

Title Here

By
Your Name

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Street
City
State
Zip Code

BLACK.

The gradual SOUND OF HAND-MADE DRUMS LABORING UNDER A DRIVING, ANGRY BEAT.

FADE IN:

EXT. PINE RIDGE SIOUX RESERVATION - DAY

On a small piece of land next to a gently running stream, feet move up and down in unison. Many of the feet are women, children and old people. Some wear moccasins, but most do not. Sores and blood, cover naked feet.

The words " 1890 ... Four days after Christmas ... Wounded Knee, South Dakota" FILTER INTO VIEW, THEN FADE AWAY SLOWLY.

The SYNCHRONIZED POUNDING OF STOMPS AND DRUMMING, is added to with the sound of VOICES. Some SINGING, some CRYING, maybe both.

A full view of all 300 OR SO NATIVE AMERICANS shows that they are an island in a sea of white. Not only is it a snowy area, but they are surrounded by mean looking, FEDERAL TROOPERS on horseback.

The Native Americans are wearing shirts emblazoned with buffalo, eagle and morning-star decorations. The crazy looking soldier boys, wear calvary blue.

A WOMAN(20's) stops dancing. She looks at the blanketed bundle that she is trying to keep warm. Her eyes bulge as her knees give way. She buries her head into the bundle and SOBS BITTERLY.

An older Indian man, THE CHIEF(50's), runs to her and holds her shoulders. A RAT FACED OFFICER(30's) in need of a shave moves closer to the half frozen tribe.

OFFICER

You people have been instructed by the US government to cease this god-dern Ghost Dance nonsense. IMMEDIATELY!!

SHUT that sobbing wench UP, I'm trying to talk. We are here to put down an uprising and we will do it, as we see fit. I prefer bullets.

A buzzard's grin crosses his face.

The Chief, enraged, turns from the broken woman and SINGS LOUDER and dances fiercer than before. He stares directly into the cold eyes of the soldier as he dances defiantly.

The rest of the tribe also takes it to the next level. The energy of the children springs forth from nowhere. Life pulses through them as they leap into the air and their LUNGS EXPLODE WITH SOUND. Fear is a stranger.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

I interpret this as a hostile act. You god-damn savages better stop if you know what's good for ya'.

The grieving mother stops CRYING and walks over to the mounted madman. In her outstretched arms, is her dead, naked baby. The soldier turns his head away. She turns towards the people, tears running.

WOMAN

Dance the dance given to us by the Great Spirit to rid us of this white devil and his evil ways. They killed Sitting Bull in cold blood a few days ago and now, my child, my baby.

(Pause)

MURDER-ER, MURDER-ER, MURDER-ER, MUR--

The woman's head snaps back and a red spot, grows in size, on the front of her shirt. After the GUNBLAST, a moment of SILENCE, a moment of horror. The dead baby falls to earth, soon followed by it's mamma.

OFFICER

It's not my fault. I told somebody to shut that wench up. Ha ha ha. You redskins wanna dance? Try this.

The cavalryman SHOOTS at the feet of an old man up front. The man jumps around. He ends up SHOOTING him in the leg. BANG BANG to the head, after the old man falls to the ground.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Oops, dead injun, good thing I got plenny more to play with.

A young woman tries to run downstream. The officer motions for a soldier to get her. The soldier RIPS her shirt off, a young boy tries to free her. Girl and boy are shot dead.

Others try to run, soldiers fire at them. Suddenly, everyone in the tribe is a target.

The crowd is mostly women and children, BULLETS AND SWORDS RIP through helpless bodies. The Chief, charges the officer, pulls him off the horse and slits his throat with a jewelled and beaded tomahawk. A lone victory.

The Chief is then cowardly SHOT SEVERAL TIMES from behind. He turns and SPITS a huge glob of blood and mucus directly onto the face of the potbellied MARKSMAN(40's). The 'mucus-man's' gun, unloads into the Chief.

LATER

Dead bodies line the stream. Some float in the icy waters. Snow flurries start to fall on the bright red earth. The soldiers take away two struggling, half nude girls for an night of rape.

The women break away. They stumble over the 300 frozen corpses of their loved ones and almost make it across the water before they are shot down. The marksman lowers his rifle, CHUCKLES.

MARKSMAN

Wounded Knee Creek just swallowed two more. Too bad I had to waste the entertainment. Imagine that. A dance to get rid of us? US? What nerve! Heathens are lucky we are here.

Ghost dance? Who is the ghost now, Redskin?

The word, REDSKIN, seems to ECHO. He spits on the Chief's body , the troops have a laugh, then move out as the sun goes down. Their evil eyes do not notice the heavenly sunset over the Dakota Hills. Nor do those eyes notice the lone LAKOTA BOY(15), who made it to the other side of the river.

He stands behind trees, eyes locked on the killers. His head bobs up and down. As his legs and then feet are finally shown, it is clear that he is doing the Ghost Dance. He is CRYING, dancing ... and praying, *hard*.

His feet kick up dust as he dances for the Great Spirit to hear his plea.

The Chief's jewelled tomahawk hangs from his waist. The cloud of dirt around his feet gets so thick his bare toes are just slightly visible.

FADE TO BLACK

The gradual SOUND OF HAND-MADE DRUMS LABORING UNDER A DRIVING, ANGRY BEAT. The beat is then incorporated into a popular song at the time by Public Enemy.

The words "1990 ... Summer Break ... Wounded Knee, South Dakota" FILTER INTO VIEW, THEN SLOWLY FADE AWAY.

EXT. PINE RIDGE SIOUX RESERVATION - DAY

On a small piece of land, next to a gently running stream, three dozen fourteen year olds are walking around with small shovels and pails. They are involved with excavating an area designated by a yarn fence.

Following the beat of the music to a boombox a good distance away from the excavation sight, SEVERAL KIDS are having a good time. Amidst the pine trees, three girls and three guys are dancing together. Two others sit by.

The biggest boy out there is one of the onlookers. He is African American and sings along with the rap lyrics, word for word. His face shows total concentration and joy.

He wears a red, black and green Malcolm X T-shirt and a medallion the shape of Africa around his neck. The name written across the continent says COCHISE. The name on the boombox reads, 'COCHISE MACK'.

Near him is an Native American girl of the same age. She is rocking to the beat but reading a book, BURY MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE. The name on her bookbag says IVA.

Three caucasian girls are trying their best to keep up the dancing rhythm with a SKINNY BLACK KID, A NATIVE AMERICAN AND A YOUNG WHITE BOY with coordination problems of his own.

IVA

Hey, this book is wild, check this out.
During the genocide days, the Indians
used to do a dance, to try and drive away
evil white people and bad spirits.

This book says that this 'Ghost Dance'
ceremony is why the massacre happened.

(MORE)

IVA(cont'd)

Can you imagine that, they got killed by
US soldiers for trying to dance.

Cochise Mack stops singing along so that he can put his two
cents in.

MACK

Don't forget, they used to kill Black
folks for trying to read and write. I'm
not surprised at all.

Soon, the song ends and the other kids come over and join
them. Even at this age, the three boys are comfortable with
the ladies. They all get seated.

Iva motions her brother, THREADZ, over and whispers in his
ear discreetly. He has long black hair and wears loads of
Indian jewelry. A wide, Native American choker is around his
neck and sports a headband.

IVA

As your older sister, I'm telling you to
lose the Barbie dolls from Utah before we
all get in trouble.

THREADZ

I got it covered Sis.
(Turns to the white guy)
Yo, Double A, Mr. All American, later,
walk the girls back by yourself. Give
Mr. Korberger a great big alter boy smile
too. As long as he thinks it's blonde on
blonde action, he's okay with it.

DOUBLE A

You bet, Threadz. I'll give him a smile
to melt his old nazi heart. But what's
the rush? This is our last night of
summer camp, let's party.

MACK

Yo man, as far as I am concerned. I felt
like a damn slave during this whole
Anthropology camp, bullshit. It's stupid.
Got pimped by a graverobber! Let's go
dig up HIS Grandpa, see if he likes it.

Damn hypocrite! Since my mom is Indian,
I had an urge to come here and see what
Wounded Knee was about. Not to be used
as free labor for a culture vulture.

The other Black guy speaks up. He has darker skin than Mack but about the same age.

SHYTOWN

My Brother, your expectations were too high. Myself, Double A, and Thread-man over there came for one thing, baby, beautiful girls from across the nation.

THREADZ

We weren't disappointed either. Last night, Maryland, the night before, Ohio, then of course that wild bunch from Texas.

SHYTOWN

Ride em cowgirl, yippee-ty-yeah.

THREADZ

See what I mean, memories to cherish and you miss out on it, cracking books with my sister. Lighten up.

MACK

Well stud, maybe if you read, you would realize that this is Holy ground, paid for in blood.

THREADZ

Yeah, I know, I know, but give it a rest. Before we send the ladies back, we were going to go 'exploring' in the woods over there. Bring Iva and ...

MACK

Nope, don't think so.

IVA

Don't go too far. It's starting to lightning, it might rain soon.

The guys help their dates up and walk off to the dark woods. Lightning flashes overhead. Cochise looks skyward.

IVA (CONT'D)

Well, have you decided what you want to be when you grow up yet? I still want to be a doctor.

MACK

You've always wanted to be a doctor since I've known you. That's cool, God knows the Rez needs them. Me? I'm gonna play pro football like my dad.

IVA

That's so risky. Just look what happened to your dad. You should go to med school with me, just in case ...

MACK

What? Just in case I get hurt like he did? It won't happen. Yo, my only fear is getting drafted by the Washington Redskins. I'd end up *killing somebody*, over using that, whack-ass name.

Remember that dream I told you about? Souls of murdered Indians pointing at me?

IVA

Sure I remember.

MACK

Well, it seems that they have a job for me. Until I do the job, I'm untouchable.

IVA

Are you telling me you're some kind of 'chosen one'? Ha ha, Mack, it was DREAM!

MACK

It's not polite to laugh at things you don't understand.

Just then, Mack's eyes seem to glow funny. Iva leans in to see him better, suddenly she is whisked up by Mack and carried about 10 feet away from the tree he was leaning on. He puts her down and they face the tree.

IVA

Mack, what the heck are you doing?

MACK

One day, I'm gonna marry you. I want you to know that I'm, well, a little different. I didn't just come on this dig to learn history ...

(MORE)

MACK(cont'd)

I came on this dig to MAKE history.
First, a warrior needs a weapon.

The highly electrified cloud above them, cries on cue. A long, skinny bolt of pure light-energy, blasts into the tree. Mack shields Iva as fiery chunks of wood hurl though the air.

They look up to see the tree engulfed in flames. They look down to see something smoldering at their feet. Mack pours water on it and starts to wipe off the gunk. It is the medicine man's tomahawk from the Wounded Knee massacre. They are transfixed.

The sound of people coming breaks the trance. Mack jams the weapon into his jacket.

IVA
Should we tell?

MACK
You didn't see nothing but the lightning
Iva. Nothing.

The friends get closer. They ask if the two are okay or need help. Mack and Iva just stare at each other as their eyes try to make sense out of the unexplainable.

In the smoke, unseen by them, the transparent spirit of a young Indian boy does the Ghost Dance. The sound of his chants, dancing and a distant drum, come to the forefront. We see his dancing feet, up close.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

EXT. SALT RIVER PIMA RESERVATION - DAY

The words 'THIS SPRING ... ON THE REZ ... NEAR PHOENIX.'
FILTER INTO VIEW, THEN SLOWLY FADE AWAY.

The dancing feet change from a boy to a man. Next to those feet another. Then another. The feet move in unison.

The feet of men, women, children and old people. Most wear moccasins or boots, but some are bare. All dance.

A pair of super huge designer sneakers is dancing amidst the natural footwear. 'COCHISE RIDES AGAIN' is written on the side of the gym shoe. The thick muscular legs give way to a caste iron torso.

The face of COCHISE MACK(20's)is trance-like but sweaty. His black skin shines, over his totally buffed bod.

He is wearing an outfit identical to the Jimi Hendrix 'Woodstock' outfit. The fringed leather top has changed color, from the sweat baptismal. The brightly colored embroidered beads shine even brighter, under the glaze of Mack's perspiration.

The DRUMMING is similar to the rhythms in a song by Bob Marley. The majority of DRUMMERS are Native American but some are Rasta, dreads and all.

Almost everyone has their eyes closed, their bodies, lathered with glimmering sweat. Mack's dancing is in time with the music and respectful, but he has his own funky style.

The SYNCHRONIZED POUNDING OF STOMPS AND DRUMMING, is added to with the SOUND OF VOICES. A mix of SINGING, CRIES, SHOUTS and PRIMAL SCREAMS.

A full view of all 300 or so mostly Native Americans shows that there are also whites, Asians and Blacks scattered throughout the congregation.

They are surrounded by mean looking STATE TROOPERS and heavily wired MEDIA PERSONNEL. Above the dancers, a purple sunset, very few clouds.

The dancers are wearing shirts emblazoned with buffalo, eagle and morning-star decorations, but also 'Deadhead' tie dyes and reggae T-shirts dot the human horizon. Exhaustion claims many victims in this dance-til-you-drop ritual.

A female reporter, LUCY (20's)gives the cue to the cameraman to start filming. The long silky hair of the beautiful Chicana correspondent, begins to dance around her head, as the desert winds increase and swirl faster.

LUCY

This is Lucy Archeleta, live, reporting from the Salt River Pima Reservation. This is the 20th hour of the Ghost Dance marathon. This ceremony is in direct violation of the Governor's order that this protest be cancelled. State Troopers are present, the National Guard is on the way.

Lucy is now seen on a TV screen monitor in the News van. They cut from live footage, to a specially prepared segment.

Photos and illustrations follow with the detailed NARRATION, using LUCY's VOICE.

NARRATION

The original Ghost dance was done from 1870-1895 among Native American people. The movement was started by shamans, Tavibo and Wovoka.

When these prophets died, they returned from the spirit world, with a ritual dance that would rid the world their tormenters and renew the Earth.

The federal government declared the dance illegal and hostile. Native Americans engaged in such activity, could have legally, been shot on sight.

EXT. PHOENIX HORIZON - ESTABLISHING

As the sun goes down, the WINDS start to PICK UP even more. The glittering lights of the Phoenix metro area shine in the far background, through the clouds of dust that are being kicked up. The dancers do not notice.

LUCY (V.O.)

The Ghost Dance movement was ended in 1890 at Wounded Knee, South Dakota after over 300 women and children were slaughtered by Federal troops who felt threatened by this attempt to solicit divine intervention.

Elder Native American Statesman, HORACE FIRE-IN-THE-BLOOD, has reignited it.

ON STAGE

HORACE FIRE-IN-THE-BLOOD(80's) is helped to the stage, past the drummers, and then to the microphone in front.

The strong winds nearly blow the frail Native American man into Nevada. He battles the breeze bravely. Looking to the sky and MUMBLING ancient words, the old man slowly reaches his arms over his head. Soon, the WINDS DIE DOWN, then STOP.

The dancers and drummers are shaken out of their trance by this amazing feat from the elderly shaman. Mouths drop in disbelief. All is eerily QUIET now.

HORACE

Welcome to Anti-Thanksgivings day. My name is Horace Fire-in-the-Blood. My grandfather on my father's side, legendary warrior, Geronimo.

My mother's tribe, Lakota, my grandfather, the only tribal eyewitness to the murder of hundreds of innocent people at Wounded Knee.

I am not a hater, I am a healer, but I will not forget, murder. I am too old for fear to know me. I dedicate myself as servant, for all tribes of man who will have me.

IN THE CROWD

The CROWD APPLAUDS the ornately decorated chieftain as daylight fades. His outfit is leather, trimmed with fur. Fringes, beads and feathers add a technicolor taste.

Sudden panic spreads throughout the herd of media people. All electrical equipment except the stage's PA system, dies.

LUCY

What do you mean 'the camera isn't working?'. Can't we fix it? Hey wait, I think everyone is having difficulty.

ON STAGE

Horace smiles. It comes from the heart.

HORACE

My children, of all colors, it is time to purify yourselves like never before. Cleanse yourselves from ALL evil in ALL of it's forms. Embrace the ways of nature.

Cleanse your body with fasting, cleanse your mind with peace, cleanse your heart with love.

Speak the truth of the One True God and do not fear the outcome. He is with you. Cleanse away the self hatred and the hatred of others.

(MORE)

HORACE(cont'd)

Love one another. Smile and play with
the beauty of creation. All around us
are miracles. Become one with them.

Excuse me for a moment, ... OOhhh!

The old man drops his weary arms down to his side and shakes them to increase circulation. Almost immediately, the desert WINDS begin to BLOW HARD again. The once still clouds now race across the sky. He stretches.

Dust and papers are blowing everywhere. The shaman's flexing routine is unaffected by the chaos around him. Finally, in his own time, he puts his arms back up. The winds once again stop, almost immediately.

HORACE (CONT'D)

A time is coming when we must choose. A
judgement on our souls is soon to come.
When the Great Upheaval arrives, be
prepared. Choose well, choose wisely.

Once you have chosen good over evil,
choose to join us in the Ghost Dance.
Help send this devil and his ways, back
to the fire. Let us send him quickly.

The Governor and his demons are on their
way here to shoot us as they did 100
years ago. Today, we must choose our
battles carefully.

Today is not the day. The power of evil
must be defeated by the power of love, on
a day of love. This January, MLK day,
Wounded Knee, South Dakota.

That, will be *the day*.

The roar of approval and admiration cuts through the still air over the reservation. The medicine man squeezes out a grin of satisfaction. He drops his arms and leaves the stage as Lucy approaches Mack in the crowd for an interview.

IN THE CROWD

Lucy runs up to the big man, her excitement showing. Her CAMERAMAN stumbles around trying to keep up.

LUCY

Mack, Mack, what brings you out here?

MACK

Well I ...

LUCY

Hey, the power is back on, cool. Ready? Here we have the number one draft pick for next season, Mr. Cochise Mack, from right down the road here at ASU.

I see that next week's draft has not quelled your well known outspokenness and activism. Do share the world view of Horace Fire-in-the-Blood?

Mack looks down at the tiny reporter and begins to speak as the desert breeze increases.

MACK

Yes I do, Lucy. The world has an overload of evil. People must take a stand for justice. Ever since Columbus, this system has been one of the most corrupt since Rome.

If my dancing and praying can bring about a change in this nature-hating system, hey, I'll be out here everyday, buck naked, banging on a tambourine.

The winds pick up intensity. Much of the crowd, including Horace, has already left the grounds. The sky has filled with gloomy clouds. Lucy grins at his last statement.

LUCY

I'd stand in line to buy a ticket to that show. What about the accusation of reverse racism within this message?

MACK

The Ghost Dance is done to ask deliverance from evil do-ers. True, the white man's genocide campaigns birthed it, but demonic behavior has been shown by every race and religion on Earth.

Today, white people were out there, dancing side by side with me. Hey, let's get out of this storm. Whatcha' say Lois Lane?

The odd couple of body proportions run for cover. An awning used over the stage rips off and is carried away by the wind. Tumbleweeds sprint across the clearing and hit a fleeing cameraman, sending him sprawling, gear destroyed.

Scenes of chaos from the high winds are everywhere. Babies CRYING, people trying to hide their face from the dust clouds, debris flying through the air clocking people in the head and skirts flying up to reveal panties and cheeks.

Mack and Lucy make it to a stretch limo in the parking lot. Lucy gets in first. Mack inspects that butt and smiles. Inside the limo, he sees Horace seated. He hurries in.

The limo heads slowly down the reservation's main road. At the end of the tribal property, near the interstate highway, is a huge, black twister. The funnel cloud covers both sides of the freeway. The limo stops. Horace gets out, struggling against the wind.

On the side of the limo he says some PRAYERS to himself and does a strange dance for a few moments. He pulls a small black bottle from his bag and drinks some. He SPITS in the direction of the twister, black mist sprays forth.

The terrible tornado rises straight up into the air and begins to dissipate into the night sky.

The WINDS CEASE and the clouds scatter. Within seconds, stars are seen. Horace smiles at them, straightens his collar humorously and gets in the limo. Speechlessness and amazement from the other passengers.

