

THE BLACK WHIP

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FADE IN:

EXT. ORAIBI VILLAGE - ARIZONA - DAWN - 1894

The pale stone of a pueblo village gleams in the new morning light. Evidence of a celebration litters the streets.

An out-of-place building stands amidst the village, topped with a sign that reads 'THOMAS KEAMS SCHOOL'. Below the sign, a wood door swings in the wind: it's been pelted with paint and rotten eggs. Flies swarm.

The sounds of merrymaking emerge from each of 12 KIVAS, underground village centers. Down a ladder is the--

INSIDE

Of the kiva, men and women HOPI line up on opposite sides. The unmarried women wear their hair up, in two large 'whorls' on either side of the head. They meet the men in the center, taking their hands and dancing in circles.

This is the last round - they stop, clapping their hands. Tired but happy, they climb the ladder out of the kivas.

Soon, the only ones left are a few women. They take out paint and decorate one of the girls. They let one of her hair whorls out, and hand her a mask. Before she can place it--

--a lone hooded figure drops into the kiva, without touching the ladder. The stranger throws back her hood. They smile.

HOPI WOMAN

It's you!

EXT. ORAIBI VILLAGE - DAY

As the sun rises, two figures ride into town.

One is TODD TRAVERS, wearing fringed suede 'Indian' garb and a 'cowboy' hat.

The other is JAMES ADDISON REAVIS, a well-dressed man in a coat and top hat with long parted grey whiskers, whose intense eyes and brows belie his cool composure.

TODD

Look'ee there, civilization.

REAVIS

I'm not sure I would call it that.

TODD

Well I'll be. A day ago you were all starry-eyed enthusiasm, and now yer a grouchy old coot.

REAVIS

(smiles)

Not at all. I clearly have my work cut out for me.

TODD

Yeah...just don't tell nobody yer intentions - might not go over so well to tell a'body that you want to build a railroad track where their houses are standin'.

Up ahead, they see the Hopi exiting the kiva. A man dressed in the garb of a chief, LOMAHONGYOMA, spots them.

TODD

Aw hell.

REAVIS

What is the matter?

TODD

Learn from my mistakes, compadre: when you're in Indian territory, pay attention to the calendar.

Lomahongyoma approaches. They dismount.

TODD

Hey there. I'm Todd Travers, from the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and this here is owner of the Casa Grande Improvement Company of Arizona, James Addison Reavis.

REAVIS

...Peralta-Reavis. Soon to be 3rd baron of Arizona: my wife is a lost blossom of the Peralta family tree, and heir to a sizable portion of Arizona land.

Reavis extends his hand. The chief doesn't respond. Todd clears his throat and pulls out a tattered poster.

TODD

We didn't mean to interrupt your shindig here Chief, but-

LOMAHONGYOMA
'Shindig'?

REAVIS
(bright smile)
No disrespect intended to the
sacred initiation of Pachavu.

Todd stares at him, surprised.

LOMAHONGYOMA
Impressive.
(glances at Todd)
If only Indian Agents were so
learned in our ways.

TODD
R-Right. Well, don't judge based on
me, this is my first venture outta
the nest. But we've been makin'
efforts to improve things, and
you've sure helped us an awful lot.

LOMAHONGYOMA
(raises eyebrow)
Have I?

TODD
We'll be outta here quick as can be
if you can help us find this man.

Todd hands the reward poster to Lomahongyoma. It shows--
--a masked man in black, with a bullwhip coiled in his hand.

TODD
Calls himself 'Black Whip'.
Troublemaker. Anybody like that
been hangin' around the village?

LOMAHONGYOMA
(hands it back)
Plenty.

TODD
Well, we ask your permission to
stay a bit, for the investigation.

LOMAHONGYOMA
I am not the one to ask.

TODD
But ain't you the chief, Lololoma?

Lomahongyoma's expression sours.

LOMAHONGYOMA
I am *Lomahongyoma*.

Todd pulls out a journal and makes a note of it.

LOMAHONGYOMA
Oraibi chief is *Lololoma*.

TODD
Ah! Pardon, you looked like a chief-

LOMAHONGYOMA
I am chief. Of Spider Clan.

TODD
Spider, got it...
(stops writing, realizing)
...Oh.

LOMAHONGYOMA
I understand: you all the same to
me as well. Farm here. Make white
man's speech. Give up your
children, so we can make them like
us. Now you want our help to find
man who is causing trouble for you.

He spits. Several Hopi men group behind him, eyeing Todd and Reavis menacingly. Todd claps a hand on Reavis' shoulder.

TODD
Well, good to meet you
Lomahongyoma. We'll come back when
we can talk to the Big Chief.

Todd walks off with Reavis, whistling, as the Hopi behind them talk heatedly amongst themselves. Todd's face falls.

TODD
Oh boy...

REAVIS
What is going on?

TODD
That ain't the Friendly Bear Clan
chief I was supposed ta meet - that
man there's the head honcho of
Spider Clan, a *Hostile-*

Lomahongyoma grabs their shoulders, pulling them around. Loudly, so his followers can hear:

LOMAHONGYOMA

We shall see if white man can understand Hopi way: they will stay for last day of harvest festival.
(growls)
Spider Clan does as it pleases.

INT. CENTER PLAZA - ORAIBI - DAY

All the Hopi are gathered together, young and old. Todd notices uneasily that the young children are nervously clutching their mother's skirts.

A masked WOMAN appears atop one of the buildings. She has one hair whorl, but the other side of her hair is down.

TODD

Who is she?

LOMAHONGYOMA

He'e'e, Warrior Maiden. The men were gone to war when village was attacked. She took up her father's weapons, and defended her people.

TODD

Looks like her hair's come undone.

LOMAHONGYOMA

He'e'e had not finished putting up her hair when they were attacked.

The woman playing He'e'e waves her arms.

Suddenly, out of all the kivas KACHINAS burst out, masked dancers in bright paint and scary masks. Little children scream and run inside as the Kachinas chase them.

TODD

I get it. Like All Hallows Eve.

He'e'e marches in with guard Kachina, wielding whips of woven yucca. She performs a whip demonstration, with a MALE KACHINA, dressed in tan.

TODD

Man's good with a whip.

LOMAHONGYOMA
Toho. The Mountain Lion Kachina.

The demonstration over, He'e'e spots Lomahongyoma, and gives him a little wave. Lomahongyoma looks back at her with a strange expression. Then He'e'e runs over to Reavis.

REAVIS
Nice whip you have there, girl.

She whips his hat off, and gives him a few lashes. She turns her attack to Todd, but he grabs the whip mid-strike.

TODD
Sorry lady, nobody whips on me.

She yanks the whip out of his grasp. Todd and Reavis escape into a building, along with other Hopi.

INSIDE

Todd, Reavis and Lomahongyoma end up against a back wall.

LOMAHONGYOMA
White man having fun?

EXT. ORAIBI PLAZA - DAY

Young maidens carry the harvested beans out of the city. He'e'e directs them, still in character...but then her mask accidentally falls, revealing a beautiful face underneath.

The crowd of Hopis recognize her.

HOPI CROWD
Hehewuti!!!

Todd, Reavis and Lomahongyoma have come out into the plaza.

TODD
My, ain't she pretty.
(digs out notebook)
I coulda sworn they called her
'He'e'e' before...

Reavis approaches Hehewuti.

REAVIS
Hello, my dear.

She smiles at him.

HEHEWUTI

Well, if it isn't James Reavis...
 (beats him to correction)
 ...Peralta-Reavis. Never expected
 to see you here.

REAVIS

I could say the same to you. I am
 simply visiting, getting a look at
 the land that I have so
 unexpectedly inherited. Have you
 grown tired of the hacienda and the
 handsome, doting husband?

HEHEWUTI

Not at all. I-

LOMAHONGYOMA

You!!

The crowd falls into a hush, parting as he storms toward her.

HEHEWUTI

Hello, Lomahongyoma. I'm glad to
 see you again too.

(picks up the mask)

I hope you don't mind, I've taken
 the liberty of reprising my role as
 Warrior Maiden.

She lifts the mask to her face, but he snatches her wrist.

LOMAHONGYOMA

That was when you were Hopi.

MALE VOICE

(O.S.)

She will always be Hopi.

Hehewuti and Lomahongyoma turn to see:

LOLOLOMA, a kind-faced older man with long white hair, fitted
 with a combination of chief garments and 'white man' clothes.

LOMAHONGYOMA

Chief Lololoma.

LOLOLOMA

You may let go of my daughter.

Lomahongyoma releases his grip, bowing his head to Lololoma.

TODD

Lololoma! Yer the man I was fixin' to see - I've brought a gentleman to talk some business with ya-

LOLOLOMA

Take him to see the sights. I am sorry, but I have need to speak to my daughter.

TODD

Hey, that's alright. Whatever you need to do's fine by me.

Lololoma walks away with his daughter into a kiva. Todd retrieves Reavis' hat for him.

TODD

Things are getting a bit too interesting for my tastes anyhow.

REAVIS

Agreed. You have a criminal to catch.

EXT. BEAR CLAN KIVA - DAY

Lololoma sits down with his daughter, who is now dressed in a fashionable fedora and bicycle suit.

LOLOLOMA

So. What *do* I call you these days?

HEHEWUTI

What's wrong with 'daughter'?
(Off Lololoma, not amused)
The white name I used in school does not suit me. Speaking of which, I see the new school is getting off to a slow start.

LOLOLOMA

(sighs)
First they say school was too far. Now they say it is too close, and a disgrace to the village.

HEHEWUTI

Maybe they don't want it at all.

LOLOLOMA

I will not see my people share the fate of the Navajo. We must learn their ways, or be destroyed by them.

HEHEWUTI

Lomahongyoma would rather fight than become like the whites, and others feel the same. What if they're right? Will you let Hopi ways die, to achieve peace?

LOLOLOMA

The answer lies in the Hopi name: 'Peaceful Ones'. If we cease to be peaceful, we cease to be Hopi.

(pause)

You did not come here to discuss these things. Tell me, what really brings Hehewuti to Oraibi?

HEHEWUTI

I thought a surprise visit was due.

LOLOLOMA

You've forgotten much: 'surprise' is not Hopi way.

(smiles)

It is not your way either.

HEHEWUTI

I guess not...truth is, I had to get away.

LOLOLOMA

Thought so. Ah, Spaniards...he's taken a mistress, hasn't he?

Silence. Hehewuti takes a breath.

HEHEWUTI

Father, the Black Whip has been the talk of San Francisco for months. I finally discovered who was behind the mask.

(pause)

My husband.

LOLOLOMA

And the problem? He was an adventurer, a caballero, when you met him.

HEHEWUTI

But once we married, he seemed to enjoy being a society gentleman, running his newspaper. Fighting injustice with a pen.

