

RESERVATION

by

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JACOB (28) and SAMANTHA (28) explore the reservation, weaving in and out of the streets and pueblo structures.

Jacob snaps picture after picture with his digital SLR camera. Samantha, cradling her pregnant belly, enjoys interacting with the local children.

JACOB

Hey, Sam!

She turns. He snaps a picture of her at the edge of the Taos community, against the desert backdrop. He pulls the camera down to look at her.

JACOB (cont'd)

Beautiful.

She blushes, walking toward him. Jacob gestures toward a black and white sign that reads: "RESTRICTED AREA - DO NOT ENTER."

JACOB (cont'd)

Come on.

SAMANTHA

No, Jacob. Be respectful.

JACOB

We will.

He grabs her wrist and pulls her along.

They observe a Native American religious ceremony from a distance. Jacob snaps a series of pics with his zoom lens.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

That isn't meant for you.

They turn to see an OLD NATIVE AMERICAN WOMAN sitting outside her pueblo apartment. She's dressed simply, displaying her collection of rugs and tapestries.

Jacob snaps a picture

SAMANTHA

(scolding)

Jacob! (to the woman) I'm sorry. He should have asked your permission.

(CONTINUED)

OLD WOMAN
Beautiful and polite.

Samantha smiles. She moves among the rugs, savoring the texture of each one, fascinated by the designs.

SAMANTHA
Did you make these yourself?

Samantha stops in front of a rug that depicts an ANGRY DEMON hovering over a terrified crowd. Her eyes settle on a couple separated from the crowd, holding hands.

OLD WOMAN
Most of these were woven generations ago, preserving the history of our people. That one chronicles the smallpox epidemic that decimated many tribes. In those times, diseases were attributed to evil spirits. Of course, we now know where that disease really came from.

Her sour tone is lost on Jacob.

JACOB
Morbid.

OLD WOMAN
History is not always pretty, young man, but it must be honored.

SAMANTHA
It's beautiful, truly. Is it... for sale?

Samantha's almost afraid to ask the question. The old woman hands her the tapestry.

OLD WOMAN
A gift. From our tribe to your family.

SAMANTHA
I can't.

Samantha tries to return it, but the old woman doesn't budge. Jacob looks over his shoulder.

JACOB
Come on, Sam. We're losing light.

He grabs Samantha's wrist and leads her away. She smiles her thanks at the old woman, but the woman just stares back, without expression.

2 EXT. TAOS PUEBLO RESERVATION - DUSK 2

Jacob loads their Jeep. Samantha climbs in, noticing that nearly everyone within eyesight is watching them.

The Jeep speeds away, kicking up gravel.

3 INT. JEEP - NIGHT 3

Samantha stares out the window as Jacob drives. LIGHTNING FLASHES in the distance, illuminating the desert landscape.

JACOB

I'm guessing I got ten, maybe fifteen pics I can sell. Not bad.

Samantha looks at the tapestry in her lap, nervous.

SAMANTHA

Turn around. We need to give this back.

JACOB

Not a chance! If you don't want it, I'll sell it on eBay. It'll bring three hundred, easy. Maybe more.

SAMANTHA

This is a part of their culture, Jacob, part of their heritage. It's not some stupid souvenir.

Punctuating her words, the engine sputters and dies. The Jeep rolls to a stop.

Another FLASH of lightning, closer this time.

JACOB

Piece of crap.

Jacob pulls out his cell phone. No signal.

JACOB (cont'd)

Dammit!

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

SAMANTHA

What now?

Jacob looks down at his wife, at her belly, and then at the approaching storm.

JACOB

I'll jog back to the reservation,
see if I can get someone to give us
a lift into town. We can call a tow
truck in the morning. (beat) Will
you be okay here until I get back?

She nods. Jacob kisses her and steps out of the Jeep.

She watches him disappear in the side-view mirror,
illuminated by the RED GLOW of the brake lights.

Samantha sits alone for what seems like an eternity. The
wind MOANS outside, blowing sand against the Jeep.

The sound shifts. She cocks her head to one side, listening.

In the rear-view mirror, she sees something fly through the
air, toward the Jeep. Something big.

It CRASHES through the rear window, showering Samantha with
broken glass. She SCREAMS.

Shaken, she turns in her seat to get a better look. JACOB'S
TWISTED, BLOODY BODY lies sprawled across the back seat.

SAMANTHA

Oh, God. Jacob!

JACOB

(weak)

Run.

SAMANTHA

Jacob, what-

JACOB

Run!

Samantha looks up to the broken window.

Illuminated in the RED GLOW of the brake lights, hovering
just above the road, is the DEMON depicted on the tapestry.

Terrified, Samantha fumbles for the door handle. The door
swings open, and she falls out.

4 EXT. DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

4

Whimpering, Samantha scrambles to her feet and runs up the road, away from the reservation. She clutches the tapestry.

Behind her, she hears a cacophony of sounds: WRENCHING metal, BREAKING glass, Jacob's SCREAMS.

Ahead, an immense BOULDER sits along the edge of the road. She scurries behind it, struggling to stop crying.

She listens. It's quiet. The only sound is the low whisper of the desert wind through the brush.

Another eternity passes before she risks a glance around the edge of the giant rock.

She sees the Jeep, twisted and broken. Nothing stirs inside.

The demon is nowhere to be seen.

She takes a calming breath and settles back into her hiding place. She notices too late that the DEMON is RIGHT THERE, BESIDE HER!

Samantha SCREAMS.

5 EXT. TAOS PUEBLO RESERVATION - DAY

5

CHARLIE (55) pads about the reservation, a true tourist. He rests in the shade beneath a low-hanging wooden canopy.

Oblivious, he bumps into the old Native American woman. She's beating the dust from her rugs and tapestries.

CHARLIE

Pardon me.

The woman nods. Charlie notices her display.

CHARLIE (cont'd)

Wow. That's some handiwork. Any chance I could talk you into selling one of these beauties?

Charlie begins to barter with the woman. He doesn't pay particular attention to the tapestry of a demon hovering above a crowd of terrified people.

He doesn't notice the young couple separated from the crowd, a young man with his pregnant wife, her hands on her belly.

FADE TO BLACK