EXT. INTERSTATE HIGHWAY IN PHOENIX

As the limo moves on, details of a massive car pile-up on the thruway becomes visible. As many as 200 various vehicles lay lifelessly by the embankments and shoulders. Smashed headlight shards glitter on the ground.

Most of the vehicles are military. National Guard emblems tattoo each machine. Soldiers are out, trying to push trucks back onto the road and clearing loose debris.

Mack's limo passes another limo, this one disabled. Cochise rolls down his window at the request of the frantically waving arms of the lame limo's PASSENGER(60's).

PASSENGER

Finally, you got here. Well, what are you doing in the backseat? Get your butt out here and grab some bags.

On the side of the car is the seal of the Governor of the State of Arizona. The repulsive face of the rude man is recognized. All occupants of the limo roll down their windows slowly to see the mini-tyrant, boil over.

MACK

It depends if you'll be a good boy. Are you still gonna rescind the Martin Luther King holiday?

HORACE

Yeah, and Indian Gaming and Casinos on reservation lands. Are ya' still gonna try to screw us and take it away?

The GOVERNOR is fuming mad. His muddy Armani suit shakes on his outraged body.

GOV

How dare you. If you don't give me a goddamn ride this instant, I promise, I'll do that, and more. Understood?

Cochise sarcastically overacts as if he were frightened. Lucy GIGGLES as he turns his contorted face towards a smiling Horace. Horace leans forward towards the COACHMAN.

HORACE

Hey driver, can this thing burn rubber?

The powerful sound of the SCREECHING tires is complimented by the black cloud left by the limo's tires, as they peel out. LAUGHING is heard from within the Stretch.

The Gov. GAGS hard as the thick, tire smoke surrounds him. He manages to pick up a rock on the side of the road and tosses it at the departing coach. The throw doesn't come close the target. Horace peers out skyroof.

HORACE (CONT'D)

You throw like a little girl with wet underpants.

GOV.

Cough, cough. You bastards, I'll get
you for this. Cough cough.

EXT. CARDINALS TRAINING CAMP - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A wobbly ball is seen descending down through a sunny Phoenix sky. A wide receiver, in full uniform is all alone in the end zone. The ball hits him in the hands, he drops it. The ball tangles his feet and he lands face first.

Three coaches on the sideline turn away in disgust. The head coach is BARNEY PETERS (60's), the word, 'head coach', is written on his cap and jacket, in case anyone, including himself, might forget. He is flanked by ASSISTANT COACHES.

COACH PETERS

They SUCK!!! ... I don't care how that
Cochise kid plays ball, I want him as our
number one pick, UNDERSTAND?

In the background players are sprinting. Coach Peters gauges them with a stop watch. Two players get tangled up, fall, trip up others, massive heap on the track. The TRAINER heads over to the scene right away.

COACH PETERS (CONT'D)

LISTEN! Even if he comes to practice
dressed like Ru Paul, you make sure that
he passes the tryout.

EXT. CARDINALS TRAINING CAMP - LATER

Above the number 75 on the XXXL jersey is the name, 'MACK'. The maroon and white looks good on him. He is playing defensive end.

Up against him at right tackle is FRANCO GARIBALDI (30's). A six year veteran, with a 340 lb. frame and hard nose attitude. He doesn't look impressed by Mack.

Mack wears a heavily tinted, glass-like visor under his face guard, on his helmet. He wears the long sleeve practice jersey that leads into matching white gloves that cover each hand of the behemoth.

The ball is hiked and Cochise blows by Franco effortlessly. He grabs fellow rookie QB RASHID MC INTYRE (early 20's) by the collar of the shoulder pads and twirls him around like a GI Joe.

Rather than slam him, after the WHISTLE, he stands him up straight and goes back to the defensive huddle. The scenario is repeated time after time. The best offensive linemen on the team are no match for Mack. The team is excited, the press is loving it

Paying close attention are defensive line team mates, WADE ELIAS (MID 30'S) and STANLEY DOMBROWSKI aka DUMBO (late 20'S). The big men look at each other, and smile.

COACH PETERS

YAA-HOO! HEEEEEOO! HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN. Sign him today! Understand? I get to keep my job, another day, YES!

INT. MACK FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT

A small, very modest living room, decorated with African art and Native American art. Outside the window, the Rez can be seen. Shadowy figures sit and watch the news.

ON TV SCREEN

The man with plastic hair tells TV viewers of today's misfortunes. The ANCHORMAN SPEAKETH.

ANCHORMAN

In a related story, a local football player has done quite well for himself on this draft day.

Cochise Mack, who grew up in Globe, Arizona and was an all American Defensive End at ASU, and Rose Bowl MVP, got some good news. Payday has arrived.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone freezes in place. Mack holds his breath.

ANCHORMAN (OS)

Confirmed moments ago, the number one overall draft pick will get the \$70 million dollar contract he has been seeking from the Arizona Cardinals.

The living room turns into a lively room. CHEERS & SHOUTS.

ON TV SCREEN

Recent footage of Mack during the tryouts is shown. He is rushing the passer.

ANCHORMAN

This hulking 'Mack truck' stands over 6ft 5in and weighs close to 300 lb., solid muscle. Previously he was a devastating force and an All American as a Sun Devil.

Footage of Mack lifting weights and stretching.

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)

He will play 'D' for the lowly Cards frontline who had a 3 and 13 season. The poor showing earned them the number one draft position. The contract has a 4.2 million dollar signing bonus.

Mack almost falls off the couch. Everyone turns to him, astonished, then they shout with joy. He turns to the guy next to him and punches him in the shoulder.

MACK

Damn Threadz, you're supposed to be my agent, when the hell were you gonna tell me about this, you sorry bastard?

THREADZ, now older, is sitting on the couch. He is next to the OLDER SHYTOWN and the older DOUBLE A. All three of Mack's friends are dressed like big time, GQ, players.

THREADZ

Yo baby, this way was more fun. You should see your face, rich boy.

SHYTOWN

My own dear cousin, a millionaire, wow. You da man, 'G'.

Shytown gives his favorite cousin a high five. Mack responds in kind, smile painted across his face.

MACK

Yo Threadz, did you ever get a good address for your sister? I'd love to tell her the good news.

THREADZ

Ah man, you still hung up on her? She's married to medicine bro', forget about her. Last I heard, she was on some Rez near Cibola, New Mexico.

MACK

What's she doing there? Looking for the Lost City of Gold?

THREADZ

Yeah right. Naw, it's something about the Hanta Virus. She's a workaholic, Mack. Forget her for right now, it's playboy time now, right?

MACK

Well I ...

SHYTOWN

Yo man, I thought we had that talk. It's a new game now. No more studying, no more exams to hide behind. It's time to have a social life.

DOUBLE A

What are we sitting around here for? Let's go help my man Mack, spend some of that money and meet some of those mummies with the honey.

MACK

Just a minute, I have to tell my dad.

Mack gets up walks down a short hallway in the modest house in need of a paint job.

HALLWAY

He knocks at the room. His MOM (60) opens up the door. She seems excited and happy. Her strong Indian features, show.

MOM

Your dad and I were just watching the news. You're rich! Wheww, I'm just so happy for you. (They hug) You're a good son, a hard worker and you deserve it.

MACK

Thank you, Mom. How's dad today?

MOM

Much better than yesterday. Go see for yourself. I love you son, I'm so proud.

DAD'S ROOM

Mack goes inside. The room is rather dark. An elderly (60s) African American man, his DAD, sits in his pajamas watching television. As Mack gets closer, the wheelchair he sits in is seen. Mack stands to the side of him.

The old man can barely turn his head to look at his son. He tries to lift his hand up to him but it falls back onto his lap. Mack's eyes well up a little. He bends down on one knee, so he is face to face with his Father, takes his hand.

MACK

Hey Dad, heard the news? I'll be able to get you the best medical help money can buy. I owe it all to you. I promise to be more than just another rich, but stupid football player.

I'll be someone you're proud of. My time has come. Cochise rides again, right? You with me?

The father tries to smiles through the non-responsive facial muscles. He tries to speak. His voice, very raspy.

FATHER

One team, one dream. Let's get 'em.

Mack breaks into a big smile. Tears fall in joy.

MACK

One team, one dream, huh? You are more brave, more fearless and more funny than I'll ever be. All I am, I owe to you.

INT. CARDINALS LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Mack's locker is next to longtime Cardinal defensive lineman Wade Elias. They change out of their uniforms after a grueling practice.

WADE

Hey bro', nice hitting out there. I wish you were here helping me run down QBs
(MORE)

WADE(cont'd)

these last few years like you did today.
I actually had fun.

Mack turns to Wade, eases out a devilish smile.

MACK

Trust me, you ain't seen nothing yet.
For years, I've been one of your biggest
fans. Big Daddy , this year it's time to
get you a ring. One team, one dream.

Wade acts like he just got punched. Then he smiles.

WADE

I like you kid, most folks have counted
us out already, but you have us winning
the Super Bowl. Wow, A positive thinker
y'all. I damn sure hope you are right.

A player dashes in, turns on the TV in the locker room. On
the tube is Coach Peters ducking cameras. It's being shot
live as it happens.

Mack looks out the locker room window and sees the same exact
scene that is being broadcast live.

REPORTER

... the entire camp is startled by the
announcement, but none more startled than
Head Coach Peters, fired today the
General Manager. His replacement,
newcomer, Ronald Schwiechler, will
assume control tomorrow.

Mack's jaw hits the floor.

MACK

Hey folks, I don't know why coach Peters
is gone, but I'll tell ya. This boy
here, Ron Schwiechler, is righteous. He
was my coach at ASU, we whipped asses.

RASHID

Funny, this morning he traded our wide
receiver, Stevie Irvin and the next three
first round draft picks, for my old
teammate, Greg Crawford.

Wade is taken back. Smiles and CLAPS his hands.

DUMBO

We got 'Greg the Plague'? All right,
that's a bad rookie, tough linebacker.
Little crazy though.

A LOUD VOICE BOOMS from the sidedoor. The VOICE comes from a
large Black body. GREG 'THE PLAGUE' CRAWFORD (20's).

THE PLAGUE

Only a little crazy? Umph.

The Plague HEAD-BUTTS A METAL LOCKER, full force, leaves a
huge dent in it. He punches the locker several times and
delivers a few kicks for good measure. It is all smashed and
crunched looking now.

PLAGUE

THERE, much better. I'll take this
locker ... problem?

The locker room crowd stares in bewilderment at the new
comer. His shiny head is unscarred.

PLAGUE (CONT'D)

Rashid! Hey 'Diaper Rash', I heard you
were here. Ready to help me turn this
sad looking mutha fucker around?

With wide eyes, Rashid nods his head obediently.

INT. CARDINAL'S LOCKER ROOM - NEXT DAY

The team gets dressed for practice, suddenly music is turned
off and things get SILENT.

Mack follows everyone's eyes to the shadowed figure by the
door. COACH RON SCHWIECHLER (mid 40's) stands still for a
moment, then approaches the players.

COACH RON

Gentlemen, I am the new coach, I have no
assistant coaches, I work alone. My name
is Ron Schwiechler. Pronounced, she-why-
kler. Don't try to spell it unless you
have health insurance.

The Cardinals all LAUGH. It breaks the tension.

COACH RON (CONT'D)

Your team has a bad case of diarrhea.
You just lost three turd coaches and a
crappy player or two. Your poo problems
are over, now.

Consider me the Physician of feces, the
doctor of dumps, the guru of doo-doo.
I'm gonna make you constipated buttheads
'regular' in the winning column.

The football team LAUGHS HARDER this time.

MACK

All hail the Bowel master!

Now the team really CRACKS UP.

COACH RON

All right, who is the smartass?

Mack steps out from the crowd. Big ole smile on his face,
glad to see his old coach. The coach smiles when he sees him
too, but he hides it quickly.

COACH RON (CONT'D)

Cochise Mack. I should have known.
Well, do you want me to kick your fucking
ass now, in front of the team, ... or
later, in front of your mommy?

TEAM

O000oohhhhhhhh !!!!

MACK

Ha ha ha hahaha. Coach, it's great to
have you back, you sick scumbag you.

COACH RON

Mack ... bite me.

(The room laughs)

As for the rest of you miserable
fartbags, get your asses-a-humping up and
down that practice field before I really
start to fucking-use, foul language. Do
you pig-lickers understand me?

TEAM

YESSIR!!!!

As the coach walks away, it is clear that the spirit of the team is lifted. Many players are smiling for the first time in several seasons. So what if he's a dick.

INT. COACH'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is piled high with boxes. Some are coming in, others are on the way out. Mack and Coach Ron sit there and catch up on old times.

COACH RON

So, what gives hotshot? You wanna play some fucking football this year?

MACK

I'm back and better than ever. Watch the practice tapes, then you tell me.

COACH RON

If you're good I'll start you. If you suck, I'll trade you. Any questions?

MACK

Yeah, how did you get to be so charming?

COACH RON

Bite me Mack. How is your dad doing?

MACK

About the same.

COACH RON

I'm sorry to hear that. Well, hopefully that recently swelled wallet of yours will improve his situation. If there's anything I can do to help--

MACK

Sure, I understand Coach. It's good to have you back.

COACH RON

Get the hell out of my office.

INT. VISITOR'S LOCKER ROOM, GEORGIA DOME - DAY

The team is dressed, tense, and ready to rumble. Mack is pacing up and down the dressing room floor. Other players have more elaborate pre-game rituals.

Coach Ron runs into the locker room, coffee mug spilling over. He walks, slurps, and finally TALKS ... LOUDLY.

COACH RON
OK LADIES. ARE YOU READY TO PROVE YOU'RE
NOT LOSERS?

CARDINALS
YESSIR!!

COACH RON
READY TO PROVE YOU'RE NOT WUSSYS?

CARDINALS
YESSSIR!!!!!!!!!!

COACH RON
ARE YOU READY TO PROVE THAT YOU CAN KICK
A LITTLE BOOTY?

CARDINALS
YYYYEESSSIIRR!!!!!!!!!!

The team is chomping at the bit now. 'YESSIR' is now mixed with primal GRUNTS and CHEERS. Coach Ron pauses, looks around quizzically and SCREAMS.

COACH RON
THEN WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING IN HERE
BLOWING FARTS IN MY FACE? GET OUT THERE
AND RIP SOMEBODY'S GUTS OUT!!!

CARDINALS
AAAAAARRRRGGGGGGG!!!!!!!!!!

Charged up for combat, the battalion marches past their new General Patton. Mack steals a smile at him.

COACH RON
Don't make me slug you, Cochise.

INT. VISITOR'S LOCKER ROOM, GEORGIA DOME - LATER

The 'minutes remaining for halftime' clock starts to run as Arizona players file into the dressing room. The closed circuit TV in the players lounge shows Coach Ron trying to win an argument with a referee. The ref turns his back.

Most guys are bathed in sweat, some slightly nicked. Number 75 has not been used in the game yet. Mack watches Coach Ron

on the closed circuit screen. Coach Ron is shown miming the act of picking a booger, and flicking it at the ref.

It is picked up by the network and shown several times in slow motion before Coach Ron returns to the locker room. At this point, the players are dying from LAUGHTER.

Coach Ron looks at them like they're insane, then he sees the TV and has to smile himself. The score on the bottom of the screen is Falcons 12 -- Cardinals 6. That takes the smile right away.

COACH RON

That's right. I'm a booger terrorist, You gotta problem with that? If you clowns don't get out there an win that game, I'm flicking a big green one at each of ya.

It gives the crowd a CHUCKLE.

MACK

That's 'snot' funny coach. Get it? Snot?

Coach Ron swivels his eyeballs towards Mack without turning his head. Looks forward again. Deadpan.

COACH RON

Did I just fart? Did I? Did any of you guys? Funny, it sure seems like I heard some ASSHOLE talking to me!!!

He turns on a pivot to face Cochise again. The locker room implodes with BELLY LAUGHS. Mack smiles, good slam.

COACH RON (CONT'D)

Okay rookie. We're gonna try ya on special teams. This ain't PAC 10 sonny. We'll see if you brought your balls to the NFL. YOU HEARING ME????

MACK

Hell yes. Balls? Got em'!

COACH RON

ARE YOU ALL HEARING ME?

CARDINALS

HELL YES!!!!!!

COACH RON
LET'S GO GET 'EM!!!!!!!!!!

CARDINALS
AAARRRGGGGGG!!!!!!!!!!

The jovial crowd playfully pushes back and forth as they leave the musky dressing room. The team is forming.

EXT. SIDELINES, GEORGIA DOME - DAY

Mack straps on his helmet and goes out on the field as the Cardinals are kicking off. The kicker, PETE GORRIAZ (30's), tees it up.

The kickoff is short, #36 receives it. Mack is positioned in the center of the field, coming at full steam. Two players try to block him but are crushed. The return man sidesteps three would-be tacklers, but not Cochise Mack.

MACK
URRGH!

The ex-Sun Devil levels the spinning runner with a shoulder shot. The ball pops straight up into the air. There is a mad jumping contest to see who will get the live ball.

It is tipped back and forth until Mack rips it down from the air with the intensity of a NBA power forward. He even 'clears out the area' with extended, swinging elbows. Both hands are on the ball.

He battles through the crowd of tacklers and lumbers 32 yards for the touchdown. After the touchdown he spikes the ball hard off the astro turf. His team mates congratulate him.

INT. VISITORS LOCKER ROOM, GEORGIA DOME - LATER

On the closed circuit is the final score Falcons 12 -- Cardinals 16. The players are in a happy, lighthearted mood. The players all joke with Mack. Now he belongs.

WADE
Damn sure feels good to win again. Last win we had was, damn, November of last year. Good job, Cochise. Talk about your gamemakers, wheww.

MACK

Thanks man. Hey, it's time we get used to winning. It's a new day now.

PLAGUE

We would've won by more points if it wasn't for that sissified little kicker, missing three chip shot field goals.
GORRIAZ YOU PUNK, WHERE YOU AT?

INT. CARDINAL STRATEGY ROOM - DAY

The 'war room' is huge. It can probably hold one hundred people easy. Two 'big screen' TVs are across the front of the room and various type of chalkboards line the walls, bespeckled with 'X's and 'O's.

Coach Ron is trying to light a big stinky cigar. Mack looks at him like he is about to be told a joke.

COACH RON

Today, I accidentally I put in your practice tape, instead of 'Debbie Does Death Row'.

MACK

Are you gonna tell me that you're gay now? Sorry, I don't put out.

COACH RON

Shut up, it was a bummer at first but I decided to put Mr. Johnson away and watch a few plays. I was impressed.

So Mr. Mack, what do you think about playing defensive end this week? It's yours if you think you're ready.

EXT. SUN DEVIL STADIUM - DAY

Sideline huddle, entire Cardinal team. September, still hot, sun is bright, the opposition is New England.

The Cardinal fans don't quite fill up half of the Stadium but the showing is much better than the last home game. A few banners are seen that praise Cochise. 'BIG MACK ATTACK, SEVENTY FIVE WILL EAT YOU ALIVE, etc'.

COACH RON

The Patriots are a high scoring team. We need a good pass rush to destabilize them. Got it?

Wade, I'm gonna have you, The Plague, Dumbo and Mack blitz the QB. Offense, just don't lose the game for us. Execute, Okay? BREAK!!!

Mack has a hard time catching on at first. He jumps off sides twice in anticipation and gets fooled on a roll out pass play that gains big yardage against them. They score a field goal right away.

INSERT - GAME CLOCK READS - FOURTH QUARTER, 5:24

Cochise finally gets the first sack of his NFL career. It comes on a 'third and long pass play'. On the end, Mack fakes to the center and goes around the side.

On impact with the QB, the ball squirts out and into the arms of The Plague, who runs untouched into the end zone for the game winning touchdown and celebration dance.

Cochise causes two more fumbles that day and also two more sacks. One hurried pass gets intercepted by controversial cornerback GIOVANNI JONES (25) who takes it in for a score. The final score shown is Cardinals 12 -- Patriots 6.

