Blood Red Road

Story

 by

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It is winter on the Blackfeet Reservation, Browning, Montana.

Present day.

A stiff chill sweeps across the prairie landscape of the Blackfeet reservation in Browning, Montana. There are dots of frozen snow highlighting the sparse landscape as the sun descends and nightfall takes over, dropping the temperature way below freezing.

Inside the battered wooden home of the BLACKBULL family, voices are heard arguing. At first it sounds like any family bickering between mother and teen daughter and father trying to lend a balanced voice. A young boy sits quietly in a corner. His name is BOBBY. He’s twelve years old and has positioned himself in a safe space hoping to stay out of harm’s way. This is not the first time when emotional sparks would fly and, in his mind, he only wanted it to stop. But suddenly, the door slammed shut, and all became quiet as if his mind had the power to make it happen. Silence can be a double-edged sword.

Little did anyone know that that was the last time they would see her.

The Blackfeet reservation had many challenges but the worst one had been making national headlines. “Another young native girl, missing,” reads the New York Times. “Hope dwindles. Sex traffickers have found that Indian girls in these remote locations are easy targets.”

Bobby sits by his bed crying. There are relatives and friends gathering around with their sullen faces. A small group of elders circle a drum. The drumming is soft, their singing prayers somber. Bobby wipes his eyes and looks up as his grandfather looks down at him.

Grandfather

Bobby, the Creator will hear us. Our prayers are powerful.

Bobby (sniffling)

I miss my sister, Grandfather. I should have let her hit me more

when she was mad at me.

Grandfather (smiles)

Bobby

 My heart aches so much. What can

we do?

Grandfather

I don’t know. I don’t know.

The noises fade.

Night. Bobby is asleep by the fire. His relatives and family friends lie around on the old wooden floor. Nothing is heard but the occasional crackling of the fire and some snoring from Grandfather.

C.U. Bobby’s eyelashes flicker intensely

Dream Sequence:

Bobby’s face is painted as a warrior. He speaks in his native Blackfeet. A fire flickers on his face.

Anna Blackfoot (his sister)

 Her dress is shredded. Her face is bloody and appears to have been

beaten.

Brother, please help me…I’m sorry for ever being mean to you!

Bobby (determined)

I will sister. I promise.

Bobby’s eyes open. He is startled by his grandfather’s hand shaking his shoulder.

I saw my sister, Grandfather. She looked all beaten

 and scared.

Grandfather looked off in thought. He turned back to Bobby with a tiny smile.

Grandfather

She’s alive!

Next day.

Everyone is awake. The drums continue and the coffee is being poured for everyone.

Bobby goes to his mother, Mary Blackbull. He looks at her face which is full of a mother’s worst pain .

Bobby (looking at his mom)

I had a dream last night and I saw Anna, mom. I told

Grandfather about it and he said she’s still alive.

Mary Blackbull

She pulled Bobby to her chest and started to cry.

Oh my God! Oh my God. Grandfather knows….

Oh thank you, Creator!

Bobby and Grandfather are sitting at the kitchen table. Everyone is eating, even the drummers.

Bobby

Grandfather, why was I dressed in war paint like a real warrior?

Grandfather

I don’t know.

The story:

It’s late at night. Bobby is quietly putting things in his backpack. His face is painted like it was in his dream. He’s about to sneak out as he opens the door. Standing in the opening is Grandfather in the cold. Bobby is startled.

 Grandfather (With a wry smile)

You’re going to be the death of me!

Bobby tells Grandfather he wants to go and find his sister. The boy is so insistent, and his grandfather realizes he can’t say, no.

Grandfather

 Let’s just sit.

Grandfather gets up and talks to Bobby’s mom and then his dad.

He returns to Bobby and smiles at his grandson.

Ok, but we need a plan.

Next morning Bobby and his Grandfather are standing in front of a door of a neighboring house.

Grandfather

He is a great warrior, a marine. He has

many warrior skills. He’s had many

victories and we will need his help.

Bobby

Wow, grandfather, this will be a piece of cake!

Bobby’s face is full of excitement but when the door opens, a man in his late thirties smiles as he looks up from his wheelchair with both of his legs missing.

Every bit of Bobby’s blood drain from his face.

Tommy looks up at Bobby…

Tommy (smiling)

Don’t worry, son, legs are overrated! Come in.

Ext. A bright yellow V.W. bug with a wheelchair strapped to its roof whizzes by on the highway.

Int. VW. Grandfather is behind the wheel.

Tom is sitting comfortably in the back seat. He lays out their plan. He warns of the peril and the places they will have to travel.

The story continues, going to Las Vegas’s seedier places, New York City and Miami. On root, an FBI officer, Doris Johnson gets wind of this odd threesome. She decides to intercept and get the three to go back to the reservation. But the skills and ingenuities of the three come at a big surprise and forces the agent to make a deal but insists the boy must go home.

Of course, she is tricked. Their adventure takes them across into Dubi where the final climax takes place. The sister is found. A gun battle leaves the perturbator near dead. A laud scream is heard as grandfather is seen leaning over the man with a piece of his scalp in his hand. Grandfather speaks in his native tongue and puts the small piece of hair in a little leather pouch. Bobby kneels next to him with tears in his eyes.

Bobby

I want to go home Grandfather.

Grandfather

Yes, my grandson. But you are now a man. It’s time to heal.