

BLACK MOON RISING

Written by

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An Original Screenplay

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FADE FROM BLACK:

EXT. TALL GRASS PRAIRIE - MORNING

An aerial view over the flowing tall grass prairie reveals endless hills to the horizon in Osage County, Oklahoma. A theme establishes a gentle native orchestral score.

A lone buffalo appears into view, it trots gaining speed, the lone straggler among a huge herd, creating a swath of flattened prairie.

SUPER OVER: "NORTH AMERICA, THE TALL GRASS PRAIRIE"

A tribe of bareback American Indians, the OSAGE, converge from each side, herding the buffalo with grace as the mass sways back and forth to avoid an arrow.

STANDING BEAR (V.O.)
Before the White man invaded the
lands of the Osage Nation, it was
an unspoiled oasis.

The braves ride parallel to the herd while redirecting the powerful beasts with astonishing precision.

STANDING BEAR (V.O.)
We were cunning and skilled
hunters.

Overlooking the hunt CHIEF STANDING BEAR (As a young warrior) directs the braves with subtle motions.

STANDING BEAR (V.O.)
Respected and feared by neighboring
tribes for our battle superiority.

Braves herd buffalo into a canyon which narrows to a dead end.

STANDING BEAR (V.O.)
For centuries we roamed free.

The remaining hunting party awaits their arrival. Standing Bear sits proudly aboard his horse.

EXT. HILLTOP OVER LOOKING OSAGE VILLAGE - DAWN

The shadow of a wagon wheel appears. It is full of white settlers.

These weary souls are MATT LANCASTER'S SISTER, HUSBAND and two SONS. The wagon train snakes around the Osage Village below.

A portion of the war party looks towards the wagon train. Raise their spears in defiance.

PRE-LAP SFX: Battle cries from Osage Braves

STANDING BEAR (V.O.)
Then the white man entered our
lives and forever changed our way
of life.

From Standing Bear's POV the tall grass below transitions to a blowing winter valley.

EXT. BIA PROCESSING CAMP - DAY

SUPER OVER: OSAGE NATION 20TH CENTURY

Snow blows over a cliff revealing a set of military tents. A long line of weary Osage stand waiting in line.

Covered with buffalo skin coats, the squaws are separated from the braves. BIA personnel hand blankets and small items to the children. A moment of despair is highlighted when brave and squaw part.

MATT LANCASTER (twenties) a lieutenant in the US Calvary rushes to help a fallen squaw. CLAIR (20) beaming despite her fate, acknowledges Matt's concern without a smile.

BILL HALE (20's) stands guard outside a tent, selecting women to enter.

He motions Clair to enter. He reaches for Clair while Matt approaches. Before Hale can grasp her, Matt shoves him aside and lifts Clair from the muck. While Matt attends to Clair, Hale tries unsuccessfully to push Matt aside.

BILL HALE
Lieutenant, as you were!

The kindness noticed by others, has drawn the attention of the commanding officer. Matt is incensed, he grabs Hale's collar and recoils his fist.

MATT
I don't take orders from the likes
of you!

CORPORAL
Soldier, stand down.

MATT
With all due respect sir, what he's
doing here is wrong.

CORPORAL
Lieutenant, it's not a request,
it's an order!

Sensing the tension, from CHIEF STANDING BEAR's POV: the
CHIEF waves his hand and refuses the supplies.

The tense moment defused temporarily, attention falls back to
the line. A soldier shoves Standing Bear forward with his
rifle. Standing Bear and Matt share equal concern for each
other.

Hale attempts to place his arm on the Squaw, she swiftly pins
his arm backwards, a soldier assists and repels her futile
attempt. Hale grins before entering the tent.

After the altercation, a small group of reluctant soldiers
including Matt are herded together for a picture with a
photographer. The flash startles every Osage.

EXT. FOREST ON THE OSAGE RESERVATION - MORNING

Several young braves walk slowly through the woods. Their
advance measured by silence and instinct.

STANDING BEAR (V.O.)
Our people would survive as we had
for centuries.

SWIFT ARROW (34) a fierce warrior with a chiseled body and
GRAY FOX (35) handsome, cunning, stealthy and devoted father
and their sons, LITTLE FOX (15) and ARROW FEATHER (14) are on
foot in pursuit of a large buck. They circle the deer
without detection.

STANDING BEAR (O.S.)
After years of despair, a hunt in
the forest changed the course of
history, forever.

Unaware, Little Fox approaches a trap haphazardly placed by
White hunters.

Swift Arrow signals his son Arrow Feather, to shoot. He
slowly pulls an arrow from his quiver and draws the arrow
backward.

Little Fox steps on a stick that lands into the trap. Startled, he yells.

Arrow Feather looks towards the scream and lets the arrow go. The Buck flees, as the arrow streaks passed its intended target. The group rushes for Little Fox.

LITTLE FOX
(in Osage)
Sorry father.

GREY FOX
(in Osage)
We are happy to see that you are
OK.

Grey Fox disgusted, throws the trap into the water, it sinks to the bottom of the stream.

SWIFT ARROW
(in Osage)
Arrow Feather, go get your arrow.

Arrow Feather holds his bow towards the path of the arrow.

At the stream's edge he finds the arrow. He bends down to grasp the arrow, notices a black liquid flowing from the ground, where the trap was thrown. He dips his fingers into the black, now leeching out of the ground. He winches in disgust.

The men chuckle. Impatient, the group turns away from the stream. Curious, Arrow Feather lifts a large rock and is propelled backwards from the gush of oil flowing, upward now into the sky.

The entire group is astonished by the scene and sound of the gushing oil.

Covered in oil, the BRAVES all rush to pull Arrow Feather from the stream. With Arrow Feather clear of the spray, the stream of oil gushes against a full Moon. White Hair utters to himself:

WHITE HAIR
(in Osage)
Black Moon Rising.

Arrow Feather washes in the stream. The pristine water is tarnished, as oil flows atop the surface.

EXT/INT. COUNTY COURT HOUSE - AFTERNOON

An aerial view of Tulsa approaches the city, circles the Tulsa Courthouse, revealing a bustling frontier town.

In the courtroom, standing in front of the Judge's perch rising before him, MATT LANCASTER (20's) has his right hand raised and his left hand on the Bible.

TULSA JUDGE

And with the power vested in me, I
appoint you, Osage County Sheriff.

MATT

Thank, you. Your honor.

Matt stands at attention without saluting. He extends his hand to the Judge.

TULSA JUDGE

You're quite welcome, Sheriff.

The Judge places his hand on Matt's shoulder, points to a framed copy of the Constitution on the wall.

TULSA JUDGE (CONT'D)

Matt, the Constitution is the most eloquent document our nation has ever produced. You see, it requires that a jury of our peers will determine innocence or guilt. Not a Judge, a privileged citizen, or even a Sheriff.

MATT

Evil men don't give a damn about the law.

TULSA JUDGE

That's your job, Sheriff!

The Judge hands Matt an envelope. Matt looks at the envelope and turns to leave. The Judge speaks up.

TULSA JUDGE (CONT'D)

That's your first years salary.
Don't forget. It's called the wild west for a reason.

Matt turns back with a smile, heads out the door. He boards his colt and cantors down main street.

EXT. FRONTIER VILLAGE - DAY

Matt rides into a primitive frontier village. Lawless and raw he views the filth from his saddle, repulsed by what he sees.

Coffins are lined up outside a carpenters shop, two are loaded onto a wagon. In the distance a gallows stands at the end of the town, the church beyond that.

At an outdoor auction a young squaw is hoisted onto a perch. Matt is awe-struck. He pulls the reigns of his colt, stares at the squaw in agony and recalls her face.

AUCTIONEER

Gentlemen, this beautiful squaw
will bring a hefty price. So dig
deep fellas!

The bidding starts immediately. Men shout out prices from every direction.

GUNSLINGER

How about a dollar?

A drunken man looks into his pants and finds two dollars. He raises the money.

DRUNK

I'll give you two dollars.

SOLDIER

I'll pay five dollars.

FARMER

Make it ten!

TRAPPER

I'll pay fifteen dollars!

A few men gasp. Matt surveys the scene and shouts:

MATT

Twenty dollars!

The squaw raises her head. Matt smiles, his new Sheriff's badge sparkles in the sun.

AUCTIONEER

So the handsome Sheriff will pay
twenty. Do I have twenty-five?

The rangy soldier looks at Matt and without emotion he yells out:

SOLDIER
I'll do twenty-five.

Silence, as the Auctioneer surveys the crowd.

AUCTIONEER
That's twenty five dollars for this
beauty. Going once, going twice.

MATT
Thirty!

All eyes turn back to Matt, then back to the Soldier. The soldier looks at his wad of cash, reluctantly nods his approval to Matt, turns and walks into the sea of scoundrels.

AUCTIONEER
Sold, for thirty dollars!

Matt glides off his horse. He lifts Clair off the perch and gently holds her bound hands. Matt takes a knife from it's sheath, cuts the rope, lifts Clair aboard his second horse.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
There's fire in this one.

The auctioneer runs his hand down her thigh. Matt grabs his hand and squeezes. The auctioneer grimaces.

MATT
She'll be free.

The squaw smiles at Matt and kicks the Auctioneer square in the face. Matt and the squaw nod while the auctioneer tends a bloody nose. Matt throws three ten dollar bills on the Auctioneers chest, turns to the squaw.

MATT (CONT'D)
What's your name?

CLAIR
Yellow Clover!

Matt holds her hand gently and guides both her hands to the reigns.

MATT
That's a wonderful name.

Matt tightens the saddle, moves sideways to see Clair's eyes.

MATT (CONT'D)
Yellow clover is rare in the
prairie. You must be one of few.
May I call you Clair?

She nods. A single tear flows down her cheek from years of abuse. Matt boards his horse, grabs the reigns of Clair's horse and rides out of town with her in tow.

EXT. OKLAHOMA FOREST - MORNING

A dense hemlock forest at dawn is divided by a small stream. Wildlife is abundant, the trees mature and flourishing.

Matt, with Clair at his side with reigns in hand, ride through the forest. As sunlight pierces through the canopy, the beams highlight their shy glances at each other, Clair nods the colt, and bolts away.

Matt catches up and rides beside her at a full gallop. Clair pulls back up on the reigns.

CLAIR
So, why did you buy me?

Matt is unprepared for the question, he reveals a genuine attraction to Clair instantly.

MATT
I wasn't gonna let those scoundrels
buy you. No way. God knows what
they'd do.

Clair ponders Matt's response, not convinced.

CLAIR
You want the same thing, don't you?

Matt pulls the reigns, both horses come to a halt.

MATT
Heavens no! I've sworn an oath to
protect the innocent.

Clair is defiant, yet respectful.

CLAIR
Innocent! What does that mean? My
people have seen nothing but hate
from the White Man.

Matt nudges closer to Clair, he leans forward, drawn to her scent.

MATT

You can leave if you want to.

Clair studies Matt for a moment. Still reserved, cautious.

CLAIR

Do I have a choice?

MATT

Of course you do.

Clair grabs the ropes drapes them over her colt, gently prods her horse. Matt follows. Without turning back Clair announces:

CLAIR

Then, I think I'll stay a while.

Matt smiles. Hidden from view Clair also smiles. They ride towards Pawhuska in the distance, a forest stands in their way.

EXT. PAWHUSKA FOREST - AFTERNOON

Matt hears a sound, he stops to assist Clair, who has already slid off the colt. She takes cover instinctively. A large buck leaps from his perch.

MATT (V.O.)

Her cunning awareness comforts me.

They walk their horses out of the forest into the tall grass of the prairie, walking in and out of view.

MATT (V.O.)

Whatever misery she has endured,
she harbors no revenge.

They stop by the edge of a stream, quench their thirsts.

MATT (V.O.)

She cares only about what is
necessary.

As the horses drink Clair performs a ritual, praising to the sky. The water flows from her hands and gently cools Matt's face.

MATT (V.O.)

She has no aspirations of
ownership, no jealousy or envy. I
have found my soul mate.

INT. GENERAL STORE - AFTERNOON

Matt and Clair ride into town, secure their horses and enter a Clothing Store in a small town. The STORE OWNER (30's) a well dressed cowgirl approaches.

STORE OWNER

My lord, what do we have here?

Clair is busy touching the fabrics, smelling the scents, admiring the owner's clothes.

MATT

This is Clair, my friend.

Playful yet serious, Clair looks at Matt first then responds:

CLAIR

I am his woman.

STORE OWNER

Honey, you are stunning. You're coming with me.

As the two of them waltz through the curtain the owner looks back.

STORE OWNER (CONT'D)

Sheriff, we're gonna be a while.
Make yourself comfortable.

Clair is led by the owner to a large single bath with two assistants. She is bathed and pampered.

Once bathed, Clair emerges to model. Matt sits in a seat admiring. One by one, Clair models different dresses. Although Matt seems pleased and enamored, Clair is not pleased as the store owner suspects.

Finally, Clair steps out from behind the curtain bare foot. She wears a simple yet flattering blouse with a scarf. Her figure displayed in tight jeans and half chaps, with a ribbon and feather in her hair. Matt nods in approval, Clair twirls.

They both leave the store, Clair with a large bag of clothes, wearing the cow-girl outfit with boots.

EXT. CAMP SITE NEAR PAWHUSKA - NIGHT

Matt's two horses are neatly tied between two trees. The campfire illuminates Matt and Clair both lying next to each other, Matt leaning against his saddle.

Clair notice's Matt's eyes begin to close. He attempts to speak, she covers his mouth. They both explore each other. Fingers exciting forgotten sensations.

Clair unties her knee length pajama top, lets it drop carefully onto the saddle. She straddles Matt, slowly rubbing her body against what she desires. Her back glowing from the fire, revealing a bruised history. Matt's pleasure now evident, they enjoy the intimacy.

A lone coyote howls in the distance while the fire burns and crackles, the lone illumination in the valley.

SUPER OVER: "PAWHUSKA, OKLAHOMA" TEN YEARS LATER

Oil derricks litter the Tall Grass Prairie along with pump jacks. Osage families glide by in new Pierce-Arrows. Young braves ride aboard new saddles on beautiful colts through the Tall Grass.

MATT (V.O.)

The Osage leased their lands to Getty, Standard Oil and a host of other scoundrel's, and the black gold gushed from their sacred lands. Once destitute, each Osage owned a share of a fortune.

Citizens walk afraid, cowboys walk the streets with their six-shooters sparkling in the sun.

MATT (V.O.)

Every thief east of the Mississippi flocked to Osage County, to steal their share of the Osage fortune.

EXT. OSAGE PASS - AFTERNOON

Matt rides up in one of the first Cars in Pawhuska, he lets the car stop sputtering and walks into the Tribal Council structure.

INT. SWEATLODGE - AFTERNOON

Assembled around the circle are the leaders of the tribe, all curious to hear from the Sheriff.

The faces of the tribal members display distrust. CHIEF STANDING BEAR (45) a progressive Osage with fine clothes motions for Matt to be seated.

STANDING BEAR
Thank you for coming Sheriff.

Matt makes a fist, pounds his heart gently.

MATT
Honored to be here Standing Bear.

STANDING BEAR
Osage Nation needs your help.

Matt looks around the room and responds.

MATT
Chief, I'm just the County Sheriff.

STANDING BEAR
You have been friend to our people
for many moons. But, our women
continue to vanish. One day here,
next day gone.

MATT
Yes, I know!

STANDING BEAR
We learn long ago, White man take,
not give.

MATT
I'm ashamed to say, I've learned
that first hand.

STANDING BEAR
White Man want what they can't
have.

Raising his voice and standing erect with his fist high.

STANDING BEAR (CONT'D)
Black Gold has given us wealth.
But this King of the Osage Hills,
he wants it all.

MATT
We've all heard the same story.
(beat)
When we find this man, he will be
punished.

STANDING BEAR
Years ago, if this happened,

MATT
Chief, we'll find out who's behind
this. You have my word.

The Elders and Standing Bear stand and surround Matt as he exits the Lodge. Many Osage faces wear years of suspicion and anger.

EXT. OSAGE SWEATHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Standing Bear follows Matt to his car, they face each other.

STANDING BEAR
Sheriff, I'm confused.

MATT
About what?

STANDING BEAR
In the past, when we found evil we
looked straight into his eyes.
Today, evil everywhere, hidden from
view.

MATT
I won't argue with that. I've seen
my share.

STANDING BEAR
Anything we can do?

MATT
I'd start by keeping an eye on
everyone. Especially the women.

Matt and Standing Bear shake hands, part ways. Now late afternoon with the sunset overlooking the prairie, Matt hops in his car, drives away. He glances at the traditional Osage Sweat Lodge and then to the west, Oil Derricks and pump jacks as far as he can see.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - EVENING

From across the street Matt and his deputy BEN RUSH (25) a burly handsome man and former US Cavalry Sergeant, sit watching a celebration unfold.

Ben pitches his cigarette into the street. The celebration continues.

MATT
I met with the tribe today.

BEN RUSH

And?

MATT

Standing Bear told me Osage women
are still vanishing.

BEN RUSH

You think it's one person?

MATT

Hard to say. Every scoundrel in
town, is here to steal from the
Osage.

A group of cow hands and gunslingers walk towards the speak
easy, most of them already drunk.

BEN RUSH

Yeah. Trouble walks into town,
every day.

MATT

The Osage seem to attract it.
Tomorrow, we'll get started digging
a bit deeper.

He stands, looks towards the street, his son Luke is headed
towards him.

MATT (CONT'D)

Good-night, Ben.

BEN RUSH

Good night, Sheriff.

Matt steps off the porch and meets up with his son.

EXT. DOWNTOWN FAIRFAX - NIGHT

Matt puts his arm around Luke(12) as tall as Matt and lanky.
They walk down the street passed an Osage celebration.

LUKE

Arrest any bad guys today?

MATT

Now Luke, don't bother yourself
with any of that.

LUKE

Oh, Paw.

MATT
Don't, Oh Paw me.

They both look towards the Osage celebration.

LUKE
What they celebrating?

MATT
You mean, What are they
celebrating?

LUKE
Yes, sir.

MATT
Well, son. Anytime the Osage have
a reason to celebrate, they try to
make the most of it. God knows,
they've been through it all.

Matt and Luke stop to watch for a moment and then continue.

LUKE
I know Pa. Osage blood runs
through my veins.

Matt puts his arm around Luke, they walk towards their house
in the distance.

INT. LANCASTER HOME

Matt and Luke walk in the front door, hang their hats, Matt
hangs his gun belt.

CLAIR
That my men?

LUKE
Yes, Mme.

Matt and Luke enter the combined kitchen and dining room.
Matt bends down to kiss Clair.

CLAIR
I've heard the celebration since
sunset.

Luke and Matt sit and begin to reach for dinner. Clair stops
their reach.

CLAIR (CONT'D)
Luke, its your turn to say the
blessing.

Luke and Matt smile and sit back into their chairs. They bow
their heads.