EXT. GIANT STADIUM - DAY

FOGGY, Sunday morning in New Jersey. Teams are already on the field. The game has already begun.

On the sideline, Cochise studies the photos of formations of the Giant offensive line. Cardinal rookie QB, Rashid McIntyre throws an interception.

MACK

Yo Wade, check this out. Let's switch sides for this series, see what happens.

Wade nods his approval and they line up. Coach Ron scratches his head.

The ball is snapped and Mr. Mack is in the backfield instantly. The QB, trying to hand off to the full back, hands off to Cochise instead. Mack tosses the QB and runs in for a touchdown.

LATER

The final score, Cardinals 19 -- Giants 6, is still on the scoreboard as the jovial team leaves the empty, darkened stadium, to their waiting buses.

INT. KENNEDY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Mack and the boys are chilling with a game of cards while they wait for the plane to DC. Coach Ron is already studying the scouting reports for the Washington Redskins.

GIOVANNI

Yo man, I'm tired of losing my money to this sucker. Plague, say bro', ya wanna check out some of these big city girls with the bad attitude.

PLAGUE

Hey, I'm wit cha.

Mack is about to curse them out when his sweater is tugged from behind. He turns to see a boy. The dark haired BOY (12) is wearing traditional Native American ceremonial garb.

BOY

Hi Mister, ... WOW, YOU ARE SOOOO BIG!

The team LAUGHS good-heartedly with the kid.

MACK

So what is your name little warrior?

BOY

My name is Joseph Red Thunder. I'm from Arizona too. Our dance group is going to London, then France.

MACK

A homeboy, huh? Well all right. That's a beautiful costume you've got. It must be fun to travel and turn the world on to our people's culture. I'm proud of you.

You know that I grew up on a Rez in Arizona? My mom is Apache. I hope you have a great time in Europe. .

RED THUNDER

Thank you, Mr. Mack. Can I ask a favor from you?

Cochise smiles and reaches for his pen.

MACK

Sure kid, where do you want me to sign?

RED THUNDER

I'll be glad to take an autograph, but that's not what I had in mind.

Mack, his team mates, and even Coach Ron pause to study the ballsey youngster.

RED THUNDER (CONT'D)

What I would like, is for you guys to beat that team you play next week, bad, real bad. I want you to beat them so bad, that maybe, they might change their name or something.

Joseph's voice CRACKS a little at the end. His eyes start to mist over a little. The Cardinals repeat the name of that team from Washington in their heads and know what the problem is. The players are touched.

MACK

Oh, the REDSKINS! Come here, sit next to me little brother. Let me tell you something. Don't let anybody's mean nickname hurt you, especially to where you feel bad about yourself. Ever.

RED THUNDER

It sucks though. I hate it!

(Sobs)

Don't they know that calling people names hurts our feelings. Why do they want to hurt people? Especially OUR people.

What else do they want from us? They already stole all of our land. On the REZ, we are poor, we die young, isn't that not enough? Why make fun of us too?

The boy is letting the tears run freely down his face. Some players, especially the Black ones, must turn away before

emotions bring forth a similar optical secretion. From the side, the BOY'S MOTHER (30s) watches.

Mack studies the faces of his teammates, Black, White and whatever. They are all on the same page. Mack reaches in his bag and pulls out his game ball and starts to sign it.

MACK

Joseph Red Thunder, you've just taught a tremendous life lesson to a bunch of grown men. Not only will we beat that Washington team, but we will beat them so bad, they will have to change their name to the 'Black and Blue-skins'.

THE PLAGUE

Word, beat em so bad that they won't be able to remember the names their own MAMMAS gave them.

Joseph LAUGHS a little, finally. Mack finishes signing the ball and passes it around to team mates.

MACK

I promise to personally fight against that racist owner, until something is done about this hurtful, evil nonsense. I promise.

You call me at the training complex when you get back to AZ, all right. You keep your head up till then and represent, okay boss? One team , one dream.

Joseph's smile is so bright, that innocent love radiates from him and an instant attachment is made. He thanks each player who signs it before he leaves. What a kid.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL'S DINING HALL - DAY

The team has breakfast. Huge mountains of food are consumed by each player. Wade, Franco and Dumbo are having a pancake eating contest, there are many empty dishes near them.

Cochise eats steak and eggs. The steak is almost as runny as the eggs. He reads the Thursday morning 'Washington Post', searching, he found it.

MACK

Hey fellas, they printed my article.

GIOVANNI

I'm surprised, I grew up here, this town kisses the football team's ass. That's why the name ain't changed and why nobody has really fought it. They are untouchable.

THE PLAGUE

Sounds like a town full of 'ho's too scared to stand up to pimp daddy.

GIOVANNI

Read that sucker out loud, Big Poppa.

MACK

Open letter to the owners of the Washington Redskins and citizens of the Washington DC area:

We, the below signed parties, do hereby DEMAND that you change the name of your football team.

It is racially offensive and historically insensitive to Native Americans, in particular, and to civilization, in general. The time has come.

The pain generated by this 'niggerizing' nickname was recently witnessed by our team, first hand.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM - SAME

The article is read aloud by a BLACK MAN IN A SUIT while his business colleagues pour coffee and tea.

THE SUIT

It was expressed through the tears of a young Native American boy from our home State of Arizona. He wanted to make sure that we beat your football team because 'you like to hurt his people.' This boy cried real tears, for what? Tradition? Please!

INT. TRANSIT BUS - SAME

An ASIAN MAN reads the article to his son. The bus lurches and rocks but his son's attention is focused.

ASIAN MAN

If Filipinos can overthrow Marcos, I think you should be able to excrete this waste product that you call an owner. At least change the name of the team for God's sake. You did it for basketball. Until that time, team owners, and your team are unwelcome in Arizona by a large number of it's citizens.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - SAME

A CHICANO WOMAN reads out loud to her co-workers who are sorting and folding newly cleaned clothes.

CHICANO WOMAN

If you try to play in Tempe under your current name, you will be thwarted. Period. In honor of the warrior who opened our eyes to your wickedness, we will use his last name, 'Red Thunder', as the name for our defense.

A young white lady pulls a Redskin T-shirt from the dryer. She holds it up, then rips it down the middle and tosses it in the trash as her co-workers cheer.

INT. BACK TO HOTEL - SAME

Cochise reads on as many players have stopped in mid-chew to make sure they hear every word of the proclamation.

MACK

And by the way DC, Sunday, we're gonna kick your Indianophobic asses. Geronimo ain't dead, he's wearing shoulder pads now. One team, one dream!

The breakfast club shouts it's approval of the declaration.

RASHID

I got the feeling that a certain football stadium in DC will be rocking hard, this Sunday.

EXT. DC AREA STADIUM - DAY

Coming out of the tunnel are the Cardinal players. They are all wearing black and red armbands. The armbands have small feathers in them.

The defensive unit, rather than being introduced over the loudspeaker, makes a statement. Eleven, double sided, ten foot high, free standing posters are brought out by each starting member of the Arizona defense.

The posters are lined up behind the Cardinal bench area, spaced well apart from each other. Each poster is an actual photo, blown up. The theme is apparent, atrocities of Native Americans.

Photo after photo shows massacres, group hangings, starved bodies, swollen faces, and mothers weeping over dead babies. All victims are Native American. The word, REDSKINS, is on each photo.

The REDSKIN'S COACH is 'red' in the face. He jumps, and thumps, and stomps around, but the officials, thumbing through the rule book, find no rule against this display.

LATER

The Redskins get the ball first, on the twenty. The first play is designed to be a short pass over the middle to the half back.

Mack sees the QB go back, launch the ball. He springs in the air, over his lineman, rips the ball out of the air, and lands on the QB with his full weight. Stretcher number one.

MACK

Yeah, baby.

Next series, new QB, first play. The QB tries to scramble left. He sees Dumbo and The Plague coming, he turns to run the other way.

Mack, the big silent ninja, attacks without his prey knowing what hit him. The QB crumbles and The Plague recovers the fumble. Stretcher number two.

Following series, new QB, scared to death. He hands off to half back. As he tries to turn the corner, Cochise grabs his arm, flings him backwards on his ass. Loss of yardage on the ill fated run. Mack flexes his muscles.

MACK

Welcome to Little Big Horn, Bitch !

Next, Mack anticipates the trick play. An 'end-around' is called involving the wide receiver. Mack decks the lanky runner with a forearm shiv to the chest. The SOUND OF RIBS CRACKING upon impact goes unnoticed as Mack snatches the ball from him before he goes out of bounds.

Cochise races towards another touchdown as the Stretcher races towards another Redskin player.

INT. ESPN STUDIOS - NIGHT

TOM JACKSON (40's) AND JOE THIESMANN (40's) look on as CHRIS BERMAN (40's) does NARRATION over film clips of games. This one in particular.

CHRIS

... and there goes the Mack-miester, rumbling, bumbling, stumbling, and yes, another defensive touchdown for the controversial Cards. What a game Tommy, one certainly for the history books.

TOM

I agree Chris, not only because of the lop-sided score of 55 to zero, but also the political impact that this game had. It's not over either. This Washington team will have to travel to Tempe next month to play these guys again.

CHRIS

According to that letter, not unless they change that name. You played for this Washington team before, Joe. How did the name affect you?

JOE

As much as I love the tradition and the memories, I must join the Cards in asking for the name change. We had talked many times about this problem and each time we were brushed off by management. They can't brush it off this time. More power to you Arizona outlaws, I hope it works.

INT. CARDINAL STRATEGY ROOM - DAY

The group is all smiles as Coach Ron advances to the front of the classroom. He sits on the front desk.

COACH RON

With the win yesterday, that makes it four in a row gentlemen. I don't know about you guys, but I'm having no problem getting laid at all, how about y'all?

The team ROARS, LAUGHS and SHOUTS. Good vibe.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

SOFT JAZZ is playing in the background. Mack is laying on his stomach smiling, occasionally furrowing his eyebrows. Tanned, athletic legs straddle his back. Lucy is giving him a massage.

MACK

Ooohhh, ... that feels great babe. It's been too long.

LUCY

I've got bad news, Poppi. I decided to take the CNN job. I'll be leaving for Atlanta soon.

MACK

I'll miss you, girl. I guess tonight needs to be special, huh?

He turns over. The couple starts to kiss and make love.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE FOR TV COMMERCIAL - DAY

The production studio is buzzing. Techs zoom by on various missions. A locker room scene is awaiting its star.

Mack, wearing jersey, sits on a crate holding a script in one hand and a cell phone in the other.

MACK

Damn you, Threadz! You call this a great deal? No, I refuse to be a part of this nonsense. Why? WHY? Do you even know what the product is?

Some agent you are. You couldn't get Diet Coke or Nike? C'mon man. Hey, hey, if this ain't nice, I'm ghost.

SCREENING ROOM - LATER

Several men in suits sit around Mack. A grey haired man with glasses turns on the VCR by remote control. The executives smile their shark smile to Mack, a half grin returned.

INSERT - COMMERCIAL

Big number 75 is putting gear into his locker, then he spins around. Cochise Mack is sweaty and mean-looking. A graphic that says 'Arizona Cardinals Defensive End - Cochise Mack' flashes on across the bottom of the screen.

MACK

My name is Cochise Mack, ... and I attack
...

Live action football footage shows Cochise knocking down guys on their butts.

MACK (CONT'D)

... and attack ...

The hits shown are harder this time. Agony is on the opponent's faces. Shot of Mack's bulging eyes during game. Close up of the big man in locker room.

MACK (CONT'D)

... and ATTACK!

Bodies crumple on the gridiron as they are blasted by Mr. Mack full force. Shots of several players on stretchers.

MACK (CONT'D)

In my heart, I'm a man of peace. I offer my opponents this soothing ointment to help them through these painful times.

Cochise holds out a large yellow toothpaste-type tube, with the cap removed. A close up of the product is in the bottom corner of the frame. It is called 'Preparation Ouch!'

MACK (CONT'D)

'Preparation Ouch' can help heal those hard to reach places and shrink the swelling of irritated hemorrhoidal tissues associated with butt-kickings.

Active ingredients are, mineral oil, lanolin and shark liver oil. See, just

(MORE)

MACK(cont'd)

the mention of shark liver oil, gets me
all excited.

Mack squeezes the tube of goo so hard that the contents ooze out all over his hand and wrist. A close up on Mack's face. His grin, vanishes, now he is wearing an intimidating scowl. He balls up his cream covered fist.

MACK (CONT'D)

'Preparation Ouch' !! Put it where the
sun don't shine.

FADE OUT - COMMERCIAL

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mack, Double A, Shytown and Threadz sit on the couch. Threadz is squatting just inches from the TV set.

THREADZ

Now you see? It turned out just lovely.
So what if it's for poop-shoot cream,
it's a great career move for you. Yo,
I'm a genius.

MACK

Genius? We rewrote that thing four times
before I agreed to it. What do you
Brothers think of it?

The tremendous laughs that Double A and Shytown were holding back, gushes forth. A scowl forms across Mack's face as he stares at Threadz.

THREADZ

Shut up. It's not funny, assholes. Yo
Mack, you're just mad because your woman
Lucy is leaving. What's wrong with long
distance love?

MACK

What's wrong with getting a hold of your
sister? I'm getting sick of these woman
problems. Good thing I got a ball game
Sunday. I need to crush something.

EXT. SUN DEVIL STADIUM - DAY

Shortly before the kickoff. Mack sits on the bench as those around him stretch and warm-up. He stares down at his spiked shoes, miles away. A SUDDEN SLAP on the back startles him.

COACH RON

Hey bonehead ... oh sorry, didn't mean to wake you. Why ain't you stretching? I don't want Lucy in my face about a groin pull, unless it's hers, ha ha ha.

MACK

She left me yesterday. Said the CNN job is too good to pass up.

COACH RON

Yeah, I heard rumors about that. Anything I can do?

MACK

No, not really.

COACH RON

Hey man, we really need this one. Pull your nuts out the dust and bust some skulls, it's the perfect therapy.

LATER

Dallas has the ball. The teams line up. Mack jumps before the snap, five yard penalty. They line up again, Mack does it again. First down for Dallas, the easy way.

COACH RON

Dammit, dammit. Hey umpire, hey, I wanna time out.

The WHISTLE BLOWS and the team goes to the sideline. The coach calls them around.

COACH RON (CONT'D)

Look, we are only six points down. If we hold them here, we can get the ball back, run the clock and send these cowgirls back to Texas with stained panties. Ya with me?

THE TEAM

Yeeeeeeaaaaaaah!

The team rushes back to the field, the coach tugs Mack's uniform and pulls him back.

COACH RON
 PULL IT TOGETHER MAN! You've been
 missing tackles and drawing penalties all
 day. She's only a woman, you'll find
 another, trust me, now SNAP OUT OF IT!

Cochise nods and goes onto the field. The Cowboys go '3 and out'. The Cards get a punt returned, deep into Dallas territory. Seconds tick down as Arizona gets closer.

Rashid fakes the hand off up the middle and runs around end for a naked bootleg play. It fools the defense and the QB scores. The crowd goes nuts. Cards are tied, an extra point kick wins it.

A Cowboy jumps off sides and keeps coming til he levels LEE TAYLOR (20's), the only decent Card's kicker all year. The kicker doubles over from the cheap shot. FRANCO GARIBALDI (30's), a huge offensive lineman hammers the cheater.

The kicker is unable to continue. Another time-out. Coach Ron gathers the team. No time is on the clock.

COACH RON (CONT'D)
 We're going for two points here, there is
 no other option. Cochise, get your big
 ass out there and hit somebody!

Mack lines up as a fullback. The ball is snapped to the halfback. He charges the line but he is stood up, trapped. Mack rams the pile, full speed, knocks a dozen or so players into the end zone.

One of the flying bodies belongs to the ball carrier. The two point conversion is good and the Cardinal football team celebrates, the crowd jumps up and down, joyous.

INT. MACK'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A brightly colored Christmas tree is being decorated by Mack, Shytown, Double A and Threadz in front of the large picture window. A jazzed up HOLIDAY TUNE PLAYS on the stereo. The cell PHONE RINGS, Mack gets it.

MACK
 Hello. Hey Rashid, what's up little G?
 ... Kwanzaa party huh, yeah yeah bro,
 we'll be there ... okay, later.

He hangs up the phone.

MACK (CONT'D)

Yo, Rashid is having a Kwanzaa party at his crib tonight. Let's check it out.

THREADZ

Cool. I'll catch you over there, later. First I gotta find my NDN ass, a fine new Kente cloth jumpsuit to impress the Afrocentric hotties with.

Mack and Shytown laugh as they wave 'bye bye' to their crazy friend as he leaves.

DOUBLE A

Yo, I finally get invited to my first Kwanzaa, and of course I have another date. One of the cheerleaders dude, hey hey. You go, have fun.

INT. RASHID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rashid's house is festively decorated in the colors of black, gold, red and green. The lavish, modern, hi-tech living room, is covered with balloons, crepe paper and flags all bearing the afore mentioned color scheme.

A reggae inspired track has heads nodding to a def beat. Some people dance. Everyone has on African clothing. Framed pictures of Black heroes line the walls of the home.

The flow of the party moves to the patio area. The well manicured lawn, is filled with tables and busy caterers. A clear, Phoenix, night sky, awaits a ceremony. Warm temperatures allow for Kwanzaa-under-the-stars.

A wooden art piece with an ankh carved into it's surface is at the top of the ceremonial table. The intricately decorated African piece is shaped like a trough that empties into a basin. The basin is shaped like two female hands.

MACK

Yo, this place is fly.

A Kente cloth table cover sets the stage for a display of red, black and green candles. Three red, three green and one black one in the center. The candle holder is a black and gold Sphinx, at least six feet long.

Mack stands next to Shytown. He seems interested but introspective. A commotion in the crowd, laughs and "Oh my

God" heard a lot. Onto the patio walks Threadz in all his glory, almost.

While Mack and Shytown wear Kente cloth daishikis, Threadz shows up in only a skimpy, brightly colored, feathered loincloth. The rest of his body is decoratively covered with mud and body paint. The nearly nude, crazy man, is grinning ear to ear.

MACK

Oh my God!

The war paint on Threadz's face makes him look like a goofy raccoon. He walks towards his partners, who are laughing so hard they are on the verge of tears. His tall, thin frame is perfect for the costume.

Several attractive women whisper in his ear and slide a piece of paper in his hand. A rather tall Black lady grabs his butt and winks at him as he goes by. At first shocked, he then points and smiles at the lanky molester.

SHYTOWN

Fool, have you lost your entire mind?
Come to a Holy day, naked? Ya' nuts?

THREADZ

Brother Shytown, this is my tribute to
free spirit of our mighty ancestors.
Their physique, their magic.
This is my Bushman of the Kalahari
outfit. My Native American people
sometimes wore the exact same outfit.

Yo, just call me the 'Mud Stud'. It's
just too bad I couldn't find a nose ring
to match my body paints.

Cochise just looks at him and shakes his head.

THREADZ (CONT'D)

Don't hate ... CELEBRATE. Big man. I
know you like it, huh? This is the tuxedo
of the original man. Am I correct?

Threadz models his outfit in a classic runway move. His butt cheeks are exposed, covered only by a thin rope, down the crack. He is passed another note from an admiring fan.

THREADZ (CONT'D)

And check this out bro'. Black Gold.

Twenty various slips of paper with women's names and numbers.

THREADZ (CONT'D)

Hey man, I'll be set for life just with
the pretty young things that I met
tonight alone.

The music is cut off and an OLD BLACK MAN(80's)approaches the podium that is at the top of the ceremonial table. The podium is attached to the trough which leads to the basin.

Conversations cease and all attention is focused to him. Although gray haired, the old man is robust and spry. The beads and chains that adorn his floor length robe appear to be ancient African artifacts.

OLD MAN

Blessings in the name of the Most High.
The One, True God that has given life and
wisdom to us all. May our gathering
please him, may he bless us.

To lead us in the Kwanzaa celebration,
it's my honor to bring out a brother who
was nice enough to donate his house,
Brother Rashid Mc Intyre.

