

Iason's Chronicle

Written By

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EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

It's a hot, sunny day in the village that is encompassed by water. The trees sway in the wind as eagles and ravens fly through the air, whistling and cawing.

There are multiple wooden huts made from red cedar huddled close by one another. The people are huddled even closer.

Many of the villagers are coughing and pale. Children lay silent with their heads on their mothers' laps with flushed faces.

A 17 year old village boy, IASON, rushes past the sickly with swift strides. He is carrying a woven basket on his back and is wearing a thick pair of gloves. With pure determination on his face, he races towards the forest.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Iason hops over multiple logs and shoves through bushes in his way, snatching up any berry he can. He stops in front of a patch of devil's club - large leafed plants with countless spikes jutting from their spines.

IASON  
(smirks)  
I finally found you.

Iason pulls out his deer antler knife from his holster attached to his baggy jean shorts and starts cutting the devil's club by its base.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - LATER

After cutting numerous devil's club spines, Iason beings to de-leaf the plant. He yanks his hand back with haste.

IASON  
(in surprise)  
Ow! Stupid devil's club. Always  
finding a way to stab people  
through gloves...

Finally the woven basket is full of devil's club spines. Iason grabs a few more handfuls of berries from a near by bush, puts them in his pocket, and starts off towards the village.

As Iason jumps over a log near the lake, a young black bear cub wanders out from the bushes. Iason immediately stops in his tracks, aware that the cub's mother can come bursting out at any moment.

The cub is crying and limping towards the log Iason is by. The baby bear notices Iason and panics, trying to back away, but unsuccessfully. Slowly, Iason makes a couple of steps closer to it.

IASON  
 (in Tlingit)  
 It's okay little cub. I'm not going  
 to hurt you.

The cub perks its ears up and nods its head in understanding. It sits down and stares at Iason with blood pooling from its paw.

Iason smiles and reaches into his pocket and pulls out a handful of berries. He holds the berries out to the cub. Carefully, the cub eats the berries one by one. Iason holds his free hand over the cub's wounded paw, closes his eyes, and takes a deep breath.

IASON  
 (in Tlingit)  
 Stay calm. I'm going to try to make  
 the pain go away.

Very faintly, his hand starts to glow a light green, but then fades. Bushes start to rustle and branches snap as a ferocious roar irrupts from behind Iason.

Iason turns to see the cub's mother on her hind legs, glaring down at him. Iason quickly steps behind the cub and holds his hands out to defend himself.

IASON  
 (in Tlingit)  
 Stop! I'm not here to hurt your  
 baby!

MOTHER BLACK BEAR cocks her head sideways with the realization that she can understand him.

MOTHER BLACK BEAR  
 It's been a while since I've  
 actually heard your kind speak  
 before.

IASON  
 (in Tlingit)  
 I think I'm one of two who can  
 speak to your kind.

Mother Black Bear drops to all fours and observes the blood  
 coming from her baby's paw.

MOTHER BLACK BEAR  
 Did you do this?

IASON  
 (in Tlingit)  
 No. I tried to heal it. But I  
 couldn't.

MOTHER BLACK BEAR  
 So then, you're a medicine man?

IASON  
 (in Tlingit)  
 Yeah, but I'm learning, so I'm not  
 good at it...

The cub limps over to its mother and nuzzles her while  
 grunting. Mother Black Bear rubs her head against her  
 baby's.

MOTHER BLACK BEAR  
 But you made him stop crying.

IASON  
 (in Tlingit)  
 I guess. I just gave him berries to  
 distract him while I tried to heal  
 his paw, but it didn't work.

MOTHER BLACK BEAR  
 At least you tried young shaman.  
 You still have a lot to learn. Now  
 go, your village needs you.

IASON  
 (in Tlingit)  
 How did you--?

Mother Black Bear sniffs the air.

MOTHER BLACK BEAR  
 You can smell the sickness in the  
 air...Go on now.

Iason gives a quick nod before running back in the direction of his village.

EXT. VILLAGE - AFTERNOON

Iason rushes into the village and past the sick villagers again. The VILLAGERS that are still conscious call out to him in frustration.

