little whip cream
on top... cuz I'm
lactose..

Andrew slowly places the paper on the front counter and the Barista recognizes him.

Barista:

(excited)

Andrew! It's you!

The entire store is shocked by this outburst.

(continuing)

Can you sign my
paper?!

Customer:

(excited)

Andrew! Can you
sign my copy?!

The entire shop gathers around Andrew and the barista gives him his coffee.

Andrew:

(calm)

How much is the
damage?

Barista:

(happy)

It's on the house!

INT: TED'S HOUSE-DAY

Ted sits watching television, eating pretzels, and his wife Denise tosses him a paper. He sees it, jumps out of his seat, and damn near falls over his own coffee table. Pretzels fly everywhere as he scrambles to his phone.

Ted:

(screaming)

Wow!!!!wow!!! whoa!

He calls Andrew.

Andrew:

Hello...

Ted:

(nonchalant)

Uh, excuse
me...you're famous.

EXT. DAYBREAK STAR CULTURAL CENTER-NIGHT

A week later, Andrew attends the United Indians fundraising Gala. Andrew and Ted make their way to the back entrance and see Executive Director, Kelvin Scars the Hawk smoking cigarettes.

Andrew:

(joking)

I got those prints
you wanted.

Andrew smiles and Kelvin stares back with a look of apprehension.

Kelvin:

(surprised)

You got 'em here?

Andrew:

I got 'em in my
car.

Kelvin:

(worried)

I didn't know you
was in town...

Andrew:

well, I am. You
want me to get them
prints?

Kelvin does not respond and continues to smoke his cigarette.

(continuing)

You said, you
wanted to support
my career... turn
the northwest into
the new Santa Fe...

Kelvin:

Oh, yeah, yes...but
I didn't know you
had the prints here
tonight. Can you
email me...high
resolution digital
images?

Andrew:

don't worry about
it man...

INT: DAYBREAK STAR CULTURAL CENTER- NIGHT

Andrew engages the Gala and humbly stands by his work. People are excited to see him and the buzz from the front page article is still high. He constantly scans the room with his eyes, looking for allies and foes. He sees the Super and Mayor, Mike Mcghinn schmooze around the room flattering people. Several times the Super sees Andrew from across the room and tries to approach but Andrew evades this approach and purposely avoids any eye contact.

Andrew goes to the buffet table and begins dishing himself a plate. The Super, his Executive Assistant, and the Mayor creep up from behind and corner him by the chips and dip. Andrew turns and is stunned to see the Super.

Andrew:

(snaps)

May I help you?

The Super:

(playful)

Hello, Andrew,
right?

Andrew:

right...

Andrew's eyes anxiously bounce back and forth between the Super, The Mayor, and the assistant.

The Super:

I am Superintendant
of the school
district, Jose
Panda..

Andrew:

Like Panda..the
bear..?

The Super:

like pawn
shop..pawn-duh... it
is great to finally
meet you.

The Super extends his hand and Andrew gives him a limp shake, pulls his hand away, wipes his hand on his pants, pulls out a napkin, and continues to shamelessly wipe his hand clean right in front of the Super.

(continuing)

(joyful and cheesy)

Lovely Gala, good
times... How are
you? The salmon is,
is, is...

Andrew:

(calm)

overcooked...

the Super:

pardon?

Andrew:

It's a humpy...

The Super:

Hump..a humper?

Andrew:

It's a low quality
fish..real low..

The Super:

I'm sorry... have
you met the Mayor,
Mike Mcghinn...Andrew
Morrison...Susan
Becky, my executive
assistant...

Andrew:

Mr. Mayor

Mayor:

Andrew, I have to
say...wonderful,
great work with the
murals, the mural
issue...wow!

The Super nods his head in agreement and gives the "Oh Face".
Making an O shape with his mouth and saying Oh repetitively
while thrusting his pelvis to signify climax.

The Super:

(overriding)

Oh, oh, yeah, oh,
oh uh huh, yes, oh
yeah...oh oh!

Andrew:

mural issue...

Assistant:

(obnoxious)

Yes, Andrew. we at
the school district
have decided that
the mural issue is
not going to just
take care of itself
and your associate,
Chris Jackins, the

school district
watchdog...