Applause throughout the congregation. The mountains surrounding the desert home look majestic, as silhouettes of Sahuaro cactus stand guard over the tribe.

Up to the podium strides Rashid, draped in a custom made, African inspired outfit. It is cut warrior-style. Bare arms from shoulders down and deep v-neck in front. Biceps and pecs shine under the lights.

RASHID

Thank you, Brother Ajamu. Your age and
wisdom is appreciated and valued.
We are gathered here to celebrate the
African American Holy Day of Kwanzaa.

It is Holiness earned, because of the
years of human sacrifices and rivers of
African blood.

Nods of approval throughout. The Black Cardinal players join up with Mack and his friends. They look Threadz, up and down. Thread-man is embarrassed.

RASHID (CONT'D)

Let us gain strength from the sacrifice.
Let us gain rebirth in the river of
blood. Let us gain power
from the Almighty, to heal us.

We are surrounded by the red, black,
green, and gold colors given to us by
Marcus Mosiah Garvey, to represent our
struggle for freedom and survival.

The black signifies the people, the most
important part of the struggle. We must
move the people forward. Each
individual, precious and Holy.

The red is our bloody battle for human
dignity. The green is our hope, our
fertile minds. The gold is the wealth
that comes from unity.

Let us not ignore the cries of our
ancestors as they scream for justice.
Over 50 million of us died, 50 million!
Demand reparations for them, do it now.

The revelers release a rainstorm of applause.

RASHID (CONT'D)

And what else do we owe these victims of
kidnapping, victims of rape?

Victims of theft and degradation, that
has brought a great race to the brink of
annihilation?

Reparations of cash is not enough. We
must rebuild the spirit of the people.
Carry the spark that the Million Man
March ignited.

Two large candles on each side of the stage are lighted.

RASHID (CONT'D)

After we individually are reborn and
recharged, we must reunify. Link up with
like-minded people. Set agendas and meet
goals, we all benefit from.

Being a well paid athlete, I feel an
added burden to stand up ... and

(MORE)

RASHID(cont'd)

represent. New millionaires in sports and entertainment must lead the way.

Rashid points Mack out of the crowd. Beckons him forward to the podium.

RASHID (CONT'D)

This brother here has not forgotten his hood or his mission. Come up and say a few words about your organizations Big Man, Cochise Mack ... Brother Mack.

Crowd cheers as Cochise strolls forward. Rashid gives him a pound and a smile.

MACK

Let me first say how impressed I am by this young man. Rashid, I didn't know you were so deep. We need more brothers like you, young or old.

Enthusiastic applause led by Mack. Rashid, humble.

MACK (CONT'D)

Racism is a nightmare, it leads to ethnic cleansing like we saw in Kosovo. It's the ultimate in white supremacy, it's genocide. It must be dealt with.

Number one, we can't let it spread. Number two, we must destroy it where it stands. I started a group called I.C.E. K.A.N.S. for that very purpose.

The International Coalition for the Eradication of klansmen, aryan, nazis and skinheads is a group of people not to be played with. We fear no one.

We fight the oppression through legislation, demonstrations and people power, ... as always, power to the people! One team, one dream.

Mack waves to the assembly and goes back to where his friends are. Warm applause follows him.

RASHID

Thank you Brother Mack, well said. The Seven Principles of Kwanzaa will help us all be better people. That is what the seven candles stand for.

A beautiful poster is brought out that has the Seven Principles written on it in Swahili with the english definition given.

'Umoja-unity, Kujichagulia-self determination, Ujima-collective work and responsibility, Ujamaa-cooperative economics, Nia-purpose, Kuumba-creativity, Imani-faith. A photo of founder Maulana Karenga also on the poster.

Two beautiful Black women come onto the patio. They wear African garments, they are very sexy. One hands Rashid a scroll, the other hands him a rope. Rashid pulls on the rope and a huge cask of wine rolls out on wheels.

Printed on the barrel are the words 'Import ... South Africa ... Johannesburg Riesling'. The flag of the new South Africa is on the container in the form of a sticker.

RASHID (CONT'D)

This barrel was sealed the day Mandela was made President. It was born free. Brother Mack, could you assist me with the ceremonial wine?

The big man bounds up to the podium in one lunge. Mack breaks the seal and pours some wine in a goblet that Rashid is holding. The goblet is very plain, almost primitive.

RASHID (CONT'D)

This Kwanzaa cup was found on a dig of slave quarters in Alabama.

I personally believe it contains spiritual healing powers. Let us see.

Rashid closes his eyes in prayer.

RASHID (CONT'D)

Our blessed forefathers struggled and died here for liberation and a better life. May we remember and honor our ancestors and the legacy they left, for as long as the waters flow.

At this moment Rashid holds the goblet above his head. Mack slowly begins to pour the libation down the trough, over the ankh, and into the hand shaped basin.

Rashid pours the contents of the cup, onto the dark soil of the Rose garden behind him. Rashid puts the goblet down. Ajamu hands him an old looking scroll.

As he unfurls it and begins to read, four dread-locked DRUMMERS behind the crowd go into a beat induced trance. The rhythm is like a slow burning flame. A film projector is switched on. A screen above the podium is lowered..

RASHID (CONT'D)

Let us call forth the names and spirits of those brothers and sisters, alive and dead, who have shown the way, and inspire us to do our best.

Faces of famous people are shown on the screen as their names are called out.

RASHID (CONT'D)

Representing the Nuturing Spirit, we call forth Maya Angelou, Oprah and Coretta Scott King.

In the Tigress Spirit, we call forth Angela Davis, Fannie Lou Hamer, Maxine Waters and Harriet Tubman.

We call forth the Founding Fathers of the struggle. Marcus Garvey, Frederick Douglas, Elijah Muhammad. Movements like the Black Panthers, NAACP, MOVE.

We call forth great African minds like Huey Newton, Richard Wright, Langston Hughes, Toni Morrison, Alex Haley, Dick Gregory, Martin and Malcolm.

A huge image of Malcolm X smiling is paused on. He seems to be happy with the proceedings. His spirit is definitely present.

The wine cascades in slow motion over the ankh. It splashes and swirls around the carving and down the ornately designed runway. The fluid sparkles as the light greets it. Small Kwanzaa cups are passed out.

RASHID (CONT'D)

We call forth the entertainers who took away the pain. Richard Pryor, Redd Foxx, Bill Cosby, Eddie Murphy and the Wayans.

(MORE)

RASHID(cont'd)

Business minds like Berry Gordy, Ron Brown, Robert Johnson, Tony Brown, Russell Simmons, Magic Johnson, Puffy.

In music we call forth B.B. King, Grover, Gil Scott-Heron, Stevie Wonder, Charlie Parker, Michael Jackson and Jimi Hendrix.

A Coyote's yowl cuts through the air as the legendary guitar master's picture is shown.

RASHID (CONT'D)

Reggae founders such as Peter Tosh, Bob Marley and Family.

We call forth our new spokesmen, the rap artists. Public Enemy, Ice-T, Latifah, Biggie Smalls, Dr. Dre, Snoop, KRS-One, Ice Cube, 2 Pac, Missy and Wil Smith.

Let us call forth our great athletes like Muhammad Ali, Jackie Robinson, Jim Brown, Dr. J, Venus Williams, Joe Louis, Tiger Woods, Doug Williams, Michael Jordan, Flo Jo, Willie Mays and Mean Joe Greene.

The Barrel is now near empty. The hand shaped basin is near capacity and close to overflow.

RASHID (CONT'D)

Let us call forth and give thanks to those outside of our race that have inspired us.

Bruce Lee, Carlos Santana, Jim Thorpe, Lincoln, Cory Aquino, Morris Dees, Dalai Lama, the Kennedys and the Seminoles.

Most importantly, let us call forth the name of God, Yahweh, Allah, The Buddha, Great Spirit, Jah. Thank you for your prophets and Messiah.

We pray that you heal us, guide us and protect us. Give us strength to face the difficult days ahead and the power to overcome all evil.

Help us become family again and forgive us Lord, A-men.

The last drop of wine is drained into the basin. Ajamu takes a wooden dipper and starts filling the Kwanzaa cups with the

liberation libation. The goblet used at the beginning is refilled and used to toast with.

RASHID (CONT'D)

Let us toast to happiness, families,
courage, the Middle Passage, reparations
and a future that overflows with justice
and laughter.

(
Peace and prosperity. HARAMBEE!
HARAMBEE!

The black, red, green and gold Kwanzaa cups are held up above each participant's head for the toast. The enthusiastic crowd joins in with the African call for unity and harmony.

CROWD

HARAMBEE! ... HARAMBEE!

Heads of all shapes and sizes tilt back to enjoy the refreshment and blessing. Heads in wraps, braids, naps and caps, all turn skyward.

Mack is passed the goblet from which Rashid just drank. The big man closes his eyes as he brings the wooden rim of the African American Holy Grail to his lips and drinks.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - DAY

Mack takes a swig from an icy Molson. After he puts the bottle down, make-up is applied to the huge brown face. JAZZ SAXOPHONE MUSIC PLAYS in the background. The real stuff, not Kenny zzzzzzzzzzz, oops, I mean G.

Mack is backstage in a 'green' room. Threadz, Double A and Shytown are there for support. The empty food wrappers and drained beers that fill the room are proof of their loyalty. The boys are dressed to kill and chilling like playboys.

INT. IN THE WINGS - LATER

Seated in the semi-dark is the host of the show, MS. OPRAH WINFREY. The show is on location in Phoenix. Cochise Mack is the next person to go on after CECE PENISTON finishes a belting out a stirring SONG.

OPRAH

That was lovely wasn't it folks, yes.
Let's hear it again for the valley's
(MORE)

OPRAH(cont'd)

own, Cece Peniston. Go girl!

Our next guest is as known for brutal tackles and QB sacks on the field, as he is for social activism and political confrontations.

He has almost single-handedly turned the Arizona Cardinal football team around and made them a Super Bowl contender for the first time ever.

Yes, isn't it great. Let's take a look at this BIG man in action. Okay, roll it.

On the large screens is a montage of live action shots of Mack tackling, sacking, intercepting and end zone dancing.

OPRAH (CONT'D)

Alright Phoenix, here's your hometown hero with the big heart ... COCHISE MACK!
... Oh Mr. Mack, c'mon down!

Grinning like a doofus on his first date, Cochise advances towards the stage. APPLAUSE THUNDERS. As he is about to be seated he notices the STANDING OVATION.

MACK

Wow! Thank You Phoenix. Yeah!

Oprah just smiles at him and CLAPS herself. She feels good for him. Mack nods to her and the crowd in appreciation. They finally sit.

OPRAH

You seem so surprised. Didn't you know that they love you here?

The CROWD ERUPTS erupts again. Big Mack gets hit with a grinning attack.

MACK

I appreciate it. So does the team. Hey people, is this year ours or what?

More APPLAUSE and a few WHISTLES this time too.

OPRAH

Along with the sports, you've been a busy man in the political field.

MACK

Yes ma'm, my activist group is called
I.C.E. K.A.N.S..

It stands for the 'International
Coalition to Eradicate Klansmen, Aryans,
Nazis and Skinheads'.

We mean business. We are not here to
play around and we don't fear ANYBODY.
I mean it Sister.

OPRAH

Hey, I'm convinced. Relax big guy.
It's cool. It's cool.

Crowd lets out a LAUGH. Oprah leans on his shoulder and
smiles. Pats his back.

LATER

It is during a commercial. Cochise sips his water while
watching the stage crew zip back and forth. A shiver runs up
his spine. It physically moves him and Oprah sees it.

MACK

Whoa! Hmmm.

OPRAH

Are you alright.

MACK

Yeah, yeah, I had this weird rush just
now, really strange and ...

The PRODUCER(30's)catches Oprah's eye. Stagecrew scurries
off to the wings. The producer holds up his hands, fingers
spread wide.

PRODUCER

And in ... four ... three ... two ...

The applause sign blinks and the CROWD RESPONDS. Oprah
smiles widely.

OPRAH

Welcome back. My guest is Cochise Mack.
Football player, activist. Now, I
understand that you are planning a
festival with Native Americans.

MACK

You are correct. My mother is Native American, the Apache Nation. I was actually raised on a reservation, near Globe, Arizona.

The festival is called the 'Ghost Dance'. It will be held on the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota on MLK day. The day after the Super Bowl.

Mack stands to address the crowd.

MACK

People of all shades and religions are welcome to join us in Wounded Knee. A place made Holy by the blood of hundreds of innocent victims of genocidal policy.

We will pray to the One True God, to restore order and bring justice to the oppressors of the world. We will pray for an end to the hate, greed and violence.

We will demand reparation for past atrocities by nations and atonement of sins by individuals. We will submit to the Great Spirit and he will answer our prayers.

The AUDIENCE APPLAUDS, some are very enthusiastic. Oprah smiles and nods her approval.

OPRAH

That's beautiful Mack. Best of luck to you. Maybe I'll see you there.

MACK

You should, the people on the Rez love you to death.

OPRAH

Speaking of love, we have someone for you to meet. She claims to be your second mother and 'lover-like-no-other'. It's our pleasure to reunite you.

(Excited)

Girl, bring your bad little self on out here and meet this man of yours.

Mack has a look of total confusion on his face. He stares at Oprah like she is crazy. The curtain opens and out steps IVA. She is elegant. She has had a fashion make-over and is wearing a sparkling gown. Cochise Mack's mouth hangs open.

OPRAH (CONT'D)

Well, just don't sit there. Ha ha.

The big man dashes over to the dreamgirl. She smiles as she is hugged and then lifted into the air by his massive arms holding her waist. Her long black hair curls around her like a silk ribbon.

It's like seeing Pocohantas in person. She is then gently held above his shoulders as he walks in a circle, she SQUEALS WITH JOY.

Eyes locked, he slowly lowers her down until they are nose to nose. A second later they are lip to lip. Still suspended off the ground, she wraps her legs around his back. The AUDIENCE 'OOOHS and AAAHS'. The host is LAUGHING.

MACK

Iva, is it you, or an angel.

IVA

I'm both baby.

OPRAH

We'll be right back after this.

EXT. STREETS OF PHOENIX, ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

The deep purple shadows of mountains that surround the city look like a protective fortress. They guard both the natural and man-made beauty, below.

DOWNTOWN

Mirrored skyscrapers reflect the moonlight. An UPTEMPO, REGGAE-LACED, LOVE SONG, BOOMS from car's CD. The Benz is topless. A brisk wind blows into the front seat. Mack is smiles so wide that he is catching bugs in his teeth.

The wind blows Iva's long hair wildly. The fact that she is halfway dancing in her seat doesn't help the hairdo either.

EXT. MACK ESTATE - NIGHT

The MUSIC follows them to the Cochise's 'little house on the prairie'. The big man picks her up from the car seat and carries her to the front door. They smile at each other and kiss. She aggressively caresses him.

IVA

Cochise, hold me. Make love to me.

INT. COCHISE'S BEDROOM - LATER

An empty well-made bed with black satin sheets and pillows looks inviting in the candlelight. The sexy body of Iva, clad in a nightie, is on the immaculate sheets. She is still in a lip lock with her lover.

The muscular body of Mack, wearing only a towel, is next to her. He rubs her all over. He grabs her foot and teasingly licks her toes. She squirms with delight.

She now gets self-impaled. Facial expressions show deep ecstasy as she grinds him hard enough to rock the heavy metallic bedframe to and fro' and make the BEDSPRINGS SQUEAK LIKE A CHIMP. HEAVY BREATHING, GRUNTS and MOANS abound.

EXT. CARDINAL TRAINING FACILITY

Cochise and Coach Ron walk together near the goalposts.

MACK

Yeah man, ... I know, we need to do better stopping the run.

COACH RON

Damn straight! Good thing the offense is finally picking it up. Rashid is playing much better now. He almost won that game in blizzard conditions.

Confidence, I like that. Did you two get a chance to rap? What's your take?

MACK

That rookie is wise beyond his years in many ways. All he needs is to believe in himself and his leadership abilities, then just watch out. He doesn't need me for that.

As Mack and the Coach watch the scrimmage, Rashid zips a pass in between two defenders and into the chest of the open man, who of course dropped it. A good play, but a horrible catch.

MACK (CONT'D)

What he needs right now is another decent flanker. Speed, good hands.

COACH RON

And here he comes, right on cue.

MACK

Who? Please Coach. We're almost finished with regular season games. WHO can we get now?

COACH RON

Him!

The coach points towards the locker room. Number 81 trots out from the dressing room. A tall Blackman with massive thighs, DEZ NEWMAN(20's) draws closer.

MACK

Who is 'Him' and why is he wearing Roy 'Jetstream' Green's old number? Hey wait. Is that the track guy?

The coach just smiles and rocks back on his heels. He waves Dez to hurry along and he shifts into a faster gear. The sprinter moves well in the bulky uniform.

Dez stands before Coach and Comrade smiling. As he removes his helmet, thick dreadlocks spring out from underneath. He adjusts his dreads so that his face is seen again. The smile seems even brighter through his JAMAICAN ACCENT.

DEZ

Well Coach, I am ready. Hello Mr. Mack, pleasure to work with you.

The men all politely shake hands and greet warmly. Cochise is intrigued by the foreigner.

MACK

So, Dez Newman, the world's fastest human, ... that's just too cool. You're gonna join us? Yo' coach, size me for my Super Bowl ring right now. Word up.

DEZ

Thank you mon, you guys are really, really loved by the public now. Not just the winning of games, but the positive human vibe, ya' know?

I do drawings sometimes mon. I did this one after I make decision to play. It is your Cardinal mon, but with the screwface, rudeboy look on him face.

On the helmet that Dez has with him is a redesigned representation of the legendary Cardinal head. Instead of the emotionless stare that usually covers its face, it's replaced with a scowl, an evil grin.

COACH RON

Hey, hey ,hey ... I like this bad boy. I'm gonna put this evil looking little buzzard on every damn helmet for the playoffs.

You better be as good catching with those hands as you are with this artsy fartsy stuff or we'll dump your ass and just keep the bird. Am I understood?

DEZ

Ya' mon.

The Jamaican beams that enthusiastic tropical smile at them. Coach Ron shakes his head in pity for his innocence and points to where Rashid and the others are scrimmaging.

COACH RON

Tell Rashid that I sent you over. Let him send you on a few patterns.

Number 81 runs over to the huddle, then lines up on the end of the formation. The pass goes to Dez who blazes by the second team defender and scores.

They try the same thing again except with starter, GIOVANNI JONES(20's), TD again. Rashid gives Coach Ron a thumbs up. Coach Ron smiles, turns, gives a high five to Cochise.

EXT. MACK ESTATE - SAME

Four Coyotes on patrol atop a hill, stop in their tracks and turn towards the SLAMMING NOISE coming from Mack's house.

The one room with a light on looks like a war is going on inside. It SOUNDS LIKE A WAR too ... sort of.

Shadows move from side to side while LAMPS and BOOKCASES SMASH to the floor. The inside of the WALL is getting KNOCKED SO HARD that POTTED PLANTS on the outside wall fall off and BREAK INTO PIECES.

The Coyotes look at each other then back at the house. The rhythm of the WALL THUDS gets faster and faster, harder and harder. Two EAR CRACKING human howls, one female, one male, blast from the house. The coyotes howl back. The war ends.

INT. MACK'S BEDROOM - DAY

The SOUND OF A BIRD stirs Mack. A small bird is right outside. Mack squints his eyes from the bright Phoenix sun. Around the room is a scene of total destruction. Papers and torn beddings everywhere.

Her nightie, on the floor, shredded. Not only is the expensive bedframe destroyed, headboard broken into ten pieces, but the bed itself is hurting bad.

Iva's face is peaceful and contented as she sleeps. Mack is visibly tired, sore and stiff. He turns and admires her beauty for a moment. Kisses her forehead.

IVA

Mmmmmmmmm.

Mack starts to gnaw and nibble at her forehead playfully. Even lick it a little.

IVA (CONT'D)

HEY, Yuk, stop it. Ahhh. Why are you biting my head mister?

MACK

You have a chewy head?

IVA

Chewy huh?

