

# ANGELA BLUE THUNDER

sc 1 of 1

Roarke pours a coffee, walks out...

Walks back in and stares at the TICKER SYMBOLS whipping by.  
Sees one in particular --

IRON WEALTH INVESTMENT GROUP. DOWN SIXTEEN DOLLARS TO 192.66  
A SHARE.

ROARKE  
What the fuck?

Opens his laptop, looks up IRON WEALTH INVESTMENT GROUP,  
NEWS...

A FLOOD OF ARTICLES TELL OF BILLIONS INVESTED IN A PLANNED  
COMMUNITY IN MONTANA WITHOUT APPROVALS SECURED...

ROARKE (CONT'D)  
That fucking bitch.

14 INT. BROKEN ROCK CASINO - RAINWATER'S OFFICE - DAY (D8) 14

Mo stands by the security cameras, watching ANGELA BLUE  
THUNDER (35) walk the hall toward them. There is an anger in  
her stride -- an intensity to every step. If wrath were a  
perfume she'd be wearing it...

Mo lights sage, sets it in an Abalone shell on the table as  
she knocks on the door. Mo opens it.

She takes one step, then stops. Looks at the sage...

**START →**

ANGELA  
Put that shit out.

Mo looks back at it. Angela doesn't wait -- takes a black  
water bottle from her purse, dumps water over it. Looks at  
Rainwater and smiles.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
There's no protection from me, Tom.  
You know that...

She walks in. Sits.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
It's barely been a year and already  
you're burning sage and praying for  
change, instead of being it...

RAINWATER

If praying was my plan you wouldn't be here. How's San Francisco?

ANGELA

It's a million outraged pussies who think driving a Tesla somehow helps the environment.

RAINWATER

You could always move home.

Beat.

ANGELA

This isn't my home.

RAINWATER

You may not live here anymore, but it's still your home.

ANGELA

Not every orphan is adopted by Wasichu school teachers looking to change the world, Tom. Some just really like nine year-old girls.

There is a look in her eyes best described as languid hostility.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Tell me it's my home again and see what happens.

RAINWATER

I'm trying to make it a better place.

ANGELA

All you've managed to do thus far is take all our casino's profits and buy land a Fortune 500 Company is about to steal from you. And there's nothing you can do about it.

RAINWATER

You're what I'm doing about it.

She smiles a lazy smile.

ANGELA

You know what they say about making deals with the devil.

RAINWATER

No, Angela. I don't... What do they say.

She stands.

ANGELA

That's the big mystery, Tom. Maybe you'll survive to tell it.

She walks to the door.

RAINWATER

Is that a 'yes'? You'll help?

ANGELA

If that's what you want to call it.

**END →**

She walks out. Mo lights sage as fast as he can flick the lighter. Bathes himself in smoke. Carries it to Rainwater.

RAINWATER

She's not evil, Mo. Just angry and trying to punish the world for all the things it did to her.

MO

I know. That's what evil means.

15 EXT. YELLOWSTONE RANCH - RIVER - DAY (D8)

15

Monica stands in the river, her soaked sundress gripping her legs as Tate stands before her. She dips a WASH RAG in the river, rubs his shirtless body and face as he squirms and tries to escape her grasp.

TATE

IT'S COLD!!!!

MONICA

You haven't bathed in a week. You smell like a goat.

He twists and turns and pulls free, then runs up the bank.

Looks back at her.

TATE

HA!

MONICA

Come back here.