The Super, the Mayor, and assistant all laugh.

(continuing)

is really good at
slowing up this
process...

Andrew:

(overriding)

How may I help you?

The Super:

I noticed the
article on the
front page of the
Seattle Times and I
mean, uh, thank you
for bringing this
to my attention...
We have plans to
incorporate and
invigorate Native
American support
for numerous
programs, including
title 7,
hachossida....

The Mayor nods his head in agreement and gives the "Oh Face".
Making an O shape with his mouth and saying Oh repetitively
while thrusting his pelvis to signify climax.

Mayor:

(overriding)

Oh, yeah, oh, oh ,
yeah, oh, oh,
yeah...

Andrew:

(overriding)

Wait a second, hold
up now, this is my
home. Do you know
who you're sitting
next to? Do you
know who's
performing right
now?

Andrew points to the dancers on stage. The Super is perplexed.

(continuing)

all night you've
been sitting next
to my auntie Vikki
Segundo, her mother
and my grandfather
are brother and
sister, did you
know that?

The Super looks over at Andrew's auntie Vikki and she looks at both with innocence in her eyes.

(continuing)

My family, the
Haida Heritage
dance group is
performing right
now. my brother was
married here, my
sister was married
here, and my
grandmother's
funeral was here!

Andrew's furious and looks as if he's going to rip the Super apart with his bare hands. The surrounding crowd stops what they're doing and direct their attention to the two men. Andrew

takes a breath, calms his spirit, steps towards the Super, and gets within inches of the Super's face.

(continuing)

think about all
this before you say
another word to
me...cuz this is my
home...

The Super looks at the Mayor.

The Super:

uh, I..Mike...

Andrew:

(sarcastically)

Yes, Mike, Mr.
Mayor....please
gives us a
solution..

Mayor:

(smiles)

I can't do anything
about the murals
Andrew...

The Mayor attempts to embrace Andrew on his shoulder with his hand but Andrew pulls his shoulder back.

(continuing)

because I work
downtown... but I
don't work
downtown. Ha ha ha.

The Super, the Mayor, and assistant all laugh. Andrew does not flinch as the Super gives Andrew his card.

The Super:

let's do lunch

The three walk away laughing.

MC:

(overriding)

And we would like
to bring up the
artists that have
presented their
work in the
gallery.

Andrew notices that he is being flagged up to the front of the stage by the MC. He slowly walks to the front of the crowd.

(continuing)

we would like to
introduce you all
to

Andrew Morrison!
Please, say a few
words.

Andrew whispers to himself as he grabs the microphone.

Andrew:

(whispers)

okay... you got it...

He looks at his auntie and all his family in the crowd.

(continuing)

I just had a real
peculiar
conversation with
Mr. Panda...like pawn
shop..oh excuse me,
the Super..

The Super nervously drinks his diet coke and watches in terror.

(continuing)

No, I will not
release the copy
rights to my
artwork on the
Great Walls of
Indian Heritage.

NO! For the
record, in
public...do you hear
me?!

The entire room becomes dead silent and half the room looks at the Super as the other half is focused on Andrew.

(continuing)

Why do you wish to
desecrate our great
warrior chiefs?
Please explain it
to my auntie Vikkie
who sits next to
you.

The Super nervously looks over at Andrew's auntie Vikki and she innocently looks up at him with puppy eyes.

(continuing)

With a \$695 million
dollar budget why
can't you think of
something other
than to destroy
things!? Thank you!

Andrew walks off the stage and people are cheering. The Super realizes he has pissed himself and begins frantically wiping himself down with napkins.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT- DAWN

Andrew gears up for a day at the Northwest Indian Youth Conference at Indian Heritage High School. He dresses in a traditional Haida warrior deerskin and braids his hair.

INT. INDIAN HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL- DAY

Andrew is at the Northwest Indian Youth Conference and instructs dozens of Native American children to follow him out to the murals.

EXT. INDIAN HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL-DAY

Dozens of Native American children follow him as he walks in front of the murals on the east side of the gymnasium on his way to see the murals that were painted on the north side of the cafeteria. The traveling group comes to a standstill in front of the 17' foot tall mural of the Apache Crown Dancer.

Andrew:

(calm)

I painted these
murals back in
2001. On 9-11... on
the day the twin
towers fell..