LUKE
Heavenly Father, please bless the
food we are about to eat. And
please God, keep your eyes on the
Osage.

Both Clair and Matt gaze up at each other. They share a
moment admiring their son. Still with his head down Luke
rises.

LUKE (CONT'D)
Amen,

Luke looks first at Clair and then over to Matt.

LUKE (CONT'D)
What'd I do?

CLAIR
Nothing. We love you, very much.

MATT
Now eat up!

CLAIR
Have things calmed down?

Matt finishes chewing, ponders the question.

MATT
For now.

CLAIR
What makes you say that?

MATT
I was at the Lodge today. Standing
Bear told me, Osage women are still
vanishing.

Clair looks towards Luke at his reaction, back to Matt.

CLAIR
Folks in town don't like talking
about it.

MATT

I can't get anyone to say a word.
They're all scared.

CLAIR

I thought you cared about the
Osage.

MATT

I do, you know that.

CLAIR

But, you've buried the hatchet.

Matt stops looks at Clair and Luke.

MATT

Clair, many years ago I was a
different man.

ENTER FLASHBACK

EXT. TEXAS LOG CABIN - EVENING

Matt is aboard his horse as he reaches the crest of a ridge.
On either side of him are burial platforms with feathers,
skulls and weapons.

MATT (V.O.)

War parties encroaching on rival
tribes. This was not that, it was
revenge.

Matt looks in the valley below and sees a house ablaze with
warriors on horseback circling the house.

MATT

No!

Matt gallops down the hill.

EXT. TEXAS LOG CABIN

The house is completely engulfed in flames. Matt's SISTER,
her HUSBAND and two SONS are dead, scattered about, full of
arrows.

MATT (O.S.)

My entire family, was wiped out in
an instant. Their death a product
of ignorance.

Matt looks upwards towards the burial grounds, dozens of platforms now visible. The renegade Indians ride up the adjacent hill in the distance, raise their bows.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I learned that territory moved a
quickly as the wind through the
tall grass.

A Warrior's BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM resounds across the prairie.

END FLASHBACK

INT. LANCASTER HOME

MATT
As a Christian, I had to forgiven
those men. I buried the hatchet
long ago.

CLAIR
Why didn't you ever tell me about
this?

Matt stands, stretches his arms and his back.

MATT
My Sister's farm was on sacred
ground.

Clair stands and cradles Matt's head and smiles. She grasps Matt's shoulders and straightens her arms, eye to eye.

CLAIR
So what do you plan to do about the
missing squaws?

MATT
I'm gonna catch this so-called King
of the Osage Hills!

The room is still. Luke seizes the moment to deflect the subject.

LUKE
That was the best darn fried
chicken in Osage County.

They share a smile together, Matt hugs Clair, walks over ruffles Luke's hair.

MATT
Come on. Let's go to the square,
together.

Matt, Luke and Clair put on a coat and head out the door.

EXT. PAWHUSKA, OKLAHOMA SQUARE

Matt and Luke part from Clair, they run towards the shooting gallery. Clair stops to speak with her cousin RITA SMITH (39) a well-dressed, educated, conservative Osage. Clair sits on the bench next to Rita.

CLAIR
Cousin, how are you?

RITA SMITH
We're OK.

CLAIR
Have you heard about missing
squaws?

RITA SMITH
We all know it's happening. Does
Matt have any clues?

CLAIR
He's doing his best, Rita. Problem
is, nobody will say a word about
it.

Clair and Rita both look towards a commotion. ANNA BROWN (29) a copper skin beauty and kindred spirit, dressed in native clothes is leaving a rowdy bunch, walking their way.

CLAIR (CONT'D)
I'll let you handle this. Stay
well Rita!

Clair stands, turns sharply, walks towards Matt and Luke. Anna reaches Rita, she sits playfully, they embrace.

RITA SMITH
Sister, I hardly see you anymore.

Rita discovers the smell of alcohol, leans back to study her sister.

ANNA BROWN
Oh sis. You're never at the
parties anymore.

RITA SMITH
Anna, I'm worried about you.

Anna strokes her sister's hair. They stare.

ANNA BROWN
Rita, really? I'm a rebel. Always
will be.

RITA SMITH
It's just your choice of friends.

ANNA BROWN
What about my friends?

RITA SMITH
Oh, never mind. You should settle
down, find a young man.

Anna takes a drink, her smile is replaced with a frown.

ANNA BROWN
You of all people should know, I
don't need a brave telling me what
to do.

RITA SMITH
At least build a home for yourself.
God knows you've got the money.

Anna daydreams with a thought from their childhood.

ENTER FLASHBACK

EXT. TALL GRASS PRAIRIE - EVENING

An aerial perspective finds Anna and Rita (teenagers) aboard
two horses in slow motion, in a full gallop through the tall
grass.

ANNA BROWN (O.S.)
You remember when we road bare back
into the Tall Grass? Not a care in
the world.

RITA SMITH (O.S.)
Yes, I do.

Rita smiles at Anna as they glide through the grass, at times
obscured from the flowing grass. They ride over a ridge,
through a forest and cross a small stream.

ANNA BROWN (O.S.)
 Before the oil, before the murders.
 We were still free.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. PAWHUSKA, OKLAHOMA SQUARE - EVENING

They both linger on each others expressions.

RITA SMITH
 That was a long time ago Anna.

ANNA BROWN
 Don't you miss it?

RITA SMITH
 Anna. We're all worth a fortune
 now.

ANNA BROWN
 We're still sisters, and Osage.

Anna stands and pounds her fist to her chest.

RITA SMITH
 Yes, we are. Come on, there's
 someone I want you to meet.

Rita stands, they hold hands and walk into the sea of
 celebration.

EXT. PAWHUSKA PAVILION - EVENING

As Rita and Anna stride through the crowd, Bill Hale stands
 in the distance with his back to Anna and Rita. Bryan and
 Ernest are courting young Osage women in the distance.

RITA SMITH
 Mr. Hale.

Hale turns and greets Rita and Anna.

BILL HALE
 Good evening, Rita.

Hale's glance favors Anna, he pretends he doesn't know her.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)
 And who is this young beauty?

Anna stays her distance, her expression cautious.

RITA SMITH

This is my younger sister Anna.

Hale is acutely aware Anna has been drinking. An awkward bow he offers his hand, Anna steps backwards.

BILL HALE

I won't bite.

ANNA BROWN

I remember you Mr. Hale, I don't trust White men, especially you.

RITA SMITH

Anna!

Rita gives Anna the eagle eye and turns back to Hale.

RITA SMITH (CONT'D)

You'll have to excuse my sister's manners, she's not herself.

Anna turns away pulls a small flask from her purse, takes a sip and starts to walk away. Hale turns to Rita.

BILL HALE

No worries. She's not my first rodeo.

Anna turns back indignant, with broken English.

ANNA BROWN

(referring to herself)

Anna wild untamed spirit. You White Man, me squaw. No can have.

RITA SMITH

Anna!

Despite the cold shoulder Hale seems even more determined.

BILL HALE

Like breaking a wild stallion.

They both watch Anna walking away, Anna interacts with her friends.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)

Thanks for the introduction Rita. I'm sure she'll come around.

Rita is troubled, looks to where Anna has gone, ignores Hale.

RITA SMITH
 Good Day Mr. Hale.

Hale retreats. Once away from Rita, he wears his anger and rejection.

INT. CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK, PAWHUSKA - MORNING

Anna is seated at a desk with the BANK MANAGER (30) a handsome well manicured man. She is mildly intoxicated. She searches for her royalty check inside her large bag.

ANNA BROWN
 I know I had it here. There we
 have it!

Anna hands it to the manager. With no emotion he states the amount.

BANK MANAGER
 Twenty five thousand this month?

Anna seems surprised of his casual response.

ANNA BROWN
 That's not enough?

BANK MANAGER
 On the contrary. Like all Osage,
 your checks have steadily risen
 this year.

She continues to gaze around the room to the vault.

ANNA BROWN
 I just need you to put it into the
 big vault and keep it safe.

BANK MANAGER
 Yes, Ms. Brown. This brings your
 total balance to \$550,000.

Bill Hale looking on, raises an eyebrow. Anna attempts to joke with the Manager.

ANNA BROWN
 That'll buy plenty of Whiskey, eh?

BANK MANAGER
 Yes Ms. Brown, it will.

The manager looks towards Bill waiting impatiently behind Anna.

BANK MANAGER (CONT'D)
Will there be anything else I can
help you with?

Anna leans on the front of the desk towards the Manager and
misses placing her chin in her hands.

ANNA BROWN
No, I guess not.

Anna grins from ear to ear.

BANK MANAGER
Ms. Brown, you'll have to excuse
me.

Anna recoils, hurt by the rejection.

ANNA BROWN
I'm just trying to be friendly,
that's all?

He is very respectful and stands, almost sympathetic.

BANK MANAGER
Really, I have to go.

Withdrawn, broken, alone. Anna gives up reluctantly.

ANNA BROWN
You know the M in money stands for
misery.

Anna gathers her things and slithers from his desk, her eyes
watering. Anna runs straight into Bill Hale awaiting the
Manager.

ANNA BROWN (CONT'D)
Oh, it's you.

Anna collects herself, straightens her vest, attempting to
recover.

BILL HALE
Good Day Anna. Is there something
wrong?

ANNA BROWN
No, there isn't. There's no way in
hell Mr. Hale!

Everyone in the Bank stops to witness the scene.

ANNA BROWN (CONT'D)
You should be scalped for what you
have done to the Osage!

Anna briskly walks passed Hale who stands frozen, mortified.
He holds a list rolled in his hands. He crushes it.

EXT./INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

The office above Big Hill Trading is lit while much of Main
Street is dark, silent.

Seated in a large leather high back chair in the foreground
is Bill Hale. Seated before him is Kelsie Morrison. Ernest
and Brian sit at a small table near the entrance playing
checkers.

KELSIE MORRISON
So let me get this straight. You
want me to make this person
disappear. Then you get the dough?

Hale is fidgeting with items in his top drawer.

BILL HALE
No, its not like that at all. This
one's different.

KELSIE MORRISON
How so?

BILL HALE
Let's just say, its personal.

KELSIE MORRISON
It sounds simple enough. What's in
it for me?

Hale throws an envelope across the desk.

BILL HALE
That's your down payment. You'll
get the rest, when you finish the
job.

Kelsie grabs the envelope expects the contents and smiles.

KELSIE MORRISON
People round these parts talk about
this "King of the Osage Hills"

Kelsie sips the whiskey in front of him.

KELSIE MORRISON (CONT'D)
I don't want to do anything agin
him.

BILL HALE
I don't have anything to do with
that King fellow.

Hale lowers his thick rimmed glasses, studies Kelsie's
mannerisms.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)
Do I look like the kind of guy that
rats on his friends?

KELSIE MORRISON
Well, sir. You don't.

Kelsie slips the envelope into his pocket and smiles.

KELSIE MORRISON (CONT'D)
I've always wanted friends in high
places. You got yourself a deal.

Kelsie stands expecting to leave. Ernest and Brian stand.

BILL HALE
Hold on young man. You say you're
friends with Ramsey.

KELSIE MORRISON
Yes, sir. You might say we've
tipped a few glasses together.

BILL HALE
And he's willing to help us out?

KELSIE MORRISON
He said he's in, as long as the
money's there.

BILL HALE
Good.

Hale throws a set of keys on the desk. Kelsie picks them off
the desk.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)
Give those to Ramsey and tell him
they are the keys to his new car.
His instructions are in the glove
compartment.

KELSIE MORRISON
 Sure thing. Thank you Mr. Hale.

Kelsie walks out the door. Ernest and Brian approach Hale's desk.

BILL HALE
 You two go check out that spot I told you about.

ERNEST BURKHART
 Sure thing Uncle Bill.

They head out the door. Bryan looks dejected, turns to whisper to Ernest.

BRYAN BURKHART
 He never gave us a car.

From Hale's POV: in his leather chair, Hale has a family tree sketched with members of the Osage tribe in front of him.

Names are circled, dollar figures are associated with names. The document title, Headrights in bold, notes crossed out. All Osage Indian names.

EXT. BURKHART'S HOME - EVENING

The Burkhardt family sits relaxing on the front porch. Kelsie Morrison behind the wheel of a brand new car, drives into the driveway and hops out of the car.

KELSIE MORRISON
 Howdy partners, anyone wanna take a ride?

Ernest steps down and begins to marvel at the new car.

ERNEST BURKHART
 How'd you afford this without a job?

KELSIE MORRISON
 I got an advance.

Everyone paces around the new car.

KELSIE MORRISON (CONT'D)
 How about we all go to the Red Feather?

ANNA BROWN

Let me get my purse, I'll be right there.

Anna runs inside briefly, then blasts out the door, running down the steps.

KELSIE MORRISON

Come on Ernest, bring Mollie along, we'll have a blast.

All loaded, Kelsie backs up and then skids away.

INT. LOCAL BARS IN HOMINY AND FAIRFAX - NIGHT

With music from the early 1900's a bar hop of speak-easy's ensues. The group finally meets up with another foursome. After several stops, the group begins the trip back to Pawhuska.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD WEST OF FAIRFAX - NIGHT

At a fork in the road one car heads one direction and Bryan, now at the wheel, splits off in the opposite direction, down a steep hill and pulls off the road.

Anna, is almost oblivious to her surroundings. Bryan and Kelsie carry Anna to the bottom of a ravine at the edge of a small stream.

EXT. EDGE OF A SMALL STREAM - NIGHT

Bryan gives Anna one last drink. Anna takes off her shoes loosens her clothes, lays her shawl on the ground and places her feet into the cool spring water.

Kelsie and Bryan walk up the hill and leave Anna behind. Anna lays down on the grass looking up at the stars.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD WEST OF FAIRFAX - DAWN

Brian and Kelsie arrive back at the car.

KELSIE'S DATE

Where's Anna?

ERNEST BURKHART

A few of her friends showed up.

KELSIE MORRISON
She wanted to stay.

The car drives off. The gentle sound of the stream rushes through the valley as the sound of the car fades in the distance.

EXT. EDGE OF A SMALL STREAM - DAWN

From Anna's POV: two sets of legs stand where Anna lies. A belt buckle jingles and a set of pants fall to the ground.

Anna lays naked now, still asleep. One of the men rolls her over, grabs her waist, begins raping her from behind. Anna awakens. She struggles to look behind her.

ANNA BROWN
White pig!

Anna spits! The thud of a revolver strikes Anna's skull. Dripping blood she screams, is held down, this time fully aware of her dilemma. Anna endures the thrusts briefly, surveys her exit.

There's a short and desperate struggle. Anna kicks the rapist in the groin, he yells in agony. Anna throws a large rock at the other Man, it slams into his skull. A set of hands picks up a revolver. A shot rings out.

The gunshot resonates through the woods. Then silence fills the forest. Blood flows from Anna's skull. She is motionless.

EXT. WIDE SHOT OF THE RAVINE - DAWN

Two figures run up the hill to their car as the sun peaks up over the horizon.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Rita Smith is distraught and angered, startles the Sheriff as she bursts into the office.

RITA SMITH
Sheriff, it's Anna. She's missing.

The Sheriff leaps to his feet and takes Rita by the shoulders and sits her in the chair in front of the desk as she begins to sob.

MATT

Now, now calm down and start at the beginning. Do you know what happened?

Rita begins her story. The Sheriff listens intently and takes notes.

RITA SMITH

Mollie said Anna left the speak easy in Fairfax with Bryan and some other men, and never came home.

MATT

Did she tell you where she was going?

She lowers her head in shame.

RITA SMITH

We had words the other day. Matt, something doesn't seem right.

MATT

I'm sure she'll show up.

RITA SMITH

You know, squaws are being murdered out there.

MATT

Rita.

Matt puts his arm around Rita.

MATT (CONT'D)

I know.

Matt looks over at Ben as he looks on.

MATT (CONT'D)

We're doing the best we can.

RITA SMITH

Sheriff, there's talk that this "King" fella is behind all this. Everyone just blames it on bad whiskey.

She begins sobbing.

RITA SMITH (CONT'D)

And now Anna. Who's next?

He stands, puts his arm around her.

MATT

Don't worry, we'll find her.

Matt helps Rita to her feet, ushers her out the front door to a waiting car. Matt and Ben watch the car drive away and gather their guns and coats.

EXT. SMALL CREEK - AFTERNOON

Several cars dot the road and landscape. The ravine is full of activity. Braves on horseback search the woods.

Anna lies motionless along the shore, bloodhounds howl in the distance. A group of dogs enters the frame splashing across the stream where Anna lies.

DOG HANDLER

Sheriff! Over here!

The group of Deputies, Osage and Standing Bear converge on the spot where Anna lies.

MATT

My GOD!

One of the dogs sniffs Anna. An Osage leans down to roll Anna to her side, revealing the bruise to her face and the gunshot wound to her head.

MATT (CONT'D)

Who would do such a thing?

Standing Bear is angered and shows his sorrow.

STANDING BEAR

It be coward for sure. Look like murder Sheriff.

MATT

With your permission, I'd like to examine Anna for clues.

STANDING BEAR

When that is done, we want Anna back.

MATT

Absolutely. Ben, send Anna's body over to Chambers.

BEN
(sotto to Matt)
Will do, at least we have a body.

Matt pats Chief Standing Bear on the shoulder as they walk away from the scene.

INT. BIG HILL TRADING COMPANY - DAY

Standing Bear enters the store and walks over to the counter where Hale stands. He empties a small bag onto the counter and grins from ear to ear.

STANDING BEAR
You have been good to the Osage. I want you to have these.

Standing Bear grabs Hale's hand, holds up a large diamond and places it in his hand. Standing Bear grabs a Peyote button.

BILL HALE
Thank you Chief. You are very kind.

Hale looks at the counter and the item in his hand.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)
What is it?

STANDING BEAR
Mescal. Take just a little bit, then you see God. Place in water, eat slowly, like tobacco. Never drink water, very bad!

BILL HALE
What do you need that stuff for?

STANDING BEAR
My daughter Anna was killed. I am sad, but mighty angry.

Hale is careful not to show his emotion.

BILL HALE
That's terrible. But who?

STANDING BEAR
An evil spirit. He will pay one day soon.

Hale walks around the counter, puts his arm around Standing Bear and begins to usher him out the front door.

BILL HALE

I'm sorry to hear about Anna, such a loss.

Standing Bear struggles, one tear rolls down his cheek.

STANDING BEAR

Her spirit dances in the wind.

Hale watches Standing Bear leave. Once he's out the door he yells.

BILL HALE

Bryan, get your ass in here!

Bryan sprints into the store from the back storage room.

BRYAN BURKHART

What's up Uncle Bill?

BILL HALE

Your brother married an Osage squaw. He's set for life. I told you, you've got to get yourself an Osage wife, show your brother you're a man!

Bryan is noticeably bothered by the conversation.