VILLAGER #1

(angry)

Hey! Boy! When will your precious grandmother find a cure for this madness?

VILLAGER #2

(angry)

Yeah! Why doesn't she just let that little one go and help the ones who are still awake!?

The villagers try to grab Iason by his black tank top, but he calmly maneuvers around them, trying to keep his patience.

Iason keeps ignoring the villager's gibes until he reaches a bigger wooden hut with a carved wooden sign that reads, "Medicine Woman," nailed to the front porch.

CUT TO:

INT. MEDICINE WOMAN'S HUT - MOMENTS LATER

The house is quaint and dimly lit. The main room of the hut appears to have a kitchen-like setup, with a table in the middle and many counters and cabinets along the walls.

In the corner of the room, there is a small cot with a young, unconscious girl laying in it. The girl has the same blonde hair as Iason's and the same tan skin.

Sitting next to the little girl is Iason's GRANDMOTHER - a 70 year old, stout woman wearing a long leather tunic and moccasins - who has her hands over her. She shakes her hands as if shaking off water before she takes note of Shaman's presence.

GRANDMOTHER

Grandson! Get the medicine ready.

Iason takes a seat at the table and begins to scrape the spikes and outer bark off of the devil's club spines.

Grandmother takes off her glasses and lets them hang from the beaded necklace around her neck. She then places her hands back over the girl and takes a deep breath. Her hands emit a bright green light.

GRANDMOTHER

Uhyeea!

Grandmother shakes her hands again.

GRANDMOTHER

Hurry son. This thing is fighting with me.

Iason finishes scraping the last of the devil's club and hands the green, meaty flesh sticks over to his grandma.

IASON

Here grandma. It's done.

GRANDMOTHER

(in Tlingit)

Ahh! Good! Good!

Grandmother takes the devil's club and strips the meat from the spine and tosses into a carved cedar bowl. She then starts to mash the devil's club meat into a paste-like substance.

IASON

(quietly)

How's she doing grandma?

Iason curiously peeks over his grandma's shoulder to see his sister, FEATHER, lying in the cot with unusually dark veins and protruding purple bags under her sunken eyes.

GRANDMOTHER

Not too well grandson...

Grandmother rubs the devil's club mush onto Feather's veins and underneath her eyes while praying in Tlingit.

After the prayer is finished, Grandmother takes a wet rag and rests it on Feather's forehead.

GRANDMOTHER

Babe, why don't you try? I can't reach her anymore...Maybe she'll respond to you.

IASON

You sure she'll be able to tell?

GRANDMOTHER

(confidently)

I know she will. We carry different energies, she will feel the difference.

IASON

But I can't even get my healing hands to work...Remember?

Grandmother grabs Iason's hands and places them above Feather's arm.

GRANDMOTHER

You have to believe in it. Not have a doubt in your mind that you can do it. Try it.

Iason slowly moves his hands over Feather's arm and takes a deep breath.

GRANDMOTHER

Close your eyes grandson, and concentrate.

Iason closes his eyes as his grandma speaks a quiet prayer, one that he is very familiar with. He starts focusing on his breathing while saying the prayer with his grandmother in his head.

Suddenly, Iason's hands emit a bright light just like his grandma's. He moves his hands around Feather's arm as if trying to locate something

FEATHER V.O

Brother?

Iason jerks his hands back as his eyes widen with surprise.

IASON

Feather?! Sis, are you awake?!  
Gramma! I heard her voice!

His voice begins to crack as tears well up in his emerald eyes with a mixture of excitement and anguish.

IASON

She was right there! She heard me!

GRANDMOTHER

(calmly)

Shh...It's okay babe...

Grandmother hugs Iason tight and strokes his hair. He embraces her tighter, trying not to cry.

GRANDMOTHER

You did good. She felt you.

Iason looks up at his grandmother with concern.

IASON

But she's not waking up...

GRANDMOTHER

I know. Baby girl is trying, but she's lost on the other side right now. If she doesn't wake up soon, I don't think she'll ever come back to this life.

