

I Am Thy Weapon

By

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EXT. NAVAJO NATION DIRT ROAD - EARLY MORNING - FLASHBACK

A YOUNG DAYA (10) runs her heart out down a dusty road to her relative's house. Chubby legs propel her forward as she lunges desperately with each stride. Tears ride the contour of her brown cheek as she approaches a trailer.

Her hair slightly disheveled, Young Daya is bent over huffing and puffing. She wheezes at the front door of a double wide and bangs hastily, while trying to wipe tears away.

YOUNG DAYA

Auntie! Open the door! Please!!!

(sniffling)

Help! I need help! Reagan needs help!

The door opens and Young Daya's head lifts up.

EXT. RURAL HOUSE ON THE REZ - MORNING - FLASHBACK

Young Daya and her AUNT (30's) stand together in front of a small, run down house as Ambulance/Police lights strobe. A white sheet completely shrouds a gurney being wheeled away by EMT officials.

CUT TO:

INT. CHAPTER HOUSE AA MEETING - LATE DAY - PRESENT

An older but striking and pretty, present-day DAYA (19) fiddles with an empty styrofoam coffee cup as she sits in group. She ends her story.

DAYA

...she was beaten to death.

Daya picks up her head.

Sometimes I wish I wasn't so chubby back then. Maybe I could have ran faster.

(beat)

Anyway... That's it, thanks for listening.

An older Navajo gentleman, the CHAIR (50's) of the AA meeting, concludes the session. Daya goes up to him and puts a sign-in sheet in front of him on the table. He looks up at her, back down at the form, and starts fillin it out.

(CONTINUED)

CHAIR

You know, you don't need me to sign off your form anymore. Probation told me you're done.

The Chair fills out the date, time and signs it. He hands it back to Daya.

DAYA

Habit I guess.

CHAIR

Better this habit than the other.

Daya tries to smile, but more embarrassed, looks down at her coffee cup. He continues talking and changes the subject.

CHAIR

You're sister was talented and had a bright future. Like you. Don't make the same mistakes, Daya.

DAYA

Yeah I know, I'm trying.

CHAIR

Those schools reply back yet?

Daya nervously fidgets and pulls out her phone, she stares at the screen and replies to the Chair.

DAYA

No, not yet. Maybe soon. I'll let you know though.

Daya looks back at him. He gives her a small smile.

CHAIR

Ok then. Thanks for sharing tonight. It's good to hear you talk. Tell your dad to drop by a meeting sometime...

DAYA

Yeah, sure. No guarantees though.

The chair-man walks off and she leaves.

INT. DAYA'S RURAL HOUSE - EVENING

Daya plops down in her studio/room. Paintings, art supplies, drawings, and sketchbooks litter her space. The walls of her room are spray-painted as well.

Framed photos of her and her sister rest atop her desk. She glares at a stack of already open letters.

She picks one up. Each one reads relatively the same rejection.

INSERT - ADMISSION'S LETTER

Dear Daya Yahzie, The Admissions Committee has carefully reviewed your application. After much consideration, we regret to inform you that we were not able to offer you a place in the Class of 2012...

BACK TO SCENE

Daya flips through a few more letters and tosses them back on the desk. She throws her head back in frustration.

The front door opens and crashes closed. Boots are heard trudging out of step, about the hollow floor of the small house.

Daya pulls out her phone to make herself look busy.

A lanky Navajo man with a paunch, Daya's father, DAN-JOHN (40's) yells out drunkenly.

DAN-JOHN

Daya! You here?

Daya sits there on her phone and doesn't reply. He yells out again and stumbles through the door of her room.

DAN-JOHN

Hey Daya?!

(slightly chuckling)

Hey babygirl, it's fend-fer-yerself night. I didn't bring back any beer! Ayye. Jus' kiddin'!

Dan-John slurs and laughs out loud to his own joke. Daya, instantaneously angry, keeps her cool and her eyes on her phone.

(CONTINUED)

DAN-JOHN

No but I didn't have any money for food.

Keeping her attention away from her father, she replies under her breath.

DAYA

...but remarkably, you had money to get wasted.

(sarcastically happy)

Surprise!

Dan-John's mood instantaneously changes and backhands her straight across her face. He yells out, slurring still.

DAN-JOHN

You worthless lil' bitch, why don chu get a job or somethin'?!
'Stead a sitting around here all day drawin' yer lil pictures n tryin' to be like yer sister.

Daya sits there holding her face.

DAN-JOHN

At least she could draw. Not like yer lil-shit stick figures.

Still holding her face, she looks up at him, furious.

Daya jumps up and pushes her father down. He falls down and is hollering and scrambling to get up, but is too drunk.

She steps right past him and grabs her jacket and tramps out of the house.

EXT. BACKYARD RURAL REZ HOUSE - LATE EVENING

Daya is sitting on a tire next to an old shed. She holds her phone staring at it waiting for a reply but disappointingly stuffs it in her jacket pocket.

She sees an old spray can and picks it up. She checks it out; Daya shakes it and the motion and noise of the can sparks a vivid memory.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD RURAL REZ HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

A spray can is being shaken. Young Daya is sitting on the same tire as she watches her older sister REAGAN (17) paint a piece on the old shed.