BRYAN BURKHART

I am uncle Bill. I just haven't met the right one yet.

BILL HALE

Times a wasting. Get to it dangit, so I can get on with my life.

Hale leaves Bryan dejected. Ernest has listened to the conversation.

ERNEST BURKHART

Uncle Bill's right you know.

BRYAN BURKHART

What the fuck would you know about right?

Bryan storms out the back door.

EXT. OSAGE SWEATHOUSE - NIGHT

Matt sits in the middle of a large group of Osage elders in a ceremony for his benefit. A single squaw sings an Osage song.

Standing Bear hands him a large pipe. He inhales.

STANDING BEAR

We welcome great spirits. Be with us tonight.

Chief looks towards the sky, takes a puff and passes it on, looks at Matt.

STANDING BEAR (CONT'D)

Our people, targets of the White man for decades. Now Anna, a free spirit, my own flesh and blood. Gone forever!

The Chief sheds a tear along with others in the room.

MATT

Such a tragedy.

STANDING BEAR

Anna was special soul. Life important, not oil. Our wealth is great burden.

Matt looks around the room as he speaks.

MATT

My friends. We can root out this evil.

The room is silent. Matt looks on with empathy for his friends.

MATT (CONT'D)

But I can't help if you won't tell me what you see.

STANDING BEAR

Why does that matter?

MATT

Everyone here must keep their eyes peeled and ears to the ground. Someone knows what happened to Anna.

Swift Arrow stands, angry and spiteful.

SWIFT ARROW

They are killing our squaws!

A few elders agree, nod their approval.

SWIFT ARROW (CONT'D)
 Who is this King? If we find
 him... We will end his seed
 forever.

Two braves begin to restrain Swift Arrow. Standing Bear holds them back, holds his hand high. Swift Arrow stops struggling.

STANDING BEAR
 We have always been great hunters.
 We will weed out this evil spirit
 for good. Let it be so.

They all stand and begin to mill about. Chief looks at the Sheriff drenched in sweat.

STANDING BEAR (CONT'D)
 You healthy now. Sweat out all
 demons.

MATT
 Chief, there couldn't be any left.

Chief pats Matt on the back, others join in and surround Matt.

EXT. SWEATLODGE - NIGHT

Two men (Ernest and Bryan) in silhouette stand on a ridge, observing the sweat lodge from a distance.

ERNEST
 They'll never know who it was.

Bryan shows signs of apprehension. He bites his lower lip to conceal his emotions.

EXT. MAIN STREET FAIRFAX - DAY

A Pierce-Arrow drives down Main Street, driven by a white CHAUFFEUR. Seated in the rear seat are Mr. & Mrs. William Smith, wearing the latest fashions.

Crossing the street is the town Barber, LEROY STUBBS (35). Matt walks towards him.

MATT
 Afternoon, Leroy.

LEROY
 Matt. You here for a haircut or to chat?

MATT

Well Leroy, How bout a little of both.

They walk into the barbershop from the street.

INT. LEROY'S BARBERSHOP - DAY

Inside the shop on the wall is a pictorial of the Osage and oil. All locals that frequent Leroy's barbershop are painted on the mural.

Leroy grabs a smock off the hangar, The Sheriff hangs his hat, holster and coat. They meet at the chair.

LEROY

Things getting back to normal?

MATT

Leroy, I don't know what normal is anymore.

LEROY

A lot folks around here would say the Osage got it coming. The way they spend their money.

MATT

I'll have to disagree, folks don't know the whole story. Strange men arrive here every day. I don't know em, don't trust em either. There's bad blood in Osage County.

LEROY

I won't argue that. Hoodlums running wild everywhere.

The bells hung on the door jingle. Ace Kirby and Kelsie Morrison enter the barbershop. Ace looks around while Kelsie sits himself down in the chair next to the Sheriff.

Ace attempts to take a comb from the holder behind the chair. Leroy slaps his hand with the scissors. The Sheriff eyes his gun, now too far away.

ACE KIRBY

Damn Sheriff, I wasn't gonna take it! Just admiring your piece.

LEROY

Then sit your ass down and wait your turn.

KELSIE MORRISON
Howdy Sheriff, beautiful day, huh?

MATT
Kelsie, why don't you go down to
Union Oil and get a real job.

Kelsie stands and gets in the Sheriff's face.

KELSIE MORRISON
Actually Sheriff, we've got some
important business to tend to, so
we'll mosey on down to your office
and wait for ya, since you're a bit
tied-up at the moment.

On the way out the door Kelsie looks at the holster and then
back at Matt, now poised with his hands raised on the
sidearms of the chair.

KELSIE MORRISON (CONT'D)
Relax Sheriff, Man's gotta protect
himself round these parts. Right?

EXT/INT. - BARBER SHOP - DAY

Ace and Kelsie walk slowly out the door and passed the
window, all the while looking at Matt and Leroy as they head
down the street to the Sheriff's office.

MATT
See what I mean?

LEROY
Hoodlums! Ain't worth a damn.

MATT
I recon. There's lots more just
like them down at the Red Feather.

Matt opens a newspaper with Anna Brown's murder in the
heading.

INT. RED FEATHER LOUNGE - DAY

HENRY ROAN (45) enters the lounge, already drunk. He
confronts two gentlemen seated at a table near the front
entrance.

One of the gentlemen seated at the table is ROY BUNCH (40) a
traditional Osage cowhand.

HENRY ROAN

Roy Bunch, you sneak around with wife one more time and I'll slit your throat, and throw your scalp to the dogs.

ROY BUNCH

Henry, you're drunk. You shouldn't be making threats.

HENRY ROAN

Our people talking, they see you with wife, they all liars?

Henry lunges for Roy and is repelled by a few GENTLEMEN and Ben Rush sitting nearby. Henry is held on each side.

BEN RUSH

Henry, you need to go home and sleep this one off. Don't make me lock you up today.

Henry breaks free and adjusts his clothing.

HENRY ROAN

All you bring shame to white men. Roy Bunch you stay away from wife or I'll kill you. That no lie.

ROY BUNCH

Henry, go home to Mary, like Ben says. They'll be no killing today.

Henry stumbles out of the door. The bar settles back to the same atmosphere before the disturbance. John Ramsey follows to assist Henry out the front door.

EXT. RED FEATHER LOUNGE

Ramsey holds Henry and walks him down the street to his car.

JOHN RAMSEY

Come on Henry, I'll take you out to our favorite spot.

HENRY ROAN

They got better whiskey. You Henry's friend.

JOHN RAMSEY

Sure Henry, I'm your friend,

John places Henry in the passenger seat and steps behind the wheel.

JOHN RAMSEY (CONT'D)
Let's take a drive in your new Arrow.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Ace Kirby is seated with his feet on the desk. Kelsie Morrison is laying across the bench in front of the cells.

The Sheriff enters unaware of the men in his office. He hangs his coat and hat at the door and hangs his guns on the rack. He turns, Kelsie Morrison speaks first.

KELSIE MORRISON
Sheriff, I believe we had a two-o-clock appointment, and you're late.

The Sheriff pauses to look at the situation.

MATT
Kelsie, first get the hell off my desk, then we can talk.

KELSIE MORRISON
You know Sheriff, I wasn't that great in math, but two on one ain't good odds. Besides, we heard from the King. He wants to know if you're in or out?

The Sheriff swings Ace's feet off the desk and lifts Kelsie from the chair.

MATT
Kelsie, is that a bribe? Why don't you just tell me who this King is.

Ace walks over to the desk and sits on the corner.

ACE KIRBY
Sheriff, I think you're making a big mistake.

Ace looks back towards the cells then back to the Sheriff.

ACE KIRBY (CONT'D)
We're counting on you.

MATT
You tell your King, no deal.

Kelsie opens one of the cells. He brings Luke out gagged, his hands tied behind his back.

ACE KIRBY

You know, we thought you'd say that.

Matt lunges forward in an attempt to release Luke. He is pistol whipped by Ace. He falls to the floor, rises up bloodied as Luke is thrown at his feet.

KELSIE MORRISON

This is such a fine young lad.

Matt is hugging Luke, pulling the handkerchief from his mouth.

MATT

If you dare harm my son!

Ace considerably larger, grabs Matt by both shoulders.

KELSIE MORRISON

Or you'll do what?

Matt pulls free in defiance, careful not to provoke them.

MATT

Leave my son out of this.

ACE KIRBY

We wouldn't want to hear about some accident, now would we.

Both men study the faces of Matt and Luke.

KELSIE MORRISON

Come on Ace, he gets it!

The men round-up their things and head out the door. Matt picks up Luke from the floor.

MATT

Son, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Luke appears unshaken.

LUKE

I'm OK Pa.

INT. LANCASTER HOME - AFTERNOON

Both Matt and Luke are attended to by Clair, who dabs Matt's forehead and looks at Luke's wrists.

CLAIR
You're both damn lucky.

Clair examines Luke's face and torso to be sure.

LUKE
Really Mom, I'm OK.

MATT
They were just delivering a message.

CLAIR
I'd say they got through. Don't you?

Angry, Clair presses a bandage onto Matt's forehead.

MATT
Dangit Clair!

CLAIR
Where's the scrappy sheriff I married? That man who rescued me.

Matt looks ashamed, unable to defend the situation.

MATT
Those days are over Clair.

CLAIR
Braves dying from whisky and women disappearing. Now our family is threatened. When will it end!

Matt, Clair and Luke retreat to separate corners of the house. Matt grabs his coat and his gun belt and runs out the front door.

INT. CHAMBERS FUNERAL HOME - AFTERNOON

Anna's body is laying on a table in the foreground as the phone rings, Tom Chambers picks up the receiver.

TOM CHAMBERS
Good Afternoon, Chambers Funeral
Home.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BIG HILL TRADING COMPANY - AFTERNOON

Hale sits at a desk. From over his shoulder he puffs a large
cigar

BILL HALE
Tom, I need you to do me a favor.

TOM CHAMBERS
Who is this?

BILL HALE
Your secret donor.

TOM CHAMBERS
Oh, what now?

BILL HALE
Anna's body can't have any evidence
linking anyone to a crime. Is that
understood?

TOM CHAMBERS
Poison I can hide.

Tom hovers over the badly bruised and beaten body of Anna
Brown.

TOM CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
But this would take a miracle to
cover-up.

BILL HALE
The County Coroner will not be
involved this time.

TOM CHAMBERS
How can you be certain of that?

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Seated in front of Hale is JIM SWEENEY, the County Coroner
counting a wad of cash with a smile on his face.

BILL HALE
Let's just say, he just signed on.

INT. CHAMBERS FUNERAL HOME - AFTERNOON

TOM CHAMBERS

I see. So what do you propose I do with the body? There's a huge gunshot wound to her head. And by the way, she was pregnant.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

From the rear of Hale's chair, the Coroner leaves the office.

BILL HALE

What a shame. Tom, I know you'll do the right thing. Have a good day.

Hale hangs up the phone and chuckles.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Matt stands and begins to pace around the table. Bryan is seated next to A.T. WOODWARD, a compromised county attorney. Bill Hale sits next to A.T.

MATT

Bryan, Mollie says you were the last person to see Anna alive, is that true?

Bryan motions as if to speak.

BRYAN BURKHART

Well, Sheriff.

A.T. Woodward, Bryan's attorney on cue, interrupts.

A.T. WOODWARD

Sheriff, Bryan is a fine young man. And his Uncle here, is a pillar of the community. We wouldn't want a mistaken county Sheriff to blemish that reputation, now would we?

Matt raises his hand to silence A.T.

MATT

Mr. Woodward, this is just an inquiry and no one here is on trial. I just want to find out if Bryan may have seen anything suspicious after Anna left Fairfax.

A.T. WOODWARD

Bryan, did you see anything out of the ordinary that night?

Matt is angered that A.T. has taken the lead in questioning.

BRYAN BURKHART

No, sir. We went bar hopping and Kelsie, Ernest and me went home. Anna wanted to party. We didn't see her leave, plain and simple!

MATT

You didn't see who she left with?

BRYAN BURKHART

Nope.

BILL HALE

Sheriff, may I?

Hale stands and walks over to where Bryan and A.T. Woodward are seated at the other side of the table.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)

I'll vouch for my nephew.

Hale slaps the back of Bryan's head, he smiles, Bryan frowns.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)

He may be a pain in the ass sometimes, but he's a good kid. Trust me, Bryan had nothing to do with Anna's murder.

They all pause for a moment waiting for Matt who has noticed an error.

MATT

I never mentioned Anna was dead.

BILL HALE

Sorry, my assumption, Sheriff.

Everyone looks around the room at each other. Sheriff shows signs of suspicion.

MATT

Very well. At this point Bryan you are free to go.

Hale walks around to where the Sheriff is seated and hovers over him.

BILL HALE

Sheriff, to show my appreciation,
I'd like to make a contribution to
your re-election campaign. You are
running again?

MATT

Actually, I'm appointed, but...

Everyone rises to their feet and Hale puts his arm around the Sheriff as he begins to lead him out of the room.

BILL HALE

Well then. I wish you luck in your
investigation, and if there's
anything we can do, don't hesitate
to call. Or Hell, just come on
over to my office anytime, Sheriff.

MATT

Thank you Mr. Hale. And Bryan.

BRYAN BURKHART

Yes, Sheriff?

MATT

Don't leave town.

BRYAN BURKHART

Sheriff, I ain't going anywhere.
This is my home.

Bryan smiles as he leaves, walking between Hale and A.T. Woodward. On the way out, Hale takes an envelope from his breast pocket, lays it on the Sheriff's desk.

BILL HALE

Good luck Sheriff, have a nice day.

MATT

Mr. Hale.

Hale stops before leaving. A picture on the wall has caught his eye. He squints over his glasses to study the picture on the wall. He recognizes Matt at the BIA camp years earlier while Matt is occupied.

Matt stands, picks up the envelope and sticks it into Hale's breast pocket.

MATT (CONT'D)

You seem to have dropped this on
your way out.

BILL HALE
Your loss Sheriff.

Hale lowers his glasses to look eye to eye.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)
Man's got to live with his choices.

He walks out of the office and down the street.

EXT. PAWHUSKA MAIN STREET - AFTERNOON

Hale smiles while walking, Bryan follows and looks worried.

BILL HALE
You keep your ass clean, you hear
me?

BRYAN BURKHART
Yes, sir.

EXT./INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

WILLIAM SMITH (45) a conservative Osage elder, pulls up to Matt's office, walks across the street into the front door, right up to the Sheriff's desk, he is disturbed.

WILLIAM SMITH
Sheriff.

MATT
Yes, Will.

WILLIAM SMITH
Any leads on Anna's murder?

MATT
Even if I had that information I
couldn't tell you.

WILLIAM SMITH
Damn it Matt, whoever is doing this
won't stop, they're in too deep.

MATT
Will, I'm conducting an
investigation, it takes time.

WILLIAM SMITH
Matt, this murder strikes close to
home. It's Rita's sister for
Christ sake!.

MATT

Will, I know. Any murder is a tragedy.

Will looks to the floor sheltering his sorrow. Matt takes his two shoulders, waits till Will looks eye to eye.

MATT (CONT'D)

I got this!

WILLIAM SMITH

There's no harm in asking around. We used to be damn good hunters not long ago.

Will steps backwards.

MATT

You're in town now. There's nothing to worry about.

WILLIAM SMITH

To tell the truth Matt, I felt safer on the farm among the tall grass.

MATT

And it's a wonderful farm Will. God's country. I'd love to have a place like that one day.

WILLIAM SMITH

You will. I just hope you're right.

MATT

Good day, Will.

Will nods his approval, walks out and slams the door behind him.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - AFTERNOON

Fields flank each side of the road. A car pulls off the dirt road.

John Ramsey walks around to the passenger side, opens the glove compartment and pulls out a colt 45 and an envelope from inside. He places the colt in his belt, the envelope in his pocket and covers the gun with his coat.

Another vehicle approaches. Driving alone in his new Pierce-Arrow, Henry Roan pulls along the side of the road and stops parallel to John Ramsey standing along side of his Ford.

JOHN RAMSEY
Hello Henry. I'm glad to see you.

HENRY ROAN
Ramsey, what wrong with car?

JOHN RAMSEY
It's a Ford. Found on road deserted.

HENRY ROAN
That Joke?

JOHN RAMSEY
Yes Henry, that's a joke.

HENRY ROAN
We go get whiskey, you explain joke on way.

JOHN RAMSEY
You want to go get some whiskey?

HENRY ROAN
That joke too? Get in.

John gesturing towards the hill in front of them.

JOHN RAMSEY
It's just to the crest of that hill.

HENRY ROAN
Know place well, you friend of Roan Horse, take him many times.

JOHN RAMSEY
Yes, I have Henry, many times.

The car stops. Ramsey looks down at the colt and then over to Henry. Ramsey gets out of the car, walks into the field and grabs a jug from their hiding spot. He walks back to the car.

Ramsey first hands a small flask to Henry.

JOHN RAMSEY (CONT'D)
They gave us a jug and a flask this time. Here try this.

Ramsey hands Henry the flask, throws the jug on the back seat, walks to the back of the car. He pulls the gun from his belt and pulls the hammer back.

Henry tips back the flask, hears the click of the hammer and glances in the mirror. He sees Ramsey with the revolver aimed at his head. Henry drops the flask and grabs the wheel.

John fires a single shot killing Henry instantly. Blood spatters the windshield, glass shatters onto the hood of the car.

John lowers his head in shame and turns to walk away. He walks down the hill towards his car, Henry is perched at the steering wheel.

EXT. SKIP GRAMMER BARN - AFTERNOON

Ernest, Bryan and Kelsie listen outside the barn as laughter erupts.

INT. SKIP GRAMMER BARN MOONSHINE STILL - AFTERNOON

They close a set of large doors, cover a huge pile with a tarp and continue their conversation.

THUG TWO

It's like selling the devil his
due.

They all laugh again.

AL SPENCER

Hale will never know it's stolen.

THUG ONE raises his glass.

THUG ONE

To the King of the Osage Hills.
Whoever the fuck he is.

They all raise their mugs, sling them together with a slosh. The door opens, they draw their guns and aim towards the door.

Bryan, Ernest and Kelsie enter, they raise their hands slowly.

ERNEST BURKHART

Hold your fire boys, it's just us.

SKIP GRAMMER

You lads need to knock first, these gentlemen are trained to shoot.

BRYAN BURKHART

We're just customers.

SKIP GRAMMER

You're damn lucky customers..

They all holster their guns and take their seats around the pot belly stove. AL SPENCER (30) a rough outlaw looks towards Kelsie.

KELSIE MORRISON

We just wanted to stop by and pick-up some whiskey to distribute to the tribe.

SKIP GRAMMER

Al, see that they are taken care of. I'm gonna call it a night.

AL SPENCER

Sure thing, Mr. Grammer.

Kelsie, Bryan and Ernest tip their hats.