He points to the crown dancer and all the children look.

(continuing)

If these walls
shall fall...I want
you kids to know
that I did them for
you.

Andrew points to the kids and they all look at each other.

(continuing)

(intense)

If these walls
shall fall,

Andrew clenches both of his fists and puts them up as if about to box.

(continuing)

I want you to know
that I painted them
to honor Indian
Heritage and Bob
Eagle Staff!If
these walls shall
fall!!!

Andrew screams while clenching his fists, bending his knees in an athletic position, and lunges upward and looks as if he is about to jump in the air.

(continuing)

I want you kids to
always remember...

Andrew is on the verge of tears.

(continuing)

(soft and high
pitched)

that Ziplok loves
ya!

Kid:

why do they call u
ziplok?

Andrew:

(surprised)

cuz I keep it
fresh....

Kids:

dang! Snap!!
Fresh! That's
fresh!

Andrew:

(intense)

find a name, find a
cause, and hold on
to it with two
hands. double fist
it!

His eyes burn into the children with an intensity.

(continuing)

And get your
message out to this
dream of a world!

Andrew releases his clenched fists and throws his hands outward in a dramatic motion.

INT: CLARA FOSTER HOUSE-DAY

Clara Foster, a young Native American girl sits at her desk and writes a letter.

Clara:

(voice over)

Hey my name is
Clara Victoria
Foster. If you want
to tear this
AWESOME school down
I strongly
disagree!!

INT: SEATTLE PUBLIC LIBRARY-DAY

Alberta Harvey, a young Native American girl types her letter on a computer.

Alberta:

(voiceover)

When I heard that
the building was
set to be torn down
and this mural
destroyed it was
extremely
upsetting.

INT: SCHOOL DISTRICT OFFICE-DAY

The Super sits at his desk and reads Alberta Harvey's letter.

Alberta:

(continuing)

(voiceover)

The murals are done
to show honor and
respect to our
ancestors, they
represent that
these people are
not forgotten.

INT: JASMINE MCLEAN HOUSE-DAY

Jasmin Mclean, a young native American girl sits at the kitchen table and writes a letter.

Jasmin:

(voiceover)

I think that you
should not take

this building
because Andrew did
 his art work for
 the kids.

INT: INDIAN HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL-DAY

Natalie Coello, a young Native American girl sits in an Indian Heritage Classroom and writes.

 Natalie:

 (voiceover)

 Dear School
 District,

 I have come to sing
 at Indian Heritage
 High School. I have
 danced. I have sung
 and I have listened
 to Native teachings
 at this school. The
 voices of the
 people before us
 are here...

EXT: INDIAN HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL-DAY

Shelbi Hatch, a young Native American girl sits in front of the great murals of Indian Heritage and writes.

 Shelbi:

 (voiceover)

 The meaning of art
 has a thousand
 definitions.

 In every mural
 there is a story.

 Every school has a
 story and this one
 has many.

INT: ANDREW'S VEHICLE-DAY

The next day Andrew receives a phone call on his video phone.

Andrew:

this is Andrew....

Richard Walker:

Andrew. This is
Richard Walker from
Indian Country
Today Magazine, we
received your
email.. and we know
that this story
NEEDS to be covered
..please tell us
what's going on..

INT: SCHOOL DISTRICT OFFICE-DAY

The Super and his Executive Assistant frantically shuffle through the letters that the children have written and defensively answer calls inquiring about the murals.

Assistant:

(on phone)

Yes, I will be sure
and give your
message to the
Super.

She slams the phone.

The Super:

(overriding)

Yes, I understand
concerns about
Heritage Indian.

Assistant:

(overriding)

Mr. Super, I think
you wanna take
this...he says he's
from the magazine
Indian Country
Today..

The Super:

(worried)

Put it on speaker
babe...

The Executive Assistant turns the phone to speaker.

Richard Walker:

(casual)

hello this is
Richard Walker from
Indian Country
Today and I'd like
to speak to Jose
Panda about the
murals at Indian

Heritage High
School and why they
are scheduled for
demolition.

