

"Killers Of The Flower Moon"

Screenplay

by

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From the book, "Killers Of The Flower Moon: An American Crime and the Birth of the F.B.I.," by David Grann.

2/20/17

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FADE IN:

"In April millions of tiny flowers spread over the blackjack hills and vast prairies in the Osage territory of Oklahoma. It has been observed, there are so many flowers it looks as if the 'Gods had left confetti.'"

And WE SEE coming through the endless wildflowers a Native American WOMAN, an Osage in her late thirties, with an impassive face, wrapped in an Indian blanket. We will come to know her as MOLLIE BURKHART. She comes through the field to the edge of a ridge...where she can look out at the endless prairies...prairies that haven't changed in ten thousand years. And as she stands among the wildflowers looking across the plains, we are told it is "April of 1926." A breeze ruffles her blanket. And we have the feeling an awful lot has come before, things that change lives forever. Her life. And as if to underscore the passing of things, we see a TRAIN moving across the prairie into the distance...And as she stands among the wildflowers watching the train moving across the endless prairie, her blanket wrapped around her keeping her safe:

We suddenly see an Osage six year old BOY running across a rocky ridge...running as fast as he can through the OSAGE INDIAN RESERVATION in Oklahoma, known as "The last worst piece of land in the last worst place," where we see the year is "1890." The Reservation set on a rocky unusable piece of land with a number of makeshift wooden shanties and still a large number of their lodges, their teepees...a place nobody wants to be, but where the Osage, once one of the great Tribes of North America, have been forced by America to live out their days. The Boy runs inside a lodge...he wakes up a Man saying in urgent Osage to him, "Cihciitei!" ("Come here...!") "Cihciitei!!" The Man annoyed at being awakened, reluctantly pulls himself up...and goes half stumbling, running out after the Boy...

We see they've come to a place on a craggy rocky hillside...the Boy on his hands and knees, excited, showing him something...the Man kneeling beside him...and WE SEE what the boy is showing him, OIL, is bubbling up out of the rocky ground...and as the Osage Man puts his hands in the black gold and wipes it on his face like war paint as if a metaphor as to what is to come....and his dark black eyes are laughing at the hand of the Gods, ironic:

We see it's now "1917." And we see, like a distant old photograph, the "one horse" town near the Osage Reservation, virtually just a cattle trail with some three old wooden buildings along a raised sidewalk with boards across the street to avoid the red mud of Fairfax, Oklahoma.

And now we see a wooden OIL DERRICK on an Osage Reservation hillside...an oil crew working, setting a drill to dig into the earth...Osage Tribesmen and Tribeswomen gathered around watching...the oil crew sending the drill into the inhospitable ground...The Osage standing impassively watching...the drill starting to pump...but nothing is happening...the drill pumping for no purpose...

They stand for some more moments, the well seemingly dry...the people turning to leave, not the first time nothing's been found...when there is a rumbling of the earth...the earth trembling...the shaking becoming stronger and stronger...The rumbling becoming an ear aching dead roar when suddenly there comes a giant plume, a fucking gusher of oil...showering the Osage in the black gold...The People dancing in the oil shower on this "last worst place on earth," and they are about to become richer than Kingdom Come!

And we see it is now "1921," and the once squalid Reservation hillside. as far as the eye can see, is now planted with OIL DERRICKS pumping oil from the earth....and what was the downtrodden Reservation with its tumble down shanties and lodges has become literally festooned with huge brick and terra-cotta MANSIONS, one after another along the hillsides, what was once the place the Osage tribe had come to die, is, as if the last laugh, now stinking rich, as rich as any people in America...

And we see the Native Americans enjoying the fruits of their good fortune; driving the most fancy of CARS...many of them being driven by white chauffeurs...or tended to by a white valet brushing their suits as they come off of their porches...That is not to say they have forgotten their old ways...humorously circling their cars around a campfire despite their new English made boots and their crisp new suits and fashionable top hats, having a pow-wow, and still cooking their meat over a campfire in their traditional style...laughing together at their incredible good fortune...And as they follow an old wise man dancing a spirit dance the old ways never forgotten....

And we now see what was once the forsaken and barren Reservation settlements in Gray Horse, Fairfax and Pawhuska, have become, because of the oil, wildly flourishing boomtowns. Fairfax, particularly, once just a bump on the cattle trail, is now paved for the endless cars with its busy main street, and banks and hotels, and because of prohibition hidden bars, along with cafes, an emporium, and even a gilded ornate theater...and the town's filled with every hustler and vagabond, every dreamer and schemer, every cowboy and oilman, financier and fortune hunter, every desperado, every gunfighter and killer, come from far and wide to find a way to get rich by any means necessary to take a piece of the Osage fortune. And as if to underscore the wild place this is, A MAN, waving a pistol, comes suddenly running out of a Bank, a bag of money in his hand, running into the street for a car...but he hasn't gone twenty feet when the corpulent Fairfax Sheriff comes running out of his office and shoots him with a shotgun in the back, ending this particular man's dreams. And as people take bare notice going about their business with no time to waste..and the west still wild here.

EXT. THE PRAIRIES, OKLAHOMA - NIGHT, 1921

The moon keeping watch over the endless empty silent prairies of what was, where secrets go to disappear, and our story of the killers of the flower moon begins:

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOMESTEAD - DAY

We are told it is "May of 1921." And WE SEE A formidable rambling wooden victorian ranch house on a number of acres in the Gray Horse area, and next to it a very old traditional family lodge, with its lashed poles, woven mats and bark, as a reminder of where she came from...a large number of new CARS are parked by the house...

INT. MOLLIE'S HOMESTEAD - IN THE AFTERNOON, 1921

We see the impassive Mollie wearing a fine dress, her little Girl Elizabeth, just two, at her side...And Mollie is holding a red-faced crying infant, blowing into the crying baby's ear trying to soothe her son James, known as "Cowboy," and his constant earaches...Settling him....

MOLLIE

(Osage, Subtitles)

You will be better now, Cowboy...

A colleen of an Irish girl looks in...

ELLEN SHANNON

They're waiting for you Miss Mollie.

And Mollie giving the children over to a caucasian Nanny goes into a her MASTER BEDROOM. Two identical twins, men in their thirties, Doctors, the Shaun brothers are waiting for her...

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN

If you would unbutton your blouse.

She unbutton her blouse. His brother Doctor David Shoun holds out a needle...

DOCTOR DAVID SHOUN

As you know it will sting and cause some cramping at the site...

He injects her in the abdomen...she is stoic....

MOLLIE

(troubled)

You say this new wonder drug is supposed to manage my sugar diabetes...It only seems to be getting worse...I'm feeling more sickly everyday...It take everything I got just to get up in the morning...

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN

It's supposed to work over a period of time...they say in the end it will save you from having your arms and your feet cut off and give you a chance to live a normal life. But you will need to stick to it...

She doesn't say anything...

A WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)
(calling)
Mollie...

She leaves the doctors to go downstairs to a guest room...where a sickly, Osage Woman, is lying in bed, a Nurse sitting in the room with her...Mollie's mother, LIZZIE. They speak in Osage, in Subtitles:

LIZZIE
(frustrated)
Why can't anybody figure out what is wrong with me? Everyday it is getting worse. I will die soon.

MOLLIE
(troubled)
I won't let that happen, Mother. I am doing everything I can. The doctors only know so much.

LIZZIE
Them two doctors, them Shoun brothers...I wouldn't trust them with my worst cow...

Mollie fluffs her mother's pillow, straightens her bedding, kissing her, nurturing her...

MOLLIE
(comforting)
We will make you strong again...

LIZZIE
(looking at her, a common complaint)
How come you married that man? You should of stayed in your traditional Osage marriage; least he wasn't a white snake with a big smile.

MOLLIE
He didn't mind beatin' me neither. Ernest truly loves me, wouldn't set a hand to me, treats me kind. Why don't you worry about you.

LIZZIE
(a beat)
I think about Minnie everyday. It was always the four of you...the four sisters. They still can't tell me what Minnie even passed from. "Wasting illness," they said, same as what ailin' me...what are a wastin' illness anyway?

MOLLIE
We're going to get you your life back, Mother...(and, turning to leave) Ring the bell if you need anything...we are having company for lunch...

LIZZIE
 (stopping her)
 I'm scared...(and she says Mollie's
 Osage name..)

MOLLIE
 I know...
 (embracing her)
 I'm scared for you...but we're gonna
 take care of this together...don't you
 worry none...Wakonda is looking out
 for us...

Her mother squeezes her hand saying a short Osage
 prayer...And Mollie goes out of the room, coming down a
 hallway, a Man coming for her...

ERNEST
 I wondered where you been off to...

A twenty-eight year old white man, he has the stock
 handsomeness of an extra in a Cowboy picture show; short
 brown hair, slate blue eyes, and a square chin. His only
 obvious flaw a nose that's been broken from one too many bar
 fights. He is dressed as he does like a small town Western
 dandy; expensive cowboy boots, loud shirt, flashy tie and a
 high priced tailored western style suit. Mollie's husband,
 ERNEST BURKHART...

MOLLIE
 Cowboy had an earache again...

ERNEST
 Poor kid...I remember having hot stuff
 poured into my ears to keep me from
 bawling...and made me bawl even
 worse...

He gives her a beer in a glass...

ERNEST (cont'd)
 ...This will relax you some...

MOLLIE
 (drinking beer)
 Is your brother here yet?

ERNEST
 Just come now...he brought along with
 him Aunt Margaret and Uncle Wayne up
 from Texas -- Everything is
 ready...Just like you wanted a nice
 old time luncheon...

MOLLIE
 Did you call Anna? Maybe for once she
 can come help with mama.

ERNEST
 (nods) She didn't seem all too fired
 happy about it but she's on her way...

They go into a DINING ROOM with a long well set table...That leads them into the LIVING ROOM...Where we see a number of SERVANTS, a mixture of caucasians, and "half breeds" of mixed Osage and white ethnicity was called then, some Mexicans, and Blacks, moving about the house...Some of their Guests have already arrived...Ernest's brother BRYAN and their AUNT, in her late fifties, MARGARET...and their UNCLE, who seems older than his years, WAYNE. Bryan has his feet up on a table...He lacks the good looks of his brother...and there is something cold about him with his uncomfortably steady eyes and an awkward smile that seems more like an accident...

MOLLIE

(too familiar)

Bryan take your dirty boots offa the furniture, the barn's outside...

He reluctantly puts his feet down...

MOLLIE (cont'd)

Who raised you boys, anyway? This is a house of manners.

Which makes Ernest laugh.

MOLLIE (cont'd)

(smiles)

Except for Ernest...who thinks he got everything coming...passes wind in his sleep like a sick bullfrog....

ERNEST

(his wide movie smile)

But you got a spot in your heart for me...

He playfully grabs her ass...And with the slightest of smiles on her impassive mien she says something in Osage. He laughs.

ERNEST (cont'd)

She said, best as I can understand her Chinaman talk, she only got so much room for a "no good" bear like me...

MOLLIE

(her loving flat face)

That was a rabbit not a bear...

He laughs and his warmest practiced cowboy smile...

ERNEST (cont'd)

(making his case
for independence)

Mollie like to forget how I earned my
keep around here...come straight off
of a dirt poor Texas cotton field when
I were just nineteen with only them
clothes on my back...come to work with
Uncle Bill on the ranch...I work
morning into night breaking my hump to
make somethin' of myself....

MOLLIE

(makes the sound
of a laugh)

You can't even near sit a horse.
You come here because you got the oil
fever like everyone else done.

ERNEST

(pleasantly)

Every Sunday when you go to that
Church you should thank the good Lord
you find me to keep you safe from all
them scoundrels wanting to steal
everything you got from you. And I
sure must love you something fierce
because with that "headright" they got
I won't get spit when you die...

MOLLIE

Unless nobody's alive that got full
blood...That's why a lot of them money
grubbers are trying to marry full
Osage women that got no family at
all...

ERNEST

(smiles)

Yeah, well you safe, you got half the
state...I should've found ~~me one of~~
them widders...(and sweetly) Love I
guess don't work that way...

She nearly smiles...but serious...

MOLLIE

The headright is what got to be...
That money is as much for what they
done to us...taken everything from
us...make us come to this God forsaken
place...We just got the last laughs is
all...

ERNEST

(his boyish smile)

And you got me...

MOLLIE
 (not smiling)
 And I sure got you...
 (and despite
 everything, taken
 by him)
 You're lucky you got a good twinkle in
 your eye...or I wouldn't a let you in
 the front door Ernest Burkhart...I was
 cradle robbin;...(drinking, noticing)
 This beer don't taste so good...

ERNEST
 Must not a been chilled good
 enough...I'll get you another...Say
 your hellos to my Auntie, Margaret and
 Uncle Wayne...

He goes out of the room.

MOLLIE
 (no love lost,
 dutiful)
 Glad you managed to come, Aunt
 Margaret...Uncle Wayne...

AUNT MARGARET
 (flat out nasty, a
 racist)
 You're serving regular, not that
 (Indian) prairie food, aren't you?

Mollie doesn't dignify her with a response and sees out the window a TAXI, kicking up dust, coming across the barren land passing oil derricks coming toward their house...Mollie goes out the front door to wait on the porch...

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

She stands on the porch, her dress ruffling on the breeze, watching the Taxi pull up. And an Osage WOMAN in her late thirties climbs out of the cab dressed in bright red shoes, a skirt, a matching Indian blanket, and carrying an alligator purse. She tries to find her balance, but it isn't hard to tell she is dead drunk. Mollie's sister ANNA. They speak in Osage, with Subtitles:

MOLLIE
 (her impassive
 way)
 It would be nice you come and help out
 with Mama once every so often in a
 little while...

ANNA
 I been busy...

MOLLIE
 You always busy...which only means you
 drunk all the time.

ANNA

Seems like not drunk enough...

And Anna who doesn't much seem to care goes barging inside the house...

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

And coming into the living room to visit the company Anna right away kicks off her shoes...taking a flask from her purse drinking bootleg whiskey....

ANNA

Best white mule there is...

And, brazen, we see she is flirting right away with Bryan...

BRYAN BURKHART

Is you officially divorced from Oda Brown yet?

ANNA

Near six months...

BRYAN BURKHART

I heard you been spending a lot of time over in them speakeasies in Whizbang...

ANNA

You got it! Whizzed all day, banged all night. (sitting on his lap) What about you Bryan...? Ready to go on over to Whizbang again? Last time as I remember we had a right enough good time...what I can remember...

BRYAN BURKHART

(his smile)

It was a Whizbang alright...

He pushes her off of him. He gets up to get a drink from a passing YOUNG WOMAN servant.

BRYAN BURKHART (cont'd)

(whispers to her)

You too pretty to be workin' so hard. Maybe after you done here you come over to the dance with me...

ANNA

(grabbing him)

If I catch you fooling around with another woman I will kill you!

AUNT MARGARET

(to Ernest)

How could you marry a redskin...? They're nothin' better than animals...

ANNA

(confronting her)

You got a big mouth. One day you will
end up with a tomahawk for a hair cut!

ERNEST

There ain't no call for that, Anna....!

ANNA

You stay out of things....! I know why
you married Mollie...she just don't
know any better, sweetest person
alive....

MOLLIE

(in Osage for them
all, Subtitles)

That's enough talk like that!

And if anything else were needed Anna suddenly vomits all
over her red dress and shoes.

MOLLIE (cont'd)

(used to her,
calming things, in
Osage)

Let's get you cleaned up...

And as she takes her upstairs.

ERNEST

They thick as thieves...

BRYAN BURKHART

And Anna drunk as skunks...

INT. LIVING ROOM, MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY, LATER A number of
other people, some Osage neighbors, some white ranchers,
cowboys, and townspeople, have arrived, mingling...We see
Mollie and Anna, Anna cleaned up and changed, coming back
into the busy living room.

ERNEST

(seeing them, to
Bryan)

Brother, maybe you best drive Miss
Anna home while she still upright...

They share a brother's look.

ANNA

(agrees)

I ain't standing right...Maybe you
best...

BRYAN BURKHART

(to his brother,
nasty)

I guess you take what you can get.

ANNA

(pure Anna)

Take you Bryan Burkhart with your
little measly white peckerwood. An
Osage man make you look like a woman.

ERNEST

(moving them out) It was real nice
both of you to come...

MOLLIE

(an admonition) Bryan, you make sure
she gets home safe...

ANNA

I'll be fine...Bye...

And as if to reassure her she smiles flashing her gold tooth. Mollie watches her leave with Bryan...watching them get into his car and drive off. She starts to turn when she sees another Car coming down the driveway kicking up its own dust. She watches it come to a stop. And a stocky Man wearing an expensive cowboy suit with a Masonic gold stickpin on a lapel, wearing a cowboy hat, carrying a pistol in his side pocket and one on his hip, a supremely confident man with a broad face, gets out of his car. And taking his hat off politely as he approaches the house we see he has stiff black hair and small but alert owl-like eyes peering out from heavy shell rimmed spectacles, always aware of what's going on around him -- almost like he's thinking a step ahead, a man sure of himself of where he's come from, where he's going and how he's getting there. We'll come to know him as the as "The King of Osage County," WILLIAM HALE .

MOLLIE

Your Uncle Bill is here.

Ernest, always the pleaser, hurries out to greet him. They embrace...talking...laughing about something...the two very close...Ernest, obsequious, as if royalty had arrived...walking him inside...

WILLIAM HALE

(hat in hand)

Miss Mollie, I'm sorry I'm tardy, I
hope nobody was inconvenienced...I got
caught up in a cattle transaction
where nobody was going to budge...(a
big contagious smile) And I said,
"When you done jigglin' with yourself
long enough let me know and we can do
some real business..."

They laugh...

ERNEST

(laughs)

We're just glad to have you
anytime...let's get you somethin' to
wet your whistle...

WILLIAM HALE
 (fairly twinkling)
 I thought it was prohibition and
 against the law...

A Servant comes immediately over to take his drink order...

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)
 You got any whiskey and two ice
 cubes....just enough to float the
 boat...

The Servant hurries off...