AL SPENCER (CONT'D)

How much you guys need?

ERNEST BURKHART

We could use two kegs if you can spare em.

AL SPENCER

That shouldn't be a problem.

BRYAN BURKHART

Make sure you tell Grammer, we'll be back next week for the same amount.

AL SPENCER

The Osage sure do like their booze.

ERNEST BURKHART

That they do.

BRYAN BURKHART

We just wanna make sure they're happy.

They all smile and laugh together and begin to roll the kegs out to the car.

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

From across the street Ace Kirby is seated on a bench in front of the Big Hill Trading Company watching the conversation between the Leroy and Will.

INT. LEROY'S BARBERSHOP - MORNING

Standing at the window with Ace Kirby in the distance, Will and Leroy continue their conversation.

WILLIAM SMITH

Leroy, I've had it with the Sheriff, I think he's on the take.

LEROY

Matt taking bribes, I'd doubt that!

WILLIAM SMITH

Leroy, you've been here a while. When trouble came into town, the Sheriff took care of it. Now there's over a dozen unexplained murders and not one suspect is in jail. Rita and I are worried.

LEROY

It's different today. You can't just hang someone on a hunch.

WILLIAM SMITH

I guess you're right. But, look across the street.

They both pause a moment to glance across the street and Ace tips his cowboy hat as they look in his direction.

WILLIAM SMITH (CONT'D)

That son of a bitch has been tracking me for days.

LEROY

Everyone's afraid Will. Just let Matt do his job.

Will ignores the comments from Leroy. Leroy finishes, pulls the smock away, Will stands.

WILLIAM SMITH

I ain't gonna sugar coat it Leroy.
We need help, and we need it now.

Hale walks in the door, surprises both Will and Leroy. They both stop, look towards the door.

BILL HALE

Leroy, Will. How are you gentlemen today?

LEROY

Fine, Bill. Here for the works?

Bill and Leroy separate and Will heads for the door. Hale takes his jacket off and begins to sit in the chair.

BILL HALE

Yes, sir. Will. You don't have to take off, stay a while and have a chat.

WILLIAM SMITH

I'd like that, but I need to take the ladies shopping.

BILL HALE

You selling the ranch?

WILLIAM SMITH

Nope. Were gonna move into a house, here in town. Rita thinks it'll be safer.

LEROY

Women love to shop.

BILL HALE

Good luck with the new house, Will.

WILLIAM SMITH

Thanks. I'll see you gentlemen later.

Both Hale and Leroy nod as Will places a bill on the counter. Leroy drapes the smock around Hale.

EXT. LEROY'S BARBERSHOP - MORNING

Will exits the barbershop and glances over at the bench where Ace still sits watching his every move. Under his breath he mumbles:

WILLIAM SMITH
Young punk.

INT. BIG HILL TRADING COMPANY - AFTERNOON

Bryan and Ace stand at the counter as Hale counts the cash from the drawer.

BRYAN BURKHART
Uncle Bill, Ace says Smith is talking to folks. Stirring up trouble.

BILL HALE
Is that right Ace?

ACE KIRBY
Yes sir ree. He's a busy body that's for sure.

BILL HALE
Does he still think it's the King?

ACE KIRBY
Yes, sir. He does.

BILL HALE
Keep the heat on Grammer for now. When you get the Whiskey this week, do some digging.

ERNEST BURKHART
Sure thing Uncle Bill. He's gunna mess up.

BILL HALE
I'm counting on it.

INT. RED FEATHER LOUNGE - EVENING

Ernest enters and sits at an empty seat at the table with Bryan, Ace and Al Spencer. A waitress comes over to greet Ernest. Ace is dealing.

BRYAN BURKHART
Al says that Nitro is \$10 a bottle.

He looks at his cards and the pot.

BRYAN BURKHART (CONT'D)
Gimme three.

ERNEST BURKHART
Is that so?

AL SPENCER
Yep! Dangerous shit.

Al looks at his cards, then the others.

AL SPENCER (CONT'D)
I'll take two.

Ace shuffles over two cards face down.

AL SPENCER (CONT'D)
If you don't know what you're doing
you can blow yourself sky high.

Ernest looks at the others and smiles then back over to Al.

ERNEST BURKHART
We'd be interested in a few
bottles. Plan on doing some
mining.

AL SPENCER
You don't say? You know you can't
blow oil out of the ground.

Bryan looks to Ernest, holds up one finger. Ace throws one
card.

BRYAN BURKHART
We're prospecting, heading out west
to a claim in California.
(beat)
I'll raise the pot a buck.

AL SPENCER
I thought the Gold rush was over.
I'll see you and call you. I've got
four Kings. What da ya know.

BRYAN BURKHART
Shit! Two pair. Kings rule.

ERNEST BURKHART
Bryan you've always sucked at
cards.

Al reaches for the pile of money and begins to rake it in.

AL SPENCER
Let's hope you guys are better at
mining than poker!

Both Bryan and Ernest stand and walk out of the Bar.

EXT. OSAGE SWEATHOUSE - NIGHT

Brian and Ernest circle the Osage Sweat Lodge carrying large sprayers, dousing the roof.

ERNEST BURKHART
Make sure you empty the can Bryan.

BRYAN BURKHART
I am, god dammit.
(beat)
What if we'd said no.

ERNEST BURKHART
What are you saying? You really
wanna cross Uncle Bill?

Bryan thinks for a moment, then continues his task.

BRYAN BURKHART
Not really.

ERNEST BURKHART
You know he saved our sorry asses?

BRYAN BURKHART
Yeah, I realize that, but murder?

ERNEST BURKHART
We just have to tie a few loose
ends and it'll be over.

BRYAN BURKHART
I hope you're right.

ERNEST BURKHART
All you have to do is marry an
Osage.

BRYAN BURKHART
Ain't that simple Ernie.

ERNEST BURKHART
Don't call me Ernie!

Bryan lowers his head, sheds a tear and whispers to himself.

BRYAN BURKHART
(sotto)
Mom called you Ernie.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

A young Osage boy runs into the Sheriff's office. Matt is warming his hands over the pot belly stove.

OSAGE BOY
Sheriff, come with me. I need to show you something.

MATT
Son, what is it?

He tugs the Sheriff's hand and forces him towards the door.

OSAGE BOY
Please Sheriff you must come now.

MATT
Let me get my coat. Go on, get in my car, I'll be out in a moment.

He puts his gun belt on, then his coat, grabs his hat and picks up the phone and dials a number. He waits a moment for a few rings.

MATT (CONT'D)
Come on Ben, wake up. Finally, sleeping in this morning? Yeah, Yeah. Meet me at the edge of town. Yes, plan for the worst.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD NORTH OF FAIRFAX - MORNING

The fog rises from the thawing tall grass prairie, in pools of steam. Two lone auto's appear over the hill and begin the decent to where Henry's car sits.

Frozen solid and perfectly preserved, Henry sits slumped slightly at the wheel, as the two cars come to a stop. The Young Osage points to Henry and turns his head the other direction in fear.

Matt and Ben park, walk up to the car and around to the side and stare at Henry.

MATT
Well, that's Henry Roan all right.

BEN RUSH
Poor son of a bitch. Looks like he had one last drink, there's the flask.

Ben reaches to grab the flask, Matt holds him back.

MATT

Careful Ben, don't touch anything.

BEN RUSH

His hands are frozen solid.

Matt circles the car, taking visual notes of the footprints. The events are uncovered in slow motion.

MATT

Looks to me like the bullet went clean through his head. Glass on the hood.

BEN RUSH

He had a jug in the back seat. Look, even the tracks are frozen.

Matt circles to the back of the car.

MATT

Who ever killed him, stood right here, shot him, and walked to the top of that hill.

BEN RUSH

You think Henry knew the guy.

MATT

I do.

Matt begins to walk to his car.

MATT (CONT'D)

I think he knew him pretty well to keep his back to him.

Matt studies Henry's position, the glass and the hole in the window.

MATT (CONT'D)

Call Chambers and get Henry's body over to the funeral home.

Matt gets into his car. Ben yells back at Matt as he begins to drive off.

BEN RUSH

It's gonna take till this afternoon to thaw him out.

EXT. SKIP GRAMMER RANCH - AFTERNOON

Grammer is watching outside the ring as a few cow-hands wrestle with a steer to brand him. Ace Kirby walks over.

SKIP GRAMMER

Afternoon Ace, where's Hale's boys?
I thought you rode together.

ACE KIRBY

Well sir, I thought I'd ride up to see if the grass is greener here.
Check my options.

SKIP GRAMMER

I see. I need men who are loyal and trustworthy.

ACE KIRBY

You can count on me.

SKIP GRAMMER

Seeing how you've given thought to leaving Hale, how do you think I can trust you?

ACE KIRBY

Well sir, I want to make things right here in Osage County.

SKIP GRAMMER

How so?

ACE KIRBY

Find this King fella once and for all.

SKIP GRAMMER

I'm listening.

ACE KIRBY

The Sheriff thinks the gunslingers behind all these murders are held-up right here.

SKIP GRAMMER

Well Ace, I'd say you're a brave son of a bitch or just plain stupid.

All the men laugh.

SKIP GRAMMER (CONT'D)

These men may look dangerous and a little ugly, but they don't kill unarmed Squaws. Hell I married one. That's how I got wealthy.

Grammer picks up a jug of whiskey sitting on the fence post and takes a swig.

SKIP GRAMMER (CONT'D)

Now, I've got a shit load of moonshine.

All the men break-out in a howling of laughter.

ACE KIRBY

I guess I had you pegged wrong Mr. Grammer.

SKIP GRAMMER

I'd say so young man. Now, when are those boys picking up that Nitro, I've got cattle to brand.

EXT. SKIP GRAMMER RANCH

From a distant POV: with binoculars, Ernest and Bryan look on.

ERNEST BURKHART

I knew that son of a bitch would squeal.

BRYAN BURKHART

What would he tell Grammer?

ERNEST BURKHART

Probably everything.

Ernest starts to pace.

ERNEST BURKHART (CONT'D)

Uncle Bill ain't gonna like it one bit.

BRYAN BURKHART

Come on. Let's get the Nitro.

They jump in the car and head towards the ranch.

EXT. OSAGE GRAVEYARD - AFTERNOON

High atop the prairie the group of mourners assemble as the hand-made stretcher holding Henry Roan is carried by relatives. The drum beat resonates through the valley.

Osage relatives stand on one side, a few citizens from Pawhuska stand on the other side.

As the ceremony concludes, Hale pulls the Sheriff aside while others stand to listen.

BILL HALE

Sheriff, it's no secret Henry only had one enemy. That was Roy Bunch.

CAR SALESMAN

You'd have to be blind Sheriff. Those two were at each other constantly.

MATT

While I'm conducting the investigation, I have nothing to say, to either one of you.

BILL HALE

Sheriff, everyone in town knows Roy was sleeping with Mary. Wake up!

MATT

I've heard they had words at times.

BILL HALE

They hated each other!

MATT

Mr. Hale. I'm sorry, I have nothing more to say. Good day!

The Sheriff walks away. The Car Salesman shakes his head at Hale.

CAR SALESMAN

Sure does seem like he's trying to avoid the obvious.

BILL HALE

Seems that way, doesn't it.

Matt waits near Clair and the Chief. When Clair walks away Chief steps his direction.

STANDING BEAR
One more spirit leaving the earth.

Standing Bear holds smoky herbs, waves them towards the sky.

MATT
Henry was a wonderful soul. We
will all miss him.

Chief picks up torch as drums beat from the top of the hill.
A traditional song begins and continues.

STANDING BEAR
You stay to watch soul reach
heaven?

MATT
Yes Chief, I'd be honored.

A medicine man chants as the Chief lights Henry Roan Horse's
raised grave. In short order the perch is engulfed in
flames.

From a distance the ceremony on the ridge is over-shadowed by
dozens of oil derricks dotting the horizon. The drum beat
and singing echoes over the hills.

EXT. BILL SMITHS RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

A moving van is parked outside the home of Will and Rita
Smith and their dedicated maid, NETTIE (30's.) Bryan, Ernest
and Ace drive by in their car and wave.

RITA SMITH
Those three are exactly why I feel
safer here in town.

WILLIAM SMITH
They're Hale's boys. I still think
it's Grammer and those outlaws he's
hiding up there near our ranch.
They're doing all the hell raising.

Nettie meets Rita and grabs what she is carrying and gives
her a hand.

RITA SMITH
Thank you Nettie.
(to Will)
You need to keep your nose out of
it. Leave the investigating to the
lawmen.

NETTIE BROOKSHIRE

Rita's right Mr. Smith. You'll just get yourself shot for no good reason.

RITA SMITH

Poor Anna was killed by a bunch of gunslingers from Grammer's ranch. You mark my words.

WILLIAM SMITH

Well, I just don't want them showing up at our front door.

RITA SMITH

It's a beautiful front door I might add.

Rita leans forward and kisses Will gently on the lips, they both shut their eyes briefly.

RITA SMITH (CONT'D)

Let's enjoy our home and forget about those thugs.

WILLIAM SMITH

I guess you're right.

RITA SMITH

Of course I am. Now come on inside, let's see how the furniture fits.

The three enter the front door, it closes behind them.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Roy Bunch is lead into the room by Ben un-cuffed. He is shown a chair. The Sheriff and the ATTORNEY GENERAL of Oklahoma are seated at the other side of the table.

A.T. WOODWARD

Why bring in the Attorney General. Is this a federal matter?

MATT

A T, Henry's murder is National news.

Matt holds up a paper.

MATT (CONT'D)
His body was found on the Osage
Reservation, that's federal land.

Matt looks towards the Attorney General, back to the group.

MATT (CONT'D)
Mr. Kane is here to observe.

A.T. WOODWARD
I see.
(looking at Roy)
Have they asked you any questions
yet?

ROY BUNCH
Not yet.

A.T. WOODWARD
Sheriff, you may proceed.

MATT
Where were you, the night of
January 25th?

ROY BUNCH
I was home.

MATT
Can anyone verify that?

ROY BUNCH
Of course. I had three friends over
that evening, we were playing
poker.

MATT
A friendly game of poker. Roy do
you own a gun?

ROY BUNCH
I have a few rifles and I have an
automatic pistol, a 9mm Ruger.

MATT
A lot of folks around town say you
and Henry fought quite a bit. That
you threatened to kill him on a few
occasions. Is that true?

A.T. WOODWARD
Roy, be careful with this one.

Roy looks towards A.T. first, then back to Matt.

ROY BUNCH

That OK, A T?

(beat)

Henry and I had words at times, but I'd never kill him. I'm a Christian man Sheriff. I didn't kill Henry Roan.

The Attorney General and the Sheriff whisper a few words to each other and Matt turns to A.T. And Roy.

MATT

Well Roy you're free to go.

ROY BUNCH

That's it?

MATT

That's it for now. But don't leave town. And stay out of the speak easy for a while.

They all stand and nod at each other.

ROY BUNCH

Thank you, Sheriff.

Roy and the Attorney General and A.T. walk out of the office. Matt is sitting at his desk. Matt pulls the FBI card from his desk and fumbles with it.

His deputy Ben looks at Matt struggle to pick up the phone.

BEN RUSH

It's time to call em.

MATT

I've given it some thought.

Matt shoves the FBI card back into his center drawer.

BEN RUSH

Sheriff, the murders are getting out of hand.

MATT

Ben, I appreciate your opinion, but I'm certain one man is behind the murders. Our banker told me someone has claimed the estates of missing Squaws. It's all about the money.

BEN RUSH

Matt with all due respect, we can't get anyone to testify and the killing continues.

MATT

We've got to try harder!

Matt stands and begins to head out the front door.

MATT (CONT'D)

Come with me.

They both head out the door.

EXT. WILL SMITHS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Seated in a car down the street from William Smith's house are Ace, Ernest, and Bryan. It's well after midnight and very few lights appear in the distance.

BRYAN BURKHART

Hell Ernest, they went out hours ago.

ERNEST BURKHART

Just cool your britches Bryan.

BRYAN BURKHART

Shouldn't they be home by now?

ERNEST BURKHART

Jeez Bryan, I don't know. They went to the Theater with Nellie. They should be home by now, but they ain't. Just relax and get some shut eye.

BRYAN BURKHART

You don't have to yell.

ERNEST BURKHART

Just shut up.

A moment of silence. Bryan lays back for a few seconds.

BRYAN BURKHART

Do you always do what Uncle Bill tells you to do?

ERNEST BURKHART

Of course I do. You don't want to piss him off. Trust me.

BRYAN BURKHART

Pretty soon, we should make our own choices.

ERNEST BURKHART

That's another day Bryan. Today, we do our job. Got that?

Bryan sulks in despair, pulls his hat down over his eyes.

ACE KIRBY

And for heavens sake don't shake that fuckin Nitro.

Ace studies the body language of the brothers.

A car makes its way down the street and pulls into the Smith's driveway. They all become silent and watch the car the entire distance into the garage.

ERNEST BURKHART

OK they're in. Now, let's wait a while till they're all asleep.

BRYAN BURKHART

You got any pop up there?

Ace drinks the last sip and pitches his bottle out of the car.

ACE KIRBY

Fresh out.

ERNEST BURKHART

Bryan, it's gonna be an hour or so. Go to sleep.

BRYAN BURKHART

Oh. All right.

EXT. WILL SMITHS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The last light upstairs goes out. Ace and Bryan hop out of the car, leave the door ajar.

Two figures creep up to the house and enter the garage, the door is open. Both Ace and Bryan go to work.

Ernest is at the wheel anxiously waiting down the street. Flames begin to pour from the rear of the house and now from the front.

Ace hops in the passenger side, Bryan runs towards the car and leaps into the back seat.

ERNEST BURKHART
Bryan, I told you to light the fuse
not the garage.

ACE KIRBY
What the hell's on fire?

They speed off the opposite direction towards town.

BRYAN BURKHART
I think his car was leaking gas.
It caught fire.

Ernest looks in the mirror, Ace turns toward the back seat.

ACE KIRBY
The car caught fire?

EXT. - MAIN STREET FAIRFAX - NIGHT

A OLDER MAN on a bench outside the hotel watches the three speed by. The man look's the other direction, sees flames in the distance then suddenly.

EXT. - WILL SMITHS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A huge explosion blows the Smith house to bits in a fireball. Debris falls from everywhere. Additional homes are in flames. Secondary explosions erupt.

EXT. MAIN STREET FAIRFAX - NIGHT

The older man looking on has fallen from the bench.

OLDER MAN
What the hell!

EXT. WILL SMITHS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Debris continues to fall from the sky, lights flick on in the neighborhood, neighbors pour out into the street. Homes nearby are also aflame.

INT. HILLTOP OVER PAWHUSKA - NIGHT

The three bandits hop out of the car. All of them are amazed at the carnage. They admire their work from atop a hill. Sirens and horns blast in the valley below.

ACE KIRBY

Jeez Bryan, that Nitro really did the trick.