LOLOLOMA

Then you're the one who was lying.
(off Hehewuti, taken
aback)

You married one man, then wanted another, and pretended they were one and the same. A spirited stallion is not a riding pony.

Hehewuti sits down again, processing.

HEHEWUTI

...You could've just taken my side.

LOLOLOMA

If I did that, I'd be a bad father.
(embraces her)
Rest here tonight. That way you can go back to him with a clear mind.

A LOUD GUNSHOT, distant. Lololoma and Hehewuti exchange looks, before Hehewuti breaks away and rushes up the ladder.

EXT. ORAIBI VILLAGE, OUTSKIRTS - DUSK

Hehewuti races out of the village, hearing the thundering sound of hooves from the desert beyond. She sees:

MEN ON HORSEBACK, silhouettes against the horizon. One stands apart, his horse rearing. He swings a large bullwhip at the others: they drift away, a black cloud on hurricane winds.

The rider slumps forward. Then, he slips from the saddle.

Hehewuti reaches him just as he falls from his mount. She dives, failing to catch him but managing to soften his fall with her own body.

He lifts his head, revealing his mask, and flashes a roguish grin. He is the BLACK WHIP.

BLACK WHIP

(hoarse)
Hello darling...

HEHEWUTI

What are you doing here?!

BLACK WHIP

Came to argue with you about my
retirement...but it seems now, I
won't have a say in the matter...

He laughs, then coughs up blood onto his chin. She moves to help him, but sees her hands are already covered in blood.

She tears open his shirt, and finds a gaping bullet wound.

HEHEWUTI

Oh my god... who did this?!

He just smiles, and lays his head against her chest. He takes one last raspy breath...then lies still.

The CHIEFS and their GUARDS arrive on the scene. Lololoma and Lomahongyoma are with them.

They see Hehewuti, clutching the body of her lifeless husband, sobbing. She lets out an anguished SCREAM.

She reaches and pulls down on the reins of her husband's horse, HURRICANE, who kneels. She drags Black Whip onto the horse, then herself, spurring Hurricane off into the night.

Cries of terror and panic rise from the village - the chiefs turns to see that Oraibi is lit with fires. They run back to town, to see--

Soldiers are pulling children away from their families, herding them into a large wagon.

The fathers of the children fight back - they are beaten by the riders, and threatened with guns. The soldiers tie up the ones imprisoned, leading them away.

The riders surround the chiefs. Lomahongyoma takes his staff, and fights them - he manages to unseat one, but he is no match for them. Lololoma comes to his defense, but a soldier knocks him out with the butt of his rifle.

Todd rushes out astride his horse, eyes wide seeing the destruction and chaos.

He confronts one of the soldiers, yelling, and the soldier indignantly shoves a paper warrant in his face. Todd reads it, astonished.

EXT. PARLOR - REAVIS MANSION - SAN FRANCISCO

A newspaper headline asks the question: "Where is the Black Whip?" And, for a much smaller article below, is the headline "Hostile Hopis Arrested in Oraibi".

Hehewuti is dressed in an elegant gown, her WEDDING RING hanging from a chain necklace. She looks at the ring with misted eyes, blinking back tears.

A wine glass is offered to her, and she takes it - realizing belatedly that it was given by Reavis.

REAVIS

Not worth the paper its printed on.

HEHEWUTI

Must be vexing, since you're the money man.

REAVIS

(mock hurt)

Money man? Oh Hilde, is that truly all I am to you?

HEHEWUTI

That's not the name I prefer, Reavis.

REAVIS

I know, but I'm an old white man. The way I pronounce your native moniker sounds like wheezing, and that might cause some undue alarm.

HEHEWUTI

How does Doña Sophia put up with you?

REAVIS

She was fool enough to marry me, not much she can do about it now.

(serious)

Your husband was a damn fine editor. He'll be sorely missed.

Hehewuti just nods, and sips from her glass.

REAVIS

Now it's all weddings, parties, Nob Hill widows looking for lost lapdogs...*riveting* journalism.

REAVIS(cont'd)

I yearn for those weekly stories
about the Black Whip....

Her fingers tighten around the stem of her glass.

HEHEWUTI

Perhaps that story ran its course.

REAVIS

A man like that doesn't sit around
twiddling his thumbs. He's got to
be causing trouble to some honest
businessman or another.

Doña Sophia, a well-to-do Hispanic woman, glides over to
them.

DOÑA SOPHIA

Oh, Hilde!

Hehewuti narrows her eyes at Reavis, as Doña Sophia air-
kisses on either side of Hehewuti's face, and takes her
hands.

DOÑA SOPHIA

My goodness, it is really you!

HEHEWUTI

I'm sorry I couldn't come until
now, Doña Sophia. How I missed you
all.

Doña Sophia gives Hehewuti a look of deep sympathy.

DOÑA SOPHIA

Oh Hilde, I know...
(embraces her, steps back)
My, aren't you radiant? Clearly
it's time for you to bloom again!

HEHEWUTI

You're too kind. But I'll drink to
that. To leaving the shadows!

Hehewuti puts the glass to her lips, but finds it empty.

HEHEWUTI

Oh this won't do: a parched flower
is sure to wilt, not bloom! Where'd
the man with the drinks go? I saw
him but a moment ago...

A BUTLER carrying a BOTTLE OF FINE WINE approaches, and
Hehewuti's eyes light up. She waves her empty GLASS at him.

HEHEWUTI

More champagne, good sir!
 (he doesn't hear, passes)
 ...Will you excuse me one moment?

She chases after the butler.

DOÑA SOPHIA

This is a disgrace. If only her
 husband could see her now.

REAVIS

Mm, a true gentleman. But he didn't
 understand the difficulty of
 bringing such a creature into
 civilized society.

DOÑA SOPHIA

(looks away)
 You would know, wouldn't you?

Reavis lifts her chin.

REAVIS

You were always a lady - the blood
 of Spanish nobility flows in your
 veins, and according to the land
 grants Arizona is yours. Soon,
 everyone will know it.

Doña Sophia smiles, and Reavis kisses her. They look at
 Hehewuti again, watching as she insists on the butler filling
 her glass *all* the way.

DOÑA SOPHIA

At least when he was around, it was
 easier not to pay her much
 attention. Must we still pretend,
 now that he's...?

REAVIS

I'm surprised at you. The girl lost
 her husband only a month ago.

DOÑA SOPHIA

(sighs)
 You're right. It wouldn't seem
 proper.

REAVIS

Yet, it also wouldn't be proper for her to endure these functions on a regular basis: after tonight, I believe she needs time to recover. Perhaps you could find her a suitable escort to take her home?

Doña Sophia glances around the room - she spots Todd Travers, looking awkward and alone as he inspects the painting.

Doña Sophia smiles, and approaches Hehewuti.

DOÑA SOPHIA

There's a man here who knows all about Indians. I could introduce you, if you'd like.

Hehewuti fiddles with the chain around her neck.

HEHEWUTI

Oh, uh...

DOÑA SOPHIA

Too soon? I'm sorry, I'm not trying to impose - you just looked like you could use some company, especially someone...familiar with your heritage and customs.

HEHEWUTI

Don't be sorry. I do stick out like a sore thumb here.

(raises glass to Doña Sophia)

To men like my husband and yours, with their exotic taste in women!

Doña Sophia smiles awkwardly as Hehewuti drains another glass. Doña Sophia places a hand on Hehewuti's arm and leads her away.

When Hehewuti looks up from her glass, she sees Todd Travers.

DOÑA SOPHIA

Here he is. Todd, this woman is Hilde, from the Hopi tribe.

TODD

Hey now, I remember you! Though I don't remember your name bein' so easy to pronounce...

Hehewuti rolls her eyes.

DOÑA SOPHIA

You two know each other! Good, I'll
leave the two of you to talk then!

She flounces off. Hehewuti scrutinizes Todd, who extends his
hand with a friendly smile. She reluctantly takes it.

HEHEWUTI

I remember you too - you were with
Reavis during the Pachavu festival.
What brings an Indian Agent to a
function such as this?

TODD

Ah...fact is, I'm only here cuz the
Commissioner took sick.

HEHEWUTI

Fancy that.
(sips)
I don't think we talked much in
Oraibi.

TODD

Nope. Didn't get a chance, what
with you tryin' to whip me.

He laughs. She pretends to follow suit.

HEHEWUTI

Remind me, what were you visiting
the village for?

TODD

Well, we were on the trail of a
dangerous individual.

Hehewuti fiddles with her chain again.

HEHEWUTI

Fascinating. Did you...catch him?

TODD

Did my part. Not at liberty to
discuss it more'n that, ma'am.

He shifts uncomfortably. She struggles to contain her rage.

TODD

Say, yer Hopi right? It's a damn shame what happened to yer folks - I'm headin' to Fort Defiance to check in on 'em. Care to join me? Whenever I'm in Indian territory, I'm more at ease with a native at my side.

HEHEWUTI

I'm afraid not. Excuse me, I need more champagne.

She turns, and he notices her glass is more than half full.

TODD

Wait! I-

She's gone. He stands awkwardly, unsure what to do now.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - HEHEWUTI'S HACIENDA - NIGHT

Hehewuti's gown drapes haphazardly over the back of a chair. Hehewuti herself lies in bed, reading a newspaper. She's worked up into a nervous panic.

It's the same newspaper from the party - she jumps between the articles, the headlines taunting her with the loss of her husband and her family.

The maid comes in with a tray.

MAID

Supper's ready, ma'am.

HEHEWUTI

Set it over there. I'll get to it.

The maid sets down the tray on the nightstand.

MAID

Is something the matter?

Hehewuti looks up, eyes snapping.

HEHEWUTI

Of course. My husband's dead.

MAID

Pardon me. I didn't mean to-

HEHEWUTI

(waves her off)

Please, take it away. I don't need
supper in bed, I'm not ill.

The maid picks up the tray and hurries out. Hehewuti closes the bedroom door behind the maid, making a wretching sound, and holding her stomach.

Overcoming her nausea, she grabs a key from under her bed, and opens up a WARDROBE. There hangs--

--her husband's Black Whip disguise.

Hehewuti takes down the long-sleeve black shirt, holds it against herself like a comfort blanket. She slips the shirt on, wrapping her arms around herself.

She catches sight of herself in a MIRROR on the other side of the room. She gazes at it, then turns back to the wardrobe.

Hehewuti retrieves the pants. With the same key, she opens a drawer at the bottom of the wardrobe. She lifts out the gloves, the mask, and... the black bullwhip.

IN THE MIRROR

A dark shadow escapes out the bedroom window.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

Hehewuti, now dressed as the Black Whip, rides through the backstreets of San Francisco. She spurs her horse, with a loud yell. Her mount, which is in fact a riding pony, instead begins to prance. She sighs.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

On the outskirts of a dusty little one-road town, she hands the reins of her exhausted pony to an excited young girl.

