

"Good Medicine"

Written by

Kevin Miles

Kevin Miles
kevinmileswriter.com
kevinmileswriter@gmail.com

Registered WGAw #919011
©2013

FADE IN:

EXT. DETACHED ROW HOUSE-- KAIBAB-PAIUTE INDIAN RESERVATION--
NORTHERN ARIZONA -- DAY

HARRY LONG BOW takes a faded bandanna from his back pocket and wipes the sweat from his brow, then selects plants from a small garden, placing them in the satchel hanging from his waist. The last Medicine Man in his tribe, the burden of his trade and too much time spent in the hot sun make him appear much older than his 67 years.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE/MEDICAL SUPPLY ROOM -- LATER

Hundreds of assorted containers rest on huge shelves throughout the room. Harry places a mason jar down next to a cup of hot water on his desk which sits in front of one of the massive shelves. He manages to twist the jar open, pinches some of its bright greenish powder between his thumb and index finger and drops it into the cup.

INT. BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Harry comforts bedridden YUMA STANDING BEAR, late 90's, incoherent. Harry CHANTS to stave off evil spirits as he offers Yuma a sip from the cup of hot liquid.

EXT. HARRY'S HOME -- LATER

A late model sedan pulls up and comes to a stop. Brothers LAKOTA STANDING BEAR, 35, and COCHISE, 28, get out, followed by their sister CHENOA, 22, and her infant daughter, Tala.

LAKOTA

Is he gone?

ANGLE ON

Harry holding the door for them to enter.

HARRY

You know your father better than
that.

LAKOTA

Speak for yourself.

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Harry sits on a bench holding Tala on his lap. He smiles as she tugs at his lips and sticks her fingers in his mouth.

INT. BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Yuma's children hover above him on both sides of the bed. Lakota and Cochise stand with their arms folded, defiant.

Chenoa kneels down and kisses her father's forehead.

CHENOA

I'm here daddy.

Yuma struggles to speak but the words don't come. Chenoa places her hand over his lips.

CHENOA

It's okay. You can go now.

Yuma extends a frail hand revealing a necklace. Chenoa places it around her neck. Yuma looks up at her smiling and takes his last breath. Lakota and Cochise unfazed, exit. Chenoa rips the necklace from her neck, places it on her father's chest and quietly weeps.

EXT. HARRY'S HOME -- FRONT PORCH -- LATER

Lakota and Cochise exit. Harry is sitting on the steps gently rocking the baby in his arms. He rises respectfully.

COCHISE

We'll be back for the body.

A long beat.

HARRY

Cochise...your father. He
wanted...

COCHISE

(cutting Harry off)
What do I owe you?

HARRY

Nothing. You know my policy.

LAKOTA

He should have died a long time
ago.

Harry passes the baby to Cochise and watches as the Standing Bear brothers walk back to the car. Chenoa exits and hugs Harry tightly. He wipes a tear from her eye and watches as she walks over to the car and gets in. The car pulls away. Harry deeply moved, watches the car drive off into the distance.

INT. BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

Harry CHANTS as he covers Yuma's body in a colorful blanket.

EXT. KAIBAB-PAIUTE INDIAN RESERVATION CEMETERY -- DAY

Harry dressed in black slacks, a white shirt and tie, sits with Yuma's children and a small gathering of people at Yuma's funeral.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE/MEDICAL SUPPLY ROOM -- MORNING

Harry carefully places assorted containers into a large cardboard box, one of many scattered throughout the room.

EXT. HARRY'S HOME -- AFTERNOON

Sitting on the front steps, Harry surveys the boxes he's loaded into the flatbed of his pick-up truck.

EXT. DUSTY UNPAVED INTERSTATE ROAD -- LATER

Harry's truck leaves a cloud of dust in its wake. WE SEE a sign that reads " Hualapai Indian Reservation 32 Miles".

INT. HARRY'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS

Harry is singing along to Marvin Gaye's "Sexual Healing". He couldn't carry a tune in a bucket of water.

EXT. HUALAPAI INDIAN RESERVATION- DETACHED ROW HOUSE -- LATER

Harry unloads boxes from his truck as NELSON GRAY FOX, late 80's, sitting on a porch swing, plays with a yo-yo. Harry walks a box over and gently places it on the ground.

NELSON

What you got there, Harry?

HARRY

Nothing of use to me.

NELSON

(surprised)

What? So what are you going to do?

Harry sits on the steps next to Nelson.

HARRY

I don't know. Maybe go fishing.

NELSON

Long Bow, the guy was older than me.

HARRY

Lately they're all dropping like flies.

NELSON

Hey, we all gotta go some time.

HARRY

Even you and me.

NELSON

Me? Not me. I'm immortal.

HARRY

No, you're senile.

A beat.

NELSON

You sure about this?

HARRY

I'm doing more harm than good.

NELSON

If you say so, Dr. Kevorkian.
Let's see what's in those boxes.

INT. HARRY'S HOME-MEDICAL SUPPLY ROOM -- MORNING

As Harry seals up the last of many cardboard boxes, he
HEARS A KNOCK.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Harry answers the door. A worried Chenoa holds her
daughter.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Harry examines Tala as Chenoa looks on with concern.

HARRY
How did she sleep?

CHENOA
She didn't.

Harry rubs a salve onto the baby's chest and gives her a marshmallow root to chew on to soothe her stomach.

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING

Chenoa is asleep in the chair next to the bed where the baby is sleeping. Harry ENTERS and feels the child's forehead with the back of his hand. He gently awakens Chenoa.

HARRY
We have to go now.

INT. FLAGSTAFF MEDICAL CENTER--WAITING ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Harry, on pins and needles, is sitting alone. Chenoa ENTERS and sits down next to him.

CHENOA
She's fine. They're keeping her overnight for observation. Lakota's coming for us in the morning. Thank you, Harry.

Harry and Chenoa embrace. Tears well up in Harry's eyes as a wellspring of emotion overtakes him.

EXT. HARRY'S HOME -- FRONT PORCH-- AFTERNOON

Harry walks out just as a car pulls up and parks. Dr. Keziah Charity, a bookish black man, tall, mid 30's, exits the car.

KEZIAH
Harry Long Bow?

HARRY

That's what my friends call me.

KEZIAH

I'm the doctor who saw your
goddaughter Tuesday night.

HARRY

Thank you for treating her.

KEZIAH

I didn't do anything. Whatever
you did stabilized her. That's
why I'm here. I have a grant to
study alternative therapies in a
clinical setting. Your daughter
says you might be interested in
helping out. We'd pay you for your
time.

This obviously catches Harry off guard.

HARRY

(kidding)

Will I get to carry a clipboard
and wear one of those fancy white
coats?

EXT. NELSON GRAY FOX'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Harry pulls up in his truck and gets out. He opens the
empty flat bed and walks over to Nelson, who is on the
steps with his great-grandson, ISAIAH, age 7, hogging his
Game Boy.

NELSON

Coming out of retirement?

HARRY

The fish ain't bitin'.

FADE OUT:

THE END