INT: JONES AND JONES OFFICE- DAY

Andrew enters the building and is led to a room where he patiently sits. Johnpaul Jones walks in with the Seattle Times front page article in his hand and gives Andrew a smile that lights up the room. Johnpaul is a man of paramount stature. He is a large well built man in his early 70's and has the spirit of a young charismatic entrepreneur. He sits down facing Andrew.

Johnpaul:

(kind)

Thanks for meeting
with me Andrew and
it is truly a
pleasure. I've been
following you in
the headlines and
what can I do to
help out?

Andrew:

(anxious)

Thank you Johnpaul.
I appreciate it.
I'm a big fan of
your work on the
National Museum of
the American Indian
in Washington DC.
Can you refurbish
the Indian Heritage
school and save the
murals?

Johnpaul smiles.

Johnpaul:

yes...

INT: SAN CARLOS APACHE RESERVATION ADMINISTRATION OFFICE- DAY

Indian Country Today magazine hits news stands nationwide and the headline reads "Mr. Superintendant, don't tear down this wall". A Native American woman in her 50's looks at the Indian Country Today article in amazement.

Dot:

Wow!!! Look at
Andrew!!! You go
boy!!

She tosses the magazine to her nephew Baby D. who is a young man in his 20's.

Baby D:

That's my cousin!!

INT: TULALIP RESERVATION HEALTH CLINIC-DAY

A young Native American man in his 30's sits at his front desk and looks at the Indian Country Today magazine.

Joe:

Damn, that's my
boy.

He tosses the magazine to his wife.

Kim:

I saw these
murals...let's pray
for this brother...

INT: HASKELL INDIAN COLLEGE-DAY

A young Native American woman in her 30's looks at the Magazine as she sits with the Dean of the University.

Woman:

(excited)

This is great...

The Dean, a Native American man in his 50's examines the magazine.

Dean:

(calm)

Yeah, I remember
this young man...he
came here last
October...

INT: CHICAGO INDIAN CENTER-DAY

Executive Director of the Chicago Indian Center and his comrade stand together examining the article and discussing it.

Joe Yazi:

With just as much
effort as Andrew
put into painting
those murals...the
school district can
put just as much
effort into saving

them...brick by
brick...

INT: ANDREW'S APARTMENT BATHROOM-DAY

Andrew reads the Indian Country Today article while taking a
crap and spraying Lysol. His phone rings, he sees it's the
Super, and answers the call with enthusiasm.

Andrew:

(excited)

My man!

The Super:

(confused)

hello...Andrew?

Andrew:

(excited)

my main man!

There is silence as Andrew looks at his phone in disgust and
sprays more Lysol.

The Super:

Uh, I, I...

Andrew:

(yells)

speak!!!

The Super:

I'm so glad I got
you on the phone.
Can we have lunch?
There seems to be a
misunderstanding.

Andrew:

there's no
misunderstanding. I
see everything
clearly for what it
is and what it
isn't.

The Super:

well, my executive
assistant emailed
you and you didn't
seem to be in the
mood to talk... and I
thought we were
going to grab lunch
and figure out this
Indian issue....

Andrew:

there's nothing to
say, my actions are
doing all my
talking and so are
yours....excuse me
I have to finish
taking a crap!

Andrew stumbles to click the call-end button on his phone, then tosses it against the wall, and aggressively grabs toilet paper while spraying Lysol.

The Super:

(overriding)

Hello,
hello...Andrew??

EXT: SCHOOL DISTRICT OFFICE-DAY

Andrew and his young friend Rico approach the school district building to attend a rally for the support of the Indian Heritage High School and the preservation of the murals. It is a grey day and the rain is falling heavily. As they are walking Rico pulls an ounce of marijuana out from his pocket and proudly shows Andrew with a big smile.

Rico:

Look what I got
man. I can flip it
hella quick....

Andrew:

(nonchalant)

whatever dude....

Crowd:

(chant)

No Way Jose! No Way
Jose! No Way Jose!

Everyone is holding "No Way Jose!" signs. The rally attendees are wearing red and are angry. The rally attendees beat on drums and a microphone is being handed back and forth.

Raven:

there is NO WAY!
our children should
be displaced to the
North gate mall...

Raven hands the microphone to JJ.

JJ:

I've been fighting
the school district
for thirty
years!!!! I say, No
Way Jose!!!

She hands the microphone to Jane.