She pats the girl on the head, and leaves the town on foot, bridle and reins slung over her shoulder.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Hehewuti wanders the arid prairie, toward a herd of WILD HORSES. She whistles a distinctive call.

The stallion leading the herd, Hurricane, hears it, his ears pitching forward to the sound. The stallion turns, galloping toward her, and then slowing down to stop in front of her.

The horse locks gazes with her, suspiciously steps closer.

HEHEWUTI

Hey there...do you remember me?

Hehewuti takes off one of her gloves, offers her hand up. He sniffs it, and raises his head.

HEHEWUTI

Good. I need your help, Hurricane.

Hehewuti shows him the reins. The horse turns to look back at his herd of mares. She looks, smiles. She strokes his neck.

HEHEWUTI

Aha, I see you've become a ladies man. So many admirers, in only a month's time...you've been busy.

(sighs, turns)

I can't compete. I'll have to walk all the way back to town, find some cheap trail-horse...

The stallion nudges her shoulder, snorting. She smiles, placing the bridle over his head and the bit into his mouth. She mounts in one swift motion.

EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT

Todd stokes a campfire. He huddles against a rock formation, horse standing nearby, Oraibi in the distance.

He hears a shuffling sound - he stands up, whips his gun out:

...It's just a mountain lion, looking at him quizzically.

TODD

(relaxes, waves gun)

Go on, git!

(off Todd's horse,
snorting)

Don't worry gal, that overgrown cat won't bother you none.

Todd sits back down. But something's off. He turns, and sees the Black Whip crouched down, staring right at him. He startles, stumbling back.

TODD

You!

The Black Whip rises, silent and ominous.

Todd Travers stares a few moments, then exhales. He smiles.

TODD

Whew! Boy am I glad to see you!

Hehewuti tilts her head, puzzled, as Todd gets to his feet.

TODD

You're one tough bastard - I swear
I saw you take one right in the
chest! But it was dark, and
you're...well, you.

HEHEWUTI

Uh...

Her voice isn't low enough for a man! She clears her throat, holds up a 'one moment' finger, and grabs a stick.

TODD

Whatcha doin'?
(she writes in the sand)
What, can't speak? Or, did that
bullet getcha in the neck...?

She considers that - then nods. It's as good a cover as any.

TODD

Gee, I'm sorry.

She points at her message. He reads it.

TODD

Why was I in Oraibi? I was hoping
you could tell me. Bureau sends us
after you with nothing to go on,
then the cavalry shows up-

Hehewuti slides her foot over the previous message, erasing it. She writes a new one in its place.

TODD

Yeah, they weren't Bureau - they
were men from Fort Defiance. What?
No, I didn't shoot you.
(crosses heart. She writes
more)
Don't remember who. It was chaos.

She throws the stick into the fire, standing up again.

TODD

Why were you in Oraibi? Why's my
Bureau and the military after you?

She throws up her hands, turns away.

TODD

The Bureau doesn't handle cases
that don't involve Indians. And now
what with this arrest of the
Hostiles...

(approaches her)

Something ain't right. And I don't
wanna see anybody get hurt.

Hehewuti squeezes her eyes, to hold back tears.

TODD

How about we figure this thing out
together? What d'you say, partners?

Todd extends his hand. Hehewuti glances at it, then turns
abruptly to her horse and mounts, spurring her horse away.

Todd grumbles and turns to mount his, following after her.

EXT. FORT DEFIANCE - NIGHT

A large military compound, in the shadow of a mountain that
almost encircles it. The buildings are boxy and built tightly
close together, forming a rectangle. In the 'courtyard'
formed by the surrounding buildings, an early American flag
waves on its pole.

Hehewuti reins in Hurricane, trying to take in the
surroundings: the road into the fort is guarded by armed men.

She unfurls her whip, spurs Hurricane to make a dash for them
-- but Todd pulls in front of her, blocking her path.

TODD

Alright, hold up: there's bold and
then there's just plain stupid. I'm
handy with a gun. An seein' as how
you've already been shot once-

Hehewuti raises her whip threateningly.

TODD
 Yeah, go ahead. You're the type to
 wrestle your way into a theater
 when you've got a ticket...

Hehewuti lowers it, cocks her head to one side.

Todd spreads his arms out, exasperated.

TODD
 This is Fort Defiance!
 (pulls out his badge,
 points to it)
 Home of the Bureau of Indian
 Affairs! I work here!

The badge takes up our whole view. PULL BACK TO SHOW--

CUT TO:

--Todd flashing it at one of the armed guards.

GUARD
 Welcome back, Todd. That the Black
 Whip criminal?

Todd smiles at Hehewuti, unhappily shackled behind him.

TODD
 Yep, that's him. Takin' him to the
 Bureau for questioning.

GUARD
 Good job sir.

Todd smiles and nods. Hehewuti sees many Indians pass, their
 faces blank and wearied, wearing 'white' people clothes and
 carrying various loads and tools.

She follows them with her eyes, and sees most of them are
 headed for white tents located just outside the Fort.

TODD
 (quietly)
 Them's the Navajo. This used to be
 their land, but the government put
 up this fort when the Hopi asked
 'em to stop the Navajo raids. The
 Navajo didn't take kindly to that,
 an' they were forced to take a Long
 Walk to New Mexico. 'Bout 20 years
 ago, they were allowed back.

They hear yelling, shouting, in a native tongue: they see a group of Navajos mobbing the jailhouse. Todd eases past them with Hehewuti - the Navajos don't seem interested in them, and let them through.

INT. JAILHOUSE - NIGHT

As they enter, the SHERIFF looks at them crossly.

SHERIFF
Hey now! Who's that?

Hehewuti glances at the Hopi, piled together in the holding cell, staring at her with wondering eyes. Lololoma and Lomahongyoma are among them.

TODD
This here's the notorious Black Whip.

Curious, the sheriff peers at her closely. Hehewuti stomps on his foot. Her pretend cuffs fall away, and she punches the sheriff. She recoils, hand smarting - she's not used to punching. The sheriff stumbles, groaning.

SHERIFF
Ow! What was that fer?!

Todd punches him proper, knocking him out cold.

TODD
Sorry.
(looks at Hehewuti)
Why'd I just do that?

Hehewuti is cradling her hand, making sure her thumb still works after her own fingers crunched it.

TODD
Yer good with a whip, but you punch like a girl.

Hehewuti grabs the sheriff's keys, and goes over to the cell door, unlocking it.

TODD
Ah! Wait, it's clear as day now, why you were in Oraibi that night: you were trying to protect the Hopi's from gettin' wrangled!

Lololoma grabs the bars in frustration.

LOLOLOMA

Your heart may be in the right
place, but I fear you will only
make things worse!

Lololoma, looks at Hehewuti, who turns away from him quickly.
Lololoma purses his lips - he knows.

Lomahongyoma brushes past Lololoma, stepping out of the cell.

LOMAHONGYOMA

You fear too much, Bear Chief.
Thank you for your assistance,
Black Whip.

Todd puts a hand on Lomahongyoma, restraining him.

LOMAHONGYOMA

Take your hand off me!

TODD

(lets go quickly)
You can't go that way. There's a
whole mess of Navajos who don't
much care for your safety.

Hehewuti opens a back door, and beckons.

EXT. FORT DEFIANCE - NIGHT

Hehewuti and Todd, astride their horses, lead the Hopis out
toward the plains, avoiding the well-trod dirt roads.

Just when it seems they've made it to safety, they hear the
thundering sound of hooves not belonging to their group, and
see an armed cavalry pursuing them, torches blazing.

Hehewuti turns around, charging at them. She whips at the
horses, who rear, dumping their riders. The Hopis mob the
thrown soldiers, having at them with their fists.

The soldiers are still armed, however - one of them readies
their rifle.

Hehewuti coils her whip around a torch held by another still-
mounted rider, yanks it out of his grip, and sends it flying
at the rifleman, who ends up shooting the sky as he falls.

She rides through the chaos, whipping the soldiers and
keeping them from effectively defending themselves.

BOOM! Blood bursts from her shoulder, she cries out as she falls from Hurricane - she's been shot.

She rolls onto her back, and finds herself staring up the muzzle of a rifle, owner preparing a second shot. Suddenly, he falls to the ground with a yelp, grabbing his ankle.

Hehewuti sits up to find Todd standing over her, pistol smoking. He helps her up. She dusts herself off daintily.

TODD

I can't hold 'em off for long.
Better stop holdin' back.

As Todd keeps shooting, Hehewuti searches around. She sees what she's looking for:

Hurricane is fighting the soldiers valiantly with his hooves, but underneath him, on the ground, is her whip.

She runs for it, but he's too busy rearing and bucking for her to snatch the whip. One of the soldiers yells and lunges for her, and she ducks out of the way just in time.

Hehewuti backs up, and draws her sword - with the wrong hand, the one poised over the sheathe. The sword doesn't come out all the way, so she belatedly uses her opposite hand...her left. She fumbles it so badly that it escapes her grip.

A soldier charges her, and she kicks him in the gut. She lifts the sword hilt pinched between thumb and finger, blade pointed down - proper for scissors, but a ridiculous way to hold a sword.

Her attempt to correct it is even worse, holding the thin rapier with both hands, arms pulled in tight, pommel against her chest and the blade pointed straight out.

She thrusts at the soldiers, but she's too timid and doesn't know what she's doing - they pass her by.

Several of them take notice, and surround her. She swings downward with awkward and useless chops in the air, trying to fend them off.

They laugh at her. At least, until Todd sends bullets at their feet and scares them off. Todd looks at Hehewuti, suspicion growing in his eyes.

The Indians, unarmed, are losing their fight - the soldiers lasso them like cattle, pulling them off their feet. They surround them, the ring pressing in like a tightening noose.

Another rider pompously joins the fray - Reavis.

REAVIS

Finally, I have the Black Whip in my grasp. You've been causing me a lot of trouble, young man.

(to Todd)

But you. Why are you helping him? Coercion, no doubt, though I thought you more capable than that-

TODD

Why're you here? What have you got to do with the Hopis?

Reavis dismounts, ignoring him, and approaches Hehewuti.

REAVIS

I must admit: shooting you wasn't quite as satisfying as I'd hoped.

He draws a sword, and gets into stance.

REAVIS

Now I get to defeat you properly, man to man, and see your unmasked face drain of blood as your life ebbs away from you!

Hehewuti's face is already drained of blood, her eyes wide.

HEHEWUTI

You...YOU KILLED HIM?!

Todd startles at her feminine voice.

So does Reavis.

Hehewuti screams, a battle cry worthy of an eagle, and charges at Reavis, who is so puzzled that he's not prepared for the attack.