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)
 (most courteously)
 Thanks for having me Miss Mollie. I
 heard you been feeling poorly. Them
 damned sugar diabetes. I'm finding
 out about bringing in a special doctor
 someone told me about from St.
 Louis...

MOLLIE
 That would be a right kind thing.
 I've had better days Mr. Hale...

WILLIAM HALE
 Why do you find it so hard to call me
 regular William? We're near related
 Ernest bein' my nephew. (his broad
 smile) We're what they call kissin'
 cousins.

She doesn't say anything, her eyes, despite her impassive
 face, giving the slightest of hints she is not as enamored
 with him as the rest of the world...And as a white COOK
 coming out of the kitchen...announces..."Lunch is served."

EXT. MOLLIE'S RANCH - AFTERNOON

As we look at her large house, where we can see in the
 windows the guests have taken their places at the table,
 their heads bowed as they say grace...the endless oil wells
 on her land counting cadence, there is the uneasy feeling
 that something is terribly wrong on the Osage Reservation...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY, DAYBREAK

A ground fog covers the land...the oil derricks, just their
 towers above the fog, Mollie's large house in the distance...

INT. MOLLIE'S BEDROOM - DAYBREAK

The first gray light of day...Mollie and Ernest in
 bed...Ernest sound asleep...Mollie unable to sleep, has been
 awake for some time...and waking him...

MOLLIE

(sure)

Something's happened to Anna.

ERNEST

(waking up)

What are you talkin' about?

MOLLIE

I haven't heard from her in three days. I got an awful troublesome feeling something bad has happened...

ERNEST

You were only dreamin'...go back to sleep...

But instead she gets up and telephones...letting it ring...

MOLLIE

She isn't answerin'...Hasn't been for three days now since your brother took her home...

ERNEST

You drank the way she do you'd be sleeping too...Bryan swore he dropped her off and went about his business -- she was fine when he went...You know how she like to live it up go out dancin' havin' a good time for nights on end...

She looks out a window at the light fog on the ground, her arms protectively across her chest, knowing something isn't right...

MOLLIE

(shivering)

I can feel it in my bones...

EXT. THE THREE MILE CREEK - DAY

We see a SQUIRREL running above the creek. There's the sound of a shot and the squirrel hit is stopped in its tracks, rolling down the hillside and tumbling lifelessly over the edge of a ravine...And we see a Man with a Friend and his Teenage son with rifles, out squirrel hunting, their catch in a sack, come running over to the ravine. The Teenager scrambles down the steep wooded slope into a gulch going after his kill. Seeing the lifeless squirrel, he picks it up.

THE FATHER

(looking down)

You get her...?

HIS SON'S VOICE

(alarmed)

Oh, papa!

The Father and his Friend scramble down the hill. When they reach the gulch he sees his son has crawled onto a rock, trembling. He gestures toward the mossy edge of the creek...

HIS SON

A dead person...

And his father sees the bloated and decomposing body of what appears to be an Indian Woman. "She" is on her back with her hair twisted in the mud and her vacant eyes facing the sky. Worms eating at the corpse of, despite its decomposition, what appears to be Mollie's lost sister, Anna.

EXT. A TRAIN STATION, SILSBEE, EAST TEXAS - DAY

We see a TRAIN coming into a Train Station at a small town in East Texas. Nobody gets off but a Man just forty, tall, somewhere near 6'4" with sinewy limbs and the eerie composure of a gunfighter. Even when dressed in a stiff suit, like a door to door salesman, he seems to have sprung from some mythic age. If we'd have known him, this would have been a description that didn't do him justice. He is an impressive sight in his large suede stetson that is so a part of him he seems he sleeps with it; he has cold gray eyes where an anger lurks, and he walks as silent as a cat. His name couldn't be more simply him, and he couldn't be more of a Texan. TOM WHITE. He goes into the station.

INT. TRAIN STATION, SILSBEE, EAST TEXAS - DAY

He comes to the counter of the Station Manager's office. The Man busy with paperwork. Tom just stands there waiting until the Man senses his presence...when he does, turning to Tom...

TOM WHITE

I've come to get my brother. Take him home.

THE STATION MASTER

He's right here...You have identification?

Tom takes out his wallet, showing him a Government ID and a badge from the "Bureau of Investigation." The Man opens the door for Tom. Tom going behind the counter where he sees at the back of the office a plain wooden CASKET. The Station Master opens the casket. The dead body of a very large man in a stetson hat and cowboy gear. His gun belt beside him. He's too big for the coffin so that he is curled up rather than full length.

THE STATION MASTER

You recognize him? That who you say he is?

TOM WHITE

(unflinching)

That's him, my brother Dudley White.

THE STATION MASTER
They couldn't find a casket big enough
for him so he ain't situated exactly
right.

And Tom, seen enough closes the casket. The Station Manager
comes over with a cargo cart.

THE STATION MASTER (cont'd)
I understand he and his partner got
ambushed...he took the worst of
it...got gutshot...

Tom doesn't say a word. They hoist the casket onto the cart.
The Station Manager starts to wheel it out. Tom, following
him, slows, and he opens one of the Station Manager's desk
drawers and smartly, knowing it was there, takes out a bottle
of liquor...

TOM WHITE
You know there's a law against liquor.
I'm going to have to confiscate this.

And with the bottle in hand he follows his brother's casket
outside.

EXT. THE TRAIN STATION, SILSBEE, EAST TEXAS - DAY

Tom helps the Station Master lift the casket into a Boxcar.
And to the surprise of the Station Master Tom climbs up into
the boxcar with the casket. And if there were any doubt where
he's going to be riding...

TOM WHITE
Let's go.

The Station Master starts to close the boxcar door.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
Leave it, I like to see where I'm
going...

The Station Master leaves it open. He looks at Tom who has
situated himself sitting on his haunches with his back
against the boxcar wall...The Station Master waves "all
clear" to the Engineer. The Train sounds its horn and starts
moving along the track...the Station Master standing watching
the train going by, Tom silently sitting in the boxcar with
his brother's casket...

EXT. THE TEXAS PLAINS - DAY

The TRAIN in the distance moving across the endless Texas
plains, Tom in the open boxcar with his brother's casket...

INT. THE BOXCAR - DAY

Tom, standing now at the open boxcar door, looking at the
plains going by, taking a drink now and again from the
bottle...He turns back inside...squatting on his haunches by
the casket...drinking...And he starts to talk to the casket..

TOM WHITE

I don't know if you heard but I got two boys now...and Bessie is her usual outspoken self on just about everything...We got a place over to Houston now outside of town so when I don't have to see people I don't have to...Some horses and a good enough sunset...

He's quiet for some moments....

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

I been sitting behind a desk for about too long...a year now with nothin' much to do...once in awhile they got a man to hunt down or a witness to collect...They still figurin' out just what a Bureau of Investigation is all about...(and remembering) It ain't nothin,' Dudley, not like what we got into...

He looks off...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

Remember what we all looked like when we got started...bunch of peach fuzz and we sure thought we was some hot shit...you and me and Doc...

EXT. A TOWN SQUARE, ABELIENE, TEXAS - DAY, 1905

And we see a younger Tom on horseback alongside his two brothers, his older brother Dudley and his younger brother J.C, known as Doc, young men in their 20's, sitting in a line of Men on horses...wearing differing cowboy garb, with Winchesters in their scabbards, carrying sixshooters on their hips, but all of them wearing a felt stetson, and they are saying, finishing taking the oath of a Texas Ranger. The Ranger Leader telling them to say, "I, and state your name..." They say their names, "Tom White," "Doc White, and the big figure of his older brother, "Dudley White." ...and they repeat after him...."So help me God!" And to sink that in...

TEXAS RANGER LEADER

You are now a member of the tribe of the finest men in Texas. We were born in a hail of bullets in 1823, born to protect the people of the frontier from the Mexican forces, and from the wild Indians that roamed these parts. We are separate from the regular Army, milita or the National Guard, we are not a police force. We are the most efficient and the most deadly band of partisans on the side of law and order the world has ever yet seen. There is only one Texas Rangers...And you best not forget it.

(MORE)

TEXAS RANGER LEADER (cont'd)

You are to look at Texas as a country
at war and we are the peacekeepers.
You can wear whatever suits you, I
don't much care if your face got hair
on it or it don't, just so long you
wear that stetson with the pride of
Texas.

And we see Dudley suddenly kicking his younger brother to sit
up on his horse.

DUDLEY WHITE

Sit tall Doc, you're a Ranger now!

An as Doc, does what he's told sitting tall in the saddle,
proud to be Texas Rangers.

INT. THE BOXCAR - AFTERNOON

Tom quiet, imbued with the memory...After some moments, still
sitting on his haunches, talking to his brother's casket:

TOM WHITE

I seen a lot of good men get taken
down...I was sitting in the county
prosecutors office with my first
friend in the Rangers, N.P. Thomas,
who taught me what it was to be a
Ranger...

As WE SEE just what he is telling us:

TOM WHITE (OVER)

When a man come in who'd been looking
to settle a score with him for
arrestin' him, and shot N.P. in the
face...He lay there in agony in my lap
bleedin' to death...

Tom in the boxcar with the casket...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

My partner Tommy Walker was shot in
the head by a rich landowner right in
a cattle pasture...and layin there
dyin' he ask for a slip of paper from
me which he write on for Ranger
Headquarters...."I am shot all to
pieces. Everything's going quiet."

He's still, upset, and "talking" to his brother.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

It seem to be cursed to be my
partner -- and I sure could understand
nobody wanted to ride along with
me...(a beat, remembering, secretive)
But there were nothin' I liked better
than ridin' by myself...

(MORE)

TOM WHITE (cont'd) (cont'd)
 I rode every trail from Amarilla to
 Austin...Nothin' make you feel more
 free 'n that...just you and the horse
 under ya...and a world of
 possibilities...

And WE SEE him riding alone on a trail with his Winchester in
 its scabbard his pearl handled sixgun on his hip...

Tom crouched at his brother's casket...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
 I did some good too...brung back
 rustlers and murderers and people who
 don't seem to want to follow the
 rules of tryin' to live together out
 here...(And not proudly) And there
 were a time or two I had to use them
 pearl handled shooters...

And WE SEE him in a deadly shoot out...Tom, with great and
 quiet bravery...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
 (pure Tom)
 But I was always slow to draw my
 gun...not somethin' I went for if I
 could...I know how you would laugh and
 say how I thought I could convince
 anybody to put down their six shooter
 with a handshake...(and quietly)...I'm
 gonna miss that voice of yours...them
 big hands...

Self conscious, he looks at his own hands...After some
 moments he starts to cry...a quiet cry...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
 I never thought I'd see them put you
 down...You was the one I always look
 up to, you was the one, right after
 daddy, I wanted to be.

EXT. THE PLAINS - DUSK

And as the Train moves off into the distance Tom in the open
 boxcar sitting with his brother's casket, taking him home...

EXT. OSAGE COUNTY, THREE MILE CREEK - DAY

And we see a number of MEN are standing above and along the
 creek where the woman's body, potentially Anna, was found.
 Several of them are pulling the body out of the creek bed,
 putting it into a wooden box, and with a rope, dragging it up
 to the top of the ravine...laying it in the shade of a
 blackjack tree. An UNDERTAKER covers the bloated corpse with
 salt and ice and it begins to shrink as if the last of its
 life was leaking out of it.

A MAN
(asking him)
Undertaker, that look like Anna Brown
to you?

The Undertaker examining the body...

THE UNDERTAKER
..I know her well enough...but I can't
hardly tell. The body is decomposed
to the point of bursting...and
malodorous as all hell...It's black as
a nigger...

And as he examines it...We see Mollie leading a grim
procession above the creek with her husband Ernest, his
brother Bryan, along with Mollie's sister, a round faced
Osage woman, RITA, and her husband, a very thin man just
turned 21, BILL SMITH...along with some Osage neighbors,
townspeople, and others, the morbidly curious come to see
"Anna..." Mollie and Rita step close to the body. The
stench is unbearable.. If the face were Anna's it is
impossible to discern virtually nothing left of it. But
Mollie sees...

MOLLIE
(quietly)
That's her blanket and the clothes she
had when she left...

Rita's husband Bill takes a stick and pries open the corpse's
mouth and they can see Anna's gold tooth.

BILL SMITH
That sure enough is Anna.

Rita starts to cry. Mollie is still.

MOLLIE
(expressionless)
That's my sister...-----

EXT. THE THREE MILE CREEK - AFTERNOON

A CORONER'S INQUEST, composed of all white jurors and led by
a Justice Of The Peace, has been hastily convened at the
ravine above the river.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
(telling jurors)
...You are charged with determining
whether this Osage Indian woman Anna
Brown died by an act of God or of man,
and if it's man and a felony who done
this and if anybody helped them to do
it...

And we see two Men, BROTHERS, DOCTOR DAVID and JAMES SHOUN in
their shirtsleeves are standing by the body...

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN
Can we start the autopsy?

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
That's what you're here for.

The Brothers have set up a plank as a makeshift autopsy table for Anna's body in the wooden box. From a medical bag they take out a few primitive instruments and an ominous saw...It's hot and flies swarm. They begin by examining her clothing, her bloomers, her skirt -- searching for unusual tears or stains...Finding nothing they try to determine the time of death...

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN
Owing to the rate of decomposition...I would estimate she's been dead between four and seven days....could be more could be less...

DOCTOR DAVID SHOUN
(looking at body)
Each corpse tells its own story. A fractured hyoid - a bone in the neck that supports the tongue - can indicate a person has been strangled...Marks on the neck can tell you whether the killer used their hands or a cord...A medical man, when he sees a dead body, notices absolutely everything...

That said, they shift Anna's head slightly in the wooden box and part of her scalp literally slips off revealing a perfectly round hole in the back of her skull.

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN
She'd been shot!

David puts a pencil to the hole...

DOCTOR DAVID SHOUN
I'd say a .32 caliber bullet...

As they trace the path of the bullet --

DOCTOR DAVID SHOUN (cont'd)
...It entered just below the crown on of her head on a downward trajectory...no doubt in my mind that this is cold blooded murder.

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN
To identify the murder weapon we got to extract the bullet that should be lodged in her skull..

And without further delay, using the saw, they cut through her cranium...they carefully lift her brain and place it on the plank...David Shoun picks up a stick and bent over her probes her brain with the stick...Bent over as he is it is hard to see what exactly he is doing...but he narrates his work...

DOCTOR DAVID SHOUN
 ...Going into the frontal lobe, the
 hippocampus...(trying to trace the
 course of the bullet...) The brains
 aren't in too good a shape, they
 become mush...(poking and
 prodding)...(after some moments) The
 bullet ain't nowhere to be found
 here...

And Mollie seen enough, takes her husband's arm for succor,
 and moves away from the creek, leaving behind a cold darkness
 that will threaten to destroy them all.

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Her large homestead with the derricks like so many trees.

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

We see Mollie giving her Mother one of Anna's earrings.
 Lizzie holding tightly onto the earring, all that's left of
 her daughter.

LIZZIE
 (terribly upset.
 Osage, Subtitles)
 Children are the greatest blessing of
 Wah'Kon-Tah, the invisible, the
 unanswering, the force of life...Now
 they have taken Anna, like my Minnie,
 before their allotted time...It is a
 sign that Wah'Kon-Tah has withdrawn
 its blessings and the world is
 slipping into greater chaos....(after
 a beat, heartbroken) I will be dead
 soon too but will be happy to be with
 my children...

And as she puts Anna's remaining earring into her own ear...

EXT. A CEMETARY NEAR GRAY HORSE - DAY

Anna is to be laid to rest in a plot next to her father
 and her sister Minnie at a quiet isolated spot
 overlooking the prairie with an iron sky. The freshly
 dug hole waiting for her. William Hale is one of the
 pallbearers...carrying the casket to the internment.
 Ernest standing beside Mollie among the few mourners..The
 tombstone reading, "Meet Me In Heaven."

MOLLIE
 (upset)
 Her face wasn't there enough for me to
 paint it in the old ways...We put
 enough food in the casket for her
 three day journey to the Happy Hunting
 Ground....

And an Osage Tribal Elder starts to chant traditional burial prayers...Mollie and the others listening to him, his chant interspersed with their quiet weeping...As Mollie looks out at the endless prairie...the hypnotic sound of the chanting...

EXT. THE OSAGE RESERVATION - DAY, 1892

Where we see Mollie, no more than six, her hair braided in the traditional Osage Indian style, listening as an Elder is talking to a group of Osage CHILDREN sitting outside of his lodge...A classroom if you will...The Man speaking Osage, with Subtitles...

A TRIBAL ELDER

...We had believed the white haired leader Thomas Jefferson when we went to meet with him...He called us, "my children." (an ironic smile) We are tall men, far taller than him, and he was still calling us children. He told us he was our "father" and he promised our land will remain our land forever. (some children are bored...) (remonstrating them, severe) Keep your eyes on me!!

They certainly do.

THE TRIBAL ELDER (cont'd)

Four years later that man with the white hair forced us to give up all of our lands between the Arkansas and the Missouri River. In the next years we were forced to give up over a million acres of our ancestral land, ending up in a strip of land in the Kansas territory...But we had never left our old ways...We still had war parties...

EXT. KANSAS TERRITORY, 1860'S - DAY

We see an Osage war party...in their fringed buckskin leggings, deerskin breechcloth, moccasins, a finger woven belt holding their tobacco and their tomahawk. Barechested, faces painted black with charcoal, their heads shaved except for a strip of hair that runs from the crown to the neck that stands straight up, like the crest of a Spartan's helmet.

THE TRIBAL ELDER (OVER)

We make the enemy lie reddened on the earth.

And we see the dead body of an enemy with its red bloody face on the earth...

THE TRIBAL ELDER (OVER)

(telling children)

We have our buffalo hunts...our sweat lodges...our ghost dancers...we have our childrens...

EXT. OSAGE RESERVATION - DAY, OKLAHOMA, 1896

The Children filled with the images of their people....

THE TRIBAL ELDER

We were promised the Kansas territory
was our home forever. But the
government made us sell the Kansas
land for next to nothing to the
settlers and forced us to move
here...And we take the trail, and our
feet was burning and sickness
spread...