Iason lets go of his grandma and trembles a little. As Iason looks down, Grandmother takes his hands in both of hers.

GRANDMOTHER

Listen. There is hope out there. Remember me telling you and your sister stories about the bigger world?

IASON

(distantly)

I remember...

GRANDMOTHER

There is more powerful medicine out there. The bigger world has strong medicine, the kind that doesn't take as long as ours.

Grandmother gently lifts Iason's head to look at her.

GRANDMOTHER

I need you to go and find that medicine grandson.

IASON

(upset)

I can't do that! You're doing a great job without it grandma, you can heal her! You've been healing everyone just fine!

GRANDMOTHER

To a point I have. I can only do so much...When our people fall into that sleep, I can't wake them up. I can't wake baby girl up...

IASON

Gramma...

Iason looks down again defeated.

GRANDMOTHER

If we don't get better medicine, everyone will be lost. I need you to go to the bigger world...We all do.

IASON

(panicked)

Well what if I mess it all up?! Or I can't find the right medicine?! I haven't even been off the island before gramma!

GRANDMOTHER

Hush now. There is another medicine man in the next island over. He's an old friend of mine. He should know where the medicine is kept.

IASON

(doubtful)

How will I even find him? I don't know his name or what he looks like.

Grandmother chuckles at his statement.

GRANDMOTHER

(smiles)

He has a very peculiar name. Ask around for an old fool named Goose Tongue.

IASON

(mumbles)

Goose Tongue? What kind of name is that?

GRANDMOTHER

Don't let his name trick you. He's a very smart man, but he likes to

(MORE)

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

riddle around with people and play  
tricks on them...

Shaman looks over at his sister and back to his grandmother,  
considering his options.

IASON

Okay, I'll go... For Feather.

GRANDMOTHER

Good! I have things for you.

Grandmother goes to a loose floorboard in the hut and lifts  
it from the floor. She pulls out a box and sets the  
floorboard back in place. Iason looks at his grandma in  
confusion.

GRANDMOTHER

I've had this ready for a little  
while now, in case things with the  
village didn't get better.

She hands the box over to Iason. He opens it and is shocked  
to see a pair of brand new black and grey sneakers with red  
accents on them.

IASON

Whoa! How'd you even get these  
gramma? Dang!

GRANDMOTHER

Nevermind that. They're supposed to  
help you blend in with the other  
people so they don't look at you  
funny.

Iason eagerly sits down on the floor, removes his old  
moccasins and tries the shoes on to see if they fit.

IASON

Awesome! They fit.

He gets up and walks around a little with his shoes while  
talking to his sleeping sister. Grandmother disappears into  
the next room and comes back out with a grey and red colored  
hoodie. The hoodie looks handmade, but with professional  
quality.

GRANDMOTHER

(to Iason)

This too. People will really think  
you're just like them.

Iason hugs his grandma and takes the hoodie from her to try on - it fits.

IASON  
(in Tlingit)  
Thank you!

He hugs Grandmother again.

GRANDMOTHER  
No need to thank me grandson. These are just some things you need.

IASON  
You've given me my first pair of shoes and a handmade jacket. It'd be rude not to thank you.

Iason picks his moccasins up from the floor and tucks them in the back pocket of his shorts. He then kneels to Feather and lifts her limp hand.

IASON  
(whispers)  
I'll make you better sis, don't worry. You're going to wake up soon. I promise.

Iason lightly kisses his sister's hand and then places it gently back to her side. Grandmother reaches for another string tied around her neck and pulls out a leather coin bag from her tunic. She takes it off and hands it to Iason.

IASON  
What's this?

GRANDMOTHER  
It's a little bit of money. You'll need it to eat and stay someplace warm.

IASON  
(confused)  
Oh...

Iason takes the coin bag from his grandma and puts it on over his head. The coin bag rests openly against his black tank top and grey colored hoodie. Grandmother gives the slightest wink to Iason as she gives him one last hug.

Iason is about to head out the door, but hesitantly backs away and turns to face his grandmother and sleeping sister.

IASON  
 (worried)  
 How long until she's lost grandma?