Nonetheless he dodges, and defends against her wild 2-handed swings.

He thrusts the sword at her in expert lunges, and she is just fast enough to evade and kick. They circle around each other, with Hehewuti mimicking Reavis.

The wound on her back shoulder is dripping blood. Hehewuti slows, clasping the wound. She crumples.

REAVIS

(throws up his hands)

Honestly? Is this the criminal
who's been haunting my every step?!
This is pathetic! I won't even get
a proper fight out of you before
you die, miserable wretch!

Reavis steps forward, kicks the sword out of her hand, and prepares to plunge his sword into her chest. Until Hurricane, with an angry shriek, knocks him over.

Todd runs to Hehewuti, picking her up, and throws her over Hurricane's saddle before mounting himself. They ride off.

Hehewuti looks blearily behind her:

The Hopi are being dragged by ropes back toward the Fort. Reavis is angrily getting to his feet, yelling after them...her view is clouded by the dust kicked up by Hurricane's hooves, and then blurs completely.

Her head drops, and she loses consciousness.

INT. SLEEPING CAR - TRAIN - DAY

OVER BLACK:

THE DEEP HUM AND CLATTER OF RAILROAD TRACKS.

Hehewuti blinks awake, sees mountain peaks rising outside a train window.

She groans, pulls at the shirt draped over her to reveal her bandaged chest and shoulder, left arm in a sling.

TODD

Don't you remove that! I got an
eyeful already!

She sees Todd on the opposite bunk, looking away and holding up his hand. She covers her chest, and he turns, scowling at her. She feels her face - it's bare. He lifts up her mask.

TODD

Lookin for somethin', *darlin'*?

She clutches at it, he yanks it away - she reaches further, stretching, letting the shirt fall again - he tosses the mask aside and she holds the shirt against her once more.

HEHEWUTI

Give that back. It's not yours!

TODD

It ain't yours neither. Why were you impersonatin' the Black Whip?

HEHEWUTI

What makes you so certain I am not the Black Whip? Because I am a woman?

TODD

No, cuz you fight like a *damn fool*, makin' *me* a fool for not catchin' on sooner. Now, I'll ask you again: why're you wearin' his britches?

HEHEWUTI

Because he is dead. There is no other who can rescue my people.

TODD

Mighty sorry to hear that. I reckon you loved yer husband a great deal.

HEHEWUTI

Yes...wait, how do you-?

TODD

Ring 'round yer neck. Weddin' band.

She pulls it in front of her. She arches an eyebrow at Todd.

HEHEWUTI

I'm surprised you didn't take the liberty of removing it.

TODD

Hey now, that ain't fair! I ain't no thief or lecher neither, you were bleedin' rivers and I had to get at 'em. The bullet, I mean.

(stands abruptly, scowls)

I'm done talkin'.

HEHEWUTI

No, stay. Tell me, what was Reavis doing in Fort Defiance?

TODD

Well, here's what I figure: Reavis has been stokin' the fires 'tween the Hopi, government, and Bureau.

HEHEWUTI

What would he gain from that?

TODD

Helluva lot: if the government claims Hopi land cuz of 'hostility', Reavis can buy it and add it to his Peralta land grants. He'll have Arizona all to himself.

HEHEWUTI

To think that Reavis would do such a thing. His wife is a lost relative of my husband's family...he *shot* my husband, unaware who it was under the mask....

Hehewuti buries her face in her hands. Todd picks the mask up off the floor, and hands it back to her.

TODD

And he won't know who's under it when you shoot 'im back.

Hehewuti pushes his hand aside.

HEHEWUTI

I will not shoot him!

TODD

Fine then, run 'im through - though you'll need more sword practice.

HEHEWUTI

I will not kill him! Not for revenge! It is not Hopi way!

TODD

It ain't my way to be messin' with outlaws and conspiracies neither.

HEHEWUTI

Then why are you?

TODD

Cuz my sense of justice won't go unsatisfied.

TODD(cont'd)

That, and defendin' you back at the Fort made me your accomplice. I'm a wanted man.

HEHEWUTI

(rolls eyes)

Wonderful. Another adventurer.

TODD

Least I know who I am - now, who are you? Peaceful Hopi princess? Grieving widow? Or the Black Whip?

Todd and Hehewuti lock gazes for a moment, Todd challenging her with his eyes. Hehewuti's face reveals nothing. He sighs and turns toward the door.

TODD

Let me know 'fore we get to San Francisco, will you? Cuz yer either goin' home, or comin' with me to go spring some Indians outta jail.

HEHEWUTI

Wait, what are you saying? Why go to San Francisco, when my people are at Fort Defiance?

TODD

They ain't at Fort Defiance. They were transferred.

HEHEWUTI

...Where are they?

Todd looks at her, over his shoulder, his expression grim.

TODD

Alcatraz.

Off Hehewuti, eyes wide.

EXT. DINING CAR - TRAIN - DAY

Todd sits down at a table in the dining car. A female attendant lays a plate down in front of him.

TODD

Thank you kindly, ma'am.

She is shoved aside, revealing a scruffy man with a gun.

TODD
 (throws his hands up)
 Aw hell.

MAN
 I'm Frank Morris.

TODD
 And I'm unlucky. How do you do.

Morris turns to two armed young men behind him, JOHN & CLARENCE ANGLIN, who are busy collecting loot from the other frightened passengers.

MAN
 Clarence, check 'im.

Clarence pulls Todd up, removes his gun, and finds his badge.

Morris aims his gun at Todd's head.

MORRIS
 You a lawman?!

The passengers turn and look at him, hopeful...

TODD
 I'm an Indian Agent.

And then they turn away, rolling their eyes.

MORRIS
 This ain't no Indian affair.

TODD
 Clearly. So, I'll just mind my own business, and you boys have a nice time robbin' the train.

Clarence punches him in the gut.

MORRIS
 Too close to a lawman for my likin'. We just spent a long stint in Alcatraz, and we sure ain't goin' back on account of you.

TODD
 (wheezes)
 ...Alcatraz? My, what a coincidence: that's where we're goin'.

TODD(cont'd)

Mind giving some advice on how we can get in an' out without gettin caught...?

MORRIS

We?

Todd gulps. Morris jerks his head at John and Clarence, who turn to search the other passenger cars.

Todd lunges at Morris, thrusting his arms above his head to force Morris' gun hand up - the gun goes off, bullet puncturing the roof.

IN THE SLEEPING CAR

Hehewuti hears the gunshot, as she struggles to figure out how to put the shirt on over her injured shoulder. She looks at the mask beside her on the bed...

BACK IN THE DINING CAR

Todd beats Morris to the ground.

As John and Clarence draw their guns, Todd grabs the fork and knife from his table, stabs Clarence with the knife, spins, and plunges the fork into John.

Then Todd takes the plate of food, sweeps its contents off on Morris. As Morris staggers to his feet, raging, Todd bashes him over the head with the plate.

John and Clarence pull out the fork and knife, and run off into the sleeping car.

Todd ditches the plate, picks up Morris' gun, and runs to follow them.

INT. SLEEPING CAR - TRAIN - DAY

The Anglin brothers search every room.

CLARENCE

Don't see no lawman...

Todd covertly watches as they come to Hehewuti's cabin, look inside. John goes in...and comes back out, with the black silk shirt. They laugh at it, though Clarence (the one stabbed with the knife) doubles over in pain from his wound.

JOHN

Hey, we better get our cargo and get you the hell out.

Clarence nods, John tosses the shirt back into the cabin. They go back in.

Puzzled, Todd follows them. When he looks inside, no one is there - but why? Todd looks out the window, then up - he grabs the sill, and pulls himself out onto the train's roof.

INT. BAGGAGE CAR - TRAIN - DAY

John and Clarence open the roof hatch of the baggage car, and drop down on some crates.

They come to a large, heavy strongbox, marked with bank insignia. They take out a stick of dynamite, place it inside the lock, and light the fuse.

OUTSIDE, ON THE TRAIN ROOF

Todd struggles to keep his balance on the train roof, as he makes his way toward the open hatch. Before he can reach it, a loud BOOM and a blast of smoke and sparks from the hatch bowl Todd over.

INSIDE THE BAGGAGE CAR

John and Clarence emerge from behind their crate shielding, and walk through the smoke, coughing. They pull away the now useless lock, and open the chest to reveal gold bars.

JOHN
(lifts one out)
Hello, my pretty.

He hears some coughing not too far away, looks -

Hehewuti is on top of a crate, top half covered only by the bandaging, long dark hair hanging over her face.

CLARENCE
Spoke too soon, John.

JOHN
I'll say. Whatcha doing in here,
girl?

They come toward her. But as they do, the smoke dissipates enough to show that she has a rope, attached to a ceiling pulley.

She uses the rope to lasso John, kicks down a crate (which is tied with the other end of the rope) and rides the falling crate down to the floor, pulling the rope taut and adding her body weight to the counter-balance...

...so that John is yanked upward, almost hitting the ceiling.

Hehewuti lets the rope go slack - John's eyes widen as he plummets to the floor.

Clarence goes for his gun, but she whips it out of his hand - as he turns to run, she coils the whip around his ankle and pulls him off his feet.

He looks up, sees:

Hehewuti, an imposing figure in the sunlight from the open hatch above: she's wearing the mask.

Clarence watches as she aims the sword at his throat.

Todd drops inside from the hatch, to see Hehewuti standing above the injured outlaw.

Amazed, he sees that she's got it taken care of, but aims his gun at the robber for good measure.

CLARENCE
(to Hehewuti)
Who are you?

HEHEWUTI
I am...
(glances at Todd, smirks)
...the Black Whip.

Todd breaks into a grin.

CLARENCE
Don't kill us. We won't cause you trouble, honest. Maybe we can even work together, split the profits with you...

Hehewuti kicks him.

HEHEWUTI
You think I am a thief? I do not want your spoils!

TODD
Black Whip, these men are fresh from Alcatraz.

HEHEWUTI

Are they? Well, in that case,
perhaps you could be of some use.

She sheathes her sword...awkwardly, aiming the sword and easing it into the sheathe through trial and error.

Todd winces.

EXT. TRAIN - DAY - FOLLOWING MORNING

Todd works with Hehewuti on top of the train.

First, he takes away her whip, which she is very reluctant to let go of. She puts her hands on her hips and pouts, until Todd comes close to show her how to make a proper fist.

INT. BAGGAGE CAR - TRAIN - THAT NIGHT

Morris, Clarence and John are tied together, looking at Hehewuti and Todd.

HEHEWUTI

You escaped from Alcatraz, did you
you not?

MORRIS

Sure did.

TODD

They say nobody escapes The Rock.

Morris smirks.

MORRIS

Never believe what 'they' say. It's
in their best interest not to let
people think they have a chance.

HEHEWUTI

Then, how do we get in?