EXT. THE PRAIRIE - DAY, 1870

And we see the Osage's own "Trail of Tears..." The tribe,
under guard of the Army Cavalry, moving, en masse, walking
across the prairie to Oklahoma, and the terrible consequences
of the trail...the dead bodies of the sick and the very young
and the elderly left along the way...

EXT. OSAGE RESERVATION, OKLAHOMA - DAY, 1896

The Elder outside his lodge telling the children...

THE TRIBAL ELDER

(Osage, Subtitles)

...We come to this place...Where you
won't never have to walk nowhere we
don't want, not ever again...

And he starts to chant a traditional chant...and as he chants
for the children...

EXT. ANNA'S GRAVESITE - DAY

Molly looking at the empty hole in the ground waiting for her
sister, the Tribal Elder chanting a last prayer...

EXT. OSAGE RESERVATION, OKLAHOMA - DAY, 1900

A wagon is waiting...And we see Mollie, 10 now, saying
goodbye to her parents...Her father in traditional Osage
garb, a true believer...Her mother Lizzie a traditonal Osage
wife...

MOLLIE'S FATHER

(Osage, Subtitles)

The Government said you got to go to
school. They said if we don't conform
to the white man's ways peacefully,
they will do it forcibly. They said
you don't go to school we lose our
payment and we would starve to death.
My (affectionately, her Osage name)
Wah-kon-tah-he-um-pah, the Osage have
always had special people, no matter
what happened to us, no matter where
we are being that knew how to keep our
sacred Osage traditions safe...

(MORE)

MOLLIE'S FATHER (cont'd)

We call them Travelers in the
Mist...You will go and learn their
ways...But you are our
Wah-kon-tah-he-um-pah, no matter what
they tell you, you are our Traveler in
the Mist...

He kisses her...Lizzie holds her...They watch her get onto
the back of the wagon..and as they watch the wagon move off,
and Mollie, her Indian blanket over her shoulder, is taken
away:

EXT. THE PRAIRIE - DAY, 1900

The wagon making its trek across the empty prairie with the
lone figure of Mollie.

EXT. A CATHOLIC CONVENT SCHOOL, OUTSIDE PAWHUSKA - DAY

A Convent in the middle of nowhere. The wagon going into the
gates of the St. Louis Catholic School. Nuns in black and
white habits waiting in the courtyard for her. As Mollie
climbs out...A stranger in a strange land....A Traveler in
the Mist..

INT. CONVENT SCHOOL - DAY

Mollie under the watchful eye of a Nun having her remove her
Indian blanket from her shoulders and put on a plain dress.

THE NUN

No more Osage. You have to catch our
tongue, speak English only here.

INT. CATHOLIC SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

A Nun teaching history, reading to Mollie and the rest, what
are almost all mostly white children, from a textbook. As
Mollie listens:

A NUN

"...In those woods long ago lived many
Indians." Here is a picture of some
Indians. (showing them an artist's
rendering of a naked savage) "The
Indians used to go naked except in
winter. Their skin is not white like
most Americans, but reddish, or the
color of a dried leaf, or a copper
penny...Indians are very ignorant,
they can not read or write, their
houses are very small...They have no
fine rooms in them...they have no
chairs to sit in, no tables to eat
from. They have no books to read...no
churches or meeting houses..." You
see then how much happier our
condition is now than that of our
forefathers, and how do you think the
change has been accomplished? By us
taming the savages.

INT. DORMITORY, CATHOLIC SCHOOL - DAY

And as we see Mollie, standing, humiliated, having her traditional Osage Indian braids cut off by a Nun....Molly looks down. Her Indian braids on the floor like so much rubbish..."not a savage anymore."

EXT. ANNA'S GRAVEYARD - DAY, 1921

And as we look at Mollie looking down with her expressionless face at Anna's waiting grave...

THE TRIBAL ELDER

(looking up at the
sun, affirming)

It is precisely noon, when the sun,
our grandfather, the greatest sign of
the Great Mysteries has reached its
highest place in the sky...

And on cue the pallbearers, William Hale among them, take hold of the casket and lower it into the hole. The glistening white coffin sinking into the ground; the only sound we hear the earth being shoveled on top of the coffin clapping on the lid, while Mollie and the small group of people stand by Anna's grave that overlooks the endless prairie under a gray iron sky.

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

People are there waiting to pay their respects after the funeral. Mollie and Ernest coming in...as she goes into her Mother's room...Mollie watches as the Shoun Brothers finish tending to her mother who is veritably wasting away...Mollie steps outside into the hall with them...

MOLLIE

It's the same that happened to my
sister Minnie, for no reason just a
wastin' away.

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN

We have done everything we know how to
-- It confounds us as much as it does
you...

MOLLIE

(brazen)

I think she's being poisoned and my
sister was too. Somebody's trying to
get at our oil money.

DOCTOR DAVID SHOUN

I understand your concern, but there
isn't any indication of that --
nothing like it...she has a
particularly rare and unexplainable
disease...Poisoning is far fetched.

And as they leave she goes to sit on her Mother's bed...Her Mother terribly thin, literally wasting away, and bereft over the loss of her daughter...Mollie tenderly runs her hand through her Mother's long gray hair...

LIZZIE

(Osage, Subtitles,
a whisper)

...We just been left like a boat on a river in a strange world...there ain't nothin' for us Mollie but bad with these white people...Some day this oil will go and there will be no more fat checks from the "Great White Fathers." They'll be no more big houses and fine motorcars and new clothes. (after a beat) By then the white people will have killed everyone of us.

And an Osage MEDICINE MAN comes into the room. And as he chants over Lizzie...sprinkling her with a sanctified dust...

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mollie comes into the living room...people offering their sympathies...needing air she goes out onto the porch...

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

And coming off the porch she walks out to the wildflowers...standing in the wildflowers...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

First thing I remember when I showed up here were all them wildflowers..

She turns...And William Hale has come to be with her.

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)

I know what struggle is, Miss. Mollie. You know what they say about me? I come out of nowhere. People calling me a man with no known past. I showed up here with what I was wearin' and a worn Old Testament...I come here to fight for life and fortune in a raw state of civilization.

Mollie doesn't say anything....

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)

I cowboy'd on a ranch before the trains showed up, drove cattle from Texas up here to the Osage territory. I've ridden through everything God throwed at me, storms, hail, lightning, sand...I survived stampedes, guiding the herd alone into a smaller and smaller circle so they wouldn't trample me...

(MORE)

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)

I broke every bone and stepped in bootloads of manure until I hoarded and borrowed enough to buy my own herd...I become an expert at branding, dehorning, castrating and selling stock. I slept by myself in a tent alone on the prairie in a wind like to blow me away in God's fury...I worked with the fever of someone who weren't only afraid of starving but that God of ours at any moment could punish me like Job! I got richer than King Herrod for my effort. I married a schoolteacher and have a daughter who love me to death. I'm a blessed man.

She turns to look at him.

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)

I know you go with the Catholics. I don't know where you stand with your savior. But I'm a Reverend and will be glad to listen to anything you want to tell me. And I just come to let you know as God is my judge you got me on your side and I promise you Mollie, I'm going to hunt down whoever do this to your sister like the dirty cur they are.

And to show how much he cares, and despite her impassivity, he embraces her...And as he holds her...and she stares past him out at the endless silent prairie, a traveler in the mist...

INT. MOLLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Mollie, not feeling well, her Indian blanket around her lays in bed resting...Ernest comes into the room...

ERNEST

I heard you were feeling sickly. Did you get your shot of that insulin?

Mollie, impassive, nods she did. Ernest sits on her bed.

ERNEST (cont'd)

The County Prosecutor announced he closed his inquiries saying that Anna's death came at the hands of parties unknown. There isn't enough evidence to make a case against nobody.

MOLLIE

They don't give a good god damn
because we're nothing but Indians to
them! A dog get run down by a wagon
would have a more thorough
investigation. I'm not about to let
anybody just forget about this -- just
cause she were Osage.

When she hears what sounds like a choked cry...She jumps up
running downstairs...Ernest shortly behind her...running into
her Mother's room...Where she sees her Mother has stopped
breathing...Mollie, doing whatever she can, including
slapping her, shaking her, trying to revive her...but it's
futile...Her Mother Lizzie, has taken her last breath,
literally wasted away, deathly still.

MOLLIE

(mournful)

Her spirit has been reclaimed by
Wah'Kon-Tah, the Great mystery.

And Mollie, overwhelmed with grief pulls her Indian blanket
around her...and as she closes her mother's eyes and covers
her mother's face with her bed sheets...shutting out the
world.....

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The house crowded with yet again, mourners. Mollie's
brother-in-law, Rita's husband, Bill Smith, a bruising bull-
dog of a man, is saying to a small clutch of people and
anybody who will listen...

BILL SMITH

Doesn't anybody think it's awful
curious about Lizzie's death coming so
soon after the murder of Anna? And
her doctors can't seem to say just
what was wrong with her. Just
something about wasting away. They
don't even give you a natural cause
for her death. I can't prove it but I
swear she were poisoned...like Minnie
was...And Anna and them are all dead
because of that stinking black gold.

And we see Ernest coming through the room.

ERNEST

(to Bill Smith,
angrily)

You just rile'n' people up for no good
reason! I don't want it in my house!
You understand?! Keep it out of my
house!

Bill's eyes flash with anger as if he will fight with him,
but he lets it go....

ERNEST (cont'd)
 (meaning fighting
 with him)
 Better you give it a second
 thought..(and) Has anybody seen
 Mollie? She weren't in her room.

Nobody seems to have...

RITA
 She was awful upset at the funeral.
 You know with her when she keep her
 head down like that. She didn't look
 up for even a second.

We see Ernest looking around the house, going into the
 kitchen, all the while calling for her...

ERNEST
 Mollie? Mollie?

He goes out a back kitchen door outside...

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Her comes onto the porch. Dark clouds predicting rain
 blanket the sky.

ERNEST
 (calls out)
 Mollie?

Mollie's sister Rita, and Bill Smith, and some of the other
 people come out.

ERNEST (cont'd)
 Her car's still right here. (calls)
 Mollie??

He starts toward the wildflowers, the ravine overlooking the
 prairie, calling for her. And we can hear other voices in
 the house...and the others on the porch, calling for
 her..."Mollie...,Mollie..." And as they call her name:

INT. THE OLD INDIAN LODGE, MOLLIE'S PROPERTY - DAY

The old traditional lodge, the teepee, next to Mollie's
 house. And we see sitting on the ground, her blanket wrapped
 around her, ever impassive, Mollie. And as the voices sound
 looking for her, Mollie hiding away from anything that can
 harm her...the teepee sides flapping in a breeze like the
 calling of its people...calling to Mollie, alone on a boat in
 a bloody river...and she quietly sings a sacred Osage song..

INT. WASHINGTON D.C., UNION STATION - DAY

We see a Train stopped at a platform in the cavernous
 Washington Train Station. People getting off. And heads
 taller than the rest, carrying a well worn suitcase, wearing
 his distinctive Texas Ranger hat and a plain suit, his pearl
 handled six shooter on his hip, a rifle in a case...TOM WHITE
 comes off the train.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

He comes out of a Taxi in front of a small modest two story brick building on K street and Vermont Avenue.

INT. FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, HEADQUARTERS,
WASHINGTON D.C. - DAY

We see Tom sitting waiting in a small reception office on one of the two small floors that the recently created F.B.I. is housed in. Tom quietly looking at the seal of the newly appointed "Federal Bureau of Investigation," under the aegis now of the Department of Justice. He sees some agents coming and going...all fastidious young men, college boys, who type faster than they shoot...Tom White's kind certainly an anomaly...

A SECRETARY

The Director will see you now...end of the hall...

Tom gets up going back into the offices...very small offices...the agents, a college breed...He comes to a glass door that says "Director, J. Edgar Hoover" and goes inside. A Young Woman, his assistant, HELEN GANDY, is busy typing...Tom stands waiting....the Woman finishes....

HELEN GANDY

Mr. Hoover is expecting you Mr. White...(efficient) May I?

She takes his suitcase and his rifle to hold....And she shows him into Hoover's office.

INT. J. EDGAR HOOVER'S OFFICE, FBI - DAY

A fairly moderate but immaculate office, with an imposing desk and a map on the wall showing the locations of the Bureau's field offices. And we are surprised to see that the Hoover we think we know so well is a young Man no older than 28 and a great deal thinner than he would become. His hair is thick and wavy, his jaw held tight, lips always pressed together sternly. His brown eyes a watchful gaze as if he were the one looking through a camera. Tom and his cowboy hat loom over the diminutive Hoover...who retreats behind his desk so as not to be overshadowed....(in later years he would actually have a dais to stand on behind his desk so as to not be made shorter than anyone...)

J. EDGAR HOOVER

(without any
introduction)

You worked for Burns for the Bureau in Houston?

Tom nods.

J. EDGAR HOOVER (cont'd)

(immediately
forthright)

He wasn't a paragon of virtue.

And he speaks in staccato outbursts his defense against a bad stutter....

TOM WHITE

(loyal)

Who is?

J. EDGAR HOOVER

My agents are meant to be....

And by implication he is...and...

J. EDGAR HOOVER (cont'd)

You will find things quite different now since the Bureau became a part of the Justice Department. As its first Director I intend for it to become the most important crime fighting entity in the world.

TOM WHITE

That's a tall order.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

I wouldn't be here otherwise. Or would you. I've heard you were thinking of going back to the Texas Rangers. You felt stifled.

TOM WHITE

There wasn't a lot to do, seemed like I was sitting at a desk alot spinning my wheels. My contract is up in a month.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

I will tell you I am not enamored by cowboy lawmen....What is the term out there? "Peacekeepers?" They too readily take the law into their own hands. This is going to be a modern agency using the most modern methods to find and catch criminals.

TOM WHITE

I'm not sure my style and your style are made for each other.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

(doesn't react)

The "Federal Bureau of Investigation," is what we are called now. And, I'd appreciate as we are indoors that you might remove your hat.

Tom hesitates, and takes off his hat. Hoover looks down at some paperwork.

J. EDGAR HOOVER (cont'd)

Do you know anything about the Osage killings in Oklahoma?

TOM WHITE

I heard talk Indians have been dying like flies up there. Something to do with their oil money.

J.EDGAR HOOVER

At least 18 of them. We had some agents up there in the past. I just started and I don't intend to have something that was so greivously bungled, and I wasn't a part of, reflect on me. One thing I can tell you, the FBI cannot afford to have a public scandal visited upon it; or we will be shut down before we've opened our doors. (and sure of himself) We're going to make it right, catch the people responsible, and close this up.

His firm gaze....In his staccato speech pattern...

J.EDGAR HOOVER (cont'd)

You are one of the few experienced agents. And you are a cowboy who knows these parts. I want you to direct the investigation and find out who is killing these Indians in Oklahoma.

Tom's quiet.

J.EDGAR HOOVER (cont'd)

I understand you prefer to be out tracking fugitives alone on your horse. I promise you, you will be challenged by this. And I will tell you, (looking him square in the eye), cowboy or no cowboy, there can be no excuse for failure.

And without waiting for Tom's response...getting up...

J.EDGAR HOOVER (cont'd)

I have a meeting with the President.

TOM WHITE

If I say "yes," when do you want me to start?

J.EDGAR HOOVER

(giving him file)

It wasn't a question, Mr. White, you've been assigned. You already did start...

And he starts out of the office, holding the door for Tom White to leave...As Tom goes out...Hoover closes the door and locks it with a key...

J.EDGAR HOOVER (cont'd)
 You are welcome to put your hat back
 on...There's an office across the hall
 I'd like you to use where I can see
 you until you go into the field...(and
 to his assistant) Miss. Gandy...

And Helen, getting up, returns to Tom his rifle and suitcase
 and follows Hoover off along the hallway...Tom left holding
 his hat and rifle...And as he puts his hat back on...full
 Brando cowboy...

TOM WHITE
 (to himself)
 Fuck you little man and the horse you
 rode in on.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE, F.B.I., WASHINGTON - DAY

He comes into his temporary office. And he sees a MAN is
 asleep on his couch. Tom kicks his boot.

TOM WHITE
 This look like your bedroom?!

The Man comes awake...and we see he's a Native American Man
 with a twirled moustache and coal black eyes in his thirties.
 We'll come to know him as THOMAS WREN.

WREN
 I was in Louisville and they moved me
 over here...They said I'd be working
 with you...

TOM WHITE
 You must have the wrong man.

WREN
 You're Tom White, aren't you? Is
 there another Tom White?

TOM WHITE
 I don't work with partners.

WREN
 Then you're right, I got the wrong Tom
 White...

He gets up...

WREN (cont'd)
 (meaning couch)
 Good place for some shut your eye...

And with that he leaves...Tom goes to sit at his desk...looks
 out the window....A young college looking Man in a suit and
 sweater vest comes to the door...Deputy Director, DAVID
 WARREN...

DAVID
 I'm Deputy Warren...

Tom, not much interested, nods...

DAVID (cont'd)
You're going out to Oklahoma?

TOM WHITE
I guess that's what they're
sayin...Who's the Indian?

DAVID
Thomas Wren. He's a Ute.

TOM WHITE
I didn't know we had any Indians?

DAVID
He's it.

Tom nods.

TOM WHITE
He pissed off like the rest of them?

DAVID
Pretty much. But he's been doing some
great work for us. Got a nose for
finding people that want to stay lost.
Only thing he won't do is written
reports. He has all the information
in his head but won't commit it to
paper. Sound familiar?

Tom doesn't say anything.

DAVID (cont'd)
You have a problem with Indians?

TOM WHITE
The Indians I've known go their way
and I go mine. They don't hold their
liquor real good and when they got a
weapon in their hand that's a real bad
combination. My grandfather was in the
militia, chased after them, killed him
some. Got an arrow through the throat
for it from a Comanche...left him with
a breathing problem, come out his neck
like a whistle rest of his life...When
we were kids he would put his finger
on the side of his neck where a hole
was...(showing him with a finger..)
And make a song-whistle for us out of
the air going through..."Eyes of Texas
Are Upon you," was his favorite..