The day seems hot, but a tank-topped and doc-marten'd Reagan, is careful with each stroke. Daya watches with intrigue and aspiration.

YOUNG DAYA
Are you painting mom?

REAGAN
Yeah. Do you remember her?

YOUNG DAYA
Kind of...
(beat)
Do you think she watches over us?

REAGAN
Maybe. I'd like to believe that spirits watch over their loved ones. Especially when we are going through hard times. That make sense, Day?

YOUNG DAYA
Yeah I guess.

Reagan sprays a stroke that outlines the face of a pretty woman. She motions Young Daya over. And then points with her lips at a pile of used aerosol paints.

REAGAN
Pick up that can of black over there.

Young Daya runs over and gets a can of black spray paint.

REAGAN
Go ahead, fill in mom's hair. shake it real good first.

She shakes the can furiously and starts to spray under Reagan's guidance.

REAGAN
Easy though, spray each stroke as if they are strands of real hair, one at a time.

(CONTINUED)

Young Daya sprays away. The two stand side by side working on the piece.

The front door crashes. The two girls both turn around. Dan-John stands on the small porch holding a beer, looking at them.

EXT. BACKYARD RURAL REZ HOUSE - NIGHT - PRESENT

Daya stares at her staggering father on the front porch as he stands there bewildered-like. An orange outdoor light casts an eerie glow as he wavers under the moonlight.

She gets up walks behind the shed and pulls out her phone.

INSERT - CELL PHONE TEXT MESSAGE

JERRET

On our way, Nate is drivin. Bitch
ass is slo. 10 min mybe?

EXT. DIRT ROAD/HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Daya is at the end of her dirt road where it meets the highway She keeps glancing at her phone.

A GROUP OF 3 FRIENDS pull up in a rickety rez ride just before the cattle guard.

A young Navajo man, JERRET (21) hangs out of the passenger window of his own ride. He is scrawny and has a hard face.

JERRET

Yooooo, your chariot has arrived!

DAYA

God, what took you guys so long?

Daya gets in the backseat of the car.

INT. JERRET'S CHITTY - NIGHT

She settles amongst the trash with her friend JULIE (20's) in the back.

DAYA

Why is Nate driving too? He drives
like my grandma.

(CONTINUED)

NATE, a chubby Navajo guy (20's) sneers back at Daya from behind the wheel. He throws a crumpple fast-food wrapper at her. She laughs. Jerret turns around to face her.

JERRET

We had to score from Blackies. AND
I don't feel like driving.
(smiling)

Jerret takes a drink from a forty.

DAYA

So you guys went out to
Chilchinbito?

Jerret takes another swig of beer and burps.

JERRET

Hell yeah. Everyone else is dry.
Blackies was the last place we went
to. Then you called.

DAYA

Well, lets get the fuck out of
here. I hate this road.

JERRET

Wanna drink?

Daya takes the forty. Completely not caring anymore.

DAYA

Fuck it.
(tipping the bottle upward)
Cheers!

She pulls a large swig. Her friends react celebratory as they turn up the music and drive off.

INT. HOMIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A party rages inside a rugged looking NHA-made house at the end of a pot-holed cul-de-sac.

There are a fair amount of people inside drinking, smoking, and listening to loud music.

Daya maneuvers about the house, seamlessly fitting back in where she left off. She greets most of everybody and takes shots with people she hasn't seen in a while.

She makes her way outside to the back.

EXT. BACKYARD OF HOMIE'S HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

There's a group of people in the backyard. She runs into her old graffiti friend, EYERIS (25) who also used to be friends with her older sister Reagan.

He is really happy to see her. He drops his spray can and picks up his beer. Eyeris takes a break from his mural and gives Daya a hug.

DAYA

Eyeris! Oh my god!

EYERIS

It's been a while sis'! How you doin'?

DAYA

I'm ok, been on reform road.
(notices beer)
Well not anymore...

Eyeris laughs a little bit, as does she.

DAYA

So how you doin? Whats this you got goin on?

Daya points with her lips to the freshly aerosol'd mural against some panels leaning against the side of the house.

EYERIS

Ahhh, its nothing, just fucking around you know.
(beat)
I wanna get more serious though. But it's hard coppin' cans these days.

DAYA

Yeah I know right.

EYERIS

What about you? You still doing your thang?

DAYA

Well yeah, I mean. I haven't done much outside of the water tower days. But you know, I still draw and paint everyday. I'm trying to go to art school really.

(CONTINUED)

EYERIS

Oh word. How's that going? You apply?

DAYA

Yeah, well, that's the thing... I got rejected from all the schools I applied to.

EYERIS

Whaaaaat!? Forreal? DAMN.
(laughing)

DAYA

Yeah. So there goes my year.

Daya takes a swig of beer.

EYERIS

Well fuck school Day, I mean you're hella talented. Thass all you need.
(beat)

You ever thought about just going to Phoenix or something? I mean that scene is coming up these days.

DAYA

I don't got any money dude, I got like a hundred-fifty bucks til I find a job.