MORRIS

Other than gettin' arrested? Lady,
I was a war prisoner. I only know
how to get out.

EXT. TRAIN - FOLLOWING MORNING

The fight lesson continues: Hehewuti throws a punch at Todd with her good hand, but the train's movement causes her to wobble.

He shows her how to get low in her legs for stability.

INT. BAGGAGE CAR - TRAIN - THAT NIGHT

Hehewuti sighs.

HEHEWUTI

I cannot be arrested - they take my mask and I am ruined. Also, I'd have to break *myself* out before rescuing my people.

JOHN

Yer *people*? How many are you planning on bustin' out?

TODD

19.

John whistles, eyes wide.

JOHN

Yeah, good luck with that.

CLARENCE

Why don't you go as a visitor?

Hehewuti and Todd exchange looks.

TODD

You know what? That's a great idea.

EXT. TRAIN - FOLLOWING MORNING

Todd works further with Hehewuti to refine her punches and kicks. Hehewuti is doing much better, moving smoothly and gracefully.

Hehewuti decides she's done, almost draws her sword - panicked, Todd stops her, shaking his head adamantly.

INT. BAGGAGE CAR - THAT NIGHT

Todd turns to Hehewuti.

TODD
I'll smuggle in your costume. All
you gotta do is ask to use the
outhouse, and it'll be there.

Hehewuti folds her arms.

HEHEWUTI
Outhouse. Wonderful.

MORRIS
How the hell are you gonna get 19
inmates off the island? You can't
just bring 'em back on the same
boat you come in on.

HEHEWUTI
(pats sword)
Yes we can.

Todd glances at her, dubious.

MORRIS
Can we go now?

TODD
If you don't mind drawin' us a
picture of the island 'fore you go.

HEHEWUTI
And you must swear never to reveal
that the Black Whip is a female
Indian.

MORRIS
Sure thing...though a person would
have to be blind and damn stupid
not to know yer a woman.

She looks at Todd, who scowls. Hehewuti stifles a smile.

EXT. TRAIN - ANOTHER MORNING

Todd and Hehewuti pause from their practice, breathless. He helps her out with careful exercises for her injured shoulder. She sees something off in the distance:

San Francisco is rising on the horizon.

She smiles.

Todd does something that causes a twinge in her shoulder, and she responds by elbowing him with that arm. When he responds with a loud 'oof', she grins and chuckles, stretching out that hand proudly.

EXT. HEHEWUTI'S HACIENDA - DAY

Todd leads a Spaniard FENCING MASTER down the path to Hehewuti's lovely hacienda.

FENCING MASTER
But sir, the Black Whip is already
a masterful swordsman. He calls
upon me only to practice...

Hehewuti, dressed in her Black Whip garb, waits on the front porch of the hacienda, pacing with her hands behind her back.

When she sees them approaching, she awkwardly gets into what she thinks is a 'man stance': feet wide apart, arms folded.

The Spaniard stops short, aghast.

FENCING MASTER
That is not the Black Whip!

TODD
Shh! Yes, we know. This is his
replacement.

FENCING MASTER
The boy should grow whiskers, if he
wishes to fool anyone. At the
moment, he looks like a girl.

Todd smiles at that.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - DAY

The Hopi prisoners stand in the hot sun, chained together, at work sawing timbers into logs under the watchful eyes of their guards.

Lololoma and Lomahongyoma are working side-by-side - Lomahongyoma is sawing with vigor.

LOLOLOMA

I believe you are working too hard,

LOMAHONGYOMA

I do not do this for them.

LOLOLOMA

This work is only to keep us busy -
They will not use this wood to make
new cells.

LOMAHONGYOMA

I am keeping up my strength.

LOLOLOMA

For what?

(quietly)

I hope you do not intend to escape.
If only you and the others would
agree to their terms, they would
let us go.

LOMAHONGYOMA

Their terms are death. I intend for
the Hopi to live.

Lomahongyoma looks out over the San Francisco bay.

LOMAHONGYOMA

I never want to see this much water
again.

LOLOLOMA

On that we are agreed. I hope my
daughter knows what she's doing.

LOMAHONGYOMA

You mean by following the white
man's path?

LOLOLOMA

(winces)

Uh, yes. That's what I meant.

EXT. GARDEN - HEHEWUTI'S HACIENDA - DAY

Todd watches as Hehewuti practices with the sword master,
learning to lunge, parry, and move her feet.

The sword master is getting frustrated with her lunges -
she's leaning too far. He presses the sword tip against her
collarbone until she rights herself.

Next he lets her practice-duel him - unhappy with her swings, the sword master calls a halt. He lifts the sword out of her grasp, and her fingers maintain the shape of the hilt - she has to work the overly-tightened fingers out.

He snatches a small bird from its nest on a low branch, and shows Hehewuti how he is holding it. He hands it to Hehewuti.

She pets the birds head and coos at it.

Noticing that he's raising an eyebrow at her, she lets it go free, smiling as she watches it fly away. He shakes his head, and the training resumes.

LATER

She is doing much better dueling the master, looking more and more convincing as the Black Whip.

After a successful run-through, the tired fencing master calls Todd over to take his place.

Todd refuses, but the fencing master grabs him, forcing the sword into his hand, and shoves him in front of Hehewuti.

Todd and Hehewuti attack and parry slowly, following the master's instructions. They circle around each other, spinning and evading, and at this pace it resembles a dance.

Finally, they end face to face, with blades locked. They gaze at each other, Todd smiles. She turns away quickly, moving out of view - he looks disappointed. In the background, the master raises his eyebrows, unsure what he's watching.

INT. ALCATRAZ PRISON - DAY

Lololoma sits in a small wooden cell, shivering in his stained white-man clothes, next to a 'bed' that takes up most of the cramped room - the bed is soaked with water from a ceiling leak.

It is very dark - the windows are few in number and very small, covered with iron bars, and letting in flies.

The other prisoners are just as miserable in their identical cells, their eyes hollow and their faces gaunt. They are worse off than Lololoma, as their clothes haven't changed since their capture: native garb suited for a hot desert.

Many of them are coughing, wheezing - all the surfaces are moldy, covered in green and black.

The creaky sound of an opening door signals the coming of a guard. But with the guard comes Reavis, struggling to breathe in the stench of the prison.

REAVIS

My Hopi friends...kindly join me
for a little demonstration.

EXT. ALCATRAZ PRISON - DAY

The Hopi stagger outside, bound to one another with chains. Some of the Hopi need the guards' help to walk, as many of them are sick and weakened by their imprisonment and their daily labor.

What they see outside are children - NATIVE AMERICAN CHILDREN. *Their* children, in school uniforms, hair cropped short, accompanied by their white schoolmasters.

The Hopi prisoners call out their children's names, reaching out to them, but the guards pull them back.

The children stare back unhappily, but do not dare move.

REAVIS

Yes yes, we know you are happy to see your children once more, and we are glad to provide you the opportunity to see how they have grown, shaped into model citizens by the miracle of education.

LOMAHONGYOMA

Model citizens! You mold them in your image, not ours!

Lololoma squeezes his arm, looking at him imploringly.

REAVIS

I see not all of you are convinced.
Children?

The children recite the multiplication tables.

REAVIS

Since you do not know, the children are reciting a very useful set of mathematics.

One of the kids says the wrong number - he flinches. The schoolmaster looks at him, posture menacing, but the schoolmaster has to restrain himself. Relieved, the boy jumps back in to the recitation.

REAVIS

With it, one can easily calculate large sums and quantities...say, of grain, beans...

LOMAHONGYOMA

To harvest for the likes of you?!

Reavis turns to one of the boys, and brings him forward.

REAVIS

Tell your father about school.

The boy looks at Lomahongyoma with a blank face, and recites with a notable dispassion:

LOMAHONGYOMA'S SON

School is very enjoyable, Father. I am learning many things, and making friends with my classmates. I hope someday my knowledge will help make this nation great, and civilize the Hopi way of life.

Lomahongyoma is at a loss for words - his frustration, hurt and anger spill forth in the form of tears.

REAVIS

You see? All this fuss over nothing. If you will only accept that we are trying to help you, and let your children go to school, we will let you go free.

The Hopi are silent.

REAVIS

Well? What say you, Bear Clan chief?

Lololoma stares at the ground.

LOLOLOMA

I have nothing to say.

REAVIS

Why not? You sent your daughter to school. You wear our clothes.

REAVIS(cont'd)

You went to Washington for help
when Spider Clan took your lands-

LOLOLOMA

Spider Clan took our lands because
they thought you would trick me,
and take them for yourselves. I see
now their fears were just.

(at Lomahongyoma)

No one sits idle while loved ones
are taken prisoner. In such times,
violence is not an act of war, but
of self-defense.

Reavis' face hardens. He waves an angry hand at the
schoolmasters, who lead the children away.

Most of the children walk in stoic unison, but a couple of
them turn to yell desperate farewells in their native tongue
toward their fathers. The schoolmasters no longer hold back,
however, and box them roughly on the ears.

The Hopi struggle against their guards, finding renewed
strength in their kindled parental instinct.

Reavis approaches Lololoma, fuming.

REAVIS

I have tried to be accommodating,
but I am out of patience!

LOLOLOMA

Are you now? And just who are you?
Keams is in charge of the schools,
and you are no government man.

REAVIS

I am the man who will soon control
all of Arizona - which I will not
have populated by savages!

LOLOLOMA

Then you should forbid yourself
from living there. Kidnapping is
not a civilized act, Mr. Reavis.

Reavis grabs him by his shirt collar.

REAVIS

If you insist on being rabble-
rousers, I will see to it that *none*
of you leave this island alive!

The guards roughly pull them away. Before they disappear back into the prison, Lololoma spots a steamboat making its way over the San Francisco bay, toward the island.

EXT. STEAMBOAT - SAN FRANCISCO BAY - DAY

On the deck of the steamboat are Hehewuti, in her most stylish outfit, and Todd, holding her bag. They watch as Alcatraz island takes up their view.

This Alcatraz is not what you see today - this is a military fort. The west side of the thin, angled island is surrounded by a wall.

The east side, where the docks are, is a steep drop, its high bluff dotted with buildings:

Several look like dilapidated houses with smokestacks. There's a lighthouse, and a large Victorian building - the Citadel.

On the right of this bluff is a wooden prison.

That is where Hehewuti's gaze is fixed.

HEHEWUTI

I cannot believe it is so close.

TODD

Yeah. Far cry from the desert, huh?

HEHEWUTI

That is a place for war criminals.
It is no place for my people.

The steamboat settles at the docks, and the rampart is lowered so that the passengers can disembark.

Hehewuti is surprised to see a group of Native American schoolchildren pass them, herded toward another ship.

HEHEWUTI

Todd...those children, I recognize them...