He makes as if the whistling sound of the song from escaping
air...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
(after a beat)
...(but) Mostly, so you know, I have a
problem with partners. Redmen or
otherwise.

DAVID
(nods, he does
know....but)
I'd like you to consider working with
him. You don't have to share a room
or a bathroom with him you don't want
to if that gets in your way.

Tom doesn't say anything.

TOM WHITE
Is this an order?

DAVID
I'll let you decide that for yourself.
Good luck out there.

And with that he leaves the room.

TOM WHITE
(a beat, smart)
I know you still standin' right there.

And sure enough Thomas Wren, who's been silently standing
right there out of sight in the hallway, comes to the
doorway.

WREN
(doesn't smile)
I don't drink except in Church on
Sundays. And we wasn't much for
Comanches either.

They look at each other. He shows him a Treasury department
bulletin. _____

WREN (cont'd)
I heard about this. How somebody been
killing a whole lof of the Osage in
Oklahoma for their oil money. That
you're gonna be heading the team?

TOM WHITE
(shrugs)
Nobody wants to see a rich Indian.

WREN
Don't mind seeing a dead one.

TOM WHITE
(disinterested,
giving him back
the bulletin)
Okay chief...

WREN
(his black eyes)
I'm not your chief and you ain't in my
tribe.

And before Wren can say anything else Tom's gotten up...

TOM WHITE
I got some dead Indians to look into.
He takes up his rifle, starting out of the office...he's made
it to the door, and without turning around...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
I don't want a partner, redways or
anyways...

And with that, rifle in hand, he walks off down the
hallway...all completely American, all Tom White...

EXT. FAIRFAX, OSAGE TERRITORY - DAY

We see Mollie being chauffeured in a well maintained Motel T
through the busy town. Her car parks outside the Big Hill
General Store. She goes inside.

INT. THE BIG HILL TRADING COMPANY - DAY

A large General Store. We see Mollie sitting with the
trading store owner, SCOTT MATHIS, in his forties, at a desk
in the back of the store. He's showing her a Ledger.

SCOTT MATHIS
This is what your sister Anna had in
her estate when she went on. She had
willed it to your mother along with
her oil headright...

He takes up another ledger.

SCOTT MATHIS (cont'd)
This is what your mother had at her
passing, including Anna's estate, and
she willed it to you and Rita along
with her headright. You and Rita have
all the headrights now.

Mollie's quiet.

SCOTT MATHIS (cont'd)
(giving her)
Here's your mother's last monthly
check...

He gives her a check...She looks at it...She says something
in Osage.

SCOTT MATHIS (cont'd)
I didn't understand all of that.

MOLLIE

I said it galled her until the day she died she had to have a Guardian take care of her money. Makes me sick everytime I think about it. Having to ask a Guardian for what is our money, from our land, from our oil allotment.

SCOTT MATHIS

I understand. It wasn't my idea. The Government thinks that many of your people aren't capable of handling their own money...You know how they left it to the Office of Indian Affairs to figure out which members of the tribe were competent, and who wasn't, to manage their trust funds from the oil.

MOLLIE

I'm thirty-nine years old...you think I like being told I'm not capable of handling my own money...

She says something else in Osage...

SCOTT MATHIS

Most of the tribe --

MOLLIE

Were it because we're women, me and Anna and my mother...or because we just dumb fool Indians?

SCOTT MATHIS

(defensive)

The Government asked me to be a Guardian. That's the law. I've been doin' this for a whole while now for lots of people in the tribe...I've never stolen a penny...

MOLLIE

(impassive, hiding
her anger)

You about the only one then -- the Guardians been robbin' people blind...and it's all legal...

SCOTT MATHIS

I'm doing the best I can. Why can't you get used to it?

MOLLIE

You think you get used to it if I walk you around in a baby carriage? A cousin of mine said, "I fought in France for this country, got gassed day and night, but I'm not allowed to even sign my own checks...some pissant paleskin that shoes horses does..."

He's quiet....After some moments:

MOLLIE (cont'd)
Nobody gives a damn...nobody is trying
to find who killed my sister. The
Sheriff looks at me like I'm a sick
animal. I want to offer a \$2,000
reward for anyone leading to the
apprehension of those responsible. I
want to take it out of our
estates...And I ain't askin' you,
Scott...

He nods, he understands....And with that she gets up to
leave....

MOLLIE (cont'd)
Thank the good Lord I have Ernest to
take care of me...

And as she does leave...

EXT. FAIRFAX - DAY

She comes outside starting for her car when a tin horn
bleats. And Ernest, with his broad western movie smile,
pulls alongside her proudly driving a brand new Model T Ford.

MOLLIE
(chastising him)
We already got ten of 'em.

ERNEST
Not like this one. It's got
everything a man could want.

MOLLIE
(pure Mollie,
impassive)
Must make you feel right at
home...Like when you were doing my
chauffeuring.

ERNEST
Best driver you ever knew. (and, his
wide smile) We had some fun.

MOLLIE
(not amused)
You already got everything a man could
want. You're gonna have to take it
back.

He veritably pouts...

MOLLIE (cont'd)
You can't have everything just because
you want it.

ERNEST

(angrily)

I'm married to you, aren't I? Why isn't half of everything mine? It's not normal for a husband not to have the say so. I ever raise a hand to you?

MOLLIE

That'd be the last hand you ever raised. (a beat) You should of thought of that before you married me....You knew what you was getting into. You don't have to work a day. You got the life of Riley. But you didn't earn a nickel of that money. It come from Osage blood. I give you everything you want. But that money is mine.

And we appreciate the irony of...

ERNEST

I don't like being treated like a second class citizen...Like I don't have something to say...

But she has gone dead quiet...He knows not to go any further.

ERNEST (cont'd)

(capitulating)

Maybe I can just drive it around for the day...?

She nods...she gets into the car with him...He starts off...

INT. THE NEW CAR - DAY

They drive in silence for some time...As they drive...

ERNEST

Uncle Bill, he said the Attorney General was going to have the Sheriff charged with willfully failing to enforce the law by permitting bootlegging and gambling...

MOLLIE

(ironic)

There wasn't any mention of failing to enforce the law for murder of an Osage...?

They drive in silence...and he smiles his widest smile...

ERNEST (cont'd)

You still love me, don't you?

Her answer is to put her arm affectionately around him. Looking at his handsome boyish face.

MOLLIE
(ardent)
Until the day I die.

He smiles a crooked smile at that...And as they drive into the Osage hills, the endless derricks with their drills pumping oil...and bringing death...

EXT. OKLAHOMA CITY - DAY

We're told this is the cow town, "Oklahoma City." And we see Tom, his familiar rifle over his shoulder, six gun on his hip, carrying his beat up suitcase, crossing a street to an older wooden building that's seen better days. He goes up the stairs to a back office.

INT. OKLAHOMA CITY, FBI OFFICE - DAY

He comes into the office....A young Secretary, a small number of offices.

TOM WHITE
(to the Secretary)
I'm Tom White.

THE SECRETARY
Ellen Thompson, Mr. White, glad to meet you....we have you in here...

She takes him to a small office....He sits behind his desk, settling in...The Secretary opens a file cabinet drawer....

THE SECRETARY (cont'd)
This is everything we have to date on the Osage County murders.

Tom stands to look in the one drawer...

THE SECRETARY (cont'd)
We had a couple of men from the bureau working in and out of there....

TOM WHITE
This isn't awful much....just a drawer...

THE SECRETARY
Oh, no....It's the whole thing, the whole entire ten drawer filing cabinet...all about what's been going on up there...I never even heard of the Osage before this...

TOM WHITE
You got company.

INT. TOM WHITE'S OFFICE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tom hasn't moved from his office...laying on the couch, his feet up, reading a book about the Osage. The Secretary looks in.

TOM WHITE

(telling her)

They're real tall people; the men average 6'3". They been here since forever. They weren't ever part of the "five civilized tribes," the Cherokee, Chickasaw, Choctow, Creek and Seminole. They went their own way. They call the sun "grandfather." The moon "mother." Fire, "Father." North, is the direction of evil. Dawn, was always a sacred time. A flower moon is a full moon lighting the earth, and The Moon Woman reigns over the world of dreams. Wah-kon-tah, means God. The special ones they call, "Travelers in the Mist." When they first moved to Oklahoma the people put up signs, "No dogs. No Indians."

He takes up a file from a stack of files....

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

I best get started...

THE SECRETARY

Do you have a place to stay?

TOM WHITE

Right here 'll do me just fine. Couch is all I need. There a YMCA, I can do my personal business over there.

THE SECRETARY

(a beat)

You have family Mr. White?

TOM WHITE

(nods, quietly)

A wife. Two boys. I don't see them often as I should. When I get home she says she hardly recognize me.
(after a beat) You?

THE SECRETARY

(touches her stomach)

Just starting.

TOM WHITE

Well God bless you. (a beat, wanting to work...) And goodnight.

She goes off. Tom alone, laying on the couch. He looks off, his family on his mind. Catching himself, he opens randomly a file...where we see a photograph of Mollie staring out at us with her ancient face...

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - MORNING

Files are strewn about the floor. And we see two burly Agents, Men in their forties, old hands, sitting on the couch across from him. FRANK SMITH and JOHN BURGER.

TOM WHITE
(reading a report) John, did you write in a report you sent from there, "The Indians in general, are lazy, pathetic, cowardly, untrustworthy?"

JOHN BURGER
If it's in there I must've...

TOM WHITE
You still feel the same way?

JOHN BURGER
I suppose I do. It wasn't a fruitful experience. Nobody wanted to help. Everybody was protecting everybody else.

TOM WHITE
They got some possibly eighteen murders and could be a lot more..I got my own feelings about Indians, but if it were white people getting killed they'd have the whole United States Calvary in there rounding anybody up who looked the least bit crossways at you...

They think about that for a moment, and:

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
You two worked up there on this for a while?

FRANK SMITH
On and mostly off for a year ...We didn't get much in the way of cooperation ...The Indians didn't trust us and the other people didn't much care because it's a bunch of Indians getting sent to the happy hunting ground.

TOM WHITE
(after a beat)
I want us to start over. You know the area and the people up there -- that puts you ahead of the game....That Hoover fellow said I could do whatever it takes.

FRANK SMITH
(between them)
He's kind of a pissant, isn't he? I don't see him lasting a year...

TOM WHITE

He's awful sure of himself, that's for damn sure. (after a beat) I'd like you boys to work on this with me...head back up there with me and find out who is getting away with murder.

He takes up a file...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

There's nothing in the files stands out too much...lots of heresay and a bunch of guesses by local lawmen...It isn't there aren't any leads...there are just too damn many of them that went nowhere...I need to find us an unbroken chain of evidence...The only consistent pattern I see is the one family...the ones that lost the three sisters and their mother...

FRANK SMITH

The living sister's named Mollie Burkhart. She's a full blood Osage and like most of them got a headright to the oil money.

TOM WHITE

(nods)

Oil money is one helluva a temptation...people 'll do just about anything for money...What's your weakness boys?

John fairly blushes....

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

(smiles)

Skirts is a universal problem. How about you, Frank?

FRANK SMITH

Prohibition saved me from drinking myself to death...What about you?

TOM WHITE

(thinking it over)

My biggest problem, exceptin' not wanting much in the way of people's company, is needing to be right.

INT. TOM'S OKLAHOMA CITY OFFICE - ANOTHER DAY

A MAN his mid fifties, C.J. ROBINSON, along with another Man, WALTER PARKER, in his forties, are sitting in the small office.

C.J. ROBINSON

...I was Sheriff in New Mexico twenty-seven years before I come into the Bureau...

TOM WHITE

My father, Everett White, was long time Sheriff over in Travis County, Texas. My brother Coley's running things there now...You ever run into the old man?

C.J. ROBINSON

For damn sure. I knew your father pretty good...He come lookin' for somebody got away that was hidin' out near Alberquerque. I got into a passel of trouble on that one...

And he lifts his shirt and shows him a puckered bullet wound on his stomach...

C.J. ROBINSON (cont'd)

Got myself cornered and had to wriggle my way out...thought I was clear and got plugged dead center...went down like a bag of rocks...Your dad, despite the ruckus, pulled me out of gunsight to safety....Then went in and took care of the business at hand... I remember him as a quiet son of a bitch and not much fun to work with, but he sure did the job...

TOM WHITE

He's one of a kind, that's for sure....He was so quiet growing up it was hard to ever know what he were thinking....The most I would get out of him was a nod...which was a good sign...No nod wasn't so good...(a beat) What have you been doin' Walter?

WALTER PARKER

Before the bureau, I was a Railroad Detective...some freelance...and was with the Rangers same as you...before that I did some cattle rustling, some other things that I'm ashamed to say was charitably called sewin' my wild oats...

TOM WHITE

(laughs)

I heard about some of that...Some boys in the Rangers tell me you go looking for danger....

WALTER PARKER

I don't know if I go lookin' for it -- but it sure seems to find me...

They laugh...

TOM WHITE

Well I'm gonna need you two boys to go on up there undercover...There's a lot of ranchin'...So I thought maybe you can show up as a couple of cattlemen, see if you can get close to any of the ranchers who might know something...

And as he looks at a photograph of Hale from a newspaper clipping...

EXT. WILLIAM HALE'S RANCH - DAY

We see from a vista the vast spread of land of WILLIAM HALE'S RANCH. Coming closer we see the self-appointed "Mayor of the Osage," the leading lion of the county, William Hale, an expert cowboy, among a number of cowboys, moving a large herd of cattle. Hale in his element, flushed, energized from the work. We see a CAR coming across the land, stopping under a lone tree. Smoke from the oil fields melting into the sky. Hale separates from the cowboys and the herd riding over to the car. Ernest has gotten out of the car standing waiting for him. Getting off his horse, Hale crosses to him.

ERNEST

(obsequious)

Hello, Uncle Bill.

WILLIAM HALE

I thought as a good citizen this is what I have to do...People will see how much I care...

Ernest nods. They get into the car...

INT. THE CAR - DAY

Where we see Ernest's passenger is a Man in his forties with a smudge of a moustache, smoking a corn-cob pipe. He gives Hale a brochure with the familiar Pinkerton Detectives logo "We Never Sleep," under a large unblinking, Masonic-like EYE, which had given rise to the term "private eye."

PINKERTON DETECTIVE PIKE

So somebody been killing Indians up here without the government's say so?

WILLIAM HALE

You just give me everything you find out. Don't hide nothin'. And don't talk to nobody else.

EXT. THE TRAIN STATION, FAIRFAX - DAY

We see from a distance Mollie standing outside of her car at the dusty train station waiting for someone. The Train pulling in.

Among the people that disembark is a stocky Man in a round hat and a suit with a Chaplinesque moustache...As he takes his hat politely off we see his hair is slicked back, his idea of movie star. His suit jacket open shows he's carrying a shoulder holster with a .44 caliber snub nosed English bulldog...PRIVATE DETECTIVE E.W STOCK...They shake hands. He follows her into her car.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - DAY

As they're driven by her chauffeur he shows her The Burns Agency brochure.

E.W. STOCK
(looking around at
Osage county)

You say you're a full blooded Osage?

She doesn't say anything...not dignifying the obvious question...And when she doesn't say anything, the quiet making him feel the need to talk...

E.W. STOCK (cont'd)
I been in Tulsa working for the Tulsa Business Association trying to help settle them negroes down in the race riots. 300 of them went and got themselves killed for acting up.

She doesn't say anything.

E.W. STOCK (cont'd)
I don't know an awful much about Indians, except I did some acting and played an Indian in a play about Davy Crockett...I didn't have to do much but run at him with a tomahawk and war whoop... (he war whoops)...and get shot dead...I would change the way I died each time so I wouldn't get tired of it... (when she doesn't respond...) My father knew the real thing, he was a Trooper in the Calvary in the Eastern Montana Territory and they had an awful fight with the Souix on their hands. He killed him some of them...He said he almost ended up at Custer's Last Stand.

MOLLIE
(her first words,
without a smile)
Ended up is what would have happened.

EXT. THE OSAGE HILLS - DAY

Mollie's car parked beside an oil derrick in a forest of derricks under a threatening sky. Her Chauffeur standing out of the car.

INT. MOLLIE'S CAR - DAY

E.W. Stock is writing notes in a notebook...

MOLLIE

...Her Osage name was Wah-hrah-lump-pa...

E.W. STOCK

Spell that...

She spells out Anna's Osage name...

MOLLIE

Her white name was Anna Brown...

E.W. STOCK

You mind if we just stick to Brown...?

Mollie doesn't say anything...

E.W. STOCK (cont'd)

Her husband's name was Oda? Is he Osage?

She shakes "no." They're momentarily quiet. Mollie looking out....Meaning the particular well they're parked under...

MOLLIE

Well #156...Owned by Sinclair oil...It makes twelve hundred barrels of oil a day...Four million dollars a year...There's over five thousand derricks in Osage County....My mother called them lines of snakes...

E.W. STOCK

(the bottom line)

Four million reasons to kill somebody.

She doesn't say anything...After some moments:

E.W. STOCK (cont'd)

I ll give you daily reports...(shows her a form) We don't give agents names...but put a number to them...that way it's kept anonymous and we can do our work undercover...(after a beat) We have five other men comin' up here to work on this one...And I hear Pinkerton got some 've been contracted by somebody name of Hale, William Hale...and you always got your self-styled lone wolf Private Eye looking to make a reward...

EXT. MOLLIE'S CAR, IN THE OSAGE HILLS - DAY

And as her car sits beside the oil derrick among the endless forest of oil derricks...Mollie talking to the champlinesaue moutached Burns Detective Agent E.W. Stock, under the threatening sky...

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - SOME DAYS LATER, ANOTHER NIGHT

The House lights are all on...

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER NIGHT

E.W. Stock is reading her a report...Ernest sitting nearby, listening, drinking...Stock with a drink at his elbow...Mollie's usual beer on a table at her side....

E.W. STOCK
...Investigator #32 spoke to your
servant the irisher, Ellen
Shannon...She said...