BRYAN BURKHART

I'd say so. It's time to cash in.

ACE KIRBY

You bet. Hale owes us big time.

They all hop back into the car. Ernest is at the wheel. He sighs, relieved. Bryan sulks by himself, ashamed.

ERNEST BURKHART

We need to get back home.

They speed off. The town aglow as pandemonium spreads. Lights turn on all over the neighborhood.

EXT. WILL SMITHS RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Fire engines and mayhem surround what is left of the Smith's house. Matt walks towards the carnage, Neighbors and bystanders look on, shocked by the devastation.

NEIGHBOR ONE

(to Matt)

I'm a block away, the blast shattered my windows.

NEIGHBOR TWO

We're all scared Sheriff.

MATT

Folks, please go back home, we need time to sort this out.

NEIGHBOR ONE

Sheriff, it's not safe to live here any more.

The neighbors begin to disburse. The Fire Chief and the Sheriff begin to survey the destruction.

MATT

Chief, is there a chance anyone survived?

FIRE CHIEF
It's hard to say Sheriff.

FIREMAN ONE
Chief, over here. It's Will.

Matt and the Fire Chief run over to where Will is being lifted onto a stretcher. He whales in agony and calls for his wife and servant.

WILLIAM SMITH
Rita! Nettie! My God I'm on fire!

MATT
Will, who did this?

Will fades to a bare stare. A second fireman directs the Matt and the Chief over next door.

FIREMAN TWO
Chief, you need to see this.

Matt and the Chief both walk over to the house next door and look to the fireplace. What is left of Rita, lies at the base of the neighbors chimney.

FIREMAN ONE
Who would do such a thing?

FIREMAN TWO
God Almighty.

MATT
Chief, send what is left of Rita and Nettie to Chambers. Once Will is at the hospital, if he comes to, have the doctor give me a call.

FIRE CHIEF
Sure thing, Sheriff.

The Sheriff looks towards the ambulance as it pulls away, pauses for a moment and then heads for his car.

INT. HOOVER'S OFFICE - MORNING

J EDGAR HOOVER is on the phone as LUTHER BISHOP (30's) a handsome Agent from the first graduating class enters his office. Hoover motions for Luther to take a seat as he finishes his conversation.

J.EDGAR HOOVER
Yes, Senator, I totally agree. We
can't have law abiding citizens
blown sky high by a bunch of
outlaws, now can we?

Hoover nods a few times as he listens.

J.EDGAR HOOVER (CONT'D)
For Christ sake, no. This is
outrageous!

He looks at Luther smiles.

J.EDGAR HOOVER (CONT'D)
I'm sending my best Agent's today.

He pulls the receiver away from his ear. Puffs from his
cigar.

J.EDGAR HOOVER (CONT'D)
Good Day, Senator.

Hoover hangs up and walks around to sit with Luther face to
face. Hoover shakes Matt's hand as they both sit.

J.EDGAR HOOVER (CONT'D)
Good morning, Bishop. I'm not sure
if you had heard, but an entire
family was blown to heaven by a
bunch of thugs.

LUTHER
I'm familiar with the case.
Indians vanishing out of thin air.

J.EDGAR HOOVER
That was the Senator from Oklahoma
calling for action.

LUTHER
I see. What's changed?

J Edgar walks over pours two drinks and carries the glasses
to where Luther sits, hands him a glass.

J.EDGAR HOOVER
The locals are knee deep in
coffins.

LUTHER
What about Dillinger or the Capone
case?

J.EDGAR HOOVER
I've got that under control.
Bishop, I need you to take charge
out there. It's bad enough, Indians
are missing, now there killing law
abiding citizens.

LUTHER
You mean white people.

J.EDGAR HOOVER
If that's what you surmise, yes.

LUTHER
Won't local officials see our
intervention as over reach?

J.EDGAR HOOVER
Hell no! It's a federal matter.

LUTHER
I thought it was their land.

J.EDGAR HOOVER
This happened on Federal Land
Bishop. Our land. We can't have
these local sons of a bitches
mocking the FBI and the federal
judicial system.

Hoover ends up next to Luther.

J.EDGAR HOOVER (CONT'D)
Killing US citizens on federal
land. We can't have that!

LUTHER
No, sir.

J.EDGAR HOOVER
Do I make myself clear?

LUTHER
Yes, sir.

J.EDGAR HOOVER
You know the drill. Call local
officials, let em know we're taking
the reigns.

Luther places his glass on the table.

LUTHER
Yes, sir.

Luther stands, Hoover is already dialing the phone, he exits without ceremony.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - MORNING

Matt enters looking at the headline on the morning paper. The paper reads: SMITH FAMILY PERISH IN BLAST. He throws his hat and coat on the hanger, rushes to his desk, searches in the center drawer. There's a note on his desk

BEN

He called a while ago.

The phone begins to ring. They both look at the phone, Matt picks it up, places the receiver to his ear.

MATT

Good Morning, Sheriff Matt
Lancaster.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LUTHER BISHOP OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Luther stands at his desk with his luggage in site and his bag half full. He paces as he talks.

LUTHER

This is Agent Luther Bishop of the
FBI.

MATT

What can I do for you?

LUTHER

It's what I can do for you Sheriff.
I've been assigned to the Osage
case by J Edgar, we'll be looking
into the Smith Family case. I'm
hoping on a train this morning.

Matt looks over at Ben who simply smiles.

MATT

I see.

LUTHER

Is there a place we can meet?

MATT

How soon can you arrive in Tulsa?

LUTHER

I should arrive in the afternoon tomorrow. You can bring me up to speed.

MATT

See you in Tulsa.

He hangs up, breaths a sigh of relief.

BEN RUSH

Was that him?

MATT

Yep, Agent Bishop with the FBI.

BEN RUSH

He called out of the blue?

MATT

Yep. Says J Edger is sending him, here!

Matt starts collecting his things into a large bag.

BEN RUSH

Well I'll be.

MATT

He arrives in Tulsa tomorrow. Can you hold down the fort?

BEN RUSH

Absolutely!

Matt looks around the room grabs his bag and heads out the door.

INT. RED FEATHER LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

Seated at the table in the foreground is Ace Kirby, Al Spencer, Curley Johnson and Kelsie Morrison.

The phone rings, the bartender picks up the phone.

BARTENDER

Red Feather. Sure he's sitting right here. Ace, it's for you.

Ace looks over at the bartender and then back at the table.

ACE KIRBY
Put my hand on hold. I'll be right
back.

Ace lays his cards face down, the others do the same and pour
a round of drinks.

ACE KIRBY (CONT'D)
This is Ace.

BILL HALE (O.S.)
Ace, it's Bill Hale

He turns away from the table to speak.

ACE KIRBY
Mr. Hale... What about the cash you
owe me?

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

From the rear initially, the view arches around to reveal
Bill Hale.

BILL HALE
Well Ace, that's precisely why I'm
calling. I wanted to up the Annie,
give you a tip that will pay you
ten-fold what I agreed to.

ACE KIRBY (O.S.)
I'm listening.

BILL HALE
I've got reliable information that
Mason's Jewelry is getting a huge
shipment of diamonds tomorrow. And
no one will be in the store.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RED FEATHER LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

ACE KIRBY
How can you be certain?

BILL HALE
I just overheard the entire
conversation at the bank, just an
hour ago. Have I ever let you down
before?

ACE KIRBY
No, Mr. Hale. You haven't.

BILL HALE
Well then. Tomorrow night at 1AM,
you'll be a rich man.

ACE KIRBY
Thanks, much obliged.

He hangs up and returns to the poker table with a smile from ear to ear.

CURLEY JOHNSON
Who the hell would interrupt our
game.

ACE KIRBY
I'll tell you later.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Ernest, Bryan and Bill Hale in his private office. Hale is dialing the phone.

ERNEST BURKHART
Who you calling now?

BILL HALE
I'm warning a good friend. Jim,
it's Bill Hale.

JIM MASON (O.S.)
Evening Bill.

BILL HALE
I've found out from a reliable
source your store will be robbed
tomorrow night.

He pauses for a moment looks at Bryan and Ernest while he listens.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MASON'S JEWELRY STORE - AFTERNOON

JIM MASON
How do you know that?

BILL HALE
I have my sources.

JIM MASON

Well, thank you Bill, I appreciate the tip.

BILL HALE

You're quite welcome Jim.

Hale hangs up the phone and chuckles at himself.

ERNEST BURKHART

Did he buy it?

BILL HALE

He'll be taking care of that double-crossing son of a bitch, the right way.

BRYAN BURKHART

What's he gonna do?

BILL HALE

Solve our problem.

All of them laugh together. Bryan looks worried.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)

So Ace was talking to Grammer?

ERNEST BURKHART

A big mistake.

BILL HALE

What do you have in mind Ernest?

Bill intercepts Ernest on the way out and grabs him by the collar. He pulls him closer.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)

No trace of foul play, you hear me?

Ernest shrugs his shoulders. Bill shouts in his face:

BILL HALE (CONT'D)

You hear me?

ERNEST BURKHART

Yes, sir.

Bill shoves Ernest backwards. He falls, tripping back into Bryan. They both cower away.

BILL HALE

Now git! Both of you.

EXT. TULSA TRAIN STATION - AFTERNOON

A Steam locomotive passenger train arrives at the Tulsa Station. The train comes to a stop. As the smoke clears, Matt is waiting on the platform, anxious.

LUTHER BISHOP (35) a tall, well dressed conservative approaches. He wears an ornate pocket watch with his shoulder holster clearly visible. The pearl handle of his colt sparkles as he approaches Matt with a smile.

LUTHER
Sheriff?

Luther extends a hearty hand shake.

LUTHER (CONT'D)
Glad to meet you.

MATT
Agent Bishop.

Matt grabs his shoulder, looks him over.

MATT (CONT'D)
Welcome to Oklahoma.

Leo (12) a stout husky lad the spitting image of Luther and Susan (33) a well-dressed New Yorker struggle with luggage behind Luther. Matt motions to assist Susan.

SUSAN
You'll have to excuse my husband's manners. I'm Susan and this is our son, Leo.

MATT
My pleasure. May I help?

LUTHER
They can manage.

Matt looks at Leo who has now managed to rustle the luggage into a pile. They walk together away from the station.

LUTHER (CONT'D)
I'm starved!

MATT
I know the perfect place, best steaks in Oklahoma.

Luther pats Matt on the back, Susan and Leo struggle to keep up behind them. They all pile the luggage and themselves into Matt's Car and drive away.

INT. TULSA CHOP HOUSE - EVENING

Matt and Luther are seated at the back corner of the steak house. Susan and Leo sit near the front.

LUTHER

So what can you tell me about the Smith case?

MATT

We believe it was Nitro, destroyed several homes, everyone perished. But the real story is the dozens of Osage murders.

LUTHER

I'm more interested in the Smith case.

Matt sighs and his body shows signs of fatigue from weeks of stress.

MATT

This year we've already had a dozen Osage murders.

Matt pauses to bite his tongue.

MATT (CONT'D)

A few thugs even assaulted me and my son.

LUTHER

It sounds like the wild west is alive and well in Osage County.

Luther takes a sip of his coffee.

MATT

To be honest, Osage County is a dangerous place. You should keep that colt at your side.

LUTHER

Fair warning. Who do you suspect is behind the killings?

MATT

Hell, it could be a dozen or so suspects. There's more scoundrels here than Buffalo.

He looks towards the window and back at Luther.

MATT (CONT'D)

If they knew I was talking to you. I'd be next.

LUTHER

Who ever it is, they won't know we're part of the same team.

MATT

We? I thought you we're here alone.

LUTHER

None of us are here, officially. J. Edgar wants to keep a lid on this, for now.

Matt a bit suspicious with Luther's plan

MATT

And how do we pull that off?

LUTHER

We have different methods.

MATT

What do you mean?

LUTHER

Our plan is to deploy a few under cover agents to gather the information we need to get folks to talk. You and I are the only ones in town who know who they are.

MATT

What do you mean by under cover?

The host of Agent's with Luther enter town and assume the positions in town. The waitress, the undertaker, the blacksmith, others.

LUTHER (O.S.)

They'll be in plain clothes, in plain site. No uniforms, no badges. They'll blend right in.

MATT

That should work well here. But getting folks to talk. That's not gonna be easy.

LUTHER

With our intelligence and your contacts, someone will come forward.

Luther pulls out his briefcase and pulls closer to Matt. They both look back at Susan and Leo at another table.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

We plan to blend right in. Can you find us a nice house in town?

MATT

Sure, there's a wonderful home right in Pawhuska.

LUTHER

You'll need to continue your investigation as if nothing has changed.

Luther pulls out a map and files.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Oh! We need a secret meeting spot where no one will see us. You got a place in mind?

MATT

Sure. There's an old hunting cabin in the Osage Hills.

Matt begins to point to coordinates on the map.

EXT. MASON'S JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

A single dark figure appears at the front door. Ace Kirby pulls a crowbar from under his coat, checks both ways down the street and then approaches the door.

Jim Mason inside, rises to his feet. He remains hidden from sight. He raises a two barrel shotgun towards the door.

Ace tries to pry the lock. Unsuccessful, he grabs a handkerchief from his pocket, covers the end of the crowbar and smashes the window closest to the lock. The glass shatters onto the floor inside.

Ace's hand reaches inside to unbolt the door. He enters the center of the store.

Without hesitation Jim Mason steps from behind the counter with his shotgun aimed.

JIM MASON
Here for some jewelry?

ACE KIRBY
What the hell?

A shotgun blast blows Ace backwards through the front door.

Wounded but not dead, Ace flees down the street as another blast shatters the front door. Glass splinters onto the porch.

EXT. MAIN STREET FAIRFAX - NIGHT

A car pulls up. Ace is pulled inside. The car speeds away. A few townspeople awaken by the disturbance look-on. The car speeds out of town.

EXT. MASON'S JEWELRY STORE - NIGHT

The shotgun still in his hand, Jim survey's the damage. He picks up the bag and the crowbar left behind.

JIM MASON
(to himself)
Scum. Hale was right.

Lights on the street begin to illuminate. Jim walks back inside his store.

INT. DOCTOR MCCANN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Moaning sounds and commotion. DR. MCCANN (40) tries to administer aid. CURLEY JOHNSON (20's) a burley cowboy looks on.

ACE KIRBY
Doc you ain't gonna cut off my arm,
you might as well cut off my head.

DR. MCCANN
Listen Mister. If I don't amputate
your arm, you'll die.
(to Curley)
(MORE)

DR. MCCANN (CONT'D)
 What the hell happened to him
 anyway?

ACE KIRBY
 That's none of your damn business.
 Listen Doc, there's got to be
 another way.

CURLEY JOHNSON
 Ace, if the Doc here says you'll
 die, he ain't kidding. The arms got
 to go.

ACE KIRBY
 Curley, he ain't cutting off my
 fuckin arm. No way.

The doctor looks at Curley and motions him to step outside
 the room for a moment. Ace continues to moan in agony the two
 exit the room.

DR. MCCANN
 Your friend's not gonna make it.

CURLEY JOHNSON
 Even if you cut off his arm?

DR. MCCANN
 He's lost too much blood. It's too
 late, I'm sorry.

Ace dies, his blank stare haunts Curley.

CURLEY JOHNSON
 Damn... such a waste.

EXT. PAWHUSKA RIVER - MORNING

Luke walks along the Pawhuska River to fish. Two poles on his
 shoulder, he runs into Leo.

LEO
 Going fishing?

LUKE
 Yep, headed to my favorite spot.
 Wanna come?

LEO
 Sure!

LUKE

I was going with my Pa but he had
stuff to do.

The two walk for a while. Skipping over boulders, walking
over fallen Oaks, to a large rock that juts out into the
River.

LEO

What's your Dad do?

LUKE

He's the Sheriff.

LEO

Oh. My Dad's here to help your
father.

Luke holds out his hand, to pull Leo across to the
outcropping.

LUKE

We're glad to have you.

Luke pulls Leo extra hard, Leo trips into Luke.

LEO

The sooner they catch the bad guys,
the sooner I get to go home.

Luke hands Leo a rod, they cast their lines, sit comfortably.
A sound from the woods gets their attention.

LEO (CONT'D)

You hear that?

They pull in their poles. Luke grabs both of the poles, leads
Leo into the brush.

LUKE

This way!

Leo and Luke look towards the spot where they sat. Ernest and
Bryan are pacing back and forth arguing.

ERNEST BURKHART

If we don't do what we're told
Bryan, he'll kill us both, for
sure.

BRYAN BURKHART

This isn't just some stupid scheme
to get another headright, this is
mass murder!

ERNEST BURKHART
 Listen, all we have to do is light
 a match and watch it burn. Even the
 Sheriff will be there!

BRYAN BURKHART
 I don't know.

ERNEST BURKHART
 You better be there. Or you'll be
 next!

Ernest races away with Bryan running close behind. Luke and
 Leo have heard the entire conversation.

LUKE
 Come on, we need to tell my Pa.

Leo stops and shouts:

LEO
 We need to do this right!

LUKE
 What do you mean? My Pa's the
 target. Not your Dad.

Leo ponders briefly.

LEO
 OK I got it. We write a note, give
 it to one of the agents. Then no
 one takes the credit.

LUKE
 Seems fair. No one knows it was
 us.

LEO
 Deal?

LUKE
 Deal. What are agents?

Luke hands Leo one of the fishing poles, they walk through
 the woods as it begins to rain.

EXT. SKIP GRAMMER RANCH - AFTERNOON

Ernest and Bryan arrive at Grammer's ranch. They head to the
 barn. Another car has arrived for the same purpose.

Grammer's truck loaded with kegs is parked next to Ernest's car.

SKIP GRAMMER
Hey boys, I heard about Ace.

BRYAN BURKHART
Yeah, he picked the wrong guy to rob!

SKIP GRAMMER
Seems that way. The guys are inside... I've gotta run inside, then I've got a delivery.

ERNEST BURKHART
Thanks for the whiskey.

Skip walks into the house and Ernest pulls Bryan from leaving so suddenly.

ERNEST BURKHART (CONT'D)
Bryan, you go get the whiskey, I'll fix the truck.

BRYAN BURKHART
OK, I'll be right back.

Bryan heads into the barn. Ernest rolls on his back and rotates his body under the truck. He pulls a pair of wire snips from his pocket and snips the brake lines in two places.

Ernest rolls out from under the car, dusts himself off and heads into the barn.

Skip walks out of the front door, hops into his truck and pulls away.

EXT/INT. STATE FARM INSURANCE - AFTERNOON

Agent Bishop hangs a sign on the inside of the window. He walks out front to admire the sign as Bill Hale walks up.

BILL HALE
Afternoon,

They shake hands.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)
Name's Bill Hale!

LUTHER

Luther Bishop Just opened the
business today.

BILL HALE

Great! The nearest agent's in
Tulsa. Had lots of problems with
that son-of-a-bitch.