GRANDMOTHER  
 (grimly)  
 I'm not sure babe. I'd say about a week or so. I'll keep trying to heal her and the others to buy us some time.

IASON  
 Alright. I'll be back with the cure soon, I swear...Take care of her.

Grandmother gives a nod of understanding and a small gesture of goodbye with the slightest glimmer of tears in her eyes. Iason takes one last glance at his grandmother and sister and then walks out the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - EVENING

Iason checks his back pocket to be sure that his moccasins are still securely tucked in place. He then checks to be sure that his knife is still attached to his shorts. He walks down the steps of the hut and towards the forest.

Every person that is still conscious in the village makes eye contact with Iason and each one gives a small nod of understanding as he walks past them.

Iason draws his hood up over his head and continues to walk towards the forest.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Slowly walking through the forest trails and hopping over logs, Iason makes his way deeper into the forest where the canoes are kept. As he walks, his eyelids become heavier and he starts to occasionally yawn.

IASON  
 (to himself)  
 Man...I should find a spot to sleep...

Finally, Iason finds a nice spot of dry moss under a fallen tree.

IASON  
This looks perfect.

He crawls underneath the tree that looks like shelter and nestles into the moss. After rustling around a bit to get comfortable, Iason lets his eyes fall closed.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - LATER

Eagles whistle loud and fly high in the air as a MYSTERIOUS FIGURE hidden in the shadows watches Iason fast asleep.

An EAGLE swoops down onto the fallen tree where Iason is and whistles once more while looking around the forest. The whistle awakens Iason from his slumber.

IASON  
(groggy)  
Wha--?

EAGLE  
(in Tlingit)  
Watch yourself kid.

Iason rubs his eyes and peeks his head out to see Eagle speaking to him.

IASON  
Huh?

EAGLE  
I said watch yourself. The dark one is watching you.

IASON  
(in Tlingit)  
Uh, yeah, sure...I will. Have a good night.

Eagle nods his head and flies off into the night. Iason goes back into his bedding area and falls right back to sleep.

The mysterious figure listens to make sure that he is snoring and then steps out of the bushes towards him. The figure gets close enough to Iason to inspect his new shoes.

The figure then puts its foot up next to Iason's to compare size and is satisfied to see that their shoe sizes are a match.

After checking one last time to be sure that Iason is

snoring, the figure begins to gently tug at the laces of Iason's shoes.

The tug of the laces is enough to reawaken Iason from his sleep. He peers up over his shoes to see a young woman, RAVEN, with short black hair and shimmering red goggles over her eyes, awkwardly smiling back at him.

RAVEN  
(awkwardly)  
Hey....

IASON  
Hey! What are yo--

Iason is cut short by Raven, as handful of dirt is thrown in his eyes and she takes off running with one of Iason's shoes in her hand.

Iason grunts in pain from the dirt, looks around for the culprit, and finally catches a glimpse of Raven running away. He immediately gets up and sprints after her.

As Raven runs for her life, she glances behind her shoulder and sees Iason catching up to her.

IASON  
(shouting)  
Stop! Give me back my shoe thief!

RAVEN  
(shouts back)  
Shove off! I found it!

Raven panics, loses her footing on a stone, but keeps stumbling forward. Iason finally gets close enough and leaps for her.

IASON  
(shouting)  
Gotcha!!

Iason successfully tackles Raven to the ground. The two fumble around, struggling with each other. Raven grasps a nice sized stone and smacks Iason across the head with it.

Iason falls flat on the ground as Raven tries to scramble up and away from him, but he quickly recovers and tackles her again.

IASON  
(angry)  
Enough!

Iason grabs his knife out of his holster and holds it threateningly close to Raven's throat.

RAVEN  
(scared)  
Whoa!

Raven puts her hands up, still holding onto Iason's shoe.

IASON  
(angry)  
Give me back my shoe.

RAVEN  
(scared)  
Yeah! Alright. Cool! Relax man.

Raven quickly gives the shoe back to Iason. Iason takes a closer look at Raven and notices that she is a woman. He immediately pulls the knife away and gets off her.