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - ANOTHER TIME, EARLIER

A Private Detective talking to one of Mollie's FEMALE SERVANT the freckled Irish woman with red hair.

ELLEN SHANNON
(telling him)
...After the body was found her sister
Rita took me to Anna's house to see if
anything worth seeing. Incredibly,
she'd been dead two weeks already, and
still nobody from the Sheriff's office
had even searched the place yet.

INT. ANNA'S HOUSE - DAY, ANOTHER TIME

We see the two women, the red-haired ELLEN and RITA SMITH, Mollie and Anna's sister, ease open the door, and step into the silence. They move quietly through the house.

ELLEN SHANNON (OVER)
I'd been over there plenty of times to
clean up and things...nothing seemed
unusual, everything where it was
supposed to be...Exceptin for one
thing...Anna's alligator purse, which
she had took to Mollie's luncheon, was
lying on the floor with everything
torn out of it, like she went back
out.

As Rita looks at the purse...

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - LATER, NIGHT

E.W. STOCK

(reading)

Your sister said she carried a pistol
in that alligator purse...and that
were gone, too...

Ernest brings Stock a fresh glass of whiskey, one of his own,
and another beer for Mollie, sitting back down...

E.W. STOCK (cont'd)

General suspicion from a number of the
Detectives in the field is pointing
toward the divorced husband, Oda
Brown. So I sent #46 to find Brown...
He found him in Pawnee County...

EXT. PAWNEE COUNTRY STREET - DAY

We see Detective #46 staked out by a General Store...and he
sees a slender, cigarette smoking, shifty looking Cowboy with
rust colored hair and flat gray eyes, ODA BROWN, along with a
Pawnee Woman, coming along the sidewalk going past the
Detective...

E.W. STOCK (OVER)

He saw him with the woman he married
after Anna had passed...#46 stayed
close, shadowing him...

We see just that, #46 shadowing Oda Brown and his new wife...
In Mollie's living room...

E.W. STOCK

The Pinkerton manual advises that,
"The watchful Detective will seize the
Criminal in his weakest moments and
force from him, by his sympathy and
the confidence which the criminal has
in him, the secret which devours him."

INT. A SPEAKEASY - NIGHT

The Detective, having gained his confidence, sitting at a
speakeasy bar with ODA BROWN and his Native American
wife...And Brown is telling him...

ODA BROWN

...(meaning his present wife....) We
haven't been together all that
long...(and telling him) My ex-wife
had got herself murdered...

DETECTIVE #46

That's awful rough...where were you
when she got murdered?

ODA BROWN
 (suspicious of
 him)
 Where did you say you were from?

DETECTIVE #46
 Joplin, Missouri...I come for the oil
 like everyone else...

ODA BROWN
 (a beat, honestly)
 I was away with another woman...that's
 all I want to talk about it...

DETECTIVE #46
 (supposedly
 empathetic)
 I understand, it must be terrible hard
 to talk about...Let's get us another
 round...

And as they talk at the bar...Oda Brown even laughing at
 something...

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens and her sister RITA along with Mollie's two
 small CHILDREN her daughter Anna and little boy, "Cowboy,"
 comes inside. Mollie gets up, taking the children...

MOLLIE
 Thanks for looking after them.

RITA
 I wish they was mine. Wish I could
 have me some.

MOLLIE
 Mr. Stock, this is my sister Rita.

E.W. STOCK
 Glad to make your acquaintance.

RITA
 (reluctantly, no
 love lost)
 How's things Ernest?

ERNEST
 (nor him for her)
 I guess I'm making out.

RITA
 (sharp tongued)
 I guess you are...

He doesn't look at her taking a drink instead.

RITA
 I got to get back -- the mister will
 be expecting supper.

They look at each other, Mollie wondering about her choice of husbands.

MOLLIE
(in Osage)
He's a demanding man.

RITA
(Osage)
They all are.

She kisses Mollie...

RITA
(whispers, Osage)
I'm worried about you. Are you
looking after yourself with your
diabetes?

MOLLIE
(Osage)
Best I can.

She looks at Ernest and turns and leaves. Once she's gone...

ERNEST
She never did think too highly of me.

MOLLIE
She doesn't think too highly of
anyone. She's had burdens to bear.

He's quiet, letting it drop...After some moments:

E.W. STOCK
(resuming)
While #46 was working on Oda Brown,
operative #28 learned what seemed like
a vital secret from a young Kaw Indian
woman living near the western border
of Osage County.

INT. IMPOVERISHED RESERVATION NATIVE AMERICAN HOME - DAY

A diminutive young Native American woman, not seeming the
most reliable, is telling Detective #28:

YOUNG KAW WOMAN
...This woman named Rose Osage from
Fairfax admitted to me that she'd
killed Anna after Anna had tried to
seduce her boyfriend Joe Allen. Rose
said that while the three of them were
riding in Rose's car...

INT. A CAR - NIGHT

A man named Joe Allen driving, along with Anna and the woman
known as Rose Osage. Anna sitting in the front, Rose Osage
in the back. And we see Rose Osage suddenly put a pistol to
the top of Anna's head and fire.

YOUNG KAW WOMAN (OVER)
 ...She said she'd shot her in the top
 of the head and with Joe's help dumped
 the body by Three Mile Creek.

EXT. THE THREE MILE CREEK - NIGHT

We see them taking out of the car Anna's lifeless body,
 leaving it by the creek.

YOUNG KAW WOMAN (OVER)
 Rose Osage said her clothes got
 splattered with Anna's blood, so she
 took them off and discarded them in
 the creek.

We see her taking her clothes off throwing them into the
 creek...standing in her underwear...

E.W. STOCK (OVER)
 He believed it and took it to the
 Sheriff. The Sheriff said...

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective #28 talking to the obese Sheriff.

SHERIFF H.M FREAS
 There ain't no evidence of anybody
 having seen Anna with Rose Osage or
 Joe Allen together. And no clothes
 was found in the stream. I think this
 Kaw woman is pulling your chain to get
 the reward. But I'll look into it.
 (after a beat) I'll tell you something
 that does make some sense. She was a
 loose squaw...(and secretly to
 Detective #28...) She was lookin' to
 get her nasty Indian ass killed...

INT. TOM'S OFFICE, OKLAHOMA CITY - ANOTHER DAY

A Thin MAN in his late thirties is sitting across from him.

JOE JONES
 I sold insurance before joining up
 with the bureau. "Jones and Son."
 Except the son died when he was just a
 little bit of a fella....got the
 measles...But I had big plans if he
 were still here...(after a beat) I
 could work insurance, that end of
 things up there. People will tell you
 just about anything you want to know
 when they want to be insured...you're
 damn near a pastor to them they got so
 much they want to share with you...

TOM WHITE
 (finished)
 Let's start "insurin'" people...Get up
 there soon as you can....

They shake hands and Joe leaves...His Secretary comes in...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
(to the Secretary)
That's it for now....I'm starting to
smell like yesterday...I need a
shower...

He starts to get his things together...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
I heard you needed somebody
undercover....

He turns and he sees the familiar Indian THOMAS WREN is
standing there....Tom has no love for him...

TOM WHITE
I think we got about everybody we
need.

WREN
I was undercover for seven years in
Mexico - finding out everything for us
about them revolutionary leaders...I
know all there is to know about
Francisco Madero, Emiliano Zapata,
Felipe Neri, Pancho Villa...until they
started to get nose of me and it was
time to leave...I'm the only agent you
got is an Indian...You send nothing
but white people up there you're gonna
get a lot of nothing.

TOM WHITE
I'll think about it.

Tom starts to go down the hallway...

WREN
----- You always such a prick? -----

Tom doesn't say anything.

WREN (cont'd)
You don't even know me.

TOM WHITE
Maybe we should keep it like that.

He's almost gone...

WREN
You just don't like me or you don't
like Indians...?

TOM WHITE
(honestly)
A lot of both...

WREN
 (stopping...)
 We were here a long time before you
 got over here...

TOM WHITE
 That didn't seem to work out too good
 for you now did it...

And as he goes...

WREN
 Funny way how things even up....

Tom looks back at him...They look at each other and as Tom
 goes out....

INT. DINING ROOM, E.W. STOCK'S HOTEL, FAIRFAX - LATE IN
 THE DAY

The Dining room is empty, tables set with white linen for
 dinner...Mollie is sitting with E.W. Stock at a far table in
 the falling shadows, Stock giving her another report:

E.W. STOCK
 We aren't getting anything solid, so I
 had my men install a listening device
 to eavesdrop on Rose Osage and her
 boyfriend.

INT. ROSE OSAGE'S ROOM, A BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

We see Rose Osage and Joe Allen talking...as they talk we see
 a DICTOGRAPH, a primitive listening device, is inside a
 pendulum wall clock....

INT. AN ADJOINING ROOM, THE BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT

We see TWO DETECTIVES in the adjoining room of the boarding
 house listening to the staticky voices of Rose and her
 boyfriend through rudimentary headphones.

INT. EMPTY HOTEL DINING ROOM - LATE IN THE DAY

MOLLIE
 What did you find out?

E.W. STOCK
 They like to eat Mexican food and Rose
 isn't happy that she can't get her
 hair waved enough to look like Lillian
 Gish...Nothing so far...but the cab
 driver who took Anna to your house on
 the day she vanished told Detective
 #37 that Anna had asked him to stop
 first at the cemetery in Gray Horse.

MOLLIE
 (a beat)
 That's where my father was buried
 before we put Anna and my mother to
 rest there too.

EXT. GRAY HORSE CEMETARY - ANOTHER DAY

We see the Taxi stopped by the cemetery. Anna, drunk, stumbling her way to her father's grave. Standing at his gravesite where she and her mother would soon enough both be with him, under a steel sky.

E.W. STOCK (OVER)
She told the driver when she got back
in the car to send someone to bring
flowers to her father's tomb...

INT. TAXI - ANOTHER DAY

As they drive we can see her drinking from a flask in the backseat.

ANNA
I want his grave always to be pretty.

He nods. They drive in silence. After some time, Anna, leaning forward....

E.W. STOCK (OVER)
...and she told him...

ANNA
(secretively)
I'm going to have a little baby.

TAXI DRIVER
My goodness, no.

ANNA
I am, that's a fact..

INT. THE EMPTY HOTEL DINING ROOM - LATE IN THE DAY

E.W. STOCK
Did you know she was pregnant?

Mollie doesn't say anything.

E.W. STOCK (cont'd)
When my men confronted some people
close to Anna with this they said she
also confided to them she was
pregnant. Yet no one knew who the
father was? Do you? It might get us
somewhere.

Mollie shakes, "no," she doesn't know. She sees her water glass is empty...

MOLLIE
(getting up)
I need some water --

And she suddenly pitches over onto her back...having a convulsive fit...As E.W. Stock bends to her in the empty dining room...

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ernest carrying her from the car into the house...telling the Driver..

ERNEST

Go and get the doctors...!

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Shoun Brothers,' the Doctors, coming out of her bedroom into the hallway...Ernest waiting...

ERNEST

What do you know?

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN

We gave her an insulin shot...she's sleeping now...

ERNEST

She's losing weight...like she's starting to waste away...

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN

Make sure she stays hydrated...gets plenty of liquids...I'll let Mr. Hale know how she is doing...

He nods to them, troubled, and watches them leave...And as Ernest quietly looks into the room, watching Mollie sleep, something on his mind.

INT. MOLLIE'S ROOM - THAT NIGHT

Mollie in bed. Ernest sitting in a straight back chair against a wall.

ERNEST

Doctors said it's that sugar diabetes. It'll do her to you.

She doesn't say anything, not so sure...

ERNEST (cont'd)

Whatever it is...we're gonna beat this together.

She looks at him and she says, straight out:

MOLLIE

I don't think it's the sugar diabetes. I think somebody is trying to poison me.

ERNEST

(animated)

That's crazy thinking, Mollie. Who would do that? I'd like to know who, and why, so I could find them and strangle them to death.

Rather than engage with him she turns over...

EXT. THE PRAIRIE - DAY

A TRAIN making its way across the prairie from Oklahoma City on its way to Osage County.

INT. THE TRAIN, PRAIRIE - DAY

We see Tom White reading through files as he sits traveling on the train. Two of the old hands, John Berger and Frank Smith, the two bureau agents, are sitting in other rows from Tom, and from one another...Tom, rests the file on his knee, resting his eyes, looking out the window...looking at the endless prairie....As he looks outside he notices despite the daylight, the moon is up:

EXT. THE TRAIN STATION, FAIRFAX - LATE IN THE DAY

We see Mollie, her Indian blanket around her shoulders, standing with E.W. Stock as he is about to get on the train.

E.W. STOCK

I wish I could have done more.

She doesn't say anything. He reaches to shake her hand but she keeps her arms under her Indian blanket. And Stock done in Osage territory turns and gets on the train. The train starting to leave the station, Mollie, standing under a leaden afternoon sky watching the train move away, Mollie not moving a muscle, watching it go out of sight....Ernest comes beside her. Taking her arm.

MOLLIE

(lost)

I don't know what to do anymore.

He turns with her to the car....but she hesitates, looking out at the prairie, where her ancestors had lived and flourished, where her true self came from, looking out at the prairie as if only the emptiness can comfort her. And she sees, despite the hour, the MOON has risen...a full moon colored like a flower...she says something in Osage...and we see in subtitles she has said, "We are the Osage, the full moon, the flower moon."

EXT. WILLIAM HALE'S RANCH - DAY

We see their car parked outside the large ranch house. The Detective with the corn cob pipe, Pike, comes out...getting into a car and leaving.

INT. WILLIAM HALE'S RANCH - DAY

We see Hale is by the door...watching the Detective leave...Mollie and Ernest sitting in the living room...

WILLIAM HALE

(turning,
dejected)

He gave up and is moving on.

He pours himself a drink...

WILLIAM HALE

He turned this place upside
down....there just ain't nothin' to
find...

MOLLIE

Would you make a trip with me to
Washington, maybe we can get the Indian
Affairs people to pay some attention
to us and what's going on over
here...?

WILLIAM HALE

When you feeling better you name
it...(and) Drink Ernest?

ERNEST

I never would say no, Uncle Bill.

WILLIAM HALE

Mollie? I have some beer. Juice?
Tea?

MOLLIE

(shakes no)

Nothing.

He nods...pouring Ernest a drink, giving it to him. Tapping
glasses with Ernest the best of relations. And...

WILLIAM HALE

Here's some good news. That fat pig
Sheriff H.M Freas isn't going to be on
any case no more...he was found guilty
this morning of failing to enforce the
laws.

Mollie doesn't react. After some moments:

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)

Mollie I know how hard this has been
on you. The toll it's taken. And
like Ernest, I'm worried sick what's
going on with you...with that sugar
diabetes...

ERNEST

Mollie thinks somebody, God knows who,
is trying to poison her. She thinks
her sister Minnie and her mother were
put in their grave by poison, and she
will be too...

WILLIAM HALE

What in the world?! What a horrid thought. We think we're the most civilized, modern people, yet there's diseases we don't know a thing about...Poison? That's like Cleopatra times or something...something out of way ago...This is 1922...Why on earth would someone poison somebody?

She doesn't say anything. He goes over and opens a lamp table drawer. He gives her a small BOX.

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)

I hope this helps make things a little brighter, easier on you.

She hesitates, and opens it. Inside is the most elegant of WATCHES, a woman's Vacheron Constantin worth untold money, a gold bracelet with a round diamond encrusted watch face, and in gold on the band the figures of three gold women.

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)

(showing her)

Three gold women for your departed mother and your sisters...

She silently looks at the watch...

MOLLIE

It's very thoughtful of you.

She has her head down looking at the watch, and looking up, fierce...

MOLLIE

I wish it could bring them back.

WILLIAM HALE

I promise you we're going to do the next best thing! Justice will rain down like God's thunder!

As she looks at the watch with the three gold women...and one can only wonder when will she be the fourth...

EXT. THE TRAIN STATION, FAIRFAX, OSAGE COUNTY - DAY

We see a Train arriving at the Fairfax station. And we see Tom, his suitcase in hand, in his stetson and wearing his pearl handled gun, his rifle over his shoulder, getting off, with Frank Smith and John Burger shortly behind him. They come along the busy Fairfax main street to find their lodgings. As they move along the street they see a FOURTH OF JULY PARADE is in progress. They stop to watch the celebration. There is a phalanx of endless expensive new cars in the parade with oil rich Osage driving. Frank motions across the street...

FRANK SMITH

That there is her, Mollie Burkhart...

He motions to a car parked across the street close to the parade route...and sitting in the car, her distinctive face at the glass, is Mollie. Tom looking over at her, seeing her Osage bearing, her pained eyes, is an unforgettable sight. He sees standing just outside of the car, watching the parade, is her husband Ernest.

FRANK SMITH (cont't)
That there's her husband, Ernest
Burkhart...

Tom measures the man....

TOM WHITE
Younger feller. It often these Osage
women have caucasian husbands?

FRANK SMITH
Didn't used to. Nobody'd look at them
women. Since they found oil every
last man wants a squaw. Make for a
good life.

Tom doesn't say anything when there's loud CHEERS...and they see riding a beautiful black horse, in an impeccable cowboy suit, holding an American Flag...waving to the people...is the Grand Marshall, WILLIAM HALE.

JOHN BURGER
That'd be William Hale. Ernest and
Bryan Burkhart's uncle. They call him
the "King of the Osage County." He's
the man to see about anything that
happens or doesn't happen around
here...He's richer than the pope, owns
miles of land...does cattle
business...Self-made...and makes sure
he reminds you of it...He think his
shit don't stink...

Tom watches William ride by keeping a keen eye on him, studying him...There's more cheers...and he sees a group of Men, Osage Indians...The Osage Tribal Council, walking by...and among them, he sees, already undercover, is Thomas Wren...As he marches by with them, waving, and gives Tom the smallest of self satisfied smiles....

INT. OFFICE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, FAIRFAX - ANOTHER DAY

We see Tom is standing at the desk of the Justice of the Peace, putting his wallet with his FBI badge away. Frank's nearby.

TOM WHITE
I understand you held an inquest into
Anna Brown's death?