TODD

Yeah - they were taken from Oraibi for schooling.

HEHEWUTI

What?! My people would never agree to that!

HEHEWUTI(cont'd)

What did they do, snatch them from
their mothers and carry them off?!

Todd hushes her, urging her forward - there are too many
crewmen and soldiers on board that could easily overhear.

TODD

(quietly)

Don't pay any mind - we'll see to
them later. But first, we gotta
free their fathers.

Hehewuti sighs, but nods. A soldier greets them at the dock.

SOLDIER

State your business.

TODD

This little lady wants to see her
father up at the prison.

(flashes badge)

I'm an Indian Agent, here to escort
her.

SOLDIER

Carry on.

TODD

Hey, uh...you got outhouse here?

The soldier points.

But he's not really paying much a attention to Todd - he's
too busy looking Hehewuti up and down.

SOLDIER

While you're busy, I'll escort the
lady to the prison. You can meet
her there.

EXT. PRISON - DUSK

Hehewuti walks the trail to the grim wood prison, her leering
escort walking close behind. She looks prim and proper, with
her lacy parasol open and shading her.

A GUARD is posted at the entrance, leaning against the wall,
looking as bored and uncomfortable as can be. When he sees
her, he straightens, trying to look his best.

GUARD

What are you doing here Miss?

Hehewuti gives him a big-eyed, imploring look.

HEHEWUTI

I'm here to see my father,
Lololoma. That's alright, isn't it?

GUARD

Oh, yes. I suppose so. Just as long
as you aren't carrying any weapons.

Hehewuti stiffens. The Guard laughs, and so does the Soldier behind her - she pretends to find the notion equally ridiculous.

SOLDIER

All the same, I'm afraid I'll have
to search you ma'am. Regulations,
and all that...

The soldier frisks her, a bit too eagerly for comfort. Hehewuti bites her lip - this isn't going well at all. Hehewuti pretends to be unfazed, closing her parasol.

The guard reaches her upper legs, eyes widening as he feels something against each leg.

GUARD

What the-?!

Hehewuti takes the parasol and whacks him across the head. As he falls unconscious, she turns in one crisp motion to kick the soldier behind her in the groin.

He doubles over, she pulls him back up by his hair and punches him, knocking him out cold. He falls in a heap.

HEHEWUTI

Thank you kindly, good sirs.

Hehewuti looks at the bodies, and sighs.

HEHEWUTI

Well, so much for that brilliant
plan...

Hehewuti drags the guard's limp body away from the prison, behind a bush. That task finished, she runs into the dark of the prison.

INSIDE

Hehewuti looks around in horror at her people in their damp, dark wooden cells. They stare back at her, all 19 of them peering through the bars.

Lololoma gives her a tight smile from behind his cell doors.

LOLOLOMA
You don't give up, do you?

HEHEWUTI
Never, father.

Lomahongyoma drags himself to his bars.

LONGHONGYOMA
Hehewuti? Why are you here?

Hehewuti turns around, hikes up her skirt to remove a stick of dynamite from her garter.

She faces them again, to show them the dynamite.

Lomahongyoma's confusion is replaced by a grin.

EXT. OUTHOUSE - DAY

Todd waits beside the outhouse, with his bag, searching furtively for a sign of Hehewuti.

TODD
Come on...

Suddenly, he sees Reavis and an unknown man on a stroll, coming toward him. Todd dashes inside the outhouse for cover.

REAVIS
Warden, I commend you for your patience. But there has been no progress with the Indians. They are a stubborn people.

WARDEN
What are you suggesting, Reavis?
That I let them go?

Reavis sighs, shaking his head.

Todd watches from the outhouse door window - Reavis and the Warden are very near to him.

REAVIS
I'm afraid that will only encourage
them. We must send a stronger
message.

The Warden raises an eyebrow.

WARDEN
How much stronger?

REAVIS
The strongest.

WARDEN
There has never been an execution
on Alcatraz, if that's what you're
suggesting.

REAVIS
No, there would be no just cause
for it. But, should the hostile
savages escape, and leave us no
other choice...

The Warden smiles.

WARDEN
I see. I hope my boys are ready to
go hunting.

REAVIS
(gestures toward outhouse)
Excuse me for a moment?

Inside the outhouse, Todd is silently cursing to himself.

The Warden nods his head, and turns away to wait.

Todd grimaces, sweating bricks. He quietly sets the bag down,
and gets into stance to punch Reavis.

Reavis places a hand on the doorknob of the outhouse...

BOOM!! The sound echoes from somewhere on the island. Reavis
turns suddenly, trying to pinpoint the source.

REAVIS
What was that?

WARDEN
It came from the prison!

REAVIS

Well, it seems fate will make us
honest men after all!

They run off toward the sound.

Todd comes out of the outhouse.

TODD

Shit! This was *not* the plan we
talked about!

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Reavis looks at the destruction of the prison with a grimace
that could kill.

The prison is engulfed in a fireball, dark grey smoke
billowing into the sky.

The Warden is busy yelling orders at his men, though this job
is clearly more than even they can handle.

The Hopi men run, in different directions, all over the
island, as the guards and soldiers are alerted and chase
after them. Horns are sounded, bells are rung. It's complete
pandemonium.

Each Hopi finds a different building, etc, to use as cover.
Some of them are in pairs, in order to help the ones who are
too sick and weak.

Hehewuti, lifting her skirts, runs as fast as she can toward
the outhouse...which isn't very far in her restrictive
clothing.

As she nears the outhouse, she strips off the dress, leaving
only her lacy shift, and ditches her heeled shoes, all of
which she tosses behind the crapper.

She opens the door to the outhouse, ready to remove the shift
as well and do a quick change into her hero disguise - but
there is no sign of her Black Whip costume and gear.

She turns around, frantic - what does she do now?!

Hehewuti scans the area, and sees that the Hopi's game of
hide-and-seek will not last for long.

She finds the soldier fighting her father Lololoma, as he
tries to shield Lomahongyoma beside him. Lomahongyoma is too
weak now to fight, shaking with the chills of a fever.

The soldier hits Lololoma with the butt end of his rifle, staggering him. Hehewuti attacks the soldier from behind.

The soldier elbows her and turns to hit her as well, but Lomahongyoma has inched forward and bites the soldier's ankle. The soldier cries out.

Hehewuti masterfully flips him over her shoulder, disarming him of his gun at the same time.

LOMAHONGYOMA

Impressive.

LOLOLOMA

All my work to make you a proper young lady...

LOMAHONGYOMA

She is more than proper. Where did you learn that?

HEHEWUTI

Todd. He trained me.

Her father raises an eyebrow at her.

HEHEWUTI

Come, we mustn't linger.

Hehewuti and her father each grab one of Lomahongyoma's arms, pulling the sick man along as fast as they can.

Keeping the soldiers back with gunfire, Hehewuti gathers up as many of the Hopi as she can, making her way toward the docks.

But that's just where the soldiers are gathering, setting up a human barricade to stop them from reaching the ship. The Warden is at the head.

WARDEN

It's over, Indians. Any hope of leaving this island has gone. Surrender now, or we will fire.

Face-off: about half the Hopi prisoners, staring down armed soldiers.

Hehewuti exchanges looks with her kinsmen. Then she turns back toward the soldiers, with a smile.

She runs forward with a piercing yell.

The soldiers are startled at first.

WARDEN

What are you doing, fools?! Fire!!

Getting over their shock, they raise their guns. Events follow in quick succession, both factions in perfect sync with their comrades:

The Hopi all drop to the ground.

The soldiers fire.

Hehewuti drops into a roll, also avoiding the gunfire.

The roll brings her forward, landing and rising up just in front of the Warden.

She punches upward into his gut and forces the wind out of his lungs, pushes him aside.

Then she turns and launches an all-out assault on the other soldiers.

The Hopi yell and rush forward to help her, yanking the guns out of the soldier's hands and knocking them silly.

Joyously, the Hopi charge onto the ship. Hehewuti helps Lomahongyoma board, and is about to embark herself...when she hears a sword drawn from its sheathe. She turns--

--she turns to see Reavis, right behind her, sword in hand. His expression is tight, severe.

REAVIS

Hilde. I'm surprised to see you.

(looks her up and down)

Especially *so much* of you.

HEHEWUTI

You never could get my name right.

I am *Hehewuti*.

REAVIS.

No.

(points emphatically)

You...are the Black Whip.

Hehewuti blinks. Then she laughs.

HEHEWUTI

Don't be silly, Reavis. How could I possibly be the Black Whip? I am, after all, only a woman.

Reavis' eyes flash, and he puts her on point.

REAVIS

DO NOT PLAY GAMES WITH ME!! I just witnessed a *woman* overcome half a dozen armed men, with nothing but her bare hands and feet!

Hehewuti shrugs.

HEHEWUTI

I am Hopi. I am protecting my people. What did you expect?

REAVIS

And I stand to lose everything due to your people's selfishness.

He turns, stepping to one side so she can see behind him - the other half of the Hopi are being forced on their knees by armed soldiers, who order the Hopis to put their hands behind their heads.

REAVIS

What did *you* expect?

Hehewuti glares at Reavis, enraged.

HEHEWUTI

Reavis! You wouldn't *dare*-

REAVIS

Wouldn't I? I shot you, didn't I?

Hehewuti eyes widen.

REAVIS

That night, on the cold desert plains? Don't you remember?

Her iris takes up our entire vision. In its surface, we see the reflections of memories past:

-the shadowy form of her husband, the Black Whip, riding astride Hurricane along the line of the horizon... her mind replays the sound of the echoing gunshot, her husband falling off Hurricane...

-then his face, giving her one last smile as his life ebbs away from him....

Hehewuti grabs his sword, letting it cut her hand as she throws herself into a wild charge at him.

But it is to no avail - he stops her attack easily with a knee to the stomach, and grabs her wrists.

REAVIS

Ah, you do remember.

Reavis shoves her back, into the arms of two soldiers who pull her away from Reavis. She sobs, grief and rage overtaking her as she struggles.

Reavis pulls down one shoulder of her dress, to reveal the healed scar of the gunshot wound. He runs a finger slowly over the scar.

REAVIS

And here, we have the evidence...of my handiwork...

She spits in his face.

HEHEWUTI

Bastard!!

Reavis steps back, wiping the spittle from his cheek angrily.

REAVIS

A pity you didn't bring your sword, Black Whip. In this day and age, disciples of the blade are hard to come by - and this time I would not be fooled by your feigned weakness.

HEHEWUTI

We were family, Reavis!! Your wife's *family*!!

REAVIS

No, your husband was. And he is dead.

She thrashes, yelling wordlessly with her teeth bared.

The Warden, recovered from his gut-punch, joins Reavis.

REAVIS

Warden, I believe the rest is up to you.