IASON  
(embarrassed)  
Oh! I-I am so sorry ma'am.

Raven pulls up her goggles and lets them rest in her tussled hair as she glares at Iason and dusts herself off.

RAVEN  
(sarcastically)  
Nah, it's okay...I just tried to rob you is all.

Iason helps her to her feet, which he notices are bare and dirty.

RAVEN  
(awkwardly)  
Well...I guess it's time for this ol' thief to hit the ol' dusty trail...

Raven mockingly puts her hands up in a yawning fashion and turns to head the opposite direction.

IASON  
W-wait!

RAVEN  
Huh?

IASON  
(meekly)  
(MORE)

IASON (CONT'D)

You don't h-have any shoes...

Raven looks down at her feet and then back to Iason.

RAVEN

So? What does it matter to you?

Iason takes his old pair of moccasins from his back pocket and holds them out to Raven.

IASON

Well, if you needed something, you could've just asked somebody to help. And I can't let you just go knowing you don't have any sort of covering for you feet.

Iason steps close enough to Raven to peer into her coal black eyes.

IASON

(sincere)

So here. Please take my moccasins. I hope they will bring you as much adventure as they've brought me.

Not knowing how to respond, Raven stares awestruck back at Iason as he places the moccasins in her hands and steps back.

RAVEN

(in awe)

Wow...Thank you kid.

IASON

My name is Iason. Nice to meet you.

He holds his hand out to her.

RAVEN

Raven. Nice to meet you too.

The two awkwardly shake hands and then stare at uncomfortably off to the side.

After a moment, Raven sits down in the dirt to try on her new moccasins. She wriggles her toes around in them to break them in and is elated at the fact that they fit so well.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAWN

Iason and Raven are walking casually deeper into the forest together. Raven occasionally hops on one foot to the next, testing out her new footgear.

RAVEN

So you need to get to the city huh?

IASON

Yeah. My whole village is counting on me. Especially my sister...

RAVEN

(smugly)

I've been there ya know.

IASON

(excited)

You have?!

Raven triumphantly throws her arms behind her head, elbows facing up.

RAVEN

Uh huh! They love me there. And I'm sure they're starting to wonder where I've been this whole time.

IASON

What do you mean? What happened?

RAVEN

Well, one night, I saw some strange looking fellows heading towards the docks, and I thought, "Nah...These guys seem fishy..."

Raven starts to enact her story.

RAVEN

So with my gut instincts, I knew I had to follow em...Good thing I did too because they were up to no good.

IASON

Did you stop them?

RAVEN

(proud)

Oh you bet your grandma I did! I threw all three--no four of em off their little canoe and into the water!

IASON  
 (impressed)  
 Wow. All four men?

RAVEN  
 Yeeup!

Iason furrows his brow, thinking, while Raven grins up into the air.

IASON  
 (in thought)  
 Well...Why didn't you just go back to the city from there?

Raven stops grinning and recoils.

RAVEN  
 Whaddaya mean?

IASON  
 I mean like once you threw the men off, why didn't you just grab the paddles and row back?

RAVEN  
 Oh! Uh--They, uh...Flew off with the men...It was my mistake.

Iason isn't buying the story.

IASON  
 Well what about when you reached this island? Why didn't you just steal those paddles and row back to the city?

RAVEN  
 (quickly)  
 The canoe got all banged up from my crash landing.

IASON  
 Well what about th--

RAVEN  
 (avoiding the question)  
 Oh look! I can see the canoes from here!

EXT. SHORELINE - DAWN

Raven rushes over the canoes, inspecting each one, while

Iason slowly makes his way closer, suspicious of Raven.

RAVEN

We better get going before the  
tides really swell up and get  
rough.

IASON

Yeah, I supposed you're right...

RAVEN

Come on then, let's get this thing  
going!

Iason and Raven take a nicely carved canoe from the bunch,  
with a pair of paddles and carry it towards the ocean.

IASON

So...You'll really help me find the  
medicine man on the other side?

RAVEN

(overly cheery)

Of course! I promised you didn't I?