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Sure did.

TOM WHITE
I'd like to look at those records.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
And I'd like to help you. But my desk
was broken into and the testimony all
disappeared.

TOM WHITE
(a beat,
suspicious)
That ever happened before?

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
(thinking)
No, not that I remember.

TOM WHITE
(after a beat)
What's left from the crime scenes...?
Where would I find that evidence?

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Nothing been perserved...but I know
one thing you can look at...

INT. FAIRFAX MORTUARY - DAY

Tom following the Undertaker into a back room. The
Undertaker taking out of a drawer a SKULL...

THE UNDERTAKER
That there's Anna Brown's skull...

He puts it in Tom's hand. About the size of a melon, and
unnervingly light. He looks at the bullet hole. Showing it
to Frank.

FRANK SMITH
(not a question)
A small caliber gun .32 or perhaps a
.38 pistol.

Tom nods. Tom, studying the skull...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
There isn't any exit wound in the
front of the skull...Didn't they find
the bullet; it had to still be in the
brain had nowhere else to go?

THE UNDERTAKER
(shakes "no")
They never did. Never did find it.
It weren't there.

And as Tom looks at Anna's skull...

TOM WHITE
Who speak for her?

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

The oil derricks pumping. The house dark.

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Mollie and Ernest asleep. There's the sound of somebody lightly knocking on the bedroom door. Ernest, ever watchful, grabs his gun, moving toward the door...opening it...The caucasian red haired FEMALE SERVANT in her bathrobe is there. Mollie is awakened by the sounds. The Servant says some things to Ernest and leaves. Ernest gets back into bed. Mollie looks at him.

ERNEST

Remember William Stepson? The Osage champion calf roper?

MOLLIE

(nods)

Purvis little brother. Purvis went to Catholic school with me. Still see him in church.

ERNEST

Stepson got a call that for some reason had him hurry out of the house. When he got home a couple hours later he was deathly sick...an hour later he was dead.

MOLLIE

(getting up)

I want to go.

ERNEST

What do you mean you want to go?

MOLLIE

I want to know what killed him.

INT. THE FAIRFAX MORGUE - NIGHT

We see William Stepson's body laid out on a table. An Osage healer is standing over him chanting a prayer for the dead. Another Native American Man is sitting, hat in hand, in a chair. Mollie is speaking in Osage to the deceased man's Wife.

WILLIAM STEPSON'S WIFE

(beside herself,
crying)

...He kept shaking and it only got worse...his head all bent back, his back stiffened up, his muscles jumping, until his arms and legs went rigid and he was struggling to breathe...He looked like he was being jolted with electricity, until at last he couldn't breathe even at all and suffocated to death...(trying to compose herself, motioning to the Indian man sitting in the chair...) The only doctor I knew to think of was Abel...he take care of our animals...

THE VETERINARIAN

(after a beat,
half Osage, half
English)

I couldn't say for sure...but it look
to me, and from everything she told
me, it seem like strychnine
posioning...

MOLLIE

Isn't there a test to find out for
certain?

THE VETERINARIAN

(shakes no, half
Osage)

No, no there isn't...at least not in
these parts...There isn't any coroner
around here trained in looking for
that kind of thing...and there isn't
no police laboratory...They'll just
put his body in the ground without
ever knowing. You want to kill
somebody here it's a perfect way to
commit murder. Especially it's an
Indian.

He quietly gets up...

THE VETERINARIAN (cont'd)

This is fifth time I been called for
something like this. Hannah Shield
was found dead in her shower foaming
at the mouth. John Littlebear was at
a bar haing a drink of whiskey with a
stranger and started right away to
vomit -- He left behind a wife and
seven children and a headright worth
six million...Up to sixteen Osage have
been killed under questionable
circumstances. And nobody is doing a
thing about it.

Mollie turns to the Woman, but she has begun to keen over her
dead husband's motionless form. She starts to
leave...There's a Man's Voice Over..

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Mrs. Burkhart.

She turns and sitting in a chair in the hallway is Tom
White...He gets up, politely taking off his hat...

TOM WHITE

(giving her his
card)

I'm Tom White with the Federal Bureau
of Investigation. I been sent her to
do what I can about these murders.

She quietly looks at his card. Giving him his card back...

MOLLIE
(and mistrusting)
I don't expect a white man from the
government to do a damn thing but
waste our time!

And with that she leaves...Tom nods, putting back on his hat.
And as he goes into the morgue:

EXT. AN OSAGE ROAD - NIGHT

It's bitterly cold. A CAR is parked along the road. A Sheriff's car pulling up. Lawmen getting out approaching the parked car. A Lawman wipes the ice off the glass to look inside.

EXT. THE CAR ON THE ROAD - NIGHT

The Sheriff's cars still there...And we see Tom now along with John outside of the car...Tom looking in the window where he sees a Native American Man, with braided hair, his face painted as if he were going to war, laying mummified by the cold in his car...and with a bullet hole in the back of his head.

TOM WHITE
(turning, to the
Sheriff)
Busy place you got here Sheriff.

SHERIFF H.M FREAS
Indians 'll do it everytime.

And as they look into the car again, the Osage man with the bullet in his head...

INT. MOLLIE'S HOSE - NIGHT

Mollie lying in bed...Rita sitting with her...They can hear voices downstairs carrying...William Hale's and Ernest's Voices...

WILLIAM HALE (OVER)
Henry Roan, he was one of my best
friends in this world...

INT. LIVING ROOM, MOLLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hale and Ernest drinking, not their first, sitting in the living room quietly talking.....

WILLIAM HALE
...When his Guardian curtailed his
financial allowance he come to me for
help...And I gave him as I always did.
He had so many loans from me he listed
me on his life insurance
policy...\$25,000...I don't want to
claim it..It weren't the spirit I gave
it to him in...

Hale gets up to wander...

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)

A couple of weeks ago I run into Henry at the bank. He asked me if he could borrow a few dollars...he was broken up about his wife having an affair and wanted to buy some still whiskey. I told him drinking was just going to lead to far more trouble. He took me aside...he said he might have something he knew about Anna's death would break things completely open...I asked and asked. He wouldn't say what it was...I guess he said the same thing to more than one person...how he knew something big...(sorrowful) Now, whatever he knew, he don't know nothing no more...

He takes a drink...as does Ernest, without comment.

INT. MOLLIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mollie's perfectly still...too quiet...

RITA

(concerned)

Mollie?

MOLLIE

(after a beat,
whispers)

I was married to Henry Roan once. It was traditional, arranged. I was 15. He treated me fair, never hit me or anything. Because it were traditional I weren't ever divorced. I don't want Ernest to know -- that I deceived him all these years...

As Rita compassionately hugs her, sisters....

EXT. FAIRFAX - DAY

We see JOE JONES, the thin FBI agent admiring a sign on a small storefront announcing the new office of, "JONES AND SON" INSURANCE. "BEST IN THE BUSINESS." As he says hello to some people coming by...telling them:

JOE JONES

We specialize in life insurance...

INT. A RESTAURANT, FAIRFAX - DAY

A Restaurant for the well heeled...a gathering of oil men, some wealthy Osage, and cattle ranchers in their distinctive Cowboy suits. And we see the FBI agents C.J. ROBINSON, and WALTER PARKER, dressed the part in three piece cattlemen suits and good stetsons coming inside.

As a host shows them to a table, people looking at the new Cattlemen in town....and they stop to introduce themselves to some Cattlemen...the word Texas being used more than once...and one of the Cattlemen motioning..."You should give your respects to Bill Hale...he's always looking to do new business..." And as they look at William having dinner with some men...and the FBI has arrived...

INT. TOM WHITE'S ROOM, A FAIRFAX HOTEL - AFTERNOON

A small bare room, a chair, a bed, a desk...The case files are strewn all over the room....And pinned to the wall by his bed where he can see it when he is laying down, is a list of possible suspects, along with their photographs; from either photographic sittings or newspaper clippings...Tom and John Burger looking at the names and photographs..

TOM WHITE

I want to, person by person, try to corroborate each suspect's alibi. You ever heard of somebody named Sherlock Holmes?

JOHN BURGER

The English detective?

TOM WHITE

Well, in books.

JOHN BURGER

I thought he was the real deal.

TOM WHITE

He said, "when you eliminate the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth."

JOHN BURGER

I'll go along with that. (motions) You can take Anna's ex-husband that Brown fellow offa the list....His alibi -- that he was with another woman getting his wick dipped -- that checked out... And the forger who implicated him had fabricated his story hoping to bargain with prosecutors for better prison conditions....He seemed likely but weren't...

And with that Tom stands on the bed and puts a line through Oda Brown's name and an x across his photograph...

JOHN BURGER

You can do the same with them oil workers that that fat boy Sheriff H.M Freas thought they might've been diddling her...and did her under...They were out fixing a rig when it happened...

Tom draws a line through their names and an x through their photographs...John motions at a photograph of Rose Osage and Joe Allen, and a young Kaw woman.

JOHN BURGER (cont'd)

Now the story with that Rose Osage who were supposed to have shot her in the back of the head out of jealousy; along with Joe Allen being in the car with her...is a little more complicated...First off Rose Osage and Joe Allen got married last week...

Tom listens...And John takes a report out of a file...reading from it...

JOHN BURGER (cont'd)

The field report had said that, "...it was common knowledge Rose had a violent and jealous disposition..." and, (reading on) The Fairfax Marshall said around the time of Anna's murder he had found a dark stain on the back seat of Rose's car that looked an awful lot like blood -- When this was all going on I brought Rose Osage and Joe Allen into the Sheriff's office for questioning. I put them in separate rooms and left them to stir for awhile. When I interrogated Rose Osage...She said, "she didn't have a god damned thing to do with Anna Brown's killing, although I wouldn't have minded seeing her shot between the eyes the way she flirted with my Joe. She was nothin' but a tramp." When I interrogated Joe Allen he said he didn't much like Anna Brown and she was, "always coming after me."

He has a proclivity to wander, can't stay still...

JOHN BURGER (cont'd)

...They both gave the same alibi independently. They said they had been together in Pawnee and had stopped at a rooming house. When I took a ride to Pawnee the owner of the rooming house supported Rose Osage and Joe Allen's claims. Something still didn't sit with me, their stories seemed awful rehearsed. I had to release them, but I put an informant onto them name of Kelsie Morrison...Who was a lifelong criminal...

He shows him Kelsie's mugshot...

JOHN BURGER

You should see this guy Tom, dresses like a dancehall hustler...thinks he's Gods gift, stinks of lilac water...He was a close friend to Rose...He agreed to work on the Osage murders in exchange for getting his arrest warrant for sexual assault quashed. I was worried he might slip away and before releasing him I made sure he went through the Bertillonage procedure, all the anthropometric measurements, for the records...

INT. JAIL, EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

We see Burger and Smith taking measurements with various instruments of the thin naked hoodlum Kelsie Morrison the classical outdated Bertillonage procedure all criminals were subjected to then which was supposed to find commonality among the guilty. Taking the standard measurements: The length of his left foot, the width and length of his head, the diameter of his right ear...Taking photographs of him naked...

JOHN BURGER (OVER)

...and because Hoover begun that Identification Division, I got taught how to get fingerprints...I fingerprinted him and sent them to the Identification Bureau for their records...

We see him fingerprinting the naked informant Kelsie Morrison.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM, FAIRFAX - DAY

TOM WHITE

I ought best learn how to do that myself...Although I think it's going to cause a world of confusion -- Good old fashioned legwork, keeping your eyes open and your mouth shut will get your man every time...

JOHN BURGER

(after a beat)

He hung around with Rose Osage and Joe Allen. And one night when they were all drunk as skunks he asked her...

INT. A SMALL ILLEGAL BAR, FAIRFAX - ANOTHER NIGHT

Rose Osage, Joe Allen and the criminal informant Kelsie Morrison drunk at a bar...

KELSIE MORRISON

(asks Rose)

Why did you do it? Why did you kill Anna Brown?

ROSE OSAGE

You don't know a god damn thing about it, Slim...I did not kill Anna.

JOE ALLEN

I tell you one thing Kelsie, you working for the police I'll cut your balls off an feed them to your mouth.

INT. TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

TOM WHITE

(nods...)

I read all that. But I was still bothered by why that Kaw woman was so sure of herself. How she said Rose killed her and dumped her body in the creek. I looked at the autopsy findings over at the mortuary...I'd been told by criminologists that blood goes to the lowest point of a body after death making dark splotches on the skin. If them splotches appear on higher parts of the body it means the body had been moved.

INT. MORTUARY OFFICE - NIGHT

Tom looking at photographs of Anna's remains....

TOM WHITE (OVER)

There wasn't any splotches on the top parts of her body....all of them were on her legs and feet...and there wasn't any notice in any report of a trail of blood from the car down to the creek....

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM, FAIRFAX - NIGHT

TOM WHITE

I figured they were innocent and why that dictograph machine never picked up any incriminating statements and why Rose's clothes never was found in the creek. (after a beat) So, when I talked to that little Kaw Indian woman it didn't take much for her to crack.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Tom White with the young Kaw Woman...

TOM WHITE

This is all a lot of air...you can go to jail for a long time makin' up stuff like this...You won't like jail...

And the Kaw woman who has begun to cry, looking for mercy...

THE KAW WOMAN

Rose never told me no such story about the killing. (and crying)...This strange white man he showed up at my house and writ up a statement and forced me to sign it, telling me if I didn't, even if none of it were true, he'd kill me and everybody in my family...

TOM WHITE

You seen this white man before?

THE KAW WOMAN

He wore a big belt buckle like them cowboys wear to make they dicks look bigger...I might have seen him around with that King man...

TOM WHITE

King Man...

THE KAW WOMAN

The one they call King of the Osage.....

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM, FAIRFAX - NIGHT

Tom's quiet.

TOM WHITE

Hale's name sure gets around.

And he goes and crosses out Rose Osage and Joe Allen's name along with "xing" out their photographs.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

Whoever's responsible is not only erasing evidence -- they're manufacturing it...

And as he looks at the remaining names and photographs...

EXT. OSAGE HILLS - NIGHT

We see one of Mollie's cars driving through the hills. The silhouettes of the preying mantis like oil derricks. And there is the strange sight, turning the night day, that all of the houses are fully LIT UP, surrounding the houses like so many Christamas lights, literally hundreds of electric light bulbs.

INT. MOLLIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Ernest driving, looking with Mollie at the houses all lit up by the surrounding electric lights. Mollie says something in Osage.

MOLLIE
(explaining to
him...)

The light protects you from harm...from the stealthy approach of the grim spectre...the unseen hand that is turning our homes into a field of dead man's skulls...They call the lights (she says something in Osage...which means...) "'fraid,' lights..." Because everybody is deathly afraid...

And as we look at the houses wrapped in the white lights trying to ward off their fears.....

EXT. A FASHIONABLE HOME IN FAIRFAX - NIGHT

We see Mollie's car is parked outside of an elegant home in Fairfax.

INT. RITA AND BILL SMITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BILL SMITH sitting with Ernest having a drink...

BILL SMITH
You remember how the tribal counsel prevailed on Barney McBride...that wealthy oilman who was married to the Cherokee woman...How they asked him to go to Washington to tell the federal authorities how there have been fourteen murders over here and not a damn thing's being done about it...

Ernest is quiet.

BILL SMITH (cont'd)
He checked into a rooming house day before yesterday in Washington...and there was a telegram waiting for him telling him to "be real careful." He went that night to the Elks Club to play billiards. When he come out...

EXT. A BILLIARD HALL, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

We see MCBRIDE, a white haired Man in his fifties coming out of the Elks Club...when suddenly someone seizes him and ties a burlap sack tightly over his head...

BILL SMITH (OVER)
They found his body next day in a culvert in Maryland.

EXT. MARYLAND CULVERT - DAY

We see McBride's near naked body.

BILL SMITH (OVER)

He'd been stabbed more 'en twenty times, his skull been beaten in, and he'd been stripped naked except for his shoes and socks...in one of his shoes they had left his card with his name.

INT. BILL AND RITA SMITH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

BILL SMITH

They found evidence there were more than one person that did it, and the authorities suspected that his killers had shadowed him all the way from Oklahoma. People are saying it's a warning. The Washington Post had a headline..."Conspiracy believed to kill rich Indians." It's hunting season, and we just sit here like nothing's going on.

ERNEST

I don't know what we're supposed to do about it...? They oughta just leave us alone. Uncle Bill says we'll find 'em on our own! We'll take care of this here. We don't need outsiders coming in here causing what for.

Bill doesn't say anything...

ERNEST (cont'd)

I hear you think you know who is killing the people up here...If you have something to say you got to speak up.

BILL SMITH

(secretive,
pugnacious)

I know for sure...I'll say at the right time...when I think it's safe and will get justice --

And we hear Rita and Mollie coming down the stairs...Bill stopping short...

MOLLIE

...It's a beautiful house. But your house in the hills was beautiful too.

RITA

(honest, fearful)

It isn't safe out there. We would get noises at night like somebody was looking over the place. Bill went outside with his shotgun and heard what sounded like somebody running away. I feel safe here.

ERNEST

I think everybody is acting ignorant.

RITA

You mean like Indians! That's the kind of ignorant thing you would say!

MOLLIE

(coming between them)

Please. We didn't come here to fight.

She affectionately takes Ernest's hand.

MOLLIE (cont'd)

We're all out of our minds upset with this. (but bottom line, tenderly) Ernest takes care of me the best he can. He's a good man. A truly good man. There aren't many to find.

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mollie and Ernest getting into bed. Turning off the light. Mollie spooning him.

INT. TOM WHITE'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tom laying in bed looking at the photographs taped to the wall...

INT. RITA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rita and her husband Bill in BED asleep. It's dead quiet. When suddenly there is a TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION...their house literally blown to pieces....

INT. TOM WHITE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tom, literally thrown from the bed with the shockwave of the explosion...

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mollie and Ernest in bed. The house shaking from the explosion's shock wave...As Mollie runs to the window to look outside to see what has happened....Ernest jumping up, throwing on his pants....