Jane:

my father went to
Indian Heritage, my
brothers and uncles
went to
Heritage...it's who
we are...

Crowd:

(chant)

No Way Jose! No Way
Jose! No Way Jose!

INT: SCHOOL DISTRICT OFFICE LOBBY-DAY

The Super, the Mayor, Michael McDowell, and Lucy Montello all huddle together looking out the front window. The Mayor slaps Michael McDowell's butt and then adjusts his own groin.

EXT: SCHOOL DISTRICT OFFICE-DAY

Someone hands Andrew a "No Way Jose!" sign and photos are taken of him holding it. These photos run rabid on the internet, go viral, and Andrew is pegged as hating Hispanics. Some of the Native American community members that he has been defending turn on him.

INT: JJ'S APARTMENT-DAY

JJ, an overweight unattractive Native American woman in her 50's sits at the kitchen table. Her skin is pale, heavy bags are under her eyes, her hair is un-kept, she is un-bathed, and looks as if she has slept in her yoga pants. Her government housing apartment is cluttered with unwashed clothing, it is dark, and empty pizza boxes surround the computer she is typing on.

JJ:

(voice over)

Dr. Panda... The "No
Way Jose" campaign
is wrong and Mr.
Morrison is wrong.
Mr. Morrison's hate
and continued abuse
towards my children
needs to stop.

INT: SCHOOL DISTRICT OFFICE-DAY

The Super reads the email and looks relieved. He opens a letter addressed to him.

Letter:

(voice over)

Dr. Panda, Mr.
Morrison and his No
Way Jose campaign
is steering our
children in an
abusive direction.

An overweight Native American man in his 50's walks into the Super's office. The two men shake hands and sit down facing each other.

George:

Dr. Panda...my
apologies for the
racist remarks used
by Andrew Morrison
at HIS rally this
last week.

The Super sits back comfortably in his chair with his legs spread apart. George draws close to the Super.

(continuing)

his actions should
not reflect the
attitude of our
community that
loves you.

George puts his hand on the Super's knee.

(continuing)

I am here to rear
you...I mean back, I
mean support you!
From behind...

George moves his hand to the Super's upper inner thigh.

(continuing)

Thank you Doctor.

INT: ANDREW'S APARTMENT-DAY

Andrew looks at his cell phone, picks it up, and calls the Super.

The Super:

(excited)

Andrew...

Andrew:

(calm)

now is a good time
to grab that lunch...

The Super:

good idea.

EXT. TERIYAKI SHOP-DAY

The Super arrives looking overdressed and uncomfortable. He cautiously stares at two homeless bums who are passed out in front of the Teriyaki shop entrance.

INT. TERIYAKI SHOP-DAY

Andrew walks to the door, opens it, and greets the Super.

Andrew:

Mr. Panda

The Super:

Andrew

The Super enters the Teriyaki shop.

Andrew:

Can I get you
somethin' to eat?

The Super:

I, I..uh.

Andrew:

ya want somethin'
to drink?

The Super:

yes, a diet coke

Andrew sits down with the Super and gives him a diet coke.
Andrew is at ease and the Super is uncomfortable.

Andrew:

(relaxed)

My mother's
grandmother was
kidnapped by
Spanish
conquistadors and
when she escaped
back to the Apache
reservation she
came with a baby
and this baby was
my grandfather. He
was part Mexican
and that blood is
in me. All that "No
Way Jose" stuff was
not meant to be
disrespectful of
Hispanic culture.

I'm sorry and
please accept this
gift as a peace
offering.

Andrew hands the Super an original painting of Bob Eagle Staff.

The Super:

No offense taken.
oh,oh wow.
Beautiful... this
is?

Andrew:

(overriding)

Bob Eagle Staff.
Principal of Indian
Heritage High
School

The Super:

Thank you very
much. I'll present
this to the board...
I'll do that... How,
How is business? Do
you have new
projects going on?
Paintings...stencils...
tracings?

Andrew:

(overriding)

This is what I got
going on.

Andrew aggressively points to the painting.

The Super:

(overwhelmed)

I know now... that
Heritage Indian
demands attention
and I, I..

Andrew:

(overriding)

Then take this
card.

Andrew swiftly hands the Super a card.