LUTHER

Is that so?

Luther motions for Hale to enter, Hale sits down. Luther
pulls out a pad of paper and begins to write notes.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

So you had problems with the agent
or the policy.

BILL HALE

Both I reckon. A year or so ago I
took out a policy on Henry Roan
Horse.

Hale lowers his head, looks over his thick rimmed glasses.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)

He's no longer with us.

Luther jots down a few notes

LUTHER

I see. Are you the beneficiary?

BILL HALE

I am.

LUTHER

Did the insurance company pay the
death benefit?

BILL HALE

They said it was a fraudulent
policy.

LUTHER

Did they eventually pay?

BILL HALE

No, they didn't.

LUTHER

Seems like you got a raw deal.
I'll look into it.

Hale gets up shakes Luther's hand and says:

BILL HALE
I'd like that.

LUTHER
Just bring me the details and I'll
get back to you.

Hale looks at Luther's card.

BILL HALE
Thank you, Mr. Bishop.

He walks out, smiles with a sinister grin. Luther begins to circle, "just in case he dies". He underlines the word suspect.

INT. CHAMBERS FUNERAL HOME - AFTERNOON

Tom Chambers is giving his new employee MAX FISHER (29) (one of the undercover FBI agents) the tour of the facility.

TOM CHAMBERS
I've needed an assistant for some
time now.

MAX FISHER
I'm well qualified.

TOM CHAMBERS
Your degree was from?

MAX FISHER
Clemson.

TOM CHAMBERS
From the East Coast?

MAX FISHER
Yes sir.

TOM CHAMBERS
Are you able to start immediately?

MAX FISHER
Yes, I am.

TOM CHAMBERS
How about today?

MAX FISHER
Sure thing.

TOM CHAMBERS
That would be wonderful. Could you
start this autopsy?

MAX FISHER
As you wish.

TOM CHAMBERS
Wonderful, you're a God-send.

He starts to walk away and remembers ...

TOM CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
Oh by the way, the County Corner
may drop by.

MAX FISHER
Very well.

Once out of the room Agent Fisher opens his bag and begins by
rolling Anna Brown into the room.

EXT. OSAGE PASS - AFTERNOON

From high atop the ridge, Skip's truck begins the descent
into the valley below. He whistles to himself.

His speed increases rapidly. The wheels slide near the edge
of the road, rocks fall from the cliff.

Skip's foot slams on the brake, the pedal hits the floor.

SKIP GRAMMER
Shit!

His expression turns to sheer panic. He struggles to make
several sharp turns. His truck, now completely out of
control, weaves from side to side from the weight of the
load.

At a sharp bend the truck blasts through a guard rail. Skip
screams. The truck bursts into flames and shatters into
pieces. The whiskey incinerates his body.

INT. RED FEATHER LOUNGE - EVENING

Agent DONNA CLARK (26) is introduced to the bartender as the
new waitress.

RED FEATHER OWNER
Make Donna feel at home.

BARTENDER
Sure thing boss.

While wiping down the bar, the bartender reviews the rules.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)
(to Agent Clark)
Rule number one, never get involved
in fights. If fists are swinging
or guns are drawn, take cover.
Rule number two, no dates with the
regulars. Don't discourage, but
don't encourage the boys who want
you. If their hands are in places
they don't belong, let me know.
They'll be out the door before you
can say, sarsaparilla.

AGENT CLARK
Thanks Gus. But I can handle
myself. I'll keep em drinking, the
tips will be mine to keep.

BARTENDER
You got a deal.

She leaves the bar and immediately starts working the room.
Her first table is nearby and includes Al Spencer, Kelsie
Morrison, Bryan and Ernest Burkhardt.

She bends down revealing her cleavage.

AGENT CLARK
Howdy boys, anyone need a drink?

AL SPENCER
Well now, you've got to be the
prettiest waitress this side of the
Mississippi.

KELSIE MORRISON
I second that.

AGENT CLARK
Well boys, I'm from the other side
of the Mississippi, New Jersey to
be exact.

ERNEST BURKHART
Clear from New Jersey.

BRYAN BURKHART
What brought you to Oklahoma?

AGENT CLARK
I wanted to see the Tall Grass
Prairie for myself.

Kelsie grabs her and tries to fondle her breasts.

KELSIE MORRISON
Let me see how firm you are Miss
Jersey.

In one quick motion she takes his hand and swings it around
his back, He groans.

AGENT CLARK
Now, I can break this arm or you
can say your sorry in front of your
friends.

KELSIE MORRISON
What if?

She raises his arm even more.

KELSIE MORRISON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry!

She tightens her grip.

AGENT CLARK
And it won't happen again. Say it.

KELSIE MORRISON
It won't happen again.

AGENT CLARK
There now, I think you need a
drink, you seem to be sweating up a
storm.

They all laugh and the bartender Gus, looks on with
amazement.

KELSIE MORRISON
I'd love a drink. Scotch!

AGENT CLARK
Very well. And give me your names
with your order, so I can learn a
little about you.

AL SPENCER
I'm Al Spencer Ma'am, I'll have a
shot of Old Crow and I love
brunettes.

EXT. OSAGE PASS - MORNING

Matt and Ben survey the crash site. Only the metal frame of the truck and a few of the parts of kegs are distinguishable. A charred corpse on the ground.

MATT

What a waste. World Class roper turned bootlegger, look where it led.

BEN RUSH

Ain't much left, that's for sure.

Matt walks around the scene looking up at the pass.

MATT

He's driven this route many times.

BEN RUSH

Couldn't have been the weather, it's been gorgeous.

MATT

Get the body, or what's left of it, over to Chambers and don't touch this truck. I'm gonna take a look.

BEN RUSH

Sure thing Sheriff.

EXT. FBI REMOTE CABIN - EVENING

Matt, Luther and Max Fisher approach a small cabin. From this distance they are able to make out someone seated on the front porch.

As Luther approaches Donna Clark the Barmaid stands.

AGENT CLARK

Agent Bishop?

Donna reaches for her badge and Luther places his hand on his ivory handle colt.

AGENT CLARK (CONT'D)

Relax Bishop. I'm Donna Clark from New Jersey.

LUTHER

You're an agent?

AGENT CLARK
And what's that supposed to mean?

LUTHER
Well, I just didn't think we had

AGENT CLARK
Women?

Luther takes his hand away from his gun, looks closely at her badge with no response.

AGENT CLARK (CONT'D)
So you think I can't handle myself?

LUTHER
Now, I didn't say that.

AGENT CLARK
But you were thinking it.

Luther approaches Donna and gets right in her face.

LUTHER
Can you handle a gun?

AGENT CLARK
Gimme your six shooter.

Luther looks at Agent Fisher, he motions to let her have it. Matt just smiles.

LUTHER
Men don't usually give up their
sidearm.

MATT
Go ahead Luther, give it to her.

Luther takes it carefully from the holster and reverses the barrel, gives it to Clark reluctantly and stands aside.

AGENT CLARK
Throw that can in the air.

Donna turns her back and winks to Agent Fisher looking on.

LUTHER
Aren't you gonna turn around, I'm
throwing it over here.

AGENT CLARK
Just throw it!

Luther pitches the can in the air. You hear it sail aloft. In slow motion, Donna turns, hits the can three times in the air, and one final time on the ground.

The other men look on in disbelief. She blows the smoke from the barrel, hands it back to Luther. Luther grimaces at the men.

LUTHER

Nice shooting. But where you gonna put a colt this size?

Donna places one foot on the porch, lifts her dress to reveal the pistol on her thigh.

AGENT CLARK

If they get this close up my thigh, they'll see the end of my barrel.

All of the men have their jaws wide open.

MATT

Luther, I think she'll do just fine.

Agent Clark smiles at Matt's comment.

INT. FBI REMOTE CABIN - EVENING

The Agents and Sheriff walk inside, sit at a table next to the fire. There is a pause where Luther and Matt awkwardly wait to speak.

LUTHER

Sheriff, you mind if I take the lead?

MATT

Could we at least start with introductions?

AGENT CLARK

Agent Donna Clark, please call me Donna.

MAX FISHER

Agent Max Fisher, I'll be collecting evidence at the Morgue.

MATT

Matt Lancaster, Osage County Sheriff.

They all nod, look to Luther.

LUTHER

OK.

Luther seems bothered by the formality, He addresses Matt.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

You're suspicions about Grammer
were spot on. I checked out his
brake lines, two had been cut.

Matt interjects.

MATT

Yep, saw that.

Everyone in the room senses a rivalry between Matt and Luther. Luther is matter of fact.

LUTHER

No doubt, this was murder. Agent
Clark, what do you have?

AGENT CLARK

I've got a wealth of information
from all the bandits.

INT. RED FEATHER LOUNGE - NIGHT

Agent Clark circles with the gentlemen around a card table.

AGENT CLARK (O.S.)

These guys brag about their
dealings with the King, all day
long. They don't identify him by
name,

Ace, Bryan, Ernest, all talking freely with her.

AGENT CLARK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But every one of them has committed
felonies for this man.

Later, she sits by the bar taking notes and stuffing them
down her dress.

INT. FBI REMOTE CABIN - AFTERNOON

AGENT CLARK

This is my preliminary report.
Names, addresses, etc. Some of them
are no strangers to prison.

Matt looks at the sheet, spans down the list.

LUTHER

How about you Max, any new
evidence?

MAX FISHER

It's a wonder any evidence was
left. But yes, I've found new
details about Henry Roan and Anna
Brown.

INT. CHAMBERS FUNERAL HOME - AFTERNOON

Max performs an autopsy and speaks with the original
assistants hired by Hale to perform the first autopsy.

MAX FISHER (V.O.)

Anna's body was badly decomposed.
The scoundrels that performed the
initial autopsy brought me a
portion of the skull. Her temple
revealed a 32 caliber bullet hole.

EXT. REMOTE LOCATION - AFTERNOON

MATT

How about Henry?

MAX FISHER

Whoever murdered him, it was
someone he trusted. A .45 slug
entered the back of the skull.

MATT

Yes, it did.

LUTHER

These are great findings.

MATT

What about the Smith case?

AGENT CLARK

I'm sure it'll come out in casual conversation at the Red Feather soon enough.

Luther reviews the list of names given to him by Agent Clark

AGENT CLARK (CONT'D)

I think Hale's nephews can implicate the whole lot of them.

MATT

This is a dangerous bunch. Don't let your guard down for any reason.

AGENT CLARK

Agreed.

LUTHER

Matt, two agents with identification are coming in tomorrow. They'll assist with rounding up witnesses. Here's their information.

MATT

Who should we start with?

LUTHER

I think we need to bring in Ernest and Bryan first.

MATT

I've never trusted those two.

Matt looks to Donna.

MATT (CONT'D)

I heard you showed Kelsie Morrison a thing or two about self defense.

Agent Clark smiles, surprised at the small town atmosphere.

AGENT CLARK

Word travels fast round these parts.

LUTHER

One last thing Matt.

MATT

Sure...

LUTHER

You need to know, my colleagues and I are accountable to the FBI and J. Edgar. Our federal case stays on the reservation. Are we clear?

MATT

I get that. I'm just a small town sheriff. But I want you to know, the Osage are my family. Every unsolved murder or missing squaw is my responsibility.

The room is silent. Matt looks around and then back to Luther.

LUTHER

Enough said!

They all hand their reports to Agent Bishop, shake hands and leave in different directions.

EXT. RED FEATHER LOUNGE - MORNING

A stretcher rolls out of the Red Feather as the Bartender walks over to Matt. Agent Clark is in the background.

BARTENDER

Hey Matt.

They both look at Curley on the stretcher.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

I thought the bastard was asleep. I left him at a table last night, when I got here this morning he was D E A D, dead.

MATT

Jeez Gus, don't you check on your customers before you close?

BARTENDER

Matt, It ain't a good idea to try to wake a drunk gunslinger!

MATT

Right. From now on, call me if you have any problems.

Agent Clark walks over to the Sheriff discretely, whispers.

AGENT CLARK
 (sotto)
 Someone left me a note,

She discreetly hands Matt a small note. He unfolds it and reads:

AGENT CLARK (CONT'D)
 Brian and Ernest are planning to
 burn the Osage Lodge, with you
 inside.

After he digests the note he looks back up at Donna.

MATT
 Is that so?

AGENT CLARK
 At the next meeting.

MATT
 Good to know!

The Bartender wears a concerned look as the Sheriff and Agent Clark whisper.

AGENT CLARK
 Sure thing Sheriff!

Matt walks from the Red Feather across the street to his office, walking passed two AGENTS speaking with GEORGE BIGHEART (40's) a traditional Osage brave.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE FAIRFAX - MORNING

From a second story over the shoulder vantage, Bigheart points up to the office where Hale, Ernest and Bryan stand looking on.

ERNEST BURKHART
 Who in the hell are those two guys.

BILL HALE
 I don't trust Bigheart anymore.

The ambulance drives by the window. The siren starts as it passes Hale's window.

BRYAN BURKHART
 At least Curley ain't a problem
 anymore. He was out like a light.

BILL HALE
No one saw you? Did they?

BRYAN BURKHART
Course not, they're too damn busy
cheating at cards.

ERNEST BURKHART
Or slobbering over Donna.

Hale is still looking out the window. Concerned he walks
over to his desk.

BILL HALE
I think George Bigheart is a big
problem.

Hale reaches into his drawer and pulls out a vile of poison
and hands it to Ernest.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)
Make sure his pesky attorney,
Vaughn is no where to be seen. Got
that!

ERNEST BURKHART
I did the last one, let Bryan do
this one.

BILL HALE
No offense Bryan, but I want this
done right with no mistakes. That's
why I gave it to you Ernest.

Bryan looks mildly disappointed.

ERNEST BURKHART
I'll take care of it tonight.

BILL HALE
Good, now both of you unload that
stuff from Grammer's ranch.

From over Bill Hale's shoulder, a crude family tree diagram
shows a small list with crossed out names.

George Bigheart, Lizzie Q and others are crossed out. Curley
Johnson is crossed off another list.

EXT. BIG HILL TRADING COMPANY FAIRFAX - DAY

As Bryan and Ernest unload the truck, two agents approach the
truck.

AGENT THREE
Ernest Burkhart.

Ernest and Bryan both turn, look at each other and back at the two agents.

ERNEST BURKHART
That would be me. Who are you?

AGENT THREE
We're special agents with the FBI,
we'd like to ask you a few
questions.

BRYAN BURKHART
The FBI?

AGENT FOUR
The Federal Bureau of Investigation
in Washington DC.

ERNEST BURKHART
Wait a cotton picking minute. What
the hell?

Ernest begins to struggle as agents take him by the arms.

BRYAN BURKHART
You'll have to excuse my brother,
he's never liked strangers.

Bryan smiles looks at the agents with disrespect.

ERNEST BURKHART
Why would the FBI be asking
questions all the way out here in
Oklahoma?

AGENT THREE
Ernest if you don't mind we'd like
to take you over to the Sheriff's
office, so we can answer your
questions, and you can answer ours.

Ernest ponders the request and looks back at Bryan and then back at the agents.

ERNEST BURKHART
I have nothing to hide. Can you
wait just a minute?

AGENT THREE
Of course, take your time.

Ernest walks back to the truck and whispers to Bryan.

ERNEST BURKHART

(sotto)

Don't mention a word of this to
Uncle Bill.

He grabs Brian's arm tightly and squeezes.

ERNEST BURKHART (CONT'D)

You here me Bryan.

BRYAN BURKHART

Sure thing Brother. But you ain't
gotta go gripping my arm like that,
I swear.

ERNEST BURKHART

Not a word.

He slaps Bryan on the cheek lightly and walks towards the
Agents.

ERNEST BURKHART (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, lets go see the Sheriff.

They walk around the corner and out of sight.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

The two agents enter with Ernest as Kelsie Morrison exits the
interrogation room. Both Ernest and Kelsie meet eye to eye.

Matt enters the room, gets a glimpse of the stares between
Ernest and Kelsie.

MATT

Kelsie, I think you know Ernest
Burkhart, right?

KELSIE MORRISON

Sure Sheriff, it's a small town.

MATT

We appreciate the information
Kelsie.

Ernest stares back at Kelsie as he walks out the door.

KELSIE MORRISON

Glad to help Sheriff. Doing my
civic duty.

MATT

Ernest, I see you've met the FBI Agents. Come on in and make yourself comfortable.

Matt grabs Ernest a seat in the room. The Agents flank Matt on either side, they both sit down pull a pad out of their pockets, sort through pages of notes and find an empty sheet.

AGENT THREE

Now then, Ernest in fairness to your younger brother, we wanted to keep our conversation confidential so we can get your side of the story.

Ernest seems enamored, enjoys the attention.

ERNEST BURKHART

So what kind of story are we going to talk about?

AGENT FOUR

For starters, we'll ask the questions. All you have to do is tell the truth.

MATT

We've got a few questions regarding the murders of Anna Brown, Henry Roan and the Smith's.

ERNEST BURKHART

Fire away.

AGENT THREE

Do you know Blackie Thompson?

Ernest is caught off guard, looks at all three men individually and ponders for a moment before responding.

ERNEST BURKHART

I know of him.

AGENT THREE

Well, Blackie told us, he knows you, real well.

ERNEST BURKHART

He's a god damn liar.

AGENT FOUR

Well Ernest, Blackie mentioned a few jobs you and him performed together. In fact, we spoke to him just yesterday from his cell in Oklahoma State Penitentiary.

ERNEST BURKHART

You're gonna take the word of a convict?

MATT

Actually, we wanted to hear your side of the story. Let's start with the night the Smith's were murdered.

Ernest begins to talk, Matt takes notes while the other agents look on.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS NEAR FAIRFAX - AFTERNOON

Matt drives up to the tracks and stops on the tracks with ED WILLIAMS (30) a former gunslinger seated in the passenger side, the engine continues to run.

MATT

Ed. I need you to be honest with me.

ED WILLIAMS

I would have furnished this information sooner, but frankly I was afraid of the consequences.

MATT

What do you mean by that? Were you afraid of being killed like the others?

In the distance a train whistle blows. Ed looks down around, notices they are stopped in the middle of the tracks.

ED WILLIAMS

That must be the one PM train.

MATT

You were saying?

The train rounds the corner and is a mile away.

ED WILLIAMS

Yes sir, and it looks bad,

The train is gaining speed and getting closer. Aboard, the conductor looks forward, sees Matt's car on the tracks, he has a worried look. He sounds another blast of the whistle.

ED WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

A man like me, knowing these things and not coming forward. It's been difficult. But you know, there are a lot of people just like me, who know these things.

Worried Ed glances at the approaching train, speaks faster.

ED WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

We're all afraid to say anything.

Matt is relaxed and matter of fact.

MATT

Let's start with Anna Brown. What do you know about her death?

The events unfold as Ed begins to describe the details:

INT. RALSTON ROOM - EVENING

Ed, Bryan and Anna meet Ed in his room.