EYERIS

Shit. You don't need money. I got homies down in Mesa who'd hook ya up. I mean them Tohono O'odham bros are crew afterall. They're always tryna get us out to stay and paint.

Daya seems to seriously fancy the offer for a second, but then instead laughs and looks at Eyeris absurdly.

DAYA

Uhhhh huh, yeah, ok.! You're drunk.

Eyeris laughs and chugs the rest of his beer and tosses the bottle.

EYERIS

Well, maybe.
(beat)

No but forreal Day! Thass where it's at! I'm just sayin...

Daya passes him her forty.

(CONTINUED)

DAYA

I need to pee. AND I needa shot.

She starts walking toward the back door of the party. Eyeris yells out to her jokingly.

EYERIS

What YOU need is "a jobby job!"

Daya keeps walking, while she flips him off behind her.

INT. HOMIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The party rages on, as does Daya. She is really wasted but continues to party. She heads to the bathroom to vomit.

Everything is blurry around her, some people help her up. She doesn't know what's going on around her.

Then she is laying flat on her back on a bed and starts coming to consciousness a little bit. Some guy is on top of her undoing his belt and pants.

Daya realizes what is happening and throws him off of her. He falls on the floor and hits his head, knocking him out. She lunges on top of him to punch him and sees that it's her "friend" Jerret.

She jumps away from him. Confused and disoriented. Daya looks for her phone. She sees a set of keys on the nightstand along with her phone. She takes both.

Daya sneaks out of the house. She steps over people and grabs a half drunk bottle of vodka. She goes outside.

EXT. HOMIE'S HOUSE - BEFORE DAWN

Daya checks to see if the keys really are for Jerret's car. They are. She starts it and drives away.

INT. JERRET'S MOVING CHITTY - DAWN

Daya takes shots of the bottle and swerves as she tries to make it home, not really knowing where she is.

A cow comes into view in the middle of the rural highway. Daya swerves into a ditch to avoid collision. She crashes the car.

EXT. OUTSIDE CAR CRASH - DAWN

In shock Daya gets out of the steaming car. Confused, she flees the accident scene and runs toward the Black Mesa Canyon side.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DAYA'S RURAL HOUSE - MORNING

Daya wakes up in her bed at home. She is sore and really hungover. She has no idea how she got home.

She gets out of bed and looks around inside her house. Nobody is home.

She goes to the bathroom and looks at herself in the mirror and notices a large scrape and bump on her forehead above her eyebrow that compliments the fat lip that her father presumeably gave her the night before the party.

She stares at herself for awhile in the mirror and tries to remember what happened and how she got home.

EXT. RURAL NAVAJO COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN - FLASHBACK

Intermittent moments of a cow, the car, and the crash blur between moments of running through the countryside. She can't make out where she was.

INT. DAYA'S RURAL HOUSE - MORNING

Daya takes one long last hard glance at herself and walks out of the bathroom.

EXT. BACKYARD RURAL REZ HOUSE - MORNING

Daya shakes an almost empty aerosol can as she stands before the old shed where her and her sister used to practice throwies on.

The shed broken down still, retains a faint image of the mural that Reagan started of their mother. Daya starts spraying.

She carefully knocks out lines and fills in the piece little by little, tossing empties aside and finding half-full cans stowed away in the shed itself.

She backs away from her work to view the creation in full view and is satisfied.

EXT. FRONT OF DAYA'S HOUSE - DAY

Daya walks out of the her house and closes the door behind her. She is wearing a backpack and also has a duffel bag in one hand and a gallon of water in the other.

EXT. DIRT ROAD/HIGHWAY - DAY

Daya is walking down the dirt road with her stuff. She recollects one last memory.

EXT. DIRT ROAD/HIGHWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Reagan and Young Daya walk down that same part of the dirt road. Both are wearing back packs. Reagan carries a traveling mug of presumably coffee.

REAGAN

It's not all that bad Daya. We have it alot easier than our ancestors.

YOUNG DAYA

(whining)

It's hottttt though...! I don't wanna go to school.

REAGAN

Back then times were rough. We fought to stay on the land, but... we lost.

YOUNG DAYA

Why didn't the grandpa's just shoot the white people and scare them away?

Reagan laughs and looks over at Daya.

REAGAN

Because Day, we were out-numbered. Plus we didn't have many weapons back then.

YOUNG DAYA

We didn't?

(CONTINUED)

REAGAN

No wayyyyyy.

YOUNG DAYA

Well what about now?

REAGAN

Now?

YOUNG DAYA

Yeah, don't we got weapons now?

REAGAN

We are our own weapons now Daya. I
AM MY OWN WEAPON. And my art, is my
ammo!!! This isn't the wild west
anymore, kid.

The two reach the end of the road, just before the cattle guard.

EXT. DIRT ROAD/HIGHWAY - DAY - PRESENT

Daya stands alone with her bag and water on the ground, just before the cattle guard and takes one last glance back down the dirt road.

She glances at her phone and then shoves it in her pocket. Daya picks up her stuff and crosses the cattle guard. She walks toward the highway to start hitch-hiking.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END.