(continuing)

It's Johnpaul
Jones's card.
Johnpaul the
Architect. he said
he'd be willing to
work with you.

A moment of silence.

(continuing)

Please give the
school district's
blessing to allow
me to paint two
more Great Warrior
Chiefs on the
remaining eastside
of the gym at
Indian Heritage...
Chief Seattle,
Chief Joseph, Chief
Geronimo, and Chief
Sitting Bull will
complete our four
directions..

Andrew continues to look at the Super and the Super slowly looks
back at Andrew.

The Super:

Okay Andrew... Sounds
good buddy..

INT. ANDREW'S VEHICLE- NIGHT

The following night, Andrew is speeding through the streets of
Seattle listening to rap music, he obsessively compulsively

checks the rear view mirror, and calls his friend on the video phone.

Andrew:

are you home right
now?!

Mode:

yeah...

Andrew:

okay...i'm outside...

Mode:

outside?

Andrew:

Out front...i am
parked in front of
your house!

EXT: MODE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Andrew gets out of the car, approaches Mode, they give each other a secret handshake, and walk to the back yard.

Andrew:

you got those tips?

A big demented smile comes across Mode's face and he pulls out a box. He begins showing Andrew all the spray paint tips.

Mode:

yay-ehhh boy! I got
the female skinny,
I got the male fat!
This cap will get
you those sharpie
lines...feel me
something kinda
savvy...

Andrew:

right on.

Mode:

which ones do you
need?

Andrew:

all of them.

Mode:

do we need help?

Andrew:

anyone that wants
to roll, has to
keep their mouth
shut...

Mode picks up his phone and calls Abyss.

EXT: FREEWAY SIGN-NIGHT

Abyss picks up the phone as he is tagging on a freeway overpass.
He is hanging 30 feet above traffic that is zooming below him at
70 miles an hour.

Abyss:

Yo..

Mode:

(excited)

are you down to get
into some black
ops?

INT: ANDREW VEHICLE-DAY

Andrew speeds through green and yellow lights. He calls Rico.

Rico:

(lazy)

Yo

Andrew:

(intense)

we got a green
light. Meet me at
Indian Heritage!

INT: AURORA RENTALS-DAY

Andrew walks into Aurora rentals and pays for a scissor lift.

EXT: AURORA RENTALS-DAY

Andrew watches the men load the lift onto the back of their flatbed truck.

INT: HOME DEPOT- DAY

Andrew obsessively compulsively throws paints, brushes, and rollers into his shopping cart. He shovels the items off the shelves with two hands and nearly runs to the checkout line.

EXT: INDIAN HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL-DAY

Rico, Mode, and Abyss stand next to the delivered scissor lift which is in front of the blank wall which is about to be painted. Rico is dressed like a Mexican gangster from the 1980's. Mode is dressed like a degenerate. Abyss, a young Hispanic man is dressed in all black. Andrew is unshaven, looks tired, and approaches the 3 young men.

Andrew:

(calm)

This is it.

Mode:

Look at this wall.

Mode looks at the big blank wall with excitement.

(continuing)

(excited)

It's so white...it's
so clean!!

Andrew:

(calm)

We have one
objective

(yells)

Geronimo and
Sitting Bull!

Mode:

(happy)

Hell yeah!!

Andrew:

(intense)

When I tell you to
do somethin', do
it!

The group walks to the rear of Andrew's vehicle and he pops the trunk.

(continuing)

(aggressive)

This is our
supplies, this is
what we got.

Rico:

(worried)

This is it?

Andrew:

(annoyed)

That's it!

They unload the paint and continue to gear up. Andrew prepares the industrial spray gun.

(continuing)

(aggressive)

Rico, get on the
lift.

They climb onto the scissor lift. Andrew puts on his respirator mask, places his hand on the steering handle, and looks at Rico.

(continuing)

Up, down, back,
forward... Switch!

The lift moves up, down, back, and forward. Rico nods his head.

(continuing)

that's your job..
Switch!

Rico and Andrew switch positions. Andrew prepares several cans of spray paint.

Rico:

Back...forward..left.
.right...

Andrew:

(overriding)

Up, Up,Up!

The lift shifts upwards and Andrew begins spraying with two hands.

(continuing)

gimme the other
can.