ED WILLIAMS (O.S.)

It was my birthday, Bryan and Anna came to my room in Ralston to buy some whiskey. Bryan told me he was going to meet Kelsie and do some work for Hale.

MATT (O.S.)

What kind of work?

ENTER FLASHBACK:

EXT. EDGE OF A SMALL STREAM - EVENING

The murder is reenacted, but this time the sequence shows everyone involved and the faces. Anna's struggle.

ED WILLIAMS (V.O.)

The murder of Anna Brown, of course. Shorty Wheeler was going to bring some more whiskey. He got there just as the two of them were roughing up Anna. Her screams were awful.

(MORE)

ED WILLIAMS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 While Bryan held her, Kelsie beat her over the head with a six-shooter. Then they carried her to the crick, had their way. Then Kelsie shot her clean through the back of the head.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS NEAR FAIRFAX - DAY

The train now a quarter of a mile away, Ed fidgets.

MATT
 Is that it?

ED WILLIAMS
 Kelsie came to my home later. What he said stuck with me, he said, "that was the most brutal deal I ever pulled off." I haven't seen Shorty since.

MATT
 Did you ever talk to Hale about the Anna Brown murder?

ED WILLIAMS
 I did.

ENTER FLASHBACK

INT. BIG HILL TRADING COMPANY FAIRFAX - EVENING

Ed Williams and Bill Hale sit in two large leather chairs in Hale's office.

ED WILLIAMS (V.O.)
 All he ever said to me was.

From a wide angle of the two men, slowly revealing a close-up of Hale's sinister features, the evil.

BILL HALE
 "One by one... They're all going die."

END FLASHBACK

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS NEAR FAIRFAX - DAY

Ed sighs, falls back into the seat. Looks towards the train. Matt steps on the gas and pulls off of the tracks. The train whistle blows as the train zooms past behind them.

MATT

You seem relieved.

ED WILLIAMS

Yes sir, I am.

EXT. TRIBAL COUNCIL ROUNDHOUSE - NIGHT

The ancient Sweat House burns, fully engulfed in flames. Two figures sit from a distance. Matt and Standing Bear comfortably seated, their faces lit by the fire, as the Sweat Lodge continues to burn they turn to each other and smile.

STANDING BEAR

Elders think I lost my mind. You sure this will work?

MATT

Chief, sometimes you need to let em win to get what you want.

STANDING BEAR

Nobody hurt. That good.

Standing Bear pats Matt on the shoulder.

STANDING BEAR (CONT'D)

Next one be better anyway.

From a distance Brian and Ernest smile at each other, assuming they prevailed, unable to see Matt and Standing Bear on the other side of the lodge.

EXT. ED WILLIAMS HOME IN RALSTON - MORNING

Ed Williams dressed in a suit, takes one last look at his home and walks towards the car with one Agent at the back door and one behind the wheel.

MATT (V.O.)

They're gonna take you to Washington. You'll stay there until after the trial. There's no need to worry, you'll be in the care of special agents of the FBI.

The agent closes the door, pulls away on their way to Washington, DC.

EXT. MAIN STREET FAIRFAX - AFTERNOON

George Bigheart stumbles past a couple on Main Street and runs into another older couple making his way towards the Big Hill Trading Company.

A car skids and barely misses George in the middle of the street.

FAIRFAX DRIVER
You crazy drunk, get the hell out
of the road!

Bigheart is delirious and stumbling.

GEORGE BIGHEART
Hale, I know it was you, you son of
a bitch!

George falls to the ground and passes out. Agent Clark runs from across the street and signals the driver.

AGENT CLARK
Please, call an ambulance.

The driver speeds off, Agent Clark rests George's head in her lap.

AGENT CLARK (CONT'D)
Stay with me George, you'll be
fine.

A crowd gathers around George and the Agent. An Osage woman hands Agent Clark a native blanket to keep him warm as on-lookers stare.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Hale looks down from his window, then turns his attention to Ernest and Bryan.

BILL HALE
There's no damn way a man can
survive a vile of that stuff.
Ernest, follow them and be sure he
doesn't come to.

ERNEST BURKHART
Should I take Bryan?

BILL HALE
No, I need Bryan here. Let me know
what's up.

ERNEST BURKHART
As soon as I know.

Ernest walks out and Hale looks back at Bryan.

BILL HALE
Bryan, call Kelsie. You guys make
sure Bigheart's attorney doesn't
know anything.

BRYAN BURKHART
How am I supposed to do that?

BILL HALE
Christ Bryan, just go down and tell
Dottie to listen in on his
conversations. Tell her I'll get
her son that horse he's been
wanting.

BRYAN BURKHART
Sure thing Uncle Bill. What kind
of horse?

BILL HALE
Any one he want's. Now get over
there, pronto.

BRYAN BURKHART
Yes sir.

Bryan begins to head out the door and recalls something.

BRYAN BURKHART (CONT'D)
Uncle Bill, I forgot to tell you.

BILL HALE
Yes...

BRYAN BURKHART
The lodge, it burnt to the ground.

BILL HALE
With everyone inside?

BRYAN BURKHART
Looked like it to us!

Bryan runs out the door, scared. Hale smiles, puffs on his
cigar.

INT. FAIRFAX HOSPITAL - EVENING

From outside the emergency room W.W. Vaughn rushes into the room and passes by Ernest seated in the waiting room. Vaughn steps up and leans over the counter.

W.W. VAUGHN

Ma'am, I'm here at the request of a patient, George Bigheart. I'm his attorney.

The nurse checks her records. Ernest pulls the newspaper up over his face, as Vaughn surveys the room.

HOSPITAL NURSE

Yes, Mr. Vaughn, come with me.

They proceed to the first emergency room with curtains. Ernest changes his seat to be closer and listens in on the conversation.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - EVENING

W.W. VAUGHN

George, My god, what the hell happened?

George motions for Vaughn to come closer. The Doctor walks in.

EMERGENCY DOCTOR

Evening Mr. Vaughn. He's gravely ill.

W.W. VAUGHN

So what's going on?

EMERGENCY DOCTOR

I believe he may have been the victim of poisoning of some sort.

W.W. VAUGHN

Poisoning! Is he going to make it?

EMERGENCY DOCTOR

He's a strong man, but he's very sick. Time will tell.

W.W. VAUGHN

May I speak to him in private?

EMERGENCY DOCTOR

Sure, I'll be right down the hall.

W.W. VAUGHN
Thank you doctor.

Vaughn leans towards Bigheart and he whispers:

GEORGE BIGHEART
Poison Whiskey, and Hale behind
whole thing. Me tell you
everything.

INT. FAIRFAX HOSPITAL - EVENING

The Doctor walks by, Ernest jumps to his feet. He dials the pay phone quickly and waits.

ERNEST BURKHART
Uncle Bill, they know everything.

BILL HALE (O.S.)
Dammit Ernest. Stay put. Bryan and
Kelsie are on their way with a
plan.

ERNEST BURKHART
All right.

EXT. TRAIN - NIGHT

A passenger train passes through a valley at sunset revealing a group of Osage on horse back.

The Osage gallop over a dirt road full of oil and tractor marks with pump jacks in the distance.

INT. TRAIN - NIGHT

In the bar car a scantily dressed woman approaches the table where Ernest, Bryan and Kelsie sit. Kelsie stands and grabs her rear end, holds her tightly.

KELSIE MORRISON
Is he asleep?

WHORE
Sleeping like a baby. Cabin 25.

He stuffs a wad of cash down her bra and kisses her, just as she turns her cheek.

KELSIE MORRISON

Thanks baby. Come on boys, we've got an appointment with an attorney.

EXT. CABIN 25 - NIGHT

Kelsie, Bryan and Ernest, walk briskly down the isle as the train weaves side to side.

Kelsie pulls a small bar from his coat, Ernest pulls a large knife from a sleeve and Bryan has a large club, gripping with his hands.

ERNEST BURKHART

Wait for the tunnel.

The train whistle blows. The car becomes pitch black. The three of them rush into the cabin under the sound of the next whistle.

INT. CABIN 25 - NIGHT

They gently close the door and position themselves outside where the bed lies.

One last whistle blast. A struggle is barely visible, several gasps and a thud.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

As the train rushes by, a body is thrown from between the cars and tumbles from the tracks. The whistle blows one last time.

EXT. REMOTE LOCATION - MORNING

Matt is the last to arrive. As the group looks on, Matt takes a seat around the table next to the fire.

MATT

Sorry I'm late, it seems attorney Mr. Vaughn was beat up pretty badly and thrown from the train last night.

LUTHER

Is he OK?

MATT
Afraid not. He's now the second
White Man to perish under my watch.

LUTHER
That's unfortunate.

Matt survey's the group and seems anxious to speak.

MATT
Now you get a sense of the danger.

LUTHER
Noted!

Luther appears to shake off the nature of the warning.

ENTER FLASHBACK

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND BANK - EVENING

Agent Clark is watching an encounter with Hale and the Bank Manager.

LUTHER (V.O.)
Agent Clark witnessed Hale and the
Bank Manager exchanging money.

In the Alley Hale hands Bank Manager an envelope and Bank Manager hands two money sacks to Hale

LUTHER (V.O.)
Your hunch was spot on, Hale's
plans include the murder of Osage
women,

Hale walks away eyes peeled to a list.

LUTHER (V.O.)
And in return the bank accounts
were shared with Hale.

INT. CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK, PAWHUSKA - AFTERNOON

The Bank Manager sits behind his desk as Hale slides a list to the Manager. They both smile.

END FLASHBACK

INT. REMOTE LOCATION - AFTERNOON

LUTHER

With Matt's persistence, I believe we have sufficient testimony to round up the culprits. Matt.

Matt hands a set of documents around the table.

MATT

I've got signed statements from Ed Williams, Blackie Thompson, Dick Gregg, BB Crane and Dewey Selph. All of them point to the ring leader, Bill Hale.

LUTHER

You've been busy.

Luther pauses with a smile, then a serious frown.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

Can't hold all of them in Fairfax.

MATT

We've made arrangements to hold everyone in Federal custody in Tulsa, except for Hale. We'll keep him here in Pawhuska.

LUTHER

You know we make a pretty good team, you and I.

MATT

Why would you say that?

LUTHER

You prefer human intelligence, I prefer evidence. Combined, bad guys don't have a chance.

Matt and Luther share a hand shake, their hands on elbows. Matt turns to Clark.

MATT

I couldn't have got folks to talk without your help.

Agent Clark turns to Matt with a smile.

AGENT CLARK

It's human nature. Everyone loves to brag.

(MORE)

AGENT CLARK (CONT'D)
Once the gunslingers opened up, it
was just a matter of time before
they spilled the beans.

MAX FISHER
Together with the forensic
evidence, we have a strong case
against Hale.

MATT
I see you're wearing your badges.
It's time these bastards see what
they're dealing with.

Luther lays out a map to plot the raid which will round up
all the suspects.

LUTHER
Here's the plan...

INT. RED FEATHER LOUNGE - DAY

From inside the Red Feather, Kelsie Morrison and John Ramsey
are seated at a table playing a game of cards. Agent Clark
appears from behind the bar with two agents, Matt and Luther
burst in the front door with long rifles drawn.

Kelsie and John are patted down and hand cuffed with
expressions of amazement. From outside the Red Feather,
local Osage, Standing Bear, and others applaud as Morrison
and Ramsey are loaded into the paddy wagon.

EXT. BIG HILL TRADING COMPANY - DAY

Bryan and Ernest are unloading a truck in the rear of the
building. Agents with guns drawn motion to the two of them
to put the furniture down.

Bryan attempts to run. Agent Clark smiles behind her 38.

BRYAN BURKHART
Looky here. Little lady with a big
gun.

While Matt and Luther hold their guns towards the two
brothers, the other two agents pat them down and hand cuff
them.

ERNEST BURKHART
Shut up Bryan. Don't say nothing.

They are led to the front of the building and loaded into the Paddy Wagon.

The Barber and several other towns people all cheer and celebrate as the vehicle drives down main street.

INT. BIG HILL TRADING COMPANY - DAY

Agents lead by Matt enter Hale's store. Behind the counter, Hale looks up shocked to see Matt alive.

BILL HALE

Howdy Sheriff, what a surprise. I see you've brought some friends.

MATT

Actually Mr. Hale, these are members of the FBI. You're being placed under arrest for the murders of Anna Brown, Henry Roan and the Smith Family.

Hale looks around the room and recognizes the agents.

BILL HALE

Is this some sort of joke? That's the State Farm Agent, she's the Barmaid at the Red Feather, and hell, he's the new undertaker.

They take their badges hung from their necks and present them to Hale.

MATT

Like I said, these are special agents with the FBI, and you Mr. Hale, are under arrest.

His demeanor changes dramatically. He begins to shout.

BILL HALE

You're making a big mistake Sheriff!

Hale points right at Matt.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)

You're done in Osage County! We'll fire your ass for this.

The agents begin to cuff him.

LUTHER
Save it for the judge, Hale.

BILL HALE
So you're behind this?

With Hale safely cuffed Luther gets right into Hale's face.

LUTHER
I'm Luther Bishop special agent
with the FBI.

BILL HALE
Well special agent, mark my words.

He steps uncomfortably close to Luther.

BILL HALE (CONT'D)
I'll never serve a day in Osage
County. Your days are numbered
young man.

LUTHER
Are you threatening a federal agent
Mr. Hale?

BILL HALE
You'll see, not one day. I won't
serve one day.

LUTHER
Judgment day starts today Mr. Hale.

Agents lead Hale out of the store.

EXT. BIG HILL TRADING COMPANY - DAY

BILL HALE
Don't worry folks this is a big
misunderstanding. We'll be open
tomorrow.

MATT
Sorry folks. Big Hill Trading
Company is closed until further
notice.

They all begin to pile out of the store. A few of the Osage
stop to watch Hale being lead down the street to the jail.

Luther pats Matt on the back and the two of them follow the
agents down the street.

LUTHER

You can rest easy Matt. The courts will take it from here. The murders will stop.

MATT

I certainly hope so.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - MORNING

The Jury walks into the room. Ernest Burkhardt in prison garb sits with his attorney's while the bailiff walks to the jury to hand the decision to the Judge.

The Judge looks at the paper.

JUDGE WORTON

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury.
You've reached a verdict?

HEAD JUROR

Yes your honor, we have.

JUDGE WORTON

Defendant, please rise.

Ernest rises and looks to his attorney's first, then to the jury with no emotion.

JUDGE WORTON (CONT'D)

Members of the jury, what is your verdict?

HEAD JUROR

Your honor. We find the defendant guilty as charged.

Ernest stands motionless as the verdict is read. His Osage wife just behind him, reveals no emotion.

JUDGE WORTON

It is the opinion of this court that you be sentenced to life in prison for your part in the murder of the Smith family. This court is adjourned.

The gavel sounds. Celebration on the prosecution side erupts but it is calmed by the statement from Luther.

LUTHER

That's one victory.

MATT
Seems bitter sweet.

LUTHER
Take the victory Matt.

Luther reassures Matt, he changes from doubt to mild relief.

MATT
OK! But the real work is finding a jury that will convict Hale and Ramsey.

LUTHER
We're ready! See you in the morning!

EXT/INT. DISTRICT COURT - AFTERNOON

As daylight streams into the courtroom from the afternoon sun, the Judge presiding enters the courtroom.

Seated just behind the Prosecuting Attorney and Agent Bishop is Matt together with several members of the Osage Tribal Council.

On the Defense side sit the Defendants, John Ramsey and Bill Hale together with their attorney's, W.S. HAMILTON (63), JAMES SPRINGER (50), and J.I. HOWARD (55).

Seated behind him, seen for the first time is Hale's wife and his daughter, WILLIE (25).

BAILIFF
All rise, the Honorable Judge Worton presides. The State of Oklahoma versus John Ramsey and William Hale.

JUDGE WORTON
Please, be seated.

The Judge reads from a statement as he speaks.

JUDGE WORTON (CONT'D)
I see that the State has been challenged by Federal authorities. Pending a High Court decision, the defendants are required to post bail in the amount of \$25,000, each. This hearing is adjourn!

The judge slams his gavel and retires to his chamber. The prosecution side is somber and Matt speaks out.

MATT

What just happened? Does this mean those guys will walk?

LUTHER

I'm afraid so. But have faith Matt, we will prevail.

MATT

I doubt the town of Pawhuska shares your optimism.

LUTHER

You'll see!

MATT

I won't get a wink of sleep until they're behind bars.

LUTHER

Don't worry Matt, they'd be pretty stupid to do anything now.

EXT. LUTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two men approach the home of Luther. A man behind the wheel of a car sits in the foreground as we follow the two men up the stairs to the front door.

Ringing the doorbell a six-shooter pushes the buzzer once again. Standing at the screen door, four guns are visible as the two men stand at the front door.

INT. LUTHER'S HOUSE FOYER - NIGHT

From inside the foyer of his home we see Luther turn the hallway light on and scurry down the stairs to the front door, barely visible from the hallway light.

LUTHER

I'm coming. I'm coming.

As he reaches to unlatch the front door he tries to make out the two figures at the door.

LUTHER (CONT'D)

This better be damn important. Christ it's one-o'clock in the morning.

EXT. LUTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A profile of the two men with guns drawn, all four triggers are cocked. Luther appears in the middle, centered yet behind the screen door.

The shots begin to ring out and catch Luther completely by surprise.

One by one the shots hit Luther, 3 in all from each gun. The guns continue to fire, as holes appear in the screen.

INT. LUTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Luther finally falls to his knees then to the floor. Several blasts hit his body, now motionless on the floor. Four Colts leach smoke.

In the distance, the murderers footsteps can be heard bounding from the front porch, the car engine revs, the two pile into the car, it speeds away.

Leo hurries down the stairs and finds his father, in a pool of blood. He screams:

LEO
Dad! Oh my God!

Leo begins to weep uncontrollably. Susan runs down the steps. In slow motion, Susan holds them both, Leo cradles Luther's head.

EXT. LUTHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

From the street in front of the home, lights from neighbors turn on, one by one. Susan screams, sirens begin in the distance.

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE - NIGHT

From his perch high above the street Hale watches, as the ambulance carrying Luther drives by.

From behind his back, two outlaws arrive in his office. Hale turns and looks at them as victorious athletes.

BILL HALE
Your duty performed?

THUG ONE

Like you told us, 12 bullets for twelve days.

BILL HALE

Marvelous, now take those envelopes. There's enough cash in there to go anywhere in the world.

THUG TWO

Thank you King, now if you don't mind we've got some ground to cover.

BILL HALE

Thank you gentlemen, it's a pleasure doing business with you.

He smiles, pours himself a drink, lights a cigar and returns to his perch.

INT. CHAMBERS FUNERAL HOME - MORNING

The three agents, Matt, Roy St. Lewis, all stand stunned at the body in front of them. Matt is tearful.