The big man pulls her to him across the bed with pure arm power alone. Dramatically face to face.

MACK

Chewy and sweet.

Romantic kiss with lots of lip chewing and low GROWLING.

EXT. CARDINAL TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

Overcast skies, soggy field. The Cardinals are going through various drills. They do lateral movement exercises, running backwards, blocking sleds, etc.

Near the field goals are four bodies with Coach Ron. They are in T-shirt and shorts and none of them are very tall or muscular. They all look tense.

Mack's squad breaks practice on the blocking sled drill. .
The big man slams down some Gatorade.

MACK

I put my money on the Mexican guy from Tucson. How about you.

WADE

Right, I can dig sticking with your homey, but I'll put money down right now, right now, says your boy is crying in his 'Corona' tonight.

Cochise grins a wide angle smile. Puts out his hand and shakes with Wade on it.

MACK

That's a bet. How 'bout three hundred. Naw, just make it a 'C' note. I don't want Mrs. Elias on food stamps just 'cuz her husband is stupid.

THE PLAGUE

I hate damn kickers anyway. You work and sweat your butt off all game and the whole season comes down to some little sissy with fairy shoes on. I FUCKING HATE KICKERS!!!!

The candidates all turn in unison at the outburst. The Plague stares them down with ice cold eyes. The pressure is visibly turned up a notch.

The kicking competition begins. They start at extra point range and then move back. Soon only two contestants remain,

one is the MEXICAN KICKER (20'S) that Mack picked. They both kick from the 40 yard line.

First the Mexican guy, he misses. Mack is RAZZED on by the team all at once. The other guy attempts the kick, wide right. Big Mack LAUGHS at his detractors.

The kickers try the kick from 40 three times each and neither one gets it right. Coach Ron is pulling his hair in frustration and The Plague is ready to go over and kill both of the legless wonders.

MACK

This is SAD!

An old beat up Oldsmobile covered with Greenpeace stickers pulls up onto the field, near the kickers. A guy with super long blonde hair gets out. He kind of looks like Greg Allman when he was banging Cher.

His ripped jeans and mirrored shades adds to his 70's aura. Coach Ron charges at him. The man, BUGGY, is unphased.

COACH RON

What the fuck do you think you're doing mister?

BUGGY

Hey man, they suck. If you all want to win some games dude, hook me up.

Mack springs up to get a better look at the intruder. He suddenly breaks out in a big smile.

WADE

Hey, Cochise, you know him?

MACK

Well, I think it's the kicker from my high school team. The guy never missed all year, then I heard he got involved with drugs, later he vanished.

THE PLAGUE

Shit, let him do it 'G'. Can't be no worse than them punks we got now.

Mack walks toward the coach and kickers.

BUGGY

Don't you need someone who can kick this ball? Well, don't worry my brother, I'm here. My stuff is sweet.

Coach Ron is holding his face in this hands. He pops a 'Maalox' as Mack approaches. Buggy waves to Mack. Mack smiles and waves back.

MACK

My buddy here would like a shot at kicking. His name is Buggy ...

COACH RON

At this point I don't care if his name is Boris Yeltsin. If he can kick, who the fuck cares? Be my guest, hippy.

The ball is placed for him by the punter. Coach Ron doesn't even notice.

COACH RON (CONT'D)

You can warm up at the extra point line and then you can ...

The ball is 'laces out' as the soccer style kick slams into the brown oval. The football glides between the uprights effortlessly. The coach's jaw drops. He nods to set him up again for another kick. Same results.

Over and over again Buggy drills the field goal. Up close, far away and with a full defensive rush for the block. Each kick is better than the last.

COACH RON (CONT'D)

Hey hippy, welcome to the team.

BUGGY

Really, Dude?! Whew yes!

COACH RON

Yeah yeah, just head over to the administration office. I'll buzz them ahead and tell them to hook you up with a uniform.

BUGGY

Thank you, thank you sir.

Buggy is hyped and Mack is happy too. Wade approaches.

WADE

You got my money? In case you didn't notice, your amigo didn't win. Pay up sucker, ha ha ha.

EXT. PHOENIX STREETS - NIGHT

The black Benz slides down the streets of the upscale neighborhood. Mack and Buggy are inside and they are well dressed. REGGAE MUSIC floats from the stereo.

BUGGY

Yo man, I can't believe they pay that much money to kick that stupid ball. I should have been here loooong time ago. I'll be a superstar.

MACK

Yeah yeah. Don't forget my ass when payday comes. You owe me \$100 for losing that bet with ole 'big head' today.
(Changes tone)
And don't kid yourself, with the money comes more opportunities to screw yourself up. In other words, stay away from the drugs this time.

BUGGY

I really learned the hard way about that stuff. Now I just look the part. It's amazing the anti-social behavior I get away with, dressed like this.

MACK

Oh, so that's your stoner uniform huh? It works, you look like a bong salesman.

EXT. SUN DEVIL STADIUM, ESTABLISHING - LATER

The arena is jam packed. Signs proclaiming the 'Red Thunder' defense and their star, the Mack truck. The public showers Cochise with a LOUD STANDING OVATION as he is introduced.

ANNOUNCER

(O.S.)
... and from right here at the campus of Arizona State University, Arizona's own, Cochise MAAAAAACK ...

The warrior runs on to the field waving his arms as if forwarding the troops for attack. Hyped, totally hyped.

EXT. CARDINAL SIDELINES

The team is now all out on the sidelines and they are almost ready to kickoff. The coach is pointing to some diagrammed plays on the portable chalkboard.

COACH RON

... So when we kickoff to this side, a wall is formed here, to prevent the run back. Watch him, he's fast but sometimes he's careless. Ready fellas?

MACK

These suckers from Tampa Bay come trying to invade our space. You picked a bad day to fool around in Phoenix. Woooo WEEE ... am I right?

TEAM

YEAH!

MACK

I said, am I right? 'Red Thunder' let me hear you.

All the faces of the major players have a pumped up expression and some like The Plague are jumping up and down, ready to do some damage.

TEAM

YEAAAAAH!!!!

MACK

I want to be so far ahead at halftime that Coach Ron lets me go home early.

TEAM

YEAAAAAH!

MACK

Let me hear ya say 'OOHHH YEAAAAAH'!

TEAM

OOHHH YEAAAAAH!!!!!!!!!!

The rabble rouser turns to his coach and puts a hand on his shoulder. The gesture and the eye contact mimic the sincerity of a heart-felt confessional.

MACK

Coach, put me on the kickoff squad. I
need to hit someone, real bad.

The coach rolls his eyes and casually points over his shoulder with his thumb. He smiles to himself as Mack trots away. Confidence evident.

EXT. ON THE FIELD

As Mack joins the kickoff squad he gets another blast of fan support. He stands next to Buggy, the team's new kicker, who tees up the ball. His long blonde locks are seen under his helmet. 'BUGGLIO' is the name written on his back.

MACK

So Man, are you ready to play some ball?

BUGGY

Hell yeah, let's give it to them.

The kickoff goes deep into the end zone to number 19. He decides to take it out. Around the ten yard line he is hit by Mack so hard that the ball squirts loose. It rolls into the endzone and Buggy falls on it. Touchdown.

The CROWD GOES NUTS and Cochise picks his friend up on his shoulders. Buggy kicks the extra point and the Cards take the lead.

MACK

My man, not bad. No one has ever kicked
off and recovered it for a TD the first
day of work before. I'm scared of you.

BUGGY

Brother, that was easy. Hey, if you
liked it that much, no problem, I'll just
do it again.

MACK

Yeah right.

Buggy bends down to adjust the ball on the tee and surveys the frontline players on the opposing team. One big guy in the middle is talking to his buddy, not concentrating.

BUGGY

You must remember my brother, with God
on your side, all things are possible.
Watch this!

The soccer style kicker raises his arm, and charges the ball. The ball is compressed by the sweeping foot. With rocket-like velocity, it slams into the crotch of the talkative big guy, who falls to his knees.

The ball bounces back, directly into the arms of Buggy, who is running full speed. Mack smiles and levels a Tampa Bay player with one smooth blow. Others block also.

Buggy spins, hurdles, runs over people and almost falls down but finally gets into the end zone for the TD. He holds the ball over his head in victory and is soon buried by his team mates. The scoreboard shows 14-0.

The Cardinals kick off again. It goes deep into the end zone. Rather than run it out, number 19 stays put. .

INT. BEDROOM - SAME TIME

A TV sits in the middle of a bright red entertainment center. The GAME IS ON. Close-up on Cochise.

ANNOUNCER

(on TV)

... and the Buccaneer coach stressed
stopping THAT man. Mr. Mack. They had
planned to double, sometimes triple team
him all night.

On a well-made bed with satin sheets, lays a black-haired head, face down. The head turns forward, it is Threadz.

THREADZ

You ain't gonna stop THAT man. No no no.
They must be tripping. I taught him how
to pimp on the field like that you know.

Ten beautiful brown fingers with sculptured nails massage Threadz's bare back. Ten chocolate fingers are connected to one fine, CHOCOLATE BUNNY(20's). Her 5th Ave shirt is undone, her Mounds swing freely and the Kit Kat is hot.

CHOCOLATE BUNNY

Is that right?

THREADZ

Heck yeah girl. I was just helping him spice up that sack dance of his. I told him to grab his crotch and yell 'TEE-HEE' after he slams them. You know, MJ style.

The bunny reaches under his belly. Her arm muscles contract and relax in rhythm.

CHOCOLATE BUNNY

I'll do the crotch grabbing, you do the yelling.

THREADZ

Tee-he-he-HEEE!

They LAUGH, roll over and kiss; oblivious to the great defensive play unfolding on the screen behind them.

INSERT - ON TV SCREEN

Cochise has the QB by two fingers but it isn't enough to bring him down. It is enough to make him throw an interception to Giovanni Jones.

Giovanni juggles it first by bouncing it off of his pads, his helmet and his chest ... then he's gone. TD.

The TV shows the crowd going bananas. The cheerleaders step lively and people in the stands with red painted faces and black painted eyes scream 'WE'RE NUMBER ONE'.

BACK TO SCENE

Beginning to DROWN OUT THE AUDIO SIGNAL are MOANS and GROANS coming from the mattress. Delicate chocolate fingers grab the remote and TURNS THE TV OFF. A second later, Threadz's hand grips the remote and presses the 'on' button.

EXT. SUN DEVIL STADIUM, SIDELINES - SAME

Coach Ron slaps some of the defensive crew on the back as they leave the field and join the team.

COACH RON

Good job guys, damn good job. That's 21 points but we can't let up.

MACK

Hey coach, can I rap alone with you for a second?

COACH RON

What's on your mind Mister Mack? I don't have time to play Dear Abbey right now.

MACK

I wasn't kidding about wanting to see my girl at halftime. How many points ahead would we have to be ...

COACH RON

Are you fucking nuts? Are you?

MACK

How many?

COACH RON

Fine, fine, okay. You get me 35 points ahead and I'll let you go provided you carry a cell phone and come back if I call you.

MACK

Bet! Thanks man. You're not HALF the dickhead people say you are.

LATER

The scoreboard shows the score of 27-0 with 3:00 left in the first half. Cochise is standing next to Wade and Dumbo.

Cards have the ball close to mid-field. Rashid breaks huddle and walks his troops to the line. His team mates encourage him from the sideline.

DUMBO

Alright rookie, let's drive-em home.

WADE

HEY RASHID, WATCH FOR THE BLITZ.

Cochise notices the linebacker sneaking up to the line. No one is lined up to block him. Mack jumps up and down on the sideline pointing.

MACK

HIM, HIM!!

Rashid cannot hear over the CROWD NOISE. He hikes the ball from the shotgun. The linebacker charges him untouched. He slams Rashid from the blindside with a forearm shot. The ball is loose.

The linebacker bends to pick it up, it seems he almost has it. He bobbles it towards the now standing Rashid. The linebacker, head down, doesn't see him. The QB tugs the ball away from him and momentum spins him to the ground.

Rashid almost goes down himself. He gathers his footing and prepares to throw. Other defense men have broken through the blockers and are homing in.

MACK (CONT'D)
THE MIDDLE!

The QB sidesteps a charging 300 pounder. He scrambles.

MACK/WADE/DUMBO
THE MIDDLE, THE MIDDLE!!!

He scrambles some more. Evades tackles.

DUMBO
THROW THE FRIGGIN BALL FOR GOD'S SAKES!!!

Just as he is about to get hit he zips a frozen rope over the middle to a slashing Dez Newman. Dez hurdles a linebacker and stiff arms a cornerback, then it's just a foot race. Dez Newman, the Worlds Fastest Human, wins easy.

The Cardinal sidelines are jumping up and down, LAUGHING and YELLING. Even Coach Ron breaks a grin. Cochise goes to him.

MACK
Hey Coach, with a two point conversion we will have 35 total, what do you say.

COACH RON
I say that if we screw this up, then it's your ass. Go in there and tell Rashid to run a 'Hard-Zebra-W,Blue-Slam-64'. Got that?

MACK
Yeah I got it ... but you want me?

COACH RON

Yes, yes I want your butt in there, now
hurry the hell up.

INT. PHOENIX HOSPITAL - SAME TIME

The excitement has yet to die down at the lounge. Loyal Cardinal fans and respectful passers-through, let out with CHEERS AND SHOUTS. The TV IS SO LOUD that the SOUND is SLIGHTLY DISTORTED.

Iva checks elderly Native American patients. Her dress snug, her hair and lips are full. She is gorgeous in a juicy kind of way. She turns to watch the game on TV.

INSERT - ON TV SCREEN

Arizona goes to the line with Mack as the fullback. The ball is hiked and Rashid turns around and slides the ball to the halfback who is trying to dive over the pile.

The halfback is knocked backwards, but it was only a fake. Rashid still has the football and he gently lobs it into the corner of the endzone where Mack's huge hands gobble it up. Cochise does 'the TD dance' and spikes the ball with force.

BACK TO SCENE

Iva cannot help but smile at her crazy-man. Her ear-to-ear grin increases as she hears how those around her praise him.

EXT. PLAYER'S PARKING LOT - LATER

Cochise emerges from the player's exit. He is wearing a fly new suit and shiny, shiny shoes. In his hands he carries a 'Watch-Man' pocket-sized TV set.

The third quarter has already started and monitoring the game has begun. The CROWD NOISES from the small TV and from the stadium erupt at the same time.

ON THE SCREEN, Dumbo picks up a fumble and stumbles his way out to the forty yard line.

MACK

Ha ha ... Dumb-fuck-ski, my man. Kick
ass you sick dog. Way to ... go.

His compliment is cut short by a shadow that stands before him. He looks up. It is Horace-Fire-in-the-Blood.

MACK (CONT'D)

Hey Horace, how are ya doing? You kind of startled me a little bit.

HORACE

Sorry, must speak with you urgently.

MACK

I'm here friend. I was on my way ...

HORACE

To the hospital to see your girlfriend, Right?

Mack has lost interest in the game and can only smile and nod at the old man.

MACK

Yeah, but how did you know?

HORACE

This woman, she will be your wife one day. I see it.

The big man raises his eyebrows and does a double take.

HORACE (CONT'D)

The Great Spirit has sent you a special soul, don't blow it.

MACK

Thank you. I will take good care of her.

HORACE

Tell everyone you meet about the Ghost Dance and the need for atonement and redemption. Fight racism and racists as you have been doing.

Though I am Lakota, I live with the Di-ne people quite often. I bring their love with me as I stand before you now.

MACK (CONT'D)

I appreciate it. By the way, who are the Di-ne?

HORACE

They used to be called 'Navajo'. It is a name given us from the Spanish dogs who
(MORE)

HORACE(cont'd)

tried kill us off. I think it sort of means 'nigger'. No offense big friend.

Mack automatically flinches at first mention of the word but understands the context of the usage.

MACK

None taken. I will never use the word Navajo again. I know how it is. Any success in organizing our protest demonstration for the game against Washington?

HORACE

Yes, it is amazing. People from all backgrounds want to participate in this. I'm expecting large numbers.

MACK

What kills me, is that it's not only Native people who are pissed off, this cuts across all colors, all races.

Folks that don't even watch football are gonna protest. It's about time America grew up and realized how hurtful this foolishness can be.

HORACE

How stupid and hateful are you, to even consider naming a football team, the 'Redskins', the Redskins? Jack Kent Cooke's idea. He dishonors all white people.

MACK

Righ, and didn't Jim Thorpe, a Native American, kick everybody's ass, up in this sport? Ain't that a statue of his red ass on the front lawn of the Football Hall of Fame in Canton, Ohio?

Ain't it? I don't see no statue of Jack Kent Cooke's old wrinkled ass out in front of that bad boy.

And this dirtbag's got the nerve, the NERVE, to call his team the Redskins? Maybe Brother Jim was longstroking one of them Cooke girls.

Horace tries not to laugh but does. Cochise even coaxes a hi-five from him on that one.

MACK

(Shouts towards the ground) Hey, Jack Kent Cooke, you racist, paleface, bastard. Stick your head out of the fires of hell long enough to kiss my red and black ass. No offense Shaman.

HORACE

None taken.

MACK

I CAN'T WAIT for this game. I'll save a ticket for you right up front. We'll get some respect that day, even if we beat it into them.

HORACE

I've been waiting a very long time for such a day. First, as you said, beat respect into them, then, beat the crap out of them. Make me proud.

MACK

Ha ha ha, you got it.

EXT. NATIVE AMERICAN STUDENT ASSOCIATION HEADQRTS - DAY

The Arizona chapter of N.A.S.A. office is beautifully decorated in local Native American designs. Cochise strolls out of the front door smiling, shaking hands and waving to the numerous Native Americans who walk him out.

MACK

Okay guys, we'll be counting on you.

EXT. CARDINAL STADIUM PARKING LOT - DAY

Cochise watches a rigged up TV that is setup in the parking area where team buses will unload. The local news station is carrying the unfolding story live. His friends and team mates sit around him.

In the background are hundreds of people and young students. He is surrounded by the Gathering of Nations. Tribes from all over the US and Canada hold signs and are represented.

Scattered among the crowd are many Blacks, Mexicans, whites and undercover agents working for God knows who. A FEMALE REPORTER speaks.

REPORTER

Nice outfit Mr. Mack. What tribe is it from?

MACK

The lost and found tribe. These clothes have historical significance. It is a replica of the outfit Hendrix wore at Woodstock, except a lot bigger.

He looks great in the fringed buckskin with the intricate bead work. The headband even matches. Many of his team mates are adorning Native American fashions also.

ON THE TV SCREEN

An ASIAN REPORTER is live outside of the luxury hotel the Redskins are staying at. The attractive news investigator, must YELL to be heard over the CHANTING and SHOUTS in the background.

ASIAN REPORTER

The team is inside the bus, but the bus is surrounded by Native Americans and their sympathizers.

The protesters carry picket signs and images of Jack Kent Cooke that, wherever he is, he'd rather not see.

A sign with Cook's face superimposed on a horse's ass and another burning in hell is shown by the NEWS cameras.

Some written signs relate to Jack's twisted affection for his mother, marital aides and certain livestock.

The crowd is finally forced to let the bus get through by police. The gathering of activists jeer at the players as the departing bus is pelted with raw eggs.

CARDINAL STADIUM PARKING LOT - SAME

Cochise watches the scene on TV as the NEWSCHOPPER follows the team bus through a gauntlet of Native Americans and their allies, all lambasting the sides of the vehicle with the grotesque globs of goo, at the hotel.

A smile covers Cochise's face as he looks to the left and sees the national media, and as he looks to his right and sees carton after carton of expired eggs, ready to throw..

ON THE TV SCREEN - NOW

The NEWSCHOPPER continues after the Redskin bus. The cholesterol christening doesn't just stop at the hotel parking lot.

Along the festively decorated streets that the bus must take to the stadium are seemingly hundreds of Native Americans and friends of the cause who join the egg toss.

CARDINAL STADIUM PARKING LOT - LATER

By the time the bus arrives at the stadium it is covered in egg-yuckness that is inches thick. Cochise Mack goes to the makeshift press conference table.