Rico:

Which one?

Andrew:

Gimme, gimme,
gimme!!

Rico hands him the can. Andrew breaks off the cap of the can and inserts a spray paint tip. He continues spraying.

Andrew:

Rusto fat, gimme,
gimme!

Rico tosses him a Rusto fat tip. Andrew catches it and inserts it into the can.

(continuing)

Rico!

Rico is focused on two young women that stand below.

(louder)

Rico!

Rico looks at Andrew.

(continuing)

Get your head in
the game!
Right...right...yield!

The lift slowly moves right and comes to a stop. Andrew is a bit relaxed for the first time all day.

(continuing)

(calm)

Take her down bud..

The lift is lowered to the ground and they climb off of it to see the outlined face of Geronimo. They look at two pictures of Chief Sitting Bull.

Andrew:

(calm)

What'd ya think?

The small..
conservative..
portrait.

Andrew shows Rico the photo of Chief Sitting Bull with an eagle feather.

(continuing)

Or the all up in
your face, mug
shot?

Andrew shows Rico the other photo which is an extreme close-up shot of only Chief Sitting Bull's face.

Rico:

(excited)

go big, man. All up
in their face!

The three young men huddle around Andrew. Andrew prepares the industrial spray gun.

Andrew:

look guys... when I
point, you grab...

Andrew points and then waves to himself.

(continuing)

when I wave, you
give. Rico, to the
lift, Abyss, spread

out the hose, Mode,
load us up.

Mode:

with the?

Andrew:

with the paint!

The young men scramble to keep up with Andrew's pace. Andrew puts on his respirator mask, he eagerly waits for the paint to load, and whispers to himself.

Andrew:

hit me, hit me.

Rico:

Kill the game,
ziplok, keep it
fresh.

Andrew:

hit me!!!

The paint is loaded and the machine is ready for use. Andrew wildly begins spraying with a 4 foot wide wave of pitch black paint. Abyss is calm and watches with an observant eye as Andrew continues to spray.

(continuing)

keep that line
clear! To the lift!

Andrew runs to the lift while holding the spray gun. Rico scrambles to keep up. They both jump onto the lift.

(continuing)

Back, back, back
that ass up!

The lift shifts backwards.

(overriding)

(calm)

right, right,
right, up!!

Andrew aggressively points up and the lift slowly rises. He does one last spray, drops the spray gun, he takes off his mask, and looks at Rico.

Andrew:

(calm)

take her down...

Andrew approaches Abyss. He comes within inches of Abyss's face.

Andrew:

(intense)

Abyss, take this
grey and detail
Sitting Bull out!
Detail Geronimo
out.

Abyss and Rico begin working on the lift. Abyss paints with the accuracy of a surgeon. Andrew sprays the final touches, drops the cans, and then stands in front of the murals and confides in Rico.

Andrew:

(calm)

this is destiny for
me man, I saw this
vision twelve years
ago, no joke! I
looked at these big
walls and they were
blank, pale, and
stale! And now look
at them..

Rico and Andrew look at the murals with much admiration. After everyone leaves only Andrew and Rico remain. Andrew's hair is down, untied for the first time, and he looks wild. He casually snacks on rice crackers.

Rico:

(calm)

the dude ain't
hittin' me back.

Andrew:

(exhausted)

What?

Rico:

(calm)

I gave him the
ounce of weed that
I showed you.. he
said he'd sell it
by today and give
me the money.. he
ain't hittin' me
back.

Andrew:

(nonchalant)

you don't wanna be
like me..

Rico:

I found out where
he lives. me and my
boys are gonna go
handle it.

Andrew:

(angry)

Are you serious?!

Andrew aggressively points at the newly painted mural.

(continuing)

Look at it!! Look
at what we did!!

Andrew begins wildly throwing rice crackers at Rico, Rico covers himself, and is scared by the aggressive action.

(continuing)

(yelling)

Look at you, you're
scared of these
damn rice crackers!
You think you're
gonna go jack this
guy up? This guy is
waiting for you!
That's part of his
plan! That's the
devil's plan. What
do ya think all
this demolition
crap has been
about?!

Andrew draws close to Rico and Rico looks scared out of his mind.