MATT (V.O.)

Luther's murder shocked every one of us.

A lone individual walks into the room and the others look up as he enters.

ROY ST. LEWIS

Gentlemen, Ma'am, I'm sorry to enter in your time of grief.

He pauses for them to digest his comment, they all look his direction.

MATT

Agent Bishop would have wanted us to continue.

One by one they nod and gaze back at Luther.

ROY ST. LEWIS

From this moment on, this case is under my authority.

They all turn and follow their superior. Matt stands next to Luther.

ALL AGENTS

Yes, sir!

ROY ST. LEWIS

Let's start by locking up Hale and Ramsey. They've been on the street way too long.

They all rush to the door, Matt stays behind. He places his hand on Luther's hand. Matt stands alone at attention.

He salutes Luther and leans down to whisper his resolve in his ear.

MATT

Who ever did this, will pay.

Then he walks out to join the others.

EXT. PAWHUSKA RIVER - MORNING

From Matt's POV: Luke walks to the River spot with Leo.

MATT (O.S.)

Loosing Luther was bad enough.

Luke follows Leo through the woods, over a log and down to the rock. Luke sits beside Leo. They both look forward.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I can't imagine what it must have been like, to watch your Father murdered in cold blood.

Leo leans over on Luke's shoulder, Luke slowly puts his arm around his buddy.

MATT (CONT'D)

Friendship got Leo through the dark times.

Luke looks towards the water, Leo closes his eyes full of tears. Matt looks on from a distance.

MATT (CONT'D)

Despite the pain, I was witnessing Luke grow into a man.

EXT. PAWHUSKA METHODIST CHURCH - AFTERNOON

The final verse of "Nearer My God To Me" is sung by the congregation. Susan and Leo are in the front row. Clair sits next to Susan, Luke is next to Leo.

Matt walks passed the casket up to the pulpit. He opens a single piece of paper, sets it down struggling to prevent suspicious or reveal emotion.

MATT

Many of you here today didn't know Luther Bishop. I am told he was passionate about law and order. Unfortunately, he was the victim of foul play.

The church is full, the agents and many of the regular parishioners.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You may have seen Luther over the last few weeks. If you recall anything peculiar, ever so minimal, you must speak up!

He walks from behind the pulpit down to the front row.

MATT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

In fact, GOD commands us to be our neighbors keeper.

Weak from emotion Matt holds onto the pew to prevent a fall.

MATT (CONT'D)

Please, if you know anything.

Matt carefully sits next to Clair, they hold hands.

EXT. PAWHUSKA METHODIST CHURCH - AFTERNOON

With Matt looking on, Leo and Luke share pats on the shoulder, Clair and Susan hug. They enter the car and drive from the front of the Church, head back to DC following the Hearse.

EXT. OSAGE COUNTY COURTHOUSE - MORNING

A newspaper lands on the ground in front of the courthouse steps. The headline reads, "Federal Court Prevails, Hale and Ramsey get their day in court." Supreme Court Decision Unanimous!

INT. OSAGE COUNTY COURTHOUSE JAIL - DAY

A group of agents march down the hallway, jeers from other inmates are heard. They stop at the cell of John Ramsey. William Hale is in the next cell. The jailer opens Ramsey's cell. He stands, accepts the handcuffs which the officers place on both his hands and legs.

JOHN RAMSEY
Great day for a drive!

Ramsey is ignored, Hale's cell is opened. He is still in his underwear, belligerent.

BILL HALE
Listen, you guys know you have no right to take me. You'll just have to take me in my underwear.

AGENT THREE
If you don't get dressed that's exactly what we'll do. Marshall, cuff him.

They begin to cuff him in his underwear and he finally gives in.

BILL HALE
All right, I'll get dressed, but you won't get a jury to convict me in Osage County. Not today, not tomorrow, never!

INT. DISTRICT COURT - DAY

Newspaper articles, testimony, bored jurors, the Judge and attorney's arguing the case is coupled with a period piece of music.

An exhaustive round of sessions with the Jury and their deliberations, delivery of food, arguments back and forth and finally their verdict.

A newspaper lands on the steps, highlighting the headline, "Hung Jury", Prosecutors claim jury tampering by defense attorney's".

EXT. TRIBAL COUNCIL ROUNDHOUSE - EVENING

A tribal flute serenades Matt driving up to the new Tribal Council, he walks from his car into the door.

INT. TRIBAL COUNCIL ROUNDHOUSE - EVENING

The Sheriff walks in. Everyone is seated. The smoke of the fire in the center of the room rises to the moonlit sky above.

MATT

This is wonderful.

Matt looks at the new Lodge, the detail and the natural wood.

MATT (CONT'D)

You've been busy.

STANDING BEAR

Thought you'd like it. How you say, money well spent!

MATT

I'd say so!

Matt notices the artifacts on the walls. A mix of modern and tradition.

MATT (CONT'D)

Thanks for assembling the council.

STANDING BEAR

Sheriff, we heard FBI Agent killed. This very bad sign.

MATT

Yes, it was a tragic loss!

STANDING BEAR

We pray for his family. Not know this man work with you. Very sneaky. But we like.

Many Osage register their approval.

MATT

We plan to finish what he started. It's the reason I've come here tonight.

CHIEF STANDING BEAR

Must admit Sheriff, we had almost lost faith. We sorry for that!

The Chief makes sure Matt digests the assurance.

MATT

I need your help.

CHIEF RED EAGLE

What can we do to help?

A variety of close up faces of Osage people in the room accompanies the message from Matt.

MATT

No one here, deserved such deplorable treatment. I am truly ashamed.

Matt stands circling the council as he continues.

MATT (CONT'D)

But, I'm also hopeful we'll finally see justice, for all of the lives lost.

CHIEF STANDING BEAR

How can we do this? Many lives stolen, over many generations.

MATT

We can't right every wrong, but these men, that have shamed my people and abused the Osage, they will be punished for their crimes.

Eager faces surround the room.

STANDING BEAR

What can we do?

MATT

You can help us find 12 good people in Osage County.

There is silence for a moment. Stoic reactions precede Chief Standing Bear.

STANDING BEAR

Got to be White Man?

MATT

Yes, they do.

STANDING BEAR

That hard to find in Osage County. Men who don't owe Hale.

MATT

You're right, but here's how you can help. I need braves at every entrance of the courthouse.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)
Anyone who see's anything
suspicious, we need to know.

All the tribe gather around Matt, focused on his message.

MATT (CONT'D)
Any money changing hands, tell my
men. They will go straight to jail.
Somehow we will find 12 good
citizens.

EXT. DISTRICT COURT - MORNING

The dome of the courthouse, the pillars at the entrance and "Equal Justice" etched on the wall precede the media circus at the front entrance. They follow Roy St. Lewis and the Agents up the stairs. A nostalgic musical theme begins and continues during the jury selection process.

A line of questionable characters stand as Agents initially review credentials of perspective jurors. Osage members and the Chief are in strategic positions around the courthouse, watching Hale's cronies.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - MORNING

Osage tribe members block several Hale thugs from approaching a clean-cut older gentleman, an older woman, the Banker, the Barber and others.

EXT. DISTRICT COURT - MORNING

Back outside several men and women count their cash on the way inside the court. Standing Bear takes the cash, Osage members take the citizens by both arms. They are arrested and handcuffed by Agents. The Chief takes the cash and throws it in the air.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - MORNING

Reviewer shows a man the door. A reviewer looks to the Sheriff, thumbs down. A rejected stamp on his application.

EXT. DISTRICT COURT - MORNING

A man attempts to sneak into the back entrance. Two large guards grab the man. Two thugs run, both are grabbed from each side by Osage guards.

STANDING BEAR

You go pray now, ask God to save
your soul. You not right for Jury
work anyway.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - MORNING

The final Juror is selected. The group congratulate each other and begin to clean off the table.

ROY ST. LEWIS

Well gentlemen I believe we have an
honest jury, if there's such a
thing in Osage County.

MATT

Chief, we couldn't have done it
without your help. Thank you.

They shake hands.

STANDING BEAR

Sheriff we should thank you. Most
fun we've had in years.

ROY ST. LEWIS

Now, let's make sure we win this
case.

The phone rings, Matt picks up the receiver nods a few times.

MATT

Yes, he's right here. Roy it's for
you.

ROY ST. LEWIS

Hello, this is Roy. Is that right?
Very well, we'll be there this
afternoon.

MATT

Who was that?

ROY ST. LEWIS

That was the Warden from the State
Pen. Ernest is willing to testify
for us. Can you come?

MATT

Absolutely!

INT. OKLAHOMA STATE PENITENTIARY - AFTERNOON

Ernest is lead into the room where Matt, Roy St. Lewis, an AGENT (30) and a STENOGRAPHER (35) wait.

ERNEST BURKHART
Afternoon everyone!

He looks at everyone in the room.

ERNEST BURKHART (CONT'D)
So many folks interested in what I have to say.

ROY ST. LEWIS
We're here for the truth, Mr. Burkhart.

MATT
Ernest, if you tell us everything, it may improve your chances for parole.

ERNEST BURKHART
Sheriff, I'm doing this, because it's the right thing to do. But you got to promise me one thing.

ROY ST. LEWIS
Ernest, if it helps convict Bill Hale, you name it.

ERNEST BURKHART
Just don't put us in the same prison.

Everyone looks bewildered.

ERNEST BURKHART (CONT'D)
If Uncle Bill finds out I squealed, there's no telling what he'd do. Truth be told. I was dead scared of that Bastard. He's blood, but evil to the bone.

The entire group is stunned by what Ernest has said.

ROY ST. LEWIS
You've got our word.

The conversation begins and the stenographer types as Ernest speaks.

EXT. OSAGE COUNTY COURTHOUSE JAIL - EVENING

Roy and Matt enter around the corner and stop at the outside of Bryan's cell. He stands behind the bars.

BRYAN BURKHART
Sheriff, who's this?

MATT
Bryan this is Roy St. Lewis. He's the Federal Prosecutor for the Case against Hale and Ramsey. I've got some good news and bad news.

Bryan sighs. He looks exhausted, scared.

MATT (CONT'D)
What do you want to hear first.

BRYAN BURKHART
Well I always like the good news first.

MATT
The good news is Ernest fessed up and told us everything.

BRYAN BURKHART
Everything?

MATT
I'm afraid so.

BRYAN BURKHART
Hell if that's the good news, I'm gonna hate the bad news. Give it to me.

MATT
Well the bad news is, he told us about you're involvement, and unless you make a statement you may serve a very long sentence in jail, or they may decide to hang you.

ROY ST. LEWIS
Are you willing to make a statement?

BRYAN BURKHART
I'll tell you everything, but I don't serve a day in jail. Not one day, you here me?

ROY ST. LEWIS
I don't know if we can go that far.

BRYAN BURKHART
Jail time. No deal.

Roy looks at Matt, they make a few non verbal signals and Roy turns back to Bryan.

ROY ST. LEWIS
All right, if you give us what we want, you'll serve no time.

Bryan extends his hand through the bars and shakes Roy and Matt's hands.

BRYAN BURKHART
That's a deal. Now get me the hell out of here.

MATT
Jailer, open this cell.

The group heads down the hallway and out of site.

INT. DISTRICT COURT - MORNING

Roy St. Lewis stands and looks behind him as Osage tribe members including most of the tribal council and towns people look on, then Roy looks back towards the Judge.

ROY ST. LEWIS
Your honor the prosecution calls our first witness, Mr. Ernest Burkhart.

A loud murmur erupts in the courtroom. Ernest is lead into the room cuffed by two federal Marshals. He heads towards the bailiff who swears him in.

As Roy St. Lewis begins to address Ernest, James Springer stands immediately.

JAMES SPRINGER
Your honor the defense objects.

JUDGE WORTON
On what grounds council? This witness has yet to speak a word.

The crowd reacts with a bit of laughter.

JAMES SPRINGER

This is a defense witness.

Another murmur erupts, the judge bangs his gavel and asks for order. Several reporters run out the door with note pads in hand.

JUDGE WORTON

Gentlemen, approach the bench please.

ROY ST. LEWIS

Your honor we have a signed statement.

Roy presents the full statement to the judge.

ROY ST. LEWIS (CONT'D)

His testimony is crucial to our case.

Ernest looks forward. Hale is surprised yet angered.

JUDGE WORTON

Is the defense aware of this signed statement?

JAMES SPRINGER

No your honor we are not. This is the defendant's nephew and he has been a defense witness since the first State trial.

JUDGE WORTON

He was convicted of murder in the mean time.

The Judge addresses St. Lewis.

JUDGE WORTON (CONT'D)

Why wasn't the defense informed of this statement.

ROY ST. LEWIS

Your honor, it was obtained in the last 24 hours.

JAMES SPRINGER

Your honor, we have a verbal agreement from this witness to testify on our behalf.

JUDGE WORTON

Gentlemen meet me in my chambers,
let's find out who's side he's on.

(to the court)

This court is adjourned while we
determine this witnesses
allegiance. Bailiff please escort
this witness back to my chamber.
Make damn certain he's cuffed. And
bring two armed Marshall's with
you.

He slams the gavel and retires to his Chamber.

INT. JUDGES CHAMBER - DAY

All attorney's are present as Ernest in lead into the Judges
chambers under armed escort.

JUDGE WORTON

Now Mr. Burkhart, apparently both
sides would like you to testify.
But just like baseball you can only
play on one team at a time. So
you'll have to decide which team
your on.

The Judge looks towards Hale's Attorney

JUDGE WORTON (CONT'D)

Are you going to testify for your
Uncle ?

The Judge addresses Roy St. Lewis

JUDGE WORTON (CONT'D)

Or will it be on the side of the
federal prosecutor.

Ernest looks towards Roy, then he looks towards Hale's
attorney's

ERNEST BURKHART

Well Judge, I want to do the right
thing.

J.I. HOWARD

Ernest, Uncle Bill has put his
faith in you and knows you'll do
the right thing and testify on his
behalf.

ROY ST. LEWIS

Ernest, you said you wanted to do the right thing and put Hale in prison for what he forced you to do.

JUDGE WORTON

Gentlemen, let Ernest speak for himself.

Ernest ponders for a moment and looks at the stream of daylight coming into the room.

ERNEST BURKHART

It's hard to look at my Uncle Bill in there and tell folks about the awful things he made me do. I'm scared at what he'll do to me.

JUDGE WORTON

While he's in custody he can't do anything to you.

Ernest becomes distraught and emotional. He finally breaks down.

ERNEST BURKHART

You don't know what he's capable of doing and the people he knows. I want it all to stop. I know my wife and I will be next.

(to the Judge)

I'm at piece now. I'll be serving my time.

JUDGE WORTON

So you will testify for Mr. St. Lewis?

ERNEST BURKHART

Judge, if you promise to keep me away from Uncle Bill, I'll give you enough to put him away for good.

The entire group leans back after hovering over Ernest looks back at the Judge who is satisfied.

JUDGE WORTON

Well gentlemen, it seems we've selected a team after all. Now can we get back to the trial?

INT. DISTRICT COURT - MORNING

Courtroom appearances follow. Many witnesses appear and testify against Hale and Ramsey.

MATT (V.O.)

Many brave citizens came forward and implicated both Hale and Ramsey.

Led away or entering cells were Ernest and Bryan Burkhart, Ed Williams, Dick Gregg, BB Crane, Dewey Selph, Blackie Thompson and others.

MATT (V.O.)

In the end, both Ernest and Bryan testified against their Uncle Bill. The pair was so intimidated by their Uncle, they feared for their own lives.

Hale and Ramsey sit almost motionless as the verdict is finally read.

MATT (V.O.)

Hale and Ramsey were found guilty of first degree murder without capital punishment. They received a sentence of life in prison and neither seemed the least bit remorseful for their crimes.

The defense shocked by the verdict and the prosecution jubilant. The group of Agents, Attorney's and Roy St. Lewis leave the courtroom and walk down the hallway.

Both sides of the hallway are lined with grateful Osage tribe members pounding their tribal spears and drums as the group walks down the hallway.

MATT (V.O.)

The King and his gang were finally going to jail, for good.

EXT. MAIN STREET FAIRFAX - MORNING

Matt stands with his bag over his shoulder. He places his badge on Ben's chest, shakes his hand.

MATT (V.O.)

The streets of Fairfax and Pawhuska were safe again.

Matt walks from the office, looks back briefly and then down the street. Townspeople bustle about.

EXT. SMITH FARM - MORNING

Matt, Clair and Luke reach the gates of the Smith's Farm. They drive through and up to the entrance where Nettie is standing at the front door.

MATT (V.O.)

As for us, the Smith's named me in their will. Their wishes, extremely generous and simple.

They walk up to the front door as a large moving truck arrives behind them.

MATT (V.O.)

Nettie was instructed to give my family all of their possessions with one condition. That Nettie accompany us, for the rest of her life.

They all hug together, walk hand in hand through the front door. An aerial view reveals the breadth of the estate and the flowing Tall Grass Prairie.

EXT. MAIN STREET FAIRFAX - AFTERNOON

Kelsie Morrison and his wife (Bill Stetson's former wife) walk towards a young gunslinger with his side arm showing.

YOUNG GUNSLINGER

Aren't you the bastard that murdered a bunch of Osage?

KELSIE MORRISON

You've got the wrong man.

YOUNG GUNSLINGER

You calling me a liar?

They stop briefly as Kelsie and his wife show signs of fear.

KELSIE MORRISON

You are mistaken young man.

YOUNG GUNSLINGER

Then why you wearing your piece?

They finally stop midway into the street as Kelsie's wife begins to back pedal.

KELSIE MORRISON

Man's got a right to protect himself.

The gunslinger is now focused on Kelsie's eyes.

YOUNG GUNSLINGER

You're a fucking murderer.

The young man draws first, hits Kelsie in the arm. The impact swings him sideways. Kelsie draws and hits the gunslinger in the leg.

The young man fires the next five bullets. Four impacts bring Kelsie to his knees. The final shot hits him square in the forehead. He falls face first in the street.

The gunslinger looks eye to eye with Kelsie's wife. They both study each other briefly, turn away and walk in opposite directions.

EXT. DOWNTOWN FAIRFAX - DAY

Kelsie lies bleeding in the street. Onlookers assemble initially and then turn away, back to their lives.

EXT. CAMPFIRE AT OSAGE RESERVATION - NIGHT

Traditional music and drums beat together. A fire in the background illuminates the celebration in the distance at the Osage Tribal Council.

MATT (V.O.)

The Osage remember this reign of terror, as a dark chapter in the lives of their ancestors.

FULL SHOT HISTORICAL PHOTOS

An Osage campfire burns, the tribe wears the glow on their faces and the fate of their ancestors.

Archival images profile each of the members of the Osage Tribe lost during the Reign of Terror.

Hale and his conspirators are profiled detailing their jail sentences, and their life or death after parole. The appropriate dates and a nostalgic theme played throughout.

FADE TO BLACK