WARDEN

Well, since she blew up the prison,
we can't arrest her. I guess she
gets the honor of being the first
prisoner executed on Alcatraz.

Lololoma starts forward, but the other Hopi's restrain him.

LOLOLOMA

No! Leave my daughter alone!!

WARDEN

(to Hehewuti)

On your knees.

Hehewuti stares at him coldly, not budging.

The Warden nods at the soldiers, who force her down.

WARDEN

Hands behind your head!

She places her hands behind her head, as the Warden aims his
rifle at her face. The two soldiers break away from Hehewuti,
avoiding the line of fire.

The Warden fingers the trigger--

BOOM! Another explosion goes off - the soldiers who were
guarding the Hopis on the ground lose their footing and
topple over, dust and smoke overwhelming them. Now freed, the
Hopis run to their kinsmen on the other side.

Reavis and the Warden are caught in the trajectory of the
dust/smoke cloud, making them cough.

Through the haze, a dark figure appears, walking steadily
toward them. The outline gets clearer.

REAVIS

It can't be...

The haze dissipates, revealing a man clothed in black - THE
BLACK WHIP. He lifts something in the air, relaxes his
fingers so that the bullwhip uncoils.

The Warden turns his gun on Black Whip - but before he can
fire, the whip cracks him across the face.

The Black Whip rushes forward. So does Reavis, attacking with
his sword - in one swift motion, Black Whip draws his sword
with his other hand, and parries Reavis' attack.

Meanwhile, he whips the Warden again as the man reaches for his gun - Black Whip kicks it aside, and continues his swordplay with Reavis on the other side.

Hehewuti helps the rest of the Hopi to board the ship, defending against the soldiers. As the last one boards, she yells up to her father:

HEHEWUTI
Go! Get out of here!

LOLOLOMA
We will not leave without you!

Hehewuti glances behind her, then grabs on to the side of the boat.

HEHEWUTI
Alright, go!!

The boat takes off. Lololoma extends his hand to help her climb up. She reaches to take it - but a shot is fired that narrowly misses her. Startled, she loses her grip altogether, and plunges into the water.

Hehewuti sputters - she doesn't know how to swim. Her head disappears under the surface of the water.

LOLOLOMA
Hehewuti!!!

UNDER THE WATER

Hehewuti grasps at the surrounding water, but to no avail. She sinks.

MEANWHILE

On the island, the Black Whip is struggling to keep up with Reavis, whose ferocity seems to increase the longer they duel.

Black Whip notices the ship taking off. He forces aside Reavis' sword, buying a moment for him to crack Reavis across the face with the whip. Reavis roars, holding his wounded face.

Black Whip makes a run for the dock.

Reavis takes his hand off his face, revealing a hideous purple welt swelling across his cheek, eye and nose.

REAVIS
GET BACK HERE!!!

The Black Whip reaches the dock. He spots Lololoma, eyes full of tears on the deck of the fast-disappearing ship.

LOLOLOMA
She's gone! Hehewuti! My child is gone!

The Black Whip follows Lololoma's gaze down to the water, where only a few small bubble are emerging.

He takes a breath and dives off the edge of the dock, into the water.

UNDER THE WATER

The Black Whip searches the murky water. He sees Hehewuti, limply sinking, her hair coming undone from its pins on one side.

ON THE SHIP

Lololoma sees The Black Whip re-emerge, with Hehewuti in his arms. Hehewuti isn't moving.

The Hopi throw down a rope. Black Whip ties it around Hehewuti's body, and grabs on himself as the Hopi pull them up.

They lay her down on the deck of the ship. Black Whip turns her over and smacks her on the back. She doesn't stir. Lololoma puts a hand on his shoulder. Black Whip pulls away, and lowers his head.

Suddenly, Hehewuti's eyes snap open. She sputters out the water, and looks up:

Her bleary vision shows The Black Whip, smiling down at her.

BLACK WHIP
Hey there, darlin'.

She gasps some more, and struggles to get to her feet.

But as her vision clears, the phantom does not go away. It's the Black Whip standing before her.

She stares, her eyes wide and her mouth open with shock.

HEHEWUTI
You...

BLACK WHIP
You gave us quite a scare.

HEHEWUTI
(breathless)
You're dead...

BLACK WHIP
Not so much.

She looks down at herself, trembling.

BLACK WHIP
And neither are you.

He steps forward to embrace her, but she slaps him.

HEHEWUTI
How could you do that to me?!

BLACK WHIP
Huh?

HEHEWUTI
(delirious)
How could you keep such a secret
from your own wife?! I started
following you because I thought you
were with another woman... but this
was worse! This was *dangerous*! I
wanted to talk to you that night...
to stop you from doing something
that would get you killed...

Hehewuti pulls away, crying, and stumbles below deck. Black Whip follows her.

INT. STEAMBOAT - BELOW DECKS

Black Whip catches a hold of her, turning her around. He strips off the mask, revealing the familiar face of Todd.

TODD
Hey, look here! It's just me.

Hehewuti stares at him, then covers her eyes.

HEHEWUTI
Oh God...I thought you were him...
My husband...

TODD

Well, that's not surprising,
considering you almost drowned out
there.

HEHEWUTI

Take it off.

TODD

Sure thing. Second we get to dry
land I'll-

HEHEWUTI

Now.

Todd looks around.

TODD

...Here?

Hehewuti takes away her hand and glares at him.

TODD

Look, I'm awful sorry about
borrowing the costume. It was the
only thing I could think of, since
I only had that and some dynamite-

Hehewuti violently swats off his hat. She grabs him by the collar and pulls him close - for a moment, Todd glances from her eyes to her lips, trying to figure out if he's supposed to kiss her.

She undoes the laces of the shirt, and pulls it off of him. Then she unbuckles his belt.

Todd looks around, wondering if anyone is going to walk in on them, but shrugs it off - oh well.

HEHEWUTI

Take off the pants and boots!

TODD

Yes ma'am.

Todd steps out of the pants and the boots. She picks them up, pressing the costume against her chest, burying her face in it. She lets it soak up her tears.

TODD

You know, you don't have to do this...I appreciate the...gratitude...saving you and all, but your whole village is right outside...

Hehewuti looks at him, as if just noticing he's there.

HEHEWUTI

Get out.

Hehewuti goes into the cabin, and slams the door.

Todd blinks, confused. He looks down at his bare self, then scowls at the closed door.

TODD

And how am I supposed to do that?!

He shakes his head, amazed.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO PORT - NIGHT

Their steamboat glides up to the dock. There are gruesome-looking THUGS waiting with lanterns for them.

A plank is lowered to the dock. The thugs snicker and board. Within seconds, they are whipped off, falling into the cold night water.

Hehewuti, dressed as the Black Whip, leads Todd (wearing a borrowed sailor uniform) and the Hopis off the ship.

TODD

Looks like our reputation precedes us. Where to now?

HEHEWUTI

Through the Barbary Coast.

TODD

Aw no. You gotta be pullin' my leg.

HEHEWUTI

Where else could 21 people hide in plain sight? The people of the Red light District have no love for police or soldiers.

TODD

It'll be crawlin' with thugs, like
the ones who just jumped us. We
probably got a bounty on us.

HEHEWUTI

We also have the Black Whip.

LOMAHONGYOMA

Would someone please explain to me:
who is Black Whip? White man Indian
agent, or Hehewuti...?

Todd and Hehewuti look back at him. They exchange glances.
Then they face forward, walking silently down the plank.

Lomohongyoma huffs indignantly, but follows.

They slowly make their way through the Barbary Coast Red
Light District, trying to be inconspicuous as possible. But
Todd sees that Hehewuti's right - this place is conspicuous
enough that it practically doesn't matter.

It looks like a swingin' night-life kind of town, with all
manner of low-lives and shady characters standing or
shambling about. Drunken, raucous singing can be heard from
the numerous bars. As they pass, a man is thrown out of the
bar, right into the Hopis.

Lololoma and Lomahongyoma push the man away.

He raises a fist...then gets a good look at them. He puts his
finger behind his head, and lets out a yell, covering and
uncovering his mouth with his hand.

Disgusted, they keep walking. The man laughs so hard he loses
his footing.

LOMAHONGYOMA

Savages.

For the most part, people leave them alone. There are a few
shady guys who stand still and eye them, like predatory
animals. When Hehewuti glances at them, they turn away.

There are others, though, that are pleased to see their Black
Whip - they show a mix of wonder and even respect. A few men
doff their hats at Hehewuti.

One of the prostitutes slides out of the shadows, her eyes
wide.

PROSTITUTE
Black Whip? Is that really you?

TODD
He can't speak right now. Throat's injured.

PROSTITUTE
I see now...

She turns to Hehewuti with a mischievous smile.

PROSTITUTE
...why you never went for me. He's cute.

She winks at Hehewuti. Todd gets flustered.

TODD
You've got it all wrong ma'am.

Hehewuti glances briefly at Todd.

TODD
We'd better get going.

PROSTITUTE
I know, you got important business.
(to Hehewuti)
It sure is nice to see you again,
Hon. It's gotten a lot scarier in
these parts without you around. You
know I'm always here with gossip to
spare, if you need me.

Hehewuti nods and they continue on their way.

TODD
...Looks like you're not the only
one who misses him.

Hehewuti lowers her head.

EXT. HEHEWUTI'S HACIENDA - NIGHT

The exhausted company finally stumbles toward a place of rest and refuge - Hehewuti's hacienda.

Lololoma puts a hand on his daughter's shoulder.

LOLOLOMA
I have never seen a nicer home.

HEHEWUTI

At the moment I think any house
would look nice to you, Father.

LOLOLOMA

(smiles)

True. But my point is you have done
well for yourself.

She turns away.

HEHEWUTI

...No. My husband did.

INT. GARDEN - HEHEWUTI'S HACIENDA - NIGHT

Todd goes outside to see Hehewuti, in her regular dress,
staring into the flames of a small bonfire.

Todd wraps a shawl around her shoulders.

HEHEWUTI

Thank you.

(turns)

I'm sorry. For my behavior on the
ship.

TODD

Hey, don't apologize. You've been
through a lot.

HEHEWUTI

That's no excuse. You saved my
life, and for that I am grateful.

He smiles, and glances down at the fire. His eyes go wide:

The Black Whip costume is in the flames, burning.

Instinctively, he reaches to fish it out, but she grabs his
arm firmly.

HEHEWUTI

When Lomahongyoma asked which one
of us was the Black Whip...the
answer was neither of us. The Black
Whip is gone.

TODD

But why burn the clothes, when
they're so important to you?

HEHEWUTI

That is precisely the reason. At first, they made me feel closer to him. They looked like him, smelled like him...but they did not remind me of good times. They reminded me of when I last saw him. And of what I was going to tell him: that he needed to choose this costume, or me.

