

**IN YOUR IMAGE**

An Original Screenplay  
by  
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EXT. PICNIC PAVILION -- DAY

Maggie sits on a bench with Red. He gobbles a breakfast burrito. Her bike leans against the end of the picnic table.

MAGGIE

Hey Red, when was the last time you had a job?

RED

I worked on a loading dock.

MAGGIE

Where?

RED

Spartan Explosives. I was a forklift operator. Loaded trucks with pallets of dynamite.

MAGGIE

Who needs a truckload of dynamite?

RED

The Prince Company. The uranium mine at Yellow Mesa.

MAGGIE

Oh...of course. I heard they're shutting that down.

RED

I suspect they'll keep the operation going in one form or another. At least for a few years.

He takes another bite of a burrito.

MAGGIE

Do you ever plan to go back to work?

RED

Look at me. Would you hire me?

MAGGIE

Yes...I would.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX -- DAY

The building where Maggie lives is an aging structure with forty or fifty units. The parking lot is full of cracks. Some of the joints of the aluminum siding have pulled apart. Sagging rain gutters are heavy with debris.

Maggie pushes her bike into an elevator on the main level. Red follows, hoisting his backpack.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX / THIRD FLOOR WALKWAY -- DAY

They exit the elevator on level three. Neighbors look out their windows with apprehension.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT / BATHROOM -- DAY

Red turns on the shower water and strips out of his clothes.

Maggie calls to him through the door.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

When you're ready, throw your clothes  
into the hall, and I'll put them in the  
washer.

Red pushes the door open and drops his clothes in the hallway.

INT. APARTMENT / HALLWAY -- DAY

Maggie gathers his clothes. They are foul.

There is a laundry station in the hallway, and she drops his clothes into an open washing machine. She turns on the hot water and adds a liberal amount of laundry detergent.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT / BATHROOM -- DAY

Red soaps himself with a washrag, sans a shower curtain. The water pressure is low.

Filthy, grainy water funnels into the drain and splashes the floor. He washes his hair. He rinses.

He dries himself and wraps the towel around his waist as he steps out of the tub.

Neatly arranged on the lid of the toilet tank are a razor, shaving cream, and a toothbrush.

He lathers up his face and shaves.

He takes the toothbrush out of its package and brushes his teeth.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT / HALLWAY -- DAY

Red pokes his head through the bathroom entry while Maggie transfers his clothes to the dryer.

MAGGIE

If you want, I can cut your hair. I know how.

INT. MAGGIE'S APARTMENT / BATHROOM -- DAY

Maggie places a chair in front of the steamy mirror.

MAGGIE

I'm going to throw your blankets in the washer real quick. Have a seat.

She exits the bathroom.

Red wipes down the mirror with a hand towel. He haphazardly tries to clean up the floor.

Maggie comes back with a pair of scissors and a comb.

Red sits down, and Maggie combs through his dreadful tangles. She is uncomfortable with his state of undress.

She snips away. Her hands tremble. This is unfamiliar territory.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

So...is your name really Red?

RED

My full name is Johnny Red Wolf. I was raised by a single mother, Wanda Red Wolf. The Johnny part comes from my father, but I've never met him.

MAGGIE

Do you know anything about him?

RED

As far as I know he was a tramp. He rode rails out west from Pennsylvania. Took a job cutting lumber in the Kaibab. Progress, right?

MAGGIE

You got something against progress?

RED

I just don't see it that way. You white folks don't give a rat's ass about Mother Earth.

MAGGIE

The other side of the argument is that lumber companies thinned the forests and cut roads that minimized fire risk.

RED

PR spin. They decimated the forests. All for money.

Maggie continues to cut Red's hair.

MAGGIE

It doesn't sound like your father was a tramp to me. He came out here to work.

RED

He didn't last long. He left after he impregnated my mom. Believe it or not, his name was Johnny Hitler.

MAGGIE

No way.

RED

It's true. For obvious reasons, Mom wanted me to have her name instead of his.

MAGGIE

Where did your mother raise you?

RED

On the Hopi reservation.

MAGGIE

Is that where she is now?

RED

Oh no, she died twenty or so years ago.

MAGGIE

How did you wind up in Bell Basin?

RED

I took a job working on the Condor Canyon Dam.

Clip. Clip. Clip.

MAGGIE

From what I've heard that was some really dangerous work.

RED

Not for me so much.

MAGGIE

Oh really? Because you were such a talented rappeler?

RED

No. Because mine was mostly an office job. I'm a structural engineer.

Maggie is embarrassed that she typecast him.

MAGGIE

Oh my. I assumed you were a concrete worker or a welder or something. I feel so stupid.

RED

Don't.

Maggie abruptly stops clipping.

MAGGIE

Don't what?

RED

Don't feel stupid. I know I don't look like a person with a master's degree.

MAGGIE

A master's degree?

RED

Yep, I was the chosen one.

MAGGIE

What does that mean?

RED

It means I was handpicked. The smartest kid in my high school. Not exactly a Herculean task, I might add.

MAGGIE

And?

RED

And white people recognized it. And they sent me to college. Their way of compensating my people for centuries of attempted genocide. And after all, I was half white.

Maggie keeps clipping.

MAGGIE

Was it like a scholarship?

RED

It was better than a scholarship. A monthly housing stipend as well. From the American Indian College Fund. With no time constraints. What else was I going to do but go to college?

Maggie stops clipping.

MAGGIE

Would you have rather done something else?

RED

Don't get me wrong. College was great.

MAGGIE

But?

RED

But I wish that white man's dam had never been built.

MAGGIE

It's clean energy, isn't it?

RED

Who says it's clean energy?

MAGGIE

At least we're not burning coal...and polluting the air.

RED

We don't need more electricity. Truth is in the earth, not in machines. We're polluting our spirits.

Clip. Clip. Clip.

MAGGIE

You can't get in the way of progress.

RED

Progress has its limits. There's a point of diminishing returns, and we reached it a long time ago.

She stops clipping again.

MAGGIE

Who gets to decide that?



RED

The Great Mystery. That's who. If we keep destroying Mother Earth to gratify ourselves we're going to suffer. Just look at all the wildfires and hurricanes and tidal waves.

MAGGIE

You sound like a religious preacher.

RED

People are offended by every religion but their own.

MAGGIE

I didn't say I'm offended.

RED

What's your religion, Maggie?

MAGGIE

I don't really have one. But I'm fascinated by Krishna.

Red perks up.

RED

Reincarnation?

Maggie nods.

RED (CONT'D)

I believe I was a red wolf in a previous life. And I believe I will be again in the next.