(continuing)

I've told you,
again and
again...Bein' a
tough guy has
nothin' to DO with
tattoos, muscles,
being vulgar,
angry, and
unforgiving! A real
tough guy has

discipline.. A real
tough guy is kind
and forgiving!

Rico's head is down.

(continuing)

(heartfelt and
sincere)

We did this,
together. Doesn't
that mean somethin'
to you?

Rico:

you don't
understand man.

Andrew:

(heartfelt)

I don't? You think
it's been easy for
me to walk around
with long hair?

Andrew aggressively grabs his dangling hair and then points to
his own skin.

(continuing)

(heartfelt)

you think it's
been easy for me to
walk around with
dark skin?

Rico is on the verge of tears.

(continuing)

(heartfelt)

Look at what
kindness got us!

Andrew turns to look at the newly painted murals and points in
an exuberant fashion at Geronimo.

(continuing)

(intense)

No one in this city
can touch us, these
Native American
people are fighting
for us! we will
defend off any
enemy with these
rice crackers.

Andrew crumbles the remaining rice crackers in his hands and
drops them in a single line in front of the freshly painted
mural of Chief Sitting Bull.

(continuing)

(calm)

No one crosses this
line. That's what a
real tough guy is.

Rico begins to cry.

Rico:

(whimpers)

I just never had a
dad. You're a
father figure to
me.

Andrew places two hands on each of Rico's shoulders, looks Rico
in the eyes, and imitates Darth Vader.

Andrew:

(Darth Vader
accent)

Rico, I am your
father.

The two friends begin laughing.

(continuing)

(playful)

let's get out of
here...

EXT: INDIAN HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL OPEN WALKWAY-DAY

The next day Johnpaul Jones and Lucy Montello walk under the walkway that leads to the eastside of the gymnasium.

EXT: INDIAN HERITAGE HIGH SCHOOL MURALS-DAY

They turn the corner and look up at the four Great Warrior Chiefs that now stand 25' tall by 100' feet across.

Lucy:

(cautiously)

Can you SAVE... these
murals?

Johnpaul:

(joyful)

absolutely!

INT: ANDREW'S APARTMENT- DAY

Andrew receives a letter in the mail from the Architecture firm, Jones and Jones. He sits at his kitchen table and reads it.

Johnpaul:

(voiceover)

Mr. Morrison on
behalf of Jones and

Jones, we would
like to hire you to
preserve, protect,
and save the murals
you painted on the
Great Walls of
Indian Heritage.

Andrew takes a deep breath.

(continuing)

(voiceover)

The preservation
and protection of
your murals in
their original form
will be cemented
into an M.O.U.

Andrew nods his head in approval while commencing to do the
"Jersey Shore Fist Pump".

(continuing)

(voiceover)

Please meet me on
the 40th floor of
the Seattle
Municipal Tower
this Thursday at
4pm and we'll
present your murals
to the Landmarks
Board. Thank you.
Johnpaul Jones.

INT: SEATTLE MUNICIPAL TOWER LOBBY-DAY

The following Thursday Andrew shows up and meets Johnpaul Jones.

INT: SEATTLE MUNICIPAL TOWER 40TH FLOOR-DAY

They walk into the room and have a seat. The Seattle Landmarks Board sit in front of the room facing the crowd. Johnpaul, Andrew, and working professionals testify as of to why the murals should be landmarked. Slides of the murals play in power point presentations.

Landmark President:

(heartfelt)

I can't differentiate the murals, from Bob Eagle Staff, and Indian Heritage. In my mind, they're synonymous, and I can't separate one from the other. If you feel the murals should be designated as a Landmark, raise your hand.

The board members all raise their hands.

Landmark President:

(calm)

Great, it's unanimous. The murals are the City of Seattle's newest Landmark. Congratulations.

Andrew is humbled and he whispers to himself.

Andrew:

(whisper)

Thank God. Thank you Jesus.

Andrew shakes the hands of people that congratulate him and he watches the Landmark Board members leave the room.

INT: MUNICIPAL TOWER LOBBY-DAY

Johnpaul Jones gives Andrew a smile that lights up the room.

Johnpaul:

We have a lot of
work to do. Let's
preserve and save
your murals.

Andrew:

(happy)

You got it.

The two men exit the building and step out into the bright shining sun.

THE END