Raven hops inside the canoe midway to the ocean. Iason gives  
an irked look to Raven and continues heaving the canoe until  
it is almost fully in the water.

Iason gives a last shove and swiftly hops inside the canoe  
as it floats atop the ocean. He then grabs a paddle and  
continues to push off the ocean floor.

IASON

You wanna help me out a little?  
We'll definitely get to the city  
faster if there's two of us  
paddling.

RAVEN

(nervous)

S-sure.

Raven cautiously grabs a paddle and begins to help Iason.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - MORNING

It's a calm morning and a slight breeze takes the air. Iason  
is continually paddling to ensure that the canoe is sailing  
straight.

Raven idly twists the bangs of her hair with her lips pursed out.

RAVEN  
I'm bored.

IASON  
Yeah, well we got a ways to go  
Raven. Sorry.

Raven lets out a sigh of boredom and closes her eyes for a nap. Iason rolls his eyes and keeps paddling.

After sitting in silence for a bit, Iason sets down the paddle.

IASON  
(mysteriously)  
You know that there is a spirit  
lady who lives in these waters?

Iason's tone makes Raven peek an eye open.

RAVEN  
(interested)  
What spirit lady?

IASON  
(in Tlingit)  
The good luck lady.

RAVEN  
(scoffs)  
What does that even mean Iason! I  
don't speak that business.

Iason sighs and then clears his throat.

IASON  
The good luck lady.

RAVEN  
Oh.

IASON  
(storytelling voice)  
It's said she was a beautiful  
mermaid that used to play tricks on  
hunters and drown them for  
fun...until she fell in love with  
one.

RAVEN  
Then what happened?

IASON  
(storytelling voice)  
Nobody wanted her. Not her mermaid  
clan, not even her new lover... She  
had a baby with him, but it didn't  
stop him from stabbing her through  
the heart after she desperately  
clawed at him to keep him with her!

Raven is clutching her knees close to her chest with her  
eyes wide with fear and sadness.

RAVEN  
(scared)  
That is a MESSED up story Iason!  
What in God's name are those  
medicine people teaching you in  
that village?!

Iason chuckles at Raven's comment, grabs the paddle and puts  
it to the water.

IASON  
Relax man. (laughs) It's just a  
story... She's supposed to bring  
you luck and good things if you  
ever catch a glimpse her spirit  
though.

RAVEN  
You believe that?

Iason looks deep into the water at that question.

IASON  
(deep in thought)  
I dunno...

Raven yawns and gets into a comfortable position.

RAVEN  
Well have fun with that. G'night.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

The full moon is out and illuminating all around the duo as  
they smoothly glide through the water.

Iason is now in a comfortable position napping while Raven occasionally steers the canoe with her paddle. She stares at the water with distrust.

RAVEN  
Oy! Shaman! Wake up, it's your turn  
to man the ship.

Raven rudely shakes Iason awake.

IASON  
(groggy)  
Alright! Jesus... (yawns) Did you  
just call me shaman?

RAVEN  
Yeah, that's what you are aren't  
ya? A medicine man? Shaman?

IASON  
Well yea--

RAVEN  
Well that's your new nickname with  
me, good ol' Shaman captain.

Iason smiles at Raven.

IASON  
Okay then.

Raven sticks the paddle in front of Iason's face. He calmly takes the paddle from her.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN - LATER

There is more silence on the canoe. Raven leans her head over the side of the canoe to look at her reflection.

Barks and splashes can be heard from a distance.

IASON  
(cautious)  
Be careful. Sounds like sea lions  
are up late and rowdy.

RAVEN  
(bored)  
Gotcha...

Raven is still staring at her reflection when something

peeks its head up through the water and catches her attention.

RAVEN

Huh?

She looks at her surroundings a bit to be sure nothing is around and goes back to dully looking at her reflection.

Raven notices something shiny in it. She slowly reaches for it until her fingers lightly touch the water.

IASON

(worried)

What are yo--!

In a flash, Raven disappears into the abyss without making a single splash.

IASON

(yelling)

RAVEN!!!

TO BE CONTINUED...