EXT. RITA AND BILL'S SMITH'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

People in the neighborhood stumbling from their houses, groggy and terrified, carrying lanterns and firing guns in the air; a warning signal and a call for others to join the growing procession...a rush of people on foot and in cars running to the site of the blast...And we see Tom, coming to join them...As they get closer somebody shouts "It's Bill Smith's house...It's Bill Smith's house..." Only when they get there, Tom along with everyone else can see there is no longer a house...

EXT. RITA AND BILL SMITH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Nothing left but heaps of charcoal sticks and twisted metal and shredded furniture, and strips of bedding hanging from the telephone wires and pulverized debris floating through the black toxic air. The flames amid the rubble consuming the remaining fragments of the house....Volunteer Firemen trying to douse the flames. Searchers claw through the rubble trying to find any sign of a survivor...One of the searchers scowring through the rubble hears a faint "Help..." And again..."Help..." Tom along with everyone else furiously digs through the rubble...when finally a face appears, blackened and tormented. Bill Smith, writhing by his bed, legs seared beyond recognition, as are his back and his hands...Bill screaming in awful misery...And as they care for him as best they can...a group of men searching the debris find Rita who was lying beside him in her nightgown...her face oddly unmarred, eyes closed, as if she was still peacefully sleeping in a dream...But when they lift her up we see the back of her head is completely crushed in, she is no more...and as someone shouts, "Here's what's left of their servant...."

INT. FAIRFAX HOSPITAL - LATE NIGHT

We see Mollie, Ernest with her, coming along a corridor. They near a hospital room, when the Shoun Brothers, the Doctors, come out of the room, along with another Man...and seeing Mollie....

DOCTOR DAVID SHOUN

(means other man)

We brought the lawyer Erskine in case Bill had something to say...something he might've known....(and sorrowful, shaking his head) When I asked him who did this he was mumbling names but was unintelligible...and then he just went....

And William Hale comes out of the hospital room, his hat in his hand in respect...Telling Ernest while telling the rest...

WILLIAM HALE

He didn't have anything ever to say about why this happened: --He just ~~breathed~~ breathed his last breath. Rest his eternal soul...

Ernest can't hide his upset. Mollie's still, impassive.

MOLLIE

I want to know who killed my sister!
My mother and all of my sisters!

Turning, she moves along the hallway...where we see Tom is coming onto the floor...

TOM WHITE

I'm sorry for your loss...

But she ignores him going down the stairs.

WILLIAM HALE
(to Ernest)
Don't let her go alone.

Ernest moves after her.

EXT. THE HOSPITAL, FAIRFAX - NIGHT

Mollie comes out of the hospital. Ernest comes out shortly after her.

ERNEST
Get in the car.

But she ignores him, continuing to walk toward the end of town...

ERNEST (cont'd)
(after her..)
Mollie, you're sick....

But she keeps on going. He gets into the car...coming to follow her...She doesn't turn, but keeps on walking...

EXT. THE OSAGE HILLS - NIGHT

Mollie, in the light of the car's headlights, her blanket around her shoulders, walking home....And as she, despite being sick, walks on her own trail of tears through the Osage hills...the houses all brightly lit trying to fight off evil..

INT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT

We see Tom going into Bill Smith's room. His deceased body still lying in his bed...And as Tom silently looks at him...He hears a VOICE...William Hale with the Doctors and lawyer leaving...

WILLIAM HALE
(full of himself)
I'll pay for his arrangements...

And as Tom watches him leave:

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mollie's homestead...the distinctive teepee next door, the forest of oil derricks...the many cars...

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE, MOLLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mollie is laying in bed...Ernest, upset, comes in carrying a pillow case...

ERNEST
What do you think you're doing?!

And he suddenly dumps the contents of the pillow case out onto the floor...and it's got nothing but uneaten food...

ERNEST (cont'd)

And what have you been doing with the drinks, pouring them down the drain...?

Molly's silent...

ERNEST (cont'd)

Is that what you want to do, starve yourself to death...?

MOLLIE

(quietly)

I'm not eating or drinking anything so long as I'm being poisoned...It's killing me...Somebody wants me dead...

ERNEST

Why would anybody want that? It's your diabetes that's got you feeling so poorly. You're not thinkin' straight.

MOLLIE

Either were my sister or mother -- or a whole bunch of other people around here...this place is pure evil and the devil's taking his due....

ERNEST

You're talkin' crazy...I know how scared you are...fear will do that to you...(a beat) I asked the doctors to come over here...they said you needed your insulin shot...

And she sees the Brothers, the Doctors, have come into the bedroom...She grabs up a rifle off the wall...leveling it on them...

MOLLIE

You stay your ground!

ERNEST

Why you want to do this for? Put down the gun sweetheart. They only got your best interests in mind.

She looks at him, when he suddenly grabs the gun from her...and he pins her down...while the Doctors, the Brothers, administer, despite her swearing and kicking, her insulin injection.

ERNEST (cont'd)

(holding her
tightly)

I can't let you just die from the diabetes...and I won't let you starve yourself to death...I'll force you to eat, to drink, if I have to...

She tries to get out of his grasp...He holds her tighter...

ERNEST (cont'd)

(recounting)

Your sister Minnie was a sick sick woman, Mollie...Anna was wild enough to go around with the wrong people and got herself shot...Your mother, rest her soul, was old and sick...Rita was in the wrong place at the wrong time...her husband must've had an enemy...you know how he could drink and shoot off his mouth...

She quietly relaxes...Ernest nods the Doctors can go...Once they've left....

ERNEST (cont'd)

(with tenderness)

I'm sorry. I know how you're awful scared...But I love you...I wouldn't let anything happen to you...

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The large house with its traditional Indian lodge next door.

INT. MOLLIE'S ROOM - DAY

Mollie in bed...thinner still...dark circles under her eyes....An uneaten tray of food on her bed...The caucasian young woman cleaning up around her room.

MOLLIE

Elizabeth...

The young Irish servant comes to her beside. Mollie writes something on a piece of paper, giving it to her.

MOLLIE (cont'd)

(whispers, slips
it to her)

Give this to the priest right away.
Don't let anybody know...

Elizabeth looks at her, and nodding, puts the piece of paper inside her dress...And as she hurries off...

EXT. A SMALL TEXAS TOWN, CAMPBELL, TEXAS - DAY

We see Tom getting off a Train. An FBI agent there to meet him. Taking him to a car.

INT. FBI CAR, CAMPBELL, TEXAS - DAY

Tom being driven by the agent through the small town.

FBI AGENT

The director sent this for you...

He gives him an envelope...Tom takes out a letter...After reading...

TOM WHITE

This little fucker's got some balls. He said I'm moving too slow and making the agency look bad. He wants to know, "Why at the end of every day you don't wire me fully as to the developments and general situation, and do I need a more thorough agent to replace you?"

The other Agent doesn't say anything.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

When he asks you what my response was to his letter...?

Tom opens the window and lets the letter fly out...And as the other Agent can't help but smile...

EXT. A RURAL HOUSE, CAMPBELL TEXAS - DAY

The FBI car comes to a rural clapboard house. Tom gets out. He goes to the door...taking his hat off...knocking...and after some moments Ernest and Bryan's AUNT MARGARET, the plain spoken woman we had met with Anna at the outset, answers the door.

TOM WHITE

(showing his
identification)

Federal Bureau of Investigation.

AUNT MARGARET

Is this still a fuss over that dead Indian woman?

INT. THE AUNT'S HOUSE - DAY

They sit in the small frontroom.

AUNT MARGARET

It makes me sick to my stomach everyday that Ernest married one of them red millionaires. How does he live with the stink? There isn't enough money in the world. My brother would roll over in his grave think his son was laying with a redskin.

Tom's quiet.

TOM WHITE

(after a beat)

You remember what you were doing the night Anna was killed? I know you were at the house with her that day...had some words...

AUNT MARGARET
 (still disgusted
 by Anna)
 I saw plenty of her for a lifetime
 that day. (after a beat) That night?

He nods...

AUNT MARGARET (cont'd)
 I heard all the rumors and whispers
 how Bryan was the one responsible for
 killing that drunken Indian...but none
 of it's true...That night my nephew
 Bryan come to see a musical show
 "Bringing Up Father," along with
 Ernest and William Hale and me.

TOM WHITE
 (studies her)
 You're sure?

AUNT MARGARET
 (looks him in the
 eye)
 I don't like the tone you're taking.
 'Course I'm sure.

TOM WHITE
 (nods)
 What night was that?

AUNT MARGARET
 Thursday's when she had us to lunch.

TOM WHITE
 You remember anything about the play?

AUNT MARGARET
 It was just like the comic in the
 newspaper...You never seen it?

TOM WHITE
 I don't read newspapers much.

AUNT MARGARET
 Jiggs and Maggie...She's one smart
 cookie...He's all stuffing -- it's a
 real hoot...

TOM WHITE
 You remember where you were sitting?

AUNT MARGARET
 (without a beat)
 Front and center...Best seats in the
 house. William Hale only would get
 the best...After the show I spent the
 night at Bryan's house...he couldn't
 have killed that redskin....

She stands up...motioning out the window...

AUNT MARGARET (cont'd)

He grew up not a half mile from here...William did...His mother died when he was just three. He sure made something of hisself.

TOM WHITE

(looking out the window)

He surely did.

There's the sound of the door opening...and her husband, WAYNE, the rail thin older bald man we met at Mollie's that evening comes in...

AUNT MARGARET

This fellow is from something called the Federal something or other. He wants to know if Bryan killed Anna?

THE UNCLE WAYNE

I don't much like you disturbing our peace.

TOM WHITE

Last thing I want to do is disturb your peace. Just trying to get to the bottom of what went on up at Osage the night Anna was killed. I understand you were around?

THE UNCLE WAYNE

I don't know much about it, don't want to. I know for certain Bryan come and met us in Fairfax after dropping off that Indian woman.

TOM WHITE

How did you like the play?

THE UNCLE WAYNE

I'm not much for singing and dancing. People acting foolish. I know after the show we spent the evening in the house with Bryan, and he was there the whole time...(and finished) Now, when you have a charge to bring against somebody I'll come say my peace...But I'd like you to get the hell out of my house now.

Tom demurs, writes his number down leaves it on a small table.

TOM WHITE

If you can think of anything you might have decided to remember...

And he starts out...and slowing...looking at them...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
I sure want to believe you. I sure
do.

And with that as he puts his hat back on and goes out...

EXT. A HOTEL IN RALSTON, OKLAHOMA - ANOTHER DAY

Tom along with John Burger come to a line of OLD MEN sitting
in chairs as they have for time immemorial on the porch
outside of an old weathered Hotel watching the world go by.

TOM WHITE
One of you gentlemen Arvin Reynolds?

AN OLD MAN
(speaks up)
Who wants to know?

Tom takes out his FBI identification...

ARVIN REYNOLDS
(suspicious by
nature)
What the hell that supposed to be?
Never heard of a Federal Bureau of
Investigation?

TOM WHITE
New to me, too...

And without another word Tom grabs a spare chair bringing it
over to sit beside the old man.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
Mind if I sit along with you folks?

He already has..he sits silently with the men, rocking in
their chairs, watching the day go by...After some time...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
Alvin, I understand when you were
interviewed you might have seen a
woman named Anna Brown around here one
one night...you said you couldn't
remember real clearly...you told an
agent your memory got cloudy a
lot...didn't remember much that
happened once it happened anymore...My
daddy used to call when that went on
in an older person old age dementia?
That what you got? Or just a case of
the forgets?

ARVIN REYNOLDS
(affronted)
I'm sound as you are! He was just
asking one too many questions for his
own good.

TOM WHITE

I understand a friend of yours had some things to say...but he disappeared...

ARVIN REYNOLDS

Never showed up here again...He must have gone off the deep end.

TOM WHITE

Or somebody wanted him to shut his mouth. I can't see you abiding by that.

ARVIN REYNOLDS

I fought in the Plains wars against them Indians...I seen things stand your hair on end...I don't scare about anything...I wanted to be sure who I was talking to was the real McCoy... Since they found oil talking to the wrong people can get you watered in the ground around this place. Best to keep your own thoughts to yourself.

TOM WHITE

How about we take a little walk? I'll tell you all about me...and if you trust what you are hearing maybe you'll tell me all about you....

The Man hesitates then gets up. And as they walk off together, talking....Tom, shoulders taller, and his hat firmly on his head...

INT. THE RALSON HOTEL - LATER

Tom and Arvin sitting in the lobby that looks out at the street.

ARVIN REYNOLDS

We old fellows have a lot of time to kill off of the farm...and we sit there in front of the hotel a lot...A car come by that night and through its open window I could see that Indian woman Anna that got herself shot...she said hello to someone in the group and he said back, "Hello, Annie."

TOM WHITE

Did you know her?

ARVIN REYNOLDS

Just a nodding acquaintance...There are Indians so much around here...sometimes I speak to one and sometimes I don't. Sometimes when I speak to one they don't speak to me. But she was there sitting in the car plain as day the way they do all straight and rigid....And she laughed too loud for my taste...must have been drunk I figured...

TOM WHITE

Anyone else in the car with her?

ARVIN REYNOLDS

Somebody else was along in the back...but I couldn't rightly see who that was...

TOM WHITE

Anybody else?

ARVIN REYNOLDS

(simply says...)

Bryan Burkhart. William Hale's nephew...

Tom looks up...

TOM WHITE

You sure of that?

ARVIN REYNOLDS

I knowed him for awile...he worked on my farm one summer. Stupid kid, you could see he had no future in nothin'. He was driving and wearing a cowboy hat. They went straight west from there right on through town and I don't know where they went from there. I read they found her in three mile creek.

INT. FBI CAR - NIGHT

John Burger driving Tom back to Fairfax...passing the endless oil derricks....

JOHN BURGER

One of those old timers said he heard they went to a speakeasy just west of there...I went over to the hell joint and spoke to the barman who agreed to talk things over if I didn't take a baseball bat to his liquor. He said they stayed there until three...Bryan Burkhart and Anna, and another man...all he knew about him he was wearing fancy duds...and they were drinking pretty good...When they left that was the last he seen of them....

Tom's quiet.

TOM WHITE

If Bryan killed her, what for? Is he involved in the other murders? And who was this third man?

John Burger lets that sit...and...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

One thing's for sure Bryan perjured himself that he had left Anna safely at her home for the night in Fairfax between 4:30 and 5 and never saw her again...

JOHN BURGER

If it's true she was with him, what do you want to do about that old Aunt and Uncle telling a story to you like that giving him an alibi?

TOM WHITE

They'll answer for it if this takes us anywhere. I know one thing for sure, they didn't see the play that night, Bryan Burkhardt or anyone else.

JOHN BURGER

How was that?

TOM WHITE

It was closed on a Thursday.

He goes into the backseat and takes up his rifle...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

One thing's certain, we need to pay somebody a visit.

EXT. A SMALL WOOD FRAME HOUSE, FAIRFAX - NIGHT

We see a small white wood frame house on the edge of town. And now we see Tom, rifle in hand...along with John Burger; a pistol in his hand, approaching the house. Stopping some distance from the front...

TOM WHITE

(calling)

Bryan Burkhardt...I'm going to need you to come out and have a little talk with me.

It's silent.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

We can do this the easy way, or the other way, doesn't matter to me.

Nothing...Tom motions John to go around the back of the house...Tom cautiously approaching the front door. Suddenly he kicks down the door, rifle ahead of him breaking in...

INT. BRYAN BURKHARDT'S - NIGHT

...While simultaneously, John Burger, pistol in hand is breaking down a back door, coming inside...They find their balance. The one room house is quiet...nobody there...Tom touches a pot of beans on the stove...

TOM WHITE
Still warm....He was told to pack his
suitcase...

And as he takes a spoon and tastes the beans...and not satisfied puts some molasses in them...and that satisfies...

INT. A LARGE INDIAN LODGE, OSAGE RESERVATION - NIGHT

We see a group of Osage Men, The Osage Tribal Council having a meeting led by a gray haired Chief. And we see among them, among the bystanders, JOHN WREN. The meeting comes to a close the people milling around talking. And we see a PRIEST cross to the Chief of the Tribe. They shake hands.

THE PRIEST
(circumspect)
Can I have a word Louis?

LOUIS
(smiles, self
effacing)
I am called "Black Dog" while in here.

The Priest smiles. They go outside.

EXT. OSAGE RESERVATION - NIGHT

They stand together in the night air.

THE PRIEST
I am very concerned about a parishoner
of mine. This is against my vow of
keeping a confession confidential but
I don't know what else to do.

He gives the Osage Chief Mollie's slip of paper. The Chief opens it, reading it. It says: "I am being poisoned."

LOUIS
Who wrote this?

THE PRIEST
I am not allowed to say. I will tell
you there are sixty-four Osage in my
congregation...Only one's father was a
revered warrior.

The Chief nods, knowing who that is, and pockets the note. And as we see John Wren, laughing, talking to another native American Man coming outside the lodge...and John Wren taking note of the Priest talking to the Chief...

EXT. THE HILLS OF OSAGE COUNTY - DAY

We see a group of well heeled looking men all standing around a tree, taking a pee....

FRANK SMITH (OVER)

You won't see that very often...

And we see Tom and Frank Smith and John Burger have stopped on their way over from their car...

FRANK SMITH (cont'd)

...the richest men in the world,
Rockefeller, Getty, Sinclair, Skelly,
Phillips...all taking a pee in the
same place...

And we see they are in the middle of a dusty Oklahoma oil field around a lone tree...Expensive cars, their chauffeurs waiting, parked nearby. They watch them zip up and go back to their chairs; to drink brandy and other cordials, smoking cigars, sitting in rows of chairs on an empty hillside, surrounded on the hills around them by an endless forrest of oil derricks...while an AUCTIONEER is auctioning oil parcels...and the names he calls out as the bids are taken are as familiar as American History, the self-same "Sinclair," and "Getty," and "Rockefeller..." And the prices are astronomical for any time.. We see Tom standing with Frank and John watching the auction where millions are won or lost with the raise of a hand.

FRANK SMITH

They go through the high end parcels first and then sell the rest to anybody who wants to take a gamble. (he motions) That Sinclair fellow...he started with the rest of everybody standing in the back...