MACK

The egg is the beginning of life. We use it symbolically today to express our collective anger at those who bring humiliation, racism and death.

Anger at those who would make an innocent child cry because he felt hated, HATED!
THIS IS HIS LAND! HIS land.

The ever growing crowd APPLAUDS and SHOUTS.

MACK (CONT'D)

You owners of the Washington football team have our phone number.
Call us, change the name, end it. Not just for Native Americans ...

A boy, Joseph Red Thunder, in full Native American ceremonial outfit, joins Cochise at the table.

MACK (CONT'D)

Not just for Joseph Red Thunder or the millions of kids just like him. Do it for all Americans. Do it now. There isn't a better time of year.

You might be the big tree, but we are the small ax.

The man and boy stare at the phone on the table, SILENCE.

MACK (CONT'D)

So be it.

The bus is barraged from all angles by flying, white ovum. A few players who had their window down to see the proceedings, barely get them back up in time to miss the sticky shower.

The bus driver puts on the windshield wipers to see what's going on. Dozens of cop cars converge on the scene.

They set up a line of protection for the players inside the bus. Riot sticks are drawn.

Two banged up looking, old Ford trucks pull up to the side of the demonstrators, opposite the cops. Some beat up cars join the trucks. Suddenly two dozen angry SKINHEADS charge from the vehicles and attack the crowd.

They come out swinging bats and stomping the non-violent protesters. The scene is broadcast live on the TV next to him and its live in the parking lot, yards in front of him.

Women are handled just as brutally as the men. The Plague, Dumbo and Rashid can take no more and go out to defend the people from the thugs. Bloody faces appear in the crowd. One of them, Joseph Red Thunder's mom.

RED THUNDER

AAAHHH .. MOMMY ... NOOOO!

Her body collapses into a ball, bright red on jet black hair. The boy squirms away from the table and runs to his mother. Iva takes her medical bag and kneels down to help her.

On the way, to see his mom, the child is cracked, full force on the back of the head by a skinhead. He goes down, out cold. A TV cameraman captures it all.

An enraged Cochise Mack pounces on top of the table, hurling a chair over his head at the abusive bald bastard. It hits the punk in the legs and trips him up.

MACK

COME ON PUNK. I'M THE ONE YOU WANT.
YOU DISGUSTING BUNCH OF NAZIS JUST BEAT
ON WOMEN AND CHILDREN OR WHAT?

The skinhead and several of his buddies start to converge on the table. Mack watches them intently. Franco, Wade, Dumbo and Giovanni rush to Mack's side, game faces on. They start to beat on the stray skinheads.

The main skinhead pulls out a knife and lunges at Cochise. Mack moves to the side, bops him in the head and sends little Hitler flying. The tip of the knife lands in Coach Ron's butt cheek.

COACH RON

AAAHHHHH ... You friggin' nazi fuck!

The coach kicks the skinhead in the chest. The fascist spins around just in time to catch a thunderous right hook to the jaw. Cochise knocks him, smooth-the-fuck, out. The cops get there, cuff him and his pals scatter.

Suddenly the 'redskin' PHONE RINGS. Gradually everyone freezes in place. After THREE RINGS, Giovanni answers it.

GIOVANNI

Yeah hello? It's about time you called. Your friends where just here. We kicked their asses and they ran like the bunch of spineless bitches that they are.

MACK

Gimme the phone G. Now!

Mack keeps his eyes trained on the boys in blue as the cellular is handed to him.

MACK (CONT'D)

So is this gonna be Wounded Knee, part three? Don't you have enough blood on your hands already?

Mack nods his head as he listens to the conversation. He finally smiles, a little.

MACK (CONT'D)

Fine, I agree ... hey, that's all we wanted in the first place.

Cochise signals victory. The crowd gleefully SHOUTS with joy. Red Thunder and his mom are okay.

INT. SUN DEVIL STADIUM - LATER

Workers take down the name 'Redskins' and replace it with a hand painted sign that says 'No Names'. The sellout crowd CHEERS as it is being done.

The audience is largely Native Americans, many from out of town, who came to make a stand. Banners proclaims their towns and tribes proudly.

A standing OVATION is given to the Cardinals during the introductions. The team is excited.

Coach Ron has his wound attended to. He takes to the sidelines but must lay stomach-down, ass-up, on a mobile, five-foot 'stretcher' type device. He BARKS ORDERS and swears even more than normal.

COACH RON

Hurry the fuck up you ignorant monkey
licking bastards. I want to get home and
soak my fucking ass.

Seen up-close, the 'Indian' on the Washington helmet is blacked over with tape. Some players on the 'No Names' seem demoralized and just going through the motions.

Either way, the 'Red Thunder' defense shows no mercy. Cochise breaks through the line, flings away blockers one by one and drives QB into ground, time after time.

On one play, Wade grabs the runner from behind at line of scrimmage, six other Cardinals, including Mack, pile on.

Later, The Plague goes high and Dumbo goes low on a sack. The man crumbles like a ragdoll, stretcher time again.

MACK

(Impersonating Brando)
The horror. The horror.

On the next defensive stand, Giovanni speeds towards a descending ball. Intercepts it, bowls over the tight end, and races in for the T.D., highstepping all the way.

Later, Washington gets the ball back, the backup QB scrambles. Tries to tiptoe along the sideline for extra yards. Cochise gives him a hard forearm shot that sends him over the Gatorade barrell and into the bench.

Scoreboard shows the score of Cardinals 37 -- No Names 0, as the game ends. The Cards are treated to another standing OVATION as they leave the field. The crowd of faces reflect all the races. All faces are cheering.

Mack smiles as the P.A. SYSTEM PLAYS 'SMALL AX' BY BOB MARLEY. He is on the fifty yard line making a presentation. He pulls a glass box from a felt bag. Many Native Americans and team mates are there also.

Inside the display case is the tomahawk that Cochise found when he went on that archeological dig as a young kid. It has been cleaned up and preserved. It twinkles and sparkles under the stadium lights.

MACK (CONT'D)

I hereby present this sacred Ax, to the Gathering of Nations, for safe keeping and preservation. As you can see, it still can cut down, even the biggest trees. One team, one dream.

Cochise hands the ax to Joseph Red Thunder, who hands it to the head of the Tribal Chiefs of the Nations. The big guy walks to the dressing room as MARLEY'S SONG on the PA system overrides all other sounds.

FIREWORKS and a starry night are overhead as Cochise Mack leaves the field. He thrusts his beefy fist in the air in a power salute.

FADE TO:

EXT. CARDINAL TRAINING FACILITY - DAY

Cochise chugs down a huge jug of ice water. He drips sweat by the gallon and GASPS FOR BREATHES in between gulps. Finally he drains the remaining water in the jug, on top of his head and tosses the container to the side.

The bright December sunshine of Phoenix, beats down on sweaty heads. The Cardinal Football team runs through a practice session in full pads. The hitting is hard and the mood is serious, except with Coach Ron.

COACH RON

I'm gonna drink champagne tonight like you just did that water jug. Woooo, I'm amped dude! Did I tell you where I'm celebrating New Years tonight?

MACK

The same sleazy porno store you go to every night?

COACH RON

No ... well, maybe later. Check this out, an invitation to Alice Cooper's New Years party.

The maniacal grin on Coach Ron's face increases as he shows Cochise the black leather bound envelope with chrome studs on it. The calligraphy and graphics are more befitting of Halloween than New Years.

INSERT - THE INVITATION

"Are you ready for a 'frighteningly' awesome New Years Party? Then ...

WELCOME TO MY NIGHTMARE

December 31, From 9pm - to Vampire Bedtime. The Cooper Mansion Phoenix, AZ

Wear your best leather, bring your own WHIPS ... Master of 'Scare-emonies' ALICE COOPER"

BACK TO SCENE

Cochise hands the scary stationary back to his coach. The coach puts up his hand, warding off the gift.

MACK

Hey coach, I think you found your long lost brother. Sounds like a wild time. Don't you want it back?

COACH RON

That one is for you.

MACK

Huh?

COACH RON

When we were teeing off on the golf course yesterday, he said to make sure that you and a few others get one.

MACK

You two golf? What wussies!

COACH RON

You going or what, turd breath?

MACK

Maybe, it could be fun I guess. I imagine
a real freak show on the dance flo'.

EXT. PHOENIX DESERT - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Majestic mountains, deep purple against the black desert sky.
A red, chromed out, Jeep Cherokee blasts HENDRIX MUSIC. It
dashes towards a beautiful, isolated house on a hillside.

INT. COOPER MANSION - NIGHT

Cochise and Iva smile as they enter the door. They stop in
their place, unable to move. The scene is just too bizarre
for words. The sound of HEAVY METAL MUSIC would drown out
words anyway.

Black leather, tattoos and silver chrome are definitely the
theme colors for this bash, it's everywhere. On the walls,
on the party favors and on the people. The people that
bothered to wear clothes.

They are shown the food table and the bar, by a man dressed
as 'the Reaper'. At the bar is someone Mack takes a double
look at. It's Coach Ron, sort of. He has his face painted
like tonight's host. The eye makeup, black and scary.

The coach wears an old, black, 'Alice' concert T-shirt from
1978, ripped, faded and too damn small. He is sitting with
two rather conservatively dressed, slightly tanked, YOUNG
LADIES. Plain Janes but healthy.

COACH RON

Here comes the killer now ...

Cochise laughs to himself as he watches white people on the
dance floor try to catch the beat. He shakes his head and
walks towards the champagne sipping Coach.

COACH RON (CONT'D)

Hey Hey. I'm drinking bubbly like I said
dude. Join in, it's partytime. This
is Ernestine and uh, oh yeah, Edna from
the Central Library.

ERNESTINE/EDNA

Hi Mr. Mack!

They are clearly tipsy and not used to the feeling. They GIGGLE AND SLUR the words. The coach smiles through the spooky face.

COACH RON

Ain't nothing I like better than turning a good girl, bad. YES. Double the pleasure tonight.

MACK

You are nuts my man. I'll stop back this way in a few.

As he walks on with Iva, he passes many strange scenes. Body piercing groups, full body tattoos on nude people, girls in cages and erotic balloons seem to be everywhere.

Mack feels a tap on his shoulder. He turns to see Horace Fire-in-the-Blood. Horace is dressed in black but Native American style. Mack and Iva hug him and the three move to the back patio to escape the HEAD-BANGING MUSIC.

EXT. PATIO AREA

Horace huddles the crew in a corner, slightly out of view. The natural beauty of the desert night is a stark contrast to the human decadence inside the walls.

HORACE

Now that, is a dangerous party, whew!

MACK

Ha ha ... Dangerous huh?

HORACE

Yes, much more than you think. There's a witch in there who has strong ill-feelings towards you.

Iva strides over to Cochise and grabs his arm. She looks back and forth at the men.

HORACE (CONT'D)

You can use your mind's eye to at least spot her ahead of time. Close your eyes and empty your mind, a vision will appear. Here, try it with me.

Cochise CHUCKLES a little and closes his eyes. On the inside of the eyelid he can see the image of the old man standing

there as if his eyes were open. Only difference is a light purple haze around him, perhaps an aura field. Eyes open.

MACK

WOW! Oh man! Yo, that's deep.

HORACE

I must leave now. It is near midnight
and I need to see this year in by myself.
The coming year will be turbulent indeed,
I must prepare. Peace to you both.

The old man hugs them and walks towards the back of the property. He fades into the darkness of the night.

INT. THE BALLROOM

As Mack and Iva re-enter the party they notice a commotion going on in the corner of the large room. On the way to the gathering they pass many freaks. The SPEED METAL MUSIC is very LOUD.

In the corner is a terrarium the size of three cars end to end surrounded by a four foot glass enclosure. Inside the landscaped den is a boa constrictor that is at least 15ft in length and as thick as a side of beef.

On the snake is a banner that shows the number of the upcoming year. Following the stare of the snake, the focus lands on the number of the outgoing year. It is draped around a very scared rabbit that is backed into a corner.

Some people beg for someone to save poor 'Bugs' while others savor the anticipation of gore. Cochise smiles and turns away. The big man looks around and then closes his eyes to scope out this witch. One problem, many witches are seen.

COCHISE'S VISION

In a red haze most are around the snake pit urging on the serpent. Some are dancing, socializing, passionately kissing etc. In one instant they turn to look in Mack's direction as if they knew they were being watched.

They LAUGH at him. Before he can open his eyes a crimson flash appears before him. It is an African American woman in a bright red shawl that covers her face. She LAUGHS MANIACALLY then lunges at him. He feels a cut on his chest.

BACK TO SCENE

Opening his eyes, no one is near him who looks like that. No one is staring at him, LAUGHING at him, or cutting him. He looks down at his chest and a small cut is indeed visible. Cochise looks around himself quickly, defensively.

The snake launches himself at the rabbit, good tackle. The death grip is applied amid HOOPS and HOLLERS from the gallery. Soon, the squirming ceases moping and most of the crowd disperses except for the digestively curious.

While walking away, Iva is pushed from behind. Standing there is an attractive but hardened looking African American female. Mack recognizes her as the RED WITCH (40's) from his vision. She is clearly looking for trouble.

RED WITCH

Why don't you watch your step, cow. Ya' clumsy Squanto ho'.

MACK

Hey!

RED WITCH

So now who the hell are you, her little pet nigger? Your Uncle Tomming ass needs to just shut up.

Cochise and Iva look at each other with an 'oh boy' look on their faces.

RED WITCH (CONT'D)

Don't you roll your eyes at me 'Mr. Jungle Fever', 'Mr. I-Don't-Date-Black-Women'. I'll ruin your whole career tonight. Try me. Say something. (Beat)
No, I didn't think so.

Cochise is fuming mad. Iva walks away in tears. He gives the witch a hard stare then turns to follow after Iva. The witch grabs his arm.

MACK

Look here little demon witch. You're working your way towards an ass whipping and I don't mind going to jail for it. Just keep pushing.

RED WITCH

You better mind your manners, Go-rilla!
I'm from New Orleans, PUNK, I'll throw
some Hoodoo on you, fuck you up forever.
Listen up.

I gotta lotta money bet on my team and if
your sorry asses, face the Saints in the
playoffs, stay home that day. It could
be painful. Very painful. You got that
Hiawatha?

Cochise frees himself from her grasp and puts his massive
head in her face.

MACK

GET BENT! You got that ya' psycho?

Mack hurries over to a WEEPING Iva. He comforts her.

IVA

My family never owned African slaves or
killed Blacks but now I get this shit.
It's not fair, it's not right ...
(crying) why?

MACK (CONT'D)

I think the racial thing is just a ploy.
She wanted to scare me in case we come
across her team in the playoffs. She's
just a wacko, don't worry yourself.

IVA

Who the hell is her team?

MACK

New Orleans of course. Old crusty ass,
bayou battleax. I'm sure she was the one
Horace was talking about. The Skank.

Just then a GONG IS SOUNDED several times. Artificial smoke
is started and STRANGE MUSIC that SOUNDS LIKE GREGORIAN MONK
CHANTS is piped in. Soon COLUMNS OF MEN in black hooded
robes bring out something in a rolled carpet that is moving.

The druids unroll the squirming carpet and out jumps ALICE
COOPER in handcuffs. He is wearing a black leather outfit
with the number of the outgoing year on it. The monks toss
back their hoods to expose shiny bald heads.

Alice is led to a hanging gallows that is theatrically lit. Next to the hangman's noose is the executioner himself. He is musclebound, but a black cloth mask hides his face. The MUSIC STOPS and live DRUMMER does a DRUM ROLL.

Alice struggles as the noose is put around his neck. A live feed from Times Square in New York City is shown on a big screen TV above the lynching apparatus. The ball begins to move on the tower.

THE CROWD
TEN, NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN, SIX ...

Out of the corner of his eye, Mack can see this Queen of the Swamp Witches, staring at him. Hating him, scheming.

THE CROWD (CONT'D)
FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE ... HAPPY NEW
YEAR!!!

The floor underneath the platform gives way and Alice's body is SNAPPED harshly by the neck as he falls down through. The skinny frame twitches a little then stops. The CROWD CHEERS WILDLY. They love the stunt and celebrate the time.

As Alice swings in the breeze, a YOUNG LADY wearing only a full body tattoo goes up to the supposed corpse and begins to undress it. Off comes the leather to a CHORUS OF WOLF WHISTLES.

Underneath Alice wears only a diaper with the number of the incoming new year on it. The audience loves it. The nude woman gives him a long kiss that revives him. The druids drop their robes to reveal diapers also.

They carry Alice and the girl off stage on their shoulders sitting on a stretcher. The house finally QUIETS DOWN some, when the caravan is out of sight. Also out of sight is the Red witch, but for how long?

INT. THE BENZ - LATER

Mr. Mack drives through Phoenix streets while occasionally looking over to Iva. She sits silently as she stares out the window, sometimes blankly at her feet. Her mind is troubled.

MACK
You told me that you wouldn't let that
old 'Seahag' get to you. What's up Girl?
Talk to me.

Iva takes a DEEP BREATH and LETS IT OUT like a gale force wind. The city gives way to desert surroundings.

IVA

I know I said that, but ... things are so strange here lately. Some things that she said hurt you, I could tell.

MACK

So, she is an evil witch. It's her job to make people miserable. She attacked a spot that she thought was a open wound. Be strong girl, don't let her win.

IVA

Yeah, you're right. She's just a bully. A jealous bully with a face like a fat weasel.

MACK

A fat weasel with permanent PMS.

INT. COCHISE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

The morning sun shines through the posh desert palace. Cochise is chillin' in the double-wide recliner watching the New Year's Day college football games on the big screen TV. He is into it, deeply. Iva enters.

MACK

Don't just let him scramble, HIT HIM!!
That's it, trap him ... and YES.
Oh nice tackle, finally. Alright baby,
we're smokin' now.

IVA

The stuff that witch said still bothers me. Do you think I should move out?

MACK

WHAT???? No, No, NO. We don't run from cowards and sissies in this house. We fight them, and guess what? We win.

IVA

But, that kind of talk. That hatred. Makes me sick to my stomach.

MACK

So you think I like it? I hate it.
Losers like that, want to crush your
spirit. I've dealt with bigots longer
than I've dealt with pubic hair. Never
show fear, stand up to them and challenge
that b.s..

IVA

You're right. The bitch wants a fight,
she as hell shouldn't have messed with
me, I'm a warrior.

MACK

That's my girl.

EXT. CARDINAL STADIUM - DAY

A sunny but crisp day. The Cardinal backers are out in
force. They carry signs, wear team colors and have sold-out
the venue. Iva is in the stands with her brother Threadz.
Shytown and Double A, and they have hot looking dates.

The Red Witch is in the stadium also. She wears a dark,
hooded cloak. She stares at Iva from the corridor, but Iva
doesn't notice her. The witch then heads into girl's john.

LADIES ROOM

The Red Witch marches into the bathroom and almost pushes
women out of her way as she makes her way to a stall and
closes the door behind her.

LADIES ROOM STALL

She takes out a small glass flask, filled with a green
colored fluid, from her cloak. She gives an evil grin.

RED WITCH

I've got too much money riding on this
game to let 'Crazy Horse' fuck it up.

She slams down the potion like a shot of Jack Daniels on
Friday night.

LADIES ROOM

A strange green smoke floats in the air above one of the
stalls. The door of the stall is kicked open and a GORGEOUS

WOMAN in her twenties, with a HUGE bustline, steps out. She walks over to the mirror as others watch amazed. She grins.

SIDELINES

Buggy practices kicking the ball by blasting it into a net. Cochise approaches him with two full cups of a sports drink. Buggy grabs one from Mack and takes a big gulp.

BUGGY

Yo, Big Mack, what's up? I'm ready to defile some Saints.

MACK

Crush 'em, baby. As James Brown says, (Does an impersonation) "Get down with the good foot, heyyy!".

BUGGY

Thanks man. Whew, I'm ready to do some work, look at this crowd, ha ha, I better not miss my kicks or I'm a dead man. I can feel the pressure.

MACK

Ahh stop. Pressure is something that you put in your car tires. This here is fun. Relax and groove Brother.