(looks at the fire)

These clothes are not my husband. Neither is this house, or any of the objects within.

TODD

That makes sense, don't get me wrong. But we ain't outta the woods yet - Reavis still has Arizona, and we not only have to get your people back home, but make sure they're left alone.

HEHEWUTI

I've been thinking about that... Reavis is not the man I thought he was. If he could hide his true nature so well for so long, I wonder what else he's hiding.

TODD

Well then, I'd say we'd better look into it. That is, if you're willin' to let me tag along as your partner, for a little while longer.

HEHEWUTI

Of course. But that isn't what you're asking, is it?

Todd meets her eyes. A moment of intense silence.

TODD

...Well?

HEHEWUTI

...How long are you willing to wait?

Todd grins, and pretends to nonchalantly mull it over:

TODD

Well, I dunno...hard to say...I got
so many fine young ladies lined up
for me and all...

Hehewuti stifles a laugh. Then, he lifts her chin up with his
hand.

His expression is serious, as he looks into her eyes.

TODD

...Forever. Hehewuti.

She smiles.

HEHEWUTI

I think that's the first time I've
heard you say my name.

Todd gazes at her fondly.

TODD

It's quite a mouthful.

Remembering himself, he lets his hand fall, and steps back.
Todd turns away, and walks back inside.

Hehewuti smiles. She follows the smoke from the bonfire, up
toward the starry sky.

HEHEWUTI

(sighs)

I hope duels aren't allowed in
heaven...and if they are...please
go easy on him, dear.

EXT. HEHEWUTI'S HACIENDA - DAY

The authorities kick in the front door of the hacienda.
Reavis is with them, with his ugly purple welt across his
face. He follows them--

INSIDE

Where they can see a beautiful, but empty, home.

POLICEMAN

Police! Show yourselves!

From out of the hallway, the timid maid inches out with her
hands up.

MAID

Don't shoot!

REAVIS

Where is your mistress hiding?

MAID

She isn't my mistress. Not anymore.
I just returned for a few things...

Reavis walks up to her - the maid shrinks back. He smiles, but it somehow isn't as charming paired with the welt.

REAVIS

When did they leave?

MAID

Early this morning...?

Reavis turns to the others.

REAVIS

Quickly, we must catch up with them.

The policemen look at one another.

POLICEMAN

We? Sir, Oraibi is out of our jurisdiction.

REAVIS

That's why we must go. They can't have gotten far-

POLICEMAN

I think you oughta speak to someone in Arizona.

(to the others)

Let's go boys, we're done here.

They move out, leaving Reavis and his personal posse of goons.

REAVIS

Bureaucrats.

(turns to his goons)

Tell me you are ready for action.

GOON

You're the boss.

Reavis smirks.

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Stallion of the Black Whip, Hurricane, rears at another wild horse.

Hehewuti grabs for the reins, and pulls Hurricane down. Todd helps her.

TODD

Can't say I blame him. Hard to take another guy moving into your territory.

Lomahongyoma stands in front of the other stallion.

The stallion rears, but as he comes back down Lomahongyoma dodges to the side.

The horse tries again, and Lomahongyoma dodges again. The horse stops, looks at him, and snorts.

LOMAHONGYOMA

I like this horse.

Nearby, Lololoma shakes his head.

LOLOLOMA

You would.

Hurricane calms down enough that Hehewuti is able to undo and remove the bridle, much to Hurricane's relief.

TODD

(re: bridle)

Still need that, don't we?

HEHEWUTI

No. From now on he's free.

Hehewuti lets the bridle fall to the ground, and mounts the bareback horse.

HEHEWUTI

You coming?

Todd smiles. He leaps on the horses' back too, behind Hehewuti.

The other Hopis mount the surrounding mares, following Todd and Hehewuti on Hurricane.

EXT. ORAIBI - ARIZONA - DUSK

Reavis and his posse of goons ride into town like a menacing storm cloud, just like the night they killed the Black Whip.

They slow down as they enter the pueblo village. From the windows, women and children watch them go by, apprehensively.

As they reach the village square, Reavis reins in his horse.

REAVIS

Feeling a sense of deja vu, Black Whip? Haven't we done all of this before? I do not know what you hope to accomplish - the fugitives you are hiding will be arrested once more, and all of your efforts will have been in vain. But the Indians are the least of my concerns - I care only about you.

No answer. The village is eerily silent in the twilight dark.

REAVIS

I'm sure you will manage to escape arrest, as always. And then you will try to rescue them again. Nobody accomplishes anything, progress is forever delayed. Therefore, I propose to make a deal with you: I will arrange it so that the Indians are left alone, if you will surrender yourself to us, or to the authorities, it matters not which - for I *am* the authority in Arizona.

A dark figure steps out from a nearby kiva, and from the shadows. The figure turns toward him.

It is Hehewuti, in the spooky-eyed Kachina mask of the Warrior Woman, one side of her hair up in a whorl, and the other side down. But the rest of her is covered head to toe in leather, dyed black as night.

REAVIS

Hehewuti, is that you? What is this, some kind of game? Was the Pachavu festival not enough for you, that now you play dress-up all the time?

She lets the whip uncoil, and whips it against the ground with a loud crack. Unlike Pachavu, this one isn't made of yucca - its her black bullwhip.

Reavis shakes his head, sighing, and signals to his goons who raise their guns.

A loud crack thunders behind them. Reavis and the goons turn, to see another figure:

This is Todd, in the Kachina mask of the Mountain Lion, snout encircled by a wide, sharp-toothed grin. Like Hehewuti, he is also covered in black leather... and he wields a bullwhip.

The goons try to figure out which costumed creature to aim at. Reavis takes aim with his own pistol at Todd.

Hehewuti gasps. She squeezes her eyes tight.

Her fingers clench into a fist, knuckles turning white.

REAVIS

I applaud you on the theatrics.

MAN

And I applaud you, Mr. Reavis.

Reavis and the goons turn to see yet another person approach them: a smartly dressed white man, with armed bodyguards at his side aiming at Reavis & co.

Hehewuti relaxes, calming herself.

Reavis peers at the newcomer, frowning.

REAVIS

Peralta-Reavis. Who the devil are you?

JOHNSON

Royal Johnson, Surveyor General of the Arizona territory. I'm here to tell you we have received information from a person who calls himself the Black Whip. He says you are a con-man, with no connection to the *Peralta* family whatsoever.

REAVIS

Why would you believe anything a costumed criminal says?!

JOHNSON
Because we investigated.

Johnson holds up an old piece of paper.

JOHNSON
This is one of the pages of your
Peralta land grant.

Reavis' face pales.

JOHNSON
Our experts found that the author
of this document used a steel
nibbed pen, which is amazing
considering that such a pen was not
yet invented. And the Spanish is
not only butchered, but there are
numerous misspellings. Perhaps
these Indians aren't the ones who
need *schooling*, Mr. Reavis.

Hehewuti makes a snickering sound.

The goons all turn, in unison, toward Reavis.

GOON 1
What's he sayin'? That you ain't
the rightful owner of Arizona...?

REAVIS
No, it cannot be! Let me see that!

JOHNSON
He is not the rightful owner of
anything. He claims his wife, Doña
Sophia, is an heiress, but in truth
she was a house servant he chanced
to meet on a train while devising
his schemes. And the poor girl
believed him.

Reavis snatches away the paper. He looks it over angrily.

REAVIS
Aha, I knew it! This is not the
same document! I have been set up -
arrest that liar the Black Whip!
And keep those two masked fiends
away from me, whoever they may be!

Johnson shoves him back.

JOHNSON

There will be no arrests tonight.
Though I will see to it that you
see the inside of a jail, after you
are formally charged.

Todd and Hehewuti close in on Reavis from either side.

GOON 2

Shit, I ain't getting paid enough
for this...

GOON 3

No kiddin'.

The goons ride off in either direction.

They pass both Todd and Hehewuti respectively, giving them a wide berth. But the Kachina masks pay them no heed - they stare straight at Reavis.

Johnson signals to his bodyguards, and they move out.

Reavis looks after them, desperately, realizing he is now all alone.

They circle him, slowly.

With the other authorities gone, the fugitive Hopis come out of hiding from the kivas, joining their fellow villagers to watch the spectacle.

Todd cracks his whip at Reavis' feet, causing him to startle. Hehewuti cracks her whip, and Reavis jumps back.

Hehewuti and Todd spin and twirl in a dance reminiscent of the Hopi festivals and rituals.

The tempo gets faster and faster, forcing Reavis into a ridiculous dance that earns some laughter from the crowd of Hopis.

Reavis stops, willing himself to stand firm while the whips crack in front of his feet, and aims his gun at Todd.

REAVIS

You think that's funny? Your turn.

Hehewuti strikes the first real blow with her whip, which lands on Reavis' shoulder. Reavis yells and drops the gun.

Enraged, Hehewuti kicks aside the gun and whips him again, causing him to crumple. Todd cracks his whip - in front of Hehewuti. She looks up.

He looks at her sternly, and shakes his head.

She nods. He steps toward her to wrap an arm around her, as they walk away from Reavis, leaving him on the ground.

Reavis watches them go, his face contorted hideously. He pulls himself up...and draws his sword.

LOLOLOMA

Look out!

Time slows down as Reavis raises his sword above them, ready to slash downward and cut them both.

As they turn, there is a brief moment where Todd and Hehewuti face each other. That moment seems to linger for a moment, gazing at each other's eyes behind their masks.

Time resumes its normal pace as they both end the turn with a final simultaneous lash at Reavis.

BLACKOUT.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A judge brings his hammer down on the gavel.

Reavis is escorted by guards from the witness stand, his hands in cuffs.

He is led past his wife, Doña Sophia, in the stands.

Doña Sophia refuses to look Reavis in the eyes, tears falling down her cheeks.

Reavis looks genuinely heartbroken at her reaction.

He is led past Hehewuti and Todd in the stands - he casts an evil look their direction.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Reavis is led outside, to be carted off to the jail. The crowd jeers at him.

Hehewuti and Todd, along with the other witnesses, leave the courthouse. Hehewuti unfolds a newspaper, looks it over.

She frowns, rifling through the pages - Todd notices and looks to see what is troubling her.

HEHEWUTI

There's nothing about the Hopis, or what happened on Alcatraz.

TODD

(whispers)

...Perhaps they want to forget.

She laughs. Todd and Hehewuti kiss.

CUT TO:

Todd and Hehewuti kissing. PULL BACK TO SHOW:

They are each on a different horse riding side-by-side - Hehewuti on Hurricane, Todd on a beautiful black mare. Dual adventurers. Heroes. Both are dressed in their black leather costumes. They release from the kiss, and slide on their Kachina masks.

Todd and Hehewuti crack their whips at the screen.

BLACKOUT.

THE END.