BUGGY

Yeah, you're right. Hey, did you see your little Voodoo Queen around here yet. I'd hate for her to turn you into a goat or something during a pass rush.

Cochise scans the stands from the corner of his eye.

MACK

Ha ha. Very funny. Don't you have a groin to stretch or something.

The STADIUM ANNOUNCER is heard over the PA system.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER

Oh, oh. I thinks she's got another one.

Just as Mack turns around, he sees a scantily clad woman running towards him with HUGE boobs. The large breasts, bounce and jiggle. The fox hauling these torpedos is none other than the Red Witch in disguise. Mack tries to back up.

BUGGY

What are you running from? Duuude, let her kiss you, are you nuts? Just look at them things, I'm hypnotized.

STADIUM ANNOUNCER

It looks like the 'Kissing Bandit' is on the loose again and is headed straight for our boy, Cochise Mack.

BUGGY

Give her some tongue my man.

The Kissing Bandit stops right in front of Mack, who is mesmerized by those swinging, well, you know. She gives him a big grin, shakes 'the twins' for him up close, then pulls him by the shoulder pads so that they are face to face. She kisses him with ferocity.

IN THE STANDS

Everyone in the crowd hoots and hollers as the kiss goes down. Cheers get louder when shown on the jumbo-tron screen. Everyone is laughing except one Native American woman who watches the proceedings with angry eyes.

THE FIELD

As the two kiss, a small drop of green drool runs down from the corner of Cochise's mouth. When finished kissing, the lady with the 52-DDs wipes it away quickly and gives Zack a very sexy wink.

She waves to the crowd, playfully grabs Cochise's butt, then runs back to where she sprang from, amid cheers.

RED WITCH

You're mine now, asshole.

LATER

The scoreboard shows 10:50 left in the second quarter. The point totals are 20-0 in favor of the Cards. It is fourth down for the New Orleans Saints.

ON THE FIELD

A 'zebra' on the sidelines holds a pole with a big number four on the top of it like the grim reaper holds his sickle.

The Saint kicker's face, grim also. The kick will be a 50 yarder, into the breeze.

The defense breaks huddle. Cochise is BREATHING HARD, swaying while standing still.

DUMBO

Hey Big Mack, what's up, you okay?

MACK

Yeah ... yeah, just, just a stomach cramp or something.

WADE

Menstruating again, Cochise?

MACK

Ha ha ha, help me block this kick with your funny ass.

The kick is in slow motion and so is the jump that Mack does to tip the ball with only two fingers, into the sticky hands of DB Giovanni Jones who takes it in for TD. Mack is doubled over in pain on the field after the play.

An injury time out is called. Two trainers and Coach Ron converge on the twisted hulk.

Mack's body starts to WRETCH and then vomit. Trainers try to block the public's view of the puke gushing out from underneath the star's helmet.

COACH RON

YUCKKK! Holy crap Mack, are you gonna die or what? I gotta football game to play here today.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Iva sits in bed watching TV in the semi-darkness. The ESPN crew is rapping about the day's playoff action.

IVA

Are you okay honey?

Mack enters the room from the hall and turns on more lights. Weights, a treadmill and posters of DEACON JONES, MEAN JOE GREENE and BRUCE LEE line the walls.

MACK

NO ... I threw up again! What the hell is going on here. I'm as weak as hell, and it feels like my stomach lining is soaking in cayenne peppers.

IVA

I really don't know, it scares me.

Cochise struggles to climb into the bed next to her. He lets out a large SIGH of exhaustion.

MACK

By the way baby, how much did we win by, did you catch the final score?

INT. CARDINAL STRATEGY ROOM - DAY

Coach Ron paces back and forth in front of the chalkboard occasionally SLAPPING it with his pointer. On the board are some diagramed plays. He is sweating and deep furrows mark his forehead.

COACH RON

26-25 gentlemen, some score, two points away from an early vacation. You got lucky, real lucky that they ran out of time. They'd be going to Dallas, not us.

Offense, defense and everyone else took a nap on the field after Mack left. I'm personally embarrassed. I never want to see that crap again. Am I understood?

The coach looks at the crowd. Some nod, some GRUNT. He whacks the wooden pointer against the blackboard so hard that it breaks in two.

COACH RON (CONT'D)

Am I understood?

PLAYERS

YEAHHHH!

INT. BENZ - DAY

Mack looks like a killer in his dark glasses and black leather. As he pulls away from a red light his CAR PHONE RINGS for him, he answers.

MACK
Hello, this is Cochise.

RED WITCH
(over phone)
Poooor puppy, did him have a tummy ache,
hee hee hee hee.

Mack swerves slightly but gains control of the vehicle. The
CACKLING LAUGHTER continues for a while.

MACK
You broom riding bitch. What did you do
to me?

RED WITCH
(over phone)
I pimped you like a bow-legged ho',
that's what I did to you. My team lost,
but they covered the point spread. I
cleaned up in Vegas and I'm gonna clean-
up this week too. Know why?

MACK
Look I don't have time for your games

RED WITCH
(over phone)
Cuz you'll be balled up in a corner
puking your guts out. Hee hee hee.

MACK
Screw off!!!!!!

CLICK. Cochise disconnects by SLAMMING THE PHONE and
BREAKING it. Small parts and plastic chards go everywhere.

EXT. MACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The driveway is now filled with many high-profile cars.
Under a starry sky, the BOOM OF A REGGAE BASS is heard. A
shapely young lady enters the house ...

INT. MACK'S HOUSE

... and does a sexy walk into the living room. Mack is in
there surrounded by Iva, Shytown, Buggy and Threadz. Players
and friends mill freely.

Garibaldi and Wade enter the room. Wade PATS Cochise on the shoulder but SPEAKS to the group.

WADE

Not that I'm that wild about seeing your old ugly ass, but, aren't you on that HBO football show tonight?

MACK

Oh snap, damn near forgot, thanks 'G'.

Mack snags the remote control and flicks on the tube.

ON TV

At first the a local station comes on and it is playing Cochise's hemorrhoid commercial. Everyone gets a LAUGH out of it at Mack's expense. He surfs over to HBO.

HBO'S INSIDE THE NFL

DAN MARINO, CRIS CARTER AND BOB COSTAS are finishing up a story about the Bills playoff victory over the Dolphins.

DAN

So the Bills mounted a successful comeback and also, the Saints came close in their game against the Cardinals. What do you have on that Cris?

CRIS

Close but no cigar. That one point was all the Cards needed to send the Saints on vacation. Next week is the Cowboys, in Dallas. Hey Cards, enjoy victory now.

BOB

Ouch. I guess my colleague thinks the road for Arizona will hit a dead end. To speak more on it we have the MVP himself, Mister Mack.

Cochise appears on the screen monitor set up on stage. He is wearing some def Cardinal street gear and smiling.

ON MONITOR

MACK

Hi fellas. Glad to be here. First thing I want to do is thank God for
(MORE)

MACK(cont'd)

giving me a second chance at life.
Thanks to my teammates for support.

It's an honor to be league MVP and
rookie of the year. Great to be on a
Super Bowl run and a pleasure to be able
to fight bullies and win.

IN STUDIO

CRIS

Looked like you were fighting stomach flu
or something last game, are you okay now?

ON MONITOR

MACK

Sure ... I'm fine, as far as I know.

INT. RED WITCH'S PARLOR - SAME

A maniacal female LAUGH pierces the smokey air of the dark
candlelit room. Voodoo dolls, hideous masks and jars of
nasty looking specimens decorate the room. She LAUGHS at the
screen without her false teeth and wig, nasty sight.

RED WITCH

Ha ha, it's what you don't know, that
can kill you, ha ha ha, ...

She bears her scraggly teeth to the sky and howls with
laughter. She takes Cochise's football card from the table
in front of her and sets it on fire by dipping it in the
coals of her nearby cauldron.

The crazy woman smiles as it burns. Before it burns all the
way, she flicks it at her pet monkey. The monkey is in a
cage and wearing an S&M, black leather, bondage outfit with a
zipper for a mouth. The monkey SCREAMS, she LAUGHS harder.

INT. TEXAS STADIUM - DAY

An overcast day. All seats are still empty. On the field,
players in their street clothes look over the arena and try
to get psyched up. Mack and Wade stroll together. Mack
wears a sweater, Wade wears suede.

WADE

This is gonna be some game, you ready?

MACK

Does a pig's fart stink?

On the way to the dressing room Mack is called to the side by beautiful FOX SPORTS reporter, PAM OLIVER(20's). Wade goes on ahead into the players tunnel.

PAM

MR. MACK, hey big fella, mind doing a quicky interview before getting dressed?

MACK

Sure Pam. A quicky is okay but you should swing by the house for an in-depth all-nighter sometime.

PAM

I'll consider that. (To crew) Are you guys ready with the cameras?
Okay, action. (To camera) I'm here before the game, speaking with defensive ace and MVP Cochise Mack.

You had to leave last game because of stomach problems, are you ready to play today?

MACK

Does a pig's ... uh ... forget it, yeah, I'm ready. I feel great.

Mack's smile is enormous and convincing.

ON THE SIDELINES - LATER

Mack's face looks like it is smiling but it is actually agony. The sweat pours off his face as he violently slams his face into a bucket and HEAVES.

Players move away from the hurling. Coach Ron comes barrelling down the sideline towards him, pushing players over like a madman.

COACH RON

OH CRAP. I thought you were okay. Damn! This is only the first quarter and the score is fucking 10-6.

If you are down for the count, well, I guess I need to just bend over right now and take it in the shorts, huh?

Some players try to hide smiles. Mack has another vomit spell. The coach spins and gets in the face of the TRAINERS AND STAFF DOCTOR. They are taken back.

COACH RON (CONT'D)
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU FUCKHEADS DOING FOR HIM? I NEED HIS ASS OUT THERE, NOW.

The trainer fills up a cup and passes it to Mack. He gulps it down and almost immediately winces from abdominal pain.

TRAINER
All we can do is feed him fluids so that he doesn't dehydrate. This illness has me baffled. I can only assume that it's flu related. I suggest we bring him to the locker room and try to fix him up.

Coach Ron throws up his hands in resignation. The golf cart is brought around, Mack is loaded in, the trainer drives. Fire-in-the-Blood comes down from the stands as they go by.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The trainer pours a cup of water for Cochise, he drinks it and doubles over. Horace Fire-in-the-Blood peeks in.

TRAINER
It's got me stumped, Cochise. Sorry.

HORACE
Allow me. I think that I can help.

TRAINER
Who the hell are you?

HORACE
Well, my disrespectful little friend, I go by many names, but you will find out that I am the man who will succeed, where you have failed.

The trainer looks over to Cochise.

MACK
It's cool man. Bring him over.

Horace gives the trainer a sarcastic smile, then speaks to Mack. Cochise looks up at him from droopy eyes.

HORACE

Cochise, stand, and I will heal you.

The trainer rolls his eyes as the old sage takes out a green potion and drinks it, as Cochise struggles to his feet.

TRAINER

Why are you taking the medicine, if he is the one who needs healing? Look Mack, lets get you to a hospital and ...

MACK

Relax. Whatever he does is cool with me.

HORACE

Good, I'm glad that you feel that way, son. This might be a little, huh, uncomfortable, but it will work.

MACK

You have my permission to ...

Suddenly, the old mad punches Mack in the stomach with all of his might. The trainer grabs him as Cochise doubles over from the blow.

TRAINER

That's it, you crazy old man. I'm calling security and getting you thrown out on you ass for this. Furthermore ...

Off screen, the SOUND OF HUGE FARTS, makes Horace and the trainer look over to Mack's direction at the same time. Cochise smiles, but then twists up his face as he RIPS another gigantic stink bomb. A green smoke rises from him.

MACK

Sorry guys, I don't mean to ...

POW POW POW POW. Cochise falls to one knee after the rapid fire shots. More green smoke billows behind him. The trainer covers his nose.

TRAINER

My God, that fucking stench is HORRIBLE.

HORACE

It's working. Don't breath it.

TRAINER

No shit, Dr. Demento.

The trainer grabs some towels, puts one over his nose and passes the rest to Horace and Mack. While on one knee, he lets loose with another thunder clap, that smells like crap. The trainer flings open a window and thrusts his head out.

As the trainer gasps for air, Horace finds a fan, points it towards Cochise and turns it on. The green smoke dissipates.

MACK

Uncomfortable, huh? Not only do I smell like rancid whale blubber, but my asshole feels like I got buttfucked by a grizzly bear on a Viagra binge.

Mack's eyes begin to focus and he cracks a sly smile. Horace Fire-in-the-Blood laughs.

HORACE

But, do you feel better?

MACK

Yeah. Actually, my stomach feels okay now. Except for the fact that it feels like I got a rimjob from a fire-breathing dragon, everything is peachy.

TRAINER

This calls for whiteman's medicine and we have a shitload of it.

The trainer goes to Mack's locker and pulls out two tubes of 'Preparation Ouch', and puts it down in front of Cochise.

MACK

Which one of you health professionals is gonna help me put this on?

Just then, Mack farts again. Horace points to the trainer, the trainer points to Horace.

HORACE

Him. This is whiteman medicine, right?

TRAINER

No way old man. Your cure, your side effect. Handle it.

MACK

Fine then, I'll do it myself.

Cochise grabs the tube and turns to go into the bathroom. On the back of his pants is green and brown skid mark. Horace and the trainer smile to each other.

HORACE

Should we tell him or should we let him show the world?

TRAINER

You've got a mean streak old man. I knew there was reason I liked you.

MACK

(Off screen)

Hey, somebody get me some new pants. It looks like road rage on the Hershey Highway over here.

Horace and the trainer have a laugh.

LATER

It is halftime and the rest of the team comes into the locker room. Cochise is watching the closed circuit TV. Everyone is shocked that he looks so well.

THE PLAGUE

I gave you up for dead. Welcome back from the grave.

MACK

With a 18-6 score, y'all sound like the dead ones. That crap is over now. It's over ... right now.

COACH RON

That's the attitude Mack. We go back out there and kick ass from here on out.

IT'S TIME TO LEAVE YOUR SLIMY, BLOODY GUTS OUT ON THAT FIELD, RIGHT NOW. Am I clear? THERE IS NO TOMORROW.

INT. ON THE FIELD - LATER

The Cowboys have the ball. They break huddle and come to the line of scrimmage. Mack's BREATHING BECOMES DEEPER and more

labored. The crispy day is now cold. Steam pours from Big Mack's nose.

The Cowboys are deep in their own end. The men whose job it is to block him are old veterans. They try to stare down Mack, but look away themselves. Cochise looks like a madman.

MACK

God, do I feel sorry for you guys today.

The ball is snapped and Mack half runs, half jumps over the blockers and rips the QB down to the ground with only one hand. The customized sack dance is done with fury and humor. The next play brings another sack, another dance.

Third and long. The teams line up. The QB drops back, scrambles into his own endzone, finally throws. It is batted into the air by Mack. Dumbo snags it out of the air with his big paw and runs over four people for a TD.

The Plague and Giovanni Jones pile on top of him in the endzone. Most of the team leaves the sideline to go congratulate the blushing hulk. Dumbo tries a clumsy version of 'the TD dance' which is a humorous sight to see.

INT. RED WITCH'S PARLOR - SAME

The play is shown in slow-motion on a small color set. A female African American fist slams down on the table. The hand grips the side of the table and FLIPS IT over. Items once on the table, are now airborne.

RED WITCH

YOU BASTARD! THINK YOU'RE CLEVER HUH?
You just wait. I'll get you yet. You
just WAIT!

The ruckus has disturbed the small S&M monkey. He is still in black leather but now he is strapped to a torture wheel, spread eagle. The witch frowns at him, smiles, and then gives the wheel a hearty spin. Her laugh is pure evil.

INT. BACK TO SCENE - SAME

All the players on the Cardinal bench are on their feet. A nervous Coach looks at the game clock. Only 11 seconds are left in the game and Dallas is winning, 16 -- 18. It is third down. It would be a 70 yd field goal from here.

Rashid throws short to Dez near the sideline. He catches it but is stripped from behind. The ball goes through several

players on each side. On the bottom of the pile with the ball is Garibaldi, a 6 yd net, Buggy trots out.

MACK

My man ... you can do this bro'. You can win the game, break the record and set yourself up with horny-women-for-life, if you hit this joker. Let the world know who you are.

Buggy CHUCKLES, smiles and gives Mack a wink and a thumbs up. He lines up, the snap, the kick. NO!! ... he slips as he kicks it. A look of horror on his face as he falls in slow-motion to the ground.

The ball curves wide right ... but only temporarily. At the last second it hooks in and slides just inside the right goalpost. All Cards players jump up and down with uncontrollable joy. Buggy is carried off the field.

INT. ESPN STUDIOS - LATER

CHRIS BERMAN(40'S) and TOM JACKSON(40'S) are on camera discussing the game. A action sequence of Cochise making stellar defensive plays, runs behind them. Graphics of today's stats are on the screen too.

CHRIS

Truly a game for the ages. The Thrilla in Manila, Tyson-Holyfield, rolled in one but ... on the gridiron.

The two defensive heavyweights fought the fight of their lives today. I give my game ball to the knockout kid. Weighing in at 300 lbs, Whack Mack.

Action sequences showing Buggy scoring with his leg. His record-breaking statistics are listed under the picture.

TOM

You're right Chris, it was a slugfest and a very entertaining game. My gameball goes to the man who delivered the knockout punch, Milo Bugglio.

Mack came back from illness and asserted himself in this game. The question is, will he be ready for the big one next week ... the Super Bowl.

A still photo of Buggy caught during mid-kick is on the screen behind him. He looks like a super-padded rockette.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

The enemy shoots at it from the air, land and sea but Mack's jet evades every shot. He does a barrel roll and the takes out a missile base and two enemy jets.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - SAME

Mack is in a room that would make Ray Bradberry jealous. Several different PCs, Printers and other state of the art hardware is around him. He is semi-housed in a flight simulator that tilts and shakes like a real jet.

MACK

You can't hang with me fool, ha ha.
That's right, peep this.

Mack slams the controls forward and towards the floor. His eyes are intense and focused. The SOUND EFFECTS produced by the machine are turned up SUPER LOUD.

INSERT - COMPUTER SCREEN

The jet makes a nose dive right towards the enemy fort. Laser rays and bombs come close but Mack ducks them. The raygun on board bullseyes the fort ... and 'BOOOOM', blows it into a thousand colorful computer specks.

BACK TO SCENE

The MACHINE'S NOISE WINDS DOWN as he emerges from the shell. Iva is standing there watching him with a grin. Mack smiles back and coolly pounds his chest with his right fist.

MACK

That's right, you better recognize.

A commotion is happening outside the front door, a strange KNOCKING, SCRATCHING NOISE. Mack goes over to the door and flings it open. A huge crow with a letter in its beak is there. It drops the mail and flies off. Mack, bewildered, picks up the letter and reads it.

MACK (CONT'D)

Did you see that? Oh great, the letter is from that psycho witch from the swamp. What an asshole.

Oh boy, she says either I pay her 50'G's at this address in the French Quarter or else she will kill me.

IVA

Gimme that, I'll take care of this bitch. I'll go down and deliver her an ass-whipping deluxe.

MACK

Don't be silly. She's a bullshitter, I'll take care of her ass when I'm ready.

IVA

Really Cochise, I can handle her. I learned woman's self-defense in college. Don't worry Mack, I'll be fine and back in time for the game.

MACK

You better get out of my face with that foolishness. I can't believe you're serious. Forget it!

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER OF NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Rain pours down on the old buildings on this legendary neighborhood. Iva can see shadows of naked women in the windows above the street. She pulls out her note with the address on it, checks it with the door in front of her.

She KNOCKS on the battered old door, no answer. She KNOCKS again, nothing. Iva turns to perhaps go around back when the door slowly CREAKS open on its own. She cautiously enters the dark room carrying a metal briefcase.

INT. RED WITCH'S PARLOR - SAME

The room is lined with weird things used for witchcraft. She sees the S&M monkey, in leather, being hung by his thumbs, she GASPS.

IVA

You poor baby, here.

She starts to loosen the leather binding when she is hit from behind and knocked to the floor.

RED WITCH
BITCH, KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF WHAT DON'T
BELONG TO YOU.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cochise is lifting weights in the converted room. Sweat pours off of him as he does the benchpresses. He gets up and goes to the heavy punching bag.

MACK
Where is she?

He punches the bag full force, it swings far out and comes back for more. Each statement is punctuated by a THUNDEROUS PUNCH to the helpless sack.

MACK (CONT'D)
No call yet(wham), nothing (wham), if
she's hurt cuz of me(wham wham wham).
Screw this game(wham wham)!

What about this(wham)voodoo bitch(wham
wham), I might be going down(wham wham
wham wham), but not without a fight.

BOOM! The bag is blasted so hard that it detaches from the ceiling hook and SLAMS into the bed, SNAPPING a leg of the bed in two.

LIVING ROOM - LATER

Mack sits on the couch with Shytown, Double A and Threadz.

MACK
... And then she finally called and said
that if I throw the game or don't show
up, then she'd let Iva be released. She
owes \$50 grand to the mob for betting
against us.

THREADZ
Yo man, how could you let my sister go
down there? Where's your brain?

MACK

Hey, I told her not to. The idea is so stupid, I halfway thought she was kidding.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - DAY

Threadz, Shytown, and Double A are with him in the kitchen drinking juice.

THREADZ

We were up all night trying to find a way to find that witch's address. Iva must've taken the letter that she sent you, with her. We've got nothing.

MACK

Thanks, I appreciate the try. When you get word from Iva, call Coach Ron's cell phone directly. It's the Superbowl and I'm playing this game. Don't worry guys, she'll be fine. I can feel it.

EXT. SUPERBOWL - DAY

ON THE FIELD

Rashid zips a pass to Dez in warm-ups, perfect catch. Mack stretches with Wade, Dumbo and the Plague.

WADE

Late game, I doubt we'll finish the 1st quarter before it's dark out.

THE PLAGUE

Light, dark or whatever, we better win this damn game today. Yo, first time ever, homefield for the Super Bowl and Vegas only has us by three points.

DUMBO

The QB is some hotshot who broke a few records here and there, almost stole your MVP, Mack. He's a jerk and he plays dirty too.

LOCKER ROOM - LATER

The players are fully dressed and ready.

COACH RON

Do you want to win this game men? Do you? Cuz if you do, you're gonna have to work your ass off for it.

You gotta fight hard and get rude, dude ... RUUUUDE!

This is OUR HOUSE! Get out there and treat these bastards like trespassers, ya with me?

PLAYERS

YEEAAAHHH!

ON THE FIELD - LATER

The defensive team runs onto the field through a tunnel, past a gauntlet of cheerleaders and to an area where they high five and punch shoulder pads. Mack jumps up and down as he is introduced, he waves to his fans.

LATER

First possession for the IDAHO MILITIA team. The QB is ROCKY SMITH(20'S). He is a tall blonde with tattoos and a snarl. Mack growls at him on the line. The QB gives him the finger and BARKS his signals. It's a screen pass.

Mack sees it develop and sneaks in front of the halfback and picks off the pass. The QB is the only one between Mack and a touchdown. He tries to make the tackle but Mack gleefully knocks him on his ass and goes on to score.

He puts down the ball and goes over to the padded part of the goalpost and throws lefts and rights ... combos and uppercuts to the imaginary boxer. His teammates pile on top of him and the CROWD GOES WILD.

End of the 1st quarter comes. The score reads a 7 -- 7 tie. Darkness falls and Mack is having fun.

INT. RED WITCH'S PARLOR - NIGHT

Iva is not having fun. She is still on the floor after being knocked out the evil sea-hag.

RED WITCH

WHERE'S MY MONEY? I said, WHERE'S MY MONEY BITCH?

A dazed, pissed off Iva, rises from the floor and puts the briefcase on a table. She smiles, then suddenly SLAMS the metal case into the witch's face. The witch falls backwards on her ass.

Iva tries to run, the witch grabs her ankles. The voodoo queen looks up and CACKLES through bloody teeth. The witch holds her while kneeling.

RED WITCH (CONT'D)

Hee hee hee, is that all that you got bitch?

IVA

No ... as a matter of fact, I saved you a little something special.

Iva kicks her in the face, full force. The witches body bends backwards, then springs forward, all the while cackling. The witch spits a bloody tooth at Iva. It hits her and she SCREAMS.

RED WITCH

Okay little bitch, me-wan-um-wampum, me-wan-um now. Understand? Do it, or you're gonna die, right now.

The witch moves towards the helpless Iva. The bound monkey finally unties himself. He jumps on the back of the witch's head and gouges at her eyes. Iva sees this and kicks her.

She falls into the cauldron's flames and starts on fire. The monkey jumps off in time and is safe. As fire consumes the struggling witch, the monkey morphs into human form. He turns out to be a WELL KNOWN CELEBRITY. Iva is shocked.

CELEBRITY

That's the last time I go to Louisiana on a blind date and drink Hurricaines, wheww. Let's get out of here.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The fellas look worried as they ponder over the maps they have on the kitchen table. Threadz pulls out his phone just as it RINGS. He looks at it strangely and then answers.

THREADZ

Hello? Yes, yes Iva, are you alright!!
(pause) Okay ... Excellent!, great!

(MORE)

THREADZ(cont'd)

Good, I'll tell them all right away. You had us scared girl. It's good to hear you're okay. I love you Sister.

He disconnects the cell phone and shakes his head in joy and disbelief.

THREADZ (CONT'D)

Good news, Iva is safe.

SHYTOWN

Alright. Yees !!

DOUBLE A

Time for some, FOOTY!!!!

LATER

The Arizona players walk into the locker room dejected and sad. The Plague is KICKING THINGS and SMASHING LOCKERS with his helmet. Rashid pounds a ball with his fist. Coach Ron goes into the nearby coach's room and SLAMS THE DOOR.

The players MUMBLE to themselves and stare into space. Coach Ron bursts out of the office with fire in his eyes and an ice cold six pack of Molsons Beer. He is slurping one down as he sits down in the middle of the floor.

COACH RON

What are you all looking at? It's over, right? Why try? We are down by 18 points, 18!!!!

Let's feel sorry for ourselves and cry in our in our beer, like some sorry, skidrow loser.

Elias, you want a beer ... Dumbo, you ... Rashid, Plague, Dez? Any of you frigging quitters and babies want to suck the tit of Mother Molson, huh, c'mon.

As the coach talks, he offers the beer around the room in a half crazed gesture. Red faced, a vein pops out on his forehead. Over his shoulder a greasy brown arm reaches down and grabs a brew. The outraged coach turns to see Cochise there.

COACH RON (CONT'D)

What the ... ? You jerk, you ...

MACK

Coach, Coach ... save it! I have an announcement fellas ... guys, this will be ... my last game.

The room reacts with astonishment. The players MUMBLE amongst themselves, shocked. Mack swigs the brew and takes a deep breath. Coach Ron looks skeptical.

MACK (CONT'D)

The last time I was on the Rez, I was exposed to Hanta Virus.

There is a chance, that I, huh, that I can die, at anytime. .

The room erupts with shock and then grief. Huge men fight back small tears.

COACH RON

MACK! Don't be busting our nuts on this. If you are lying I'll kill you myself.

MACK

No lie Coach. (Private wink) That's why I've been sick a lot lately. There is a possibility that I could die at any time. I don't mean to let you down.

What I would like is one more victory guys, that's all. I'm coming back out with you guys and I'm gonna play my balls off on that field.

Forget the Super Bowl, forget the money, the fans ... All of it. You men are my family, I want to win it for the love in this room, right now. Ya with me? One team ...

Tear stained faces respond with gritty resolve.

PLAYERS

ONE DREAM!! YEEAAHH!

MACK

Well family ... let's take it to 'em!!

The 'family' charges out of the locker room following Mack. A new look is in their eyes and a new stride is in their steps. Coach Ron stays a minute, smiles to himself.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. PHOENIX SKY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

A full moon throbs in the darkness of space. The starry night is clear. The SOUND OF SEVERAL COYOTES HOWLING, pierces the ear.

INT. MACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The L.E.D on the VCR reads 'REC'. The SOUND OF A FOOTBALL GAME is in the background. The living room is in slight disarray.

ON TELEVISION

A quick shot to the broadcast booth shows JOHN MADDEN and AL MICHAELS in their fancy ABC SPORTS jackets.

MADDEN

This has been a brand new game for the Cardinals in this half, especially that last defensive stand that led to a safety. Let's look at it again.

SLOW MOTION INSTANT REPLAY

The screen shows Idaho on the four yard line on a third down play. The QB drops back, then must scramble into his own endzone chased by Cochise and The Plague.

MADDEN(OS)

There goes big Mack right up the middle, BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!, in a flash. Greg The Plague comes in flying from the outside ... and splat.

SLOW MOTION INSTANT REPLAY

Mack and The Plague rendezvous on the back of the QB at the same time and plant him deeper than a fencepost. The defenders detach themselves from their prey and give a high five and a shimmy that was cut short on the videotape.

AL(OS)

You're right John. The Militiamen have 7 yards rushing and 30 yards passing for the whole third quarter and got another safety. They need to improve those stats in this fourth quarter or else.

MADDEN(OS)

Well Al, having Cochise in the game changes everything, you can just feel the momentum shifting.

The record for safeties in a game is three, we may see it broken today. The Cards still need 16 points to tie it up, let's see what they can do.

LIVE ACTION

On the screen Arizona gets the ball on the kickoff and Giovanni Jones gets behind a wall of blockers and runs back the kick all the way back to the three yardline. Giovanni gets up mad that he didn't take it for a TD.

SMASH CUT

INT. SUN DEVIL STADIUM - SAME

Giovanni raises his hands to fire up the crowd but they are going nuts already. Threadz, Shytown and Double A are in the stands REJOICING.

A row behind them, a menacing looking man. It is the SKINHEAD from the Washington team name protest. He sits scowling, holding a wooden 'Go MILITIA' picket sign.

ON THE FIELD

Rashid brings the goaline offense out and lines them up. Included in this package is Cochise, he lines up behind the halfback. The halfback fakes like he has the ball and jumps into the pile. Mack swings out and catches the TD all alone.

The big guy jumps up and down with joy. Rashid runs to him and hugs him. The extra point is good. The scoreboard shows a nine point difference.

Arizona kicks off. Idaho tries a double reverse on the kick return but the ball is fumbled on the exchange. Dumbo tries

to pick it up but kicks it backwards instead. After a mad dash, the Militia recovers it on the two.

The Idaho QB starts YELLING into the face of the kick returner and shoves him.

The returner pushes back and the two begin fighting. It is soon broken up and the visibly angry QB goes to the offense huddle fuming.

As the QB comes to the line Cochise mocks him by punching into the air like a sissy. The defense LAUGHS, and even some of the QB's his own men. Mr. Mack SPEAKS to him with a feminine lisp.

MACK

You take that, and that, you mean ole fumbler guy you.

Mack does a little limp-wristed stroll as they line up.

ROCKY

You think you're so cool, huh, well SCREW YOU NIGGER!

Mouths fall open, eyes bug out. All the white guys look embarrassed but the most upset people are the Black guys on the Idaho team. Others stick up for Cochise.

DUMBO

I'll make you eat those words bitch.

THE PLAGUE

ME FIRST! ME FIRST!!!

Mack looks at the Black offensive guard across from him. He averts his eyes at first, then looks back at Cochise.

MACK

Some things are more important than football games.

The Guard nods and looks away again. The QB hikes the ball, takes a step back, and finds Mack just inches in front of the tip of his nose. Mack grins and GROWLS. The QB runs out of the endzone with Mack in hot pursuit, 'safety', two points.

Mack does 'the dance' with Wade. The QB whips the ball at Mack's head. Mack ducks, it hits a ref in the back of the head and knocks him down.

An unsportsmanlike penalty is called. Rocky's COACH ERUPTS AT HIM, Cochise LAUGHS at the QB and makes sure he sees it.

EXT. PHOENIX SKY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The full moon is now partly covered by fast moving dark clouds. Trees sway as the wind picks up.

EXT. SUN DEVIL STADIUM -SAME

On the field the hitting has picked up. A series of quick shots shows brutal tackles and hard SLAMS, dished out by defenses of both sides. The accompanying SCREAMS, GRUNTS, GROANS and bravado add savagery to each hit.

The scoreboard shows fourth quarter, two-minute warning. Idaho is ahead by seven points, has the ball and is about to kick a field goal from the 30 yardline. Coach Ron has the team together on the sideline.

SIDELINE

Fifty stone faced men encircle the red-faced coach. He has their complete attention but must SHOUT over FAN NOISE.

COACH RON

It's time for the big play gentlemen. If they score, we're in deep do-do. We gotta do this for Cochise. We love you man, we won't let you down.

Players PAT Cochise on the back and PUNCH his shoulder.

THE PLAGUE

Yeah baby, we gotta block this one, let's do it for Big Mack.

WADE

Reach deep fellas, reach deep.

DEZ

Yo Cochise, no sweat mon. I and I got you covered mon.

THUNDER BOOMS in the background as the players line up for the kick. Eyes are locked as perspiration drips. Wade, The Plague and Dumbo plug the middle, Giovanni and Dez man the flanks. The ball is snapped.

The snap to the holder is high and away. The holder catches it but bobbles it at first. He puts it down for the kick just as Dez gets airborne. The kicked ball hits Dez on his forearms and bounces up and lands in Wade's surprised hands.

The Plague and Mack are near him and start blocking. Wade goes a ways and starts to get pulled down from behind. He turns to Mack, winks at him, then laterals him the ball. Mack runs down the sideline for a TD unmolested, almost.

He runs down the sideline that the Idaho team borders. As he is running, out of nowhere, the Idaho QB comes to the edge of the sideline and splashes a small bucket of Gatorade into Cochise's face.

The shaded visor blocks most of it but some does get to his face and it makes him stagger a little. The ref throws a flag. Mack trots the rest of the way and falls to his knees in the endzone, arms stretched out to heaven.

Cochise is quickly surrounded by CELEBRATING TEAM MATES and hustled off to the sideline. The ROAR OF THE CROWD is only matched by the BOOMING OF THUNDER overhead.

SIDELINE

The team looks on as the extra point is good, tie game.

MACK

Oh shit!

DUMBO

What's wrong dude? We got it made now,
nothing can go wrong.

At that moment the rain begins to fall. It is light at first, then it starts to pour.

MACK

I hate the rain.

CUT TO

EXT. PHOENIX SKY - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

The full moon somewhat covered by heavy dark clouds. The SOUND OF HOWLING is heard in the distance.

STADIUM

The CROWD GOES WILD as Mack gets up from a QB sack. Threadz and the gang CLAP and DANCE in the rain after the play. The skinhead in the stands, begins to unwrap the pole of his picket sign.

SIDELINES

The team is happy to see the MVP dominate the game.

RASHID

Glad to see you back Brother. I hope you're feeling a little better now. Overtime means crunchtime. We can do it. We can do it!

MACK

Rashid, promise me that you will come to the Ghost Dance, and I will win this game for you right now.

RASHID

Sure, sure, I was planning to show anyway. Are you okay Brother?

COACH RON

Hey stud, are you okay to play.

MACK

Okay? I've waited a lifetime for this moment to happen.

ON THE FIELD

Mack joins the defensive unit. Idaho gains nine yards on a end run but it is called back for a holding penalty. Third down from the ten yardline. An Idaho lineman jumps and they are flagged another 5 yards.

RAIN POURS DOWN HARD. Mack GROWLS at the QB and is flipped off by him. The QB gets behind center and calls the play.

ROCKY

Blue 43, Red Dog nine-nine, hike hike!

At the same microsecond that the ball is snapped, Mack launches forward with all the force of a rhino shot out of a cannon. The Guard goes stumbling backwards and slams into the QB. Rocky almost goes down but keeps balance.

From behind, a big, dark, hand grabs the QB over the right shoulder, Rocky's eyes get big. The claws dig into the shoulder pad. Hot steamy breath hits him in the face.

Mack, flips the QB across his body Judo-style. As they both hit the ground, they slide in the standing rain water and mud. A safety. CAEDS WIN!

THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE and SHOUTING drowns out the SOUNDS OF THE FIRST FEW SHOTS. Soon the CRACK OF GUNFIRE coming from the stands is obvious, so is it's target. Mack's chestpad is RIPPED WITH SEVERAL ROUNDS.

As he lies there several more BULLETS bounce off his helmet. He releases his grip on the QB who scrambles to his feet.

Rocky is CUT SHORT. A BULLET GLANCES off Cochise's helmet at a weird angle and finds it's way through Rocky's facemask, and into his forehead. He falls backwards like lumber.

IN THE STANDS

The skinhead sniper is horrified as he sees the effects of his last shot. He lowers the barrel and looks for an escape. He grabs a little boy as a shield and heads towards an exit.

Threadz jumps up and does a Bruce Lee stance and YELL.

THREADZ

Ooooooh Wooooo!

The Sniper SHOOTS at him, just missing his balls. He grabs his crotch like Michael Jackson and Moonwalks backwards. The sniper smiles and levels the barrel at his head.

Shytown comes from the side, SNAPS HIS KNEECAP WITH A KICK. The human shield runs away. The two go at it Martial Arts style, Shytown clearly the better fighter. The Sniper pulls a knife from his boot and stabs Shytown in the thigh.

ON THE FIELD

Cochise seems badly wounded, blood is everywhere. PARAMEDICS have him in the golf cart temporarily. A paramedic leaves the cart to get more bandages.

IN THE STANDS

Shytown FALLS BACKWARDS, the Sniper grins. He stands up over the Mack's cousin near the balcony edge with his bloody blade glistening, ready to stab.

From nowhere, 'Double A' seems turbo-charged as he SLAMS into the Sniper and sends him flying off of the side of the balcony, down to the hard concrete near the players tunnel. The three buddies hug and give high fives.

ON THE FIELD

Just then Sniper's BODY FALLS FROM THE STANDS, directly behind Big Mack's golf cart.

With a shaky hand, Mack grabs the stick shift and pushes the stick to where the big red 'R' is on the gear box.

The vehicle rolls backwards slowly, hitting what seems to be a juicy speed bump that makes WET, CRUNCHY NOISES.

MACK

Ooops, did I do that?

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

CONFERENCE ROOM

Media is crammed in wall to wall. A banded, distraught and weary Cochise is wheeled up to the bouquet of microphones. His voice is rippling with emotion.

MACK

Damn, was that fun or what? One team, one dream, baby. Being a Superbowl champion has a way of taking the pain away.

I'd like to thank God, my Dad, my family and everyone who ever helped me in the past. Don't forget, the Ghost Dance will be performed tomorrow on MLK day, prepare yourself. I'll see you there.

DISSOLVE

THE WORDS, "MARTIN LUTHER KING DAY"
APPEAR ON A BLACK SCREEN AND FADE WAY.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Iva and Cochise are staring at the television. They both wear black hats. On the screen is AHMAD RASHAD.

ON TELEVISION

AHMAD

As you can see the Ghost Dance Festival is already under way.

Behind Ahmad is a huge throng of people that fill an entire valley. Live footage of brightly colored outfits worn by multi-colored people, dancing, selling wares and listening to speeches, is shown as he speaks.

Horace-Fire-in-the-Blood is shown talking to a crowd in front of a microphone.

AHMAD (CONT'D)

An early estimate of half million people has already been surpassed. Among the celebrities seen are Bill Cosby, Michael Jordan and Oprah.

Performing on stage later will be Ziggy Marley, Santana, R.Carlos Nakai and Jewell ...

BACK TO SCENE

Cochise snaps off the TV with the remote. He gingerly arises.

MACK

Well, I guess it's time to get out there and do a little dancing.

IVA

You really believe in this stuff don't you? Salvation through shaking it. I hope you're right.

MACK

The Lord made it work once before in Jericho. Have faith. With God, all things are possible.

Cochise winks at her and smiles.

FADE OUT.