We see the itinerant dreamers standing in the back...hoping to get lucky...

FRANK SMITH (cont'd)

...bought a parcel that wasn't twenty feet deep for a hundred eleven dollars...Turned out to throw 12,000 barrels a day...He's worth about 60 million now...and laughs a lot...

They see him light a cigar and do...laugh a lot that is...

TOM WHITE

(nods, pure Tom)

He's got a lot to laugh about.

Somebody comes behind Tom. He feels a shadow.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

I might have something you want.

Tom turns and sees JOHN WREN is there.

TOM WHITE

(a look)

I never did hire you.

WREN

Mr. Hoover did. (and) He also said I should keep an eye on you. Said he doesn't trust cowboys, they don't play by the book.

Tom doesn't say anything.

WREN (cont'd)

(his smile)

Do you want to get some firewater paleface?

INT. A SPEAKEASY, FAIRFAX - DAY

A small hole in the wall. Wren and Tom sitting in the back. A waitress taking their order.

TOM WHITE

A beer...

WREN

Just a sasparilla. (wise guy) It's dangerous for redmen to drink and have a firearm.

Tom doesn't smile.

WREN (cont'd)

(seriously)

I don't drink on duty. I like to keep my head about me. Or I might find it with a hole in it.

Which elicits from even Tom a smile.

TOM WHITE

You got me there.

Wren takes out of his pocket Mollie's note, giving it to him. Tom reads it.

WREN

She sent it to her Priest. The Chief and I have some things in common. He likes to play golf, built himself a nice little course. While we were playing he told me he was worried about her...But he said you couldn't trust anybody in Fairfax. I told him I knew some people and I'd get it to the proper authorities no questions asked.

TOM WHITE

Who wrote it?

WREN

The only one left alive in her family.
Mollie Burkhardt.

Their drinks arrive. Tom raises his. If reluctantly...

TOM WHITE

Good work...

WREN

(touching glasses,
his smile)

Thanks, Chief...

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOMESTEAD - DAY

We see Tom driving an FBI car pull up to the house. He gets out. It's quiet. He looks around. At the large spread...the oil derricks...the traditional teepee next door. Politely taking off his hat he crosses to the door. He knocks. After some moments a Chinese man appears. Tom shows him his identification.

CHINESE MAN

Mr. Burkhardt is gone. Mrs. Burkhardt is in bed very sick.

TOM WHITE

I'm afraid I'm going to have to bother Mrs. Burkhardt...

CHINESE MAN

Mr. Burkhardt wouldn't want that --

The Man tries to stand in his way but Tom pushes inside...

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

The Man goes to a telephone...Tom, determined, instinctively goes upstairs...He comes to the master bedroom door. He knocks.

TOM WHITE

Mrs. Burkhardt, my name is Tom White. I'm from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. I'm sorry to disturb you but I've heard tell you are concerned for your safety.

It's very quiet...not even the sound of a rustle....

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

I'd very much like to talk to you about the deaths of your mother and sisters and why you think you are in jeopardy.

Silence.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

I'm here for you, Mollie.

Still silence.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

(resigned)

I'll get word to you where we can talk privately. I want the same thing you do. The people that have done this have to meet their maker.

He hears the slightest sound of movement, then it's still again. Tom turns from the door, going back down the stairs. The Chinese Servant is waiting.

CHINESE MAN

Mr. Burkhardt is very angry. He said you are trespassing.

TOM WHITE

I guess he's right about that.

And that said he goes out the front door.

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

As he starts for his car...

INT. MOLLIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

We see Mollie thinner yet, out of bed, standing just behind a curtain looking out the window with her stoic face, watching the tall man with the stetson hat walking to his car. Tom stops, instinctively knowing somebody is watching him, and turning, tips his hat to her upstairs window, and turns again, gets into his car, and drives off. And as Mollie watches him drive away...

INT. CATTLEMAN'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

We see Tom coming in. He sees William Hale sitting with his two undercover agents, the "Cattlemen" C.J. ROBINSON, and WALTER PARKER. He approaches the table...before he can reach it...

WILLIAM HALE

(seeing him)

You've stirred up a real hornet's nest around here.

TOM WHITE

Then I'm doing my job.

Hale reaches out his hand...Tom shaking it....

WILLIAM HALE

William Hale.

TOM WHITE

Tom White.

WILLIAM HALE

These are two fine cattlemen from Texas. C.J. Robinson and Walter Parker.

TOM WHITE

Nice to meet you fellows.

WILLIAM HALE

We're talking about going into business together. Although I was raised never to do business with anyone from Texas.

TOM WHITE

You're from over near Crawford, Texas, isn't that so?

WILLIAM HALE

(laughing)

Like I said, never do business with anyone from Texas.

They laugh. And Tom sees a handsome man carrying a drink coming to the table. The man we know all too well, Mollie's husband, ERNEST...

WILLIAM HALE

Have you met my nephew Ernest Burkhardt?

TOM WHITE

I haven't had the pleasure.

He shakes Ernest's hand.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

I think I pushed Ernest here's nose out of joint a touch...I went on over to visit his sick Mrs. unannounced...

WILLIAM HALE

Ernest like all of us; we're all just worried sick for her. That damned sugar diabetes.

TOM WHITE

I was just offering my services if she thought her illness was foul play.

ERNEST

Now why would she think that? Everybody loves her. Nobody more than me.

TOM WHITE

Lots of people around here who seemed to have been loved to death.

William Hale laughs at that.

WILLIAM HALE
(eyeing him)
You're a sharp tack Mr. White.

TOM WHITE
I just want to get to the bottom of the tragedy up here and go home and ride some horses.

ERNEST
I'd appreciate if you want to talk to my wife you give me the courtesy of letting me know so I can be with her.

TOM WHITE
Spoken like a true husband. I'll do the best I can. Maybe you could help me. I went looking for your brother Bryan and nobody seems to have seen hide nor hair of him. I have some small questions I want to ask him. (to Hale) They say you and Ernest and Bryan and all went to the theater that night Anna died.

WILLIAM HALE
I believe we did. I've seen the play so many times, I never get enough of it. We took Bryan, Ernest and their Aunt one night...

TOM WHITE
She mentioned that...only thing bothered me the show wasn't playing that night...

WILLIAM HALE
(scoffs)
She's an old woman and drinks too infernal much...has since she was a country girl...It's hard to trust a word that comes out of that woman's big mouth...

TOM WHITE
(moving past that)
I need to lay eyes on Bryan...but he seems to have skeedaddled out of town...nobody seems to know where he went...Either of you know how I might find him.

ERNEST
He talked about some cattle business he had in Mexico.

TOM WHITE
Well I hope he don't run into any touristas...and you can tell him for me if you happen to talk with him I'm on his trail...just want to clear up where he was when Anna called it a night.

WILLIAM HALE

I'll make sure he comes back quick as a jackrabbit...this is important business that poor woman getting killed..and I know how hard you agents work...I can promise you nobody in Osage County will stand in your way so that God can mete out justice. You believe in justice, don't you Tom?

TOM WHITE

(looking him in
the eye, simply)
I believe in right and wrong.

EXT. THE DESTROYED SMITH HOUSE, FAIRFAX - DAY

We see Tom along with Frank and John walking in what is still the rubble of Rita and Bill Smith's house....

TOM WHITE

(an intentional
understatement)
Somebody sure thought he knew something...

He bends, finding a burnt toothbrush...

FRANK SMITH (cont'd)

Bill Smith was first to suspect the mother was being poisoned...and was nosing into something bigger connected to the family's oil wealth. Whatever he got killed for might be the key to the whole shooting match.

He sees a car arriving...a Woman getting out walking over to them.

TOM WHITE

Tom White, Carolyn, Federal Bureau of
Investigation.

She nervously shakes his hand.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

You were on duty when they brought Smith in?

NURSE CAROLYN

I was duty nurse.

TOM WHITE

Had he mentioned anything about the murders? Who might have tried to kill him?

NURSE CAROLYN

He had often muttered names in his feverish sleep, but I never could make them out. Sometimes, when he woke up, he seemed worried like he had said something he shouldn't have...he asked me if he had said anything in his sleep...But he didn't...just gibberish...

TOM WHITE

Who else came to visit?

NURSE CAROLYN

Right before he died he had met with his doctors, James and David Shoun, and with his lawyer.

TOM WHITE

What did they talk about?

NURSE CAROLYN

I don't know. They asked me to leave the room. They obviously didn't want me to know what they were talking about. I suspected he had given some sort of statement indicating who was responsible for blowing up his house.

EXT. BILL SMITH HOUSE - THAT SAME DAY, LATER

And we see the Shoun Brothers, the Doctors are there now, along with the Lawyer who was at the hospital, standing with Tom and Frank and John by the rubble.

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN

We asked for his lawyer to come to the hospital because we thought he might name his killers. He never did. If Bill Smith had an idea who blowed him up he never said.

TOM WHITE

Why was it so important the nurse left the room?

DOCTOR DAVID SHOUN

Nurses often leave when doctors come in...patient confidentiality...

TOM WHITE

(a look)

If I told you she says you asked her to step out, she lies?

DOCTOR DAVID SHOUN

No, if she says so I guess that I did. But he never identified his killers. (points to his hat) Bill Smith gave me that hat and he is my friend.

TOM WHITE
(to the lawyer)
He never once said anything to you?

THE LAWYER
Gentlemen, it is a mystery to me.

TOM WHITE
(tough)
Counselor, I don't want to find out
six months from now you remembered
something that slipped your mind.
I've got a bunch of prosecutors always
want to know what people forget,
particularly if they are obstructing
justice. You wouldn't want that.

The Lawyer pales.

THE LAWYER
(after a beat)
I kind of remember something that I
should have mentioned. Bill had said,
"You know I only had two enemies in
the world, and those enemies were
William K. Hale, the King of Osage
Hills, and his nephew Ernest Burkhart.

Tom's quiet.

TOM WHITE
Thanks for your time...

They start toward their car...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
There was somebody else there in the
hospital room with you, you forgot to
mention, wasn't there? William Hale.
What, did he come to say his goodbyes?

EXT. OIL FIELDS, OSAGE HILLS - NIGHT

We see a trio of cars parked in the shadows of some derricks.
Tom, standing in the night air along with John Burger, Frank
Smith, the "cattlemen" C.J. Robinson and Walter Parker, and
the "insurance salesman," Joe Jones...the F.B.I. The Agents
sharing information, "reporting" in.

FRANK SMITH
That Pinkerton name of Pike that had
worked for Hale got himself into a
world of trouble...He got caught for
committing highway robbery in Tulsa.
I went and saw him in jail. He got
that funny little moustache, more like
a smudge of hair. He said for a deal
he'd tell me what he knows about
William Hale and the Osage murders.
(MORE)

FRANK SMITH (cont'd)

I said I'd see what I could do about a deal. He told me he wasn't really asked by Hale to solve the murder of Anna Brown...but was told to manufacture evidence and to generate false witness, to "shape and alibi." He said, Hale told him, "if he didn't trust me there were plenty of places in Osage Country for Detectives to get lost. The first thing he wanted him to work on was an alibi for Bryan Burkart.

JOHN BURGER

What kind of deal you make?

FRANK SMITH

Did I say I'd made a deal?

They laugh...

JOE JONES

(speaking up)

This so called "Indian business, these "guardianships" the government mandated it, but it's just an elaborate criminal operation, legalized robbery to take advantage of them poor creatures. And it goes through the whole system. Judges are known to say to citizens, "You vote for me and I'll see you get a good guardianship." These people are being taken for a ride, and paying for it. And what they can't steal from them, they kill them for it.

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

The way they see it, "they're scalping our souls out here..."

And we see John Wren come from out of the dark to join them...

TOM WHITE

C.J. what do you and Walter have on Hale?

C.J. ROBINSON

He's smart as they come...always has his back covered....But I can tell you he likes being the King around here...and he's going to make sure he stays King.

WALTER PARKER

He's got an idea for every situation, never seen somebody with more things on his plate...and always looking for the smartest angle...and makes damn sure his ass is always covered...Clean as a whistle....He was bragging he knew a bunch about the murders around here...but he thought twice and shut up...I tried to getting him talking again but he's nobody's fool.

JOE JONES

(telling them)

He took the death benefit as the beneficiary of that Osage Indian \$25,000 life insurance policy, his "good friend," Henry Roan...and he sure got awful "lucky" when his "good friend" happened to get a bullet in the back of the head. I guess when the life insurance policy was being submitted Hale took Roan to have his required medical examination. The doctor recalled asking him, "Bill what are you going to do, kill this Indian?" Hale was laughing and said, "Hell, yes." He thinks he's got God's blessing. And nobody's ever investigated Hale, not any local lawmen not anybody...Hale just said it was for repayment of loans...that was good enough around here...

FRANK SMITH

I heard something else about it...before he made out that insurance policy he tried to purchase Roan's headright...he knew he couldn't buy it because he wasn't Osage, but he thought if he got it legally he could start cases against limiting headrights to not just full blooded Osage, but family and even friends, too. He called it only American, "free enterprise."

They take that in..

JOE JONES

I heard he was buying all sorts of new insurance policies on his ranch...He seems overinsured by a lot. He got something up his sleeve.

They're quiet.

TOM WHITE

And you know what this all adds up to?
Not a thing. All circumstantial
evidence. We don't have any
fingerprints, no credible witnesses
that Hale shot Roan, or ordered to
have him shot...or anybody else...It's
all a lot of talk.

Tom looks off at the derricks...and thinking aloud...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

And something else to think about?
Was Ernest in love with Miss. Mollie
when they got married four years ago?
Or was it an opportunity to get at
that headright. It's kind of hard to
believe that he went through all of
that...share a bed with her....raise
children with her...all the while
plotting and schemeing against her
family.

C.J. ROBINSON

(after a beat,
concerned)

Hale told me he was going to do
something about the tall FBI guy who
always wears the ranger hat, who keeps
getting into things. I'd watch my
rear end Tom if I was you.

TOM WHITE

(nods, pure Tom)

I got it in sight.

A car drives along the road...its headlight making them feel
vulnerable...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

We better go...

And as they're breaking up going to their cars, the agents
driving off...Wren comes alongside Tom...

WREN

(quietly)

Mollie Burkhart's in a bad awful way.

Tom nods..They talk quietly for some moments in the
dark...And finished, and without so much as a wave, Wren
takes off walking back into the dark...Tom crosses to his
car...As he stops to look at the "fraid lights" all burning
for good reason around the Osage houses as far as he can see.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL, LOBBY - NIGHT

Tom coming through the small quiet lobby, an Indian asleep in
an overstuffed chair, Tom going into the elevator.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT, LATER

The darkened room. Tom's figure asleep in bed. And we see the room door silently open. And in the dark we see the Indian that had "been asleep" in the lobby coming without into the room making a sound...Tom's figure doesn't move...The Indian suddenly pounces on the bed, knifing Tom over and over. When a light comes on. And we see Tom is sitting in an old easy chair, his rifle in his hand...The Indian seeing his figure in the bed is nothing but pillows covered by a blanket...

TOM WHITE

Want some coffee?

When he suddenly throws the boiling coffee in the man's face, scalding him and wrestling him with his rifle at his throat to the ground.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

And I was just starting to like Indians. (rifle to his throat, the man silent despite gasping for air...) I got a funny feeling you aren't going to tell me who sent you to kiss me goodnight. I'll just have to take a wild guess by myself.

INT. WILLIAM HALE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We see Hale, in his pajamas, coming out of the bathroom getting into bed. He has just settled into bed when he sees Tom White is standing over his bed, and bending to kiss his forehead...

TOM WHITE

I just wanted to say goodnight...(and noticing)...You must of forgot to say your prayers...You're gonna need em..

And as he leaves like a ghost, just as he came...

INT. J.EDGAR HOOVER'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON D.C. - NIGHT

Hoover sitting at his desk dictating a telegram to his assistant Helen Gandy.

J.EDGAR HOOVER

Progress not sufficient. STOP.
Investigation not going anywhere.
STOP. Giving Bureau bad name. STOP.
Finish assignment within one month or
find other line of work. STOP.

INT. MOLLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

And like our conscience we see Mollie, dissipated, so thin as to seem at death's door, in her Indian blanket, Ernest asleep at her side...Mollie unable to sleep...singing to herself, barely audible, an ancient Osage song...

INT. OSAGE MEETING LODGE - DAY

Tom standing before the Osage Tribal Council and other members of the tribe, along with undercover agent John Wren.

TOM WHITE

We are doing everything possible to stop these killings. We need as much cooperation as we can from the tribe.

The Osage Chief, from his seat....

LOUIS

You have seen the lights burning around our houses...you see that we won't let our children go into town alone afraid what might happen to them...you see the numbers of houses our people are selling and moving from here...We have simple questions? Why, unlike other Americans, do we have to use our own money to fund a Justice Department investigation? Why has nobody been arrested? My father made peace with the white man and lay down his arms never to take them up again. If we have to now, we will take things into our own hands.

INT. TOM'S CAR - DAY

Tom driving back through the Osage hills, the wooden forrest of oil derricks. Frank sitting beside him.

TOM WHITE

I don't think, no matter what we do, no matter what evidence we dig up, that any white citizen is going to implicate one of their own in a killing of an Indian...I'm hearing people know a world of things but aren't talking. I need to find a source, instead, amongst the most disreputable, among the most dangerous group of Oklahomans that got nothing to lose, the outlaws of the Osage Hills.

EXT. THE OSAGE HILLS - DAY

And we see Tom, on his own, Winchester in its scabbard, six shooters on his hip, riding a horse deep into the Osage Hills. And as he goes deeper we see he is being followed by a number of Men on horseback...He comes to a stop...the men stopping at a short distance....

TOM WHITE

(turning)

You boys might want to stay your distance. Nobody needs to get hurt. I'm with the FBI and I've told my agents my whereabouts. If I don't return in two hours, you will have a shitload of trouble up your backsides here that won't go well. I'm looking for Dick Gregg.

After a brief talk between them one of the desparados rides past Tom leading him further into the hills. They come to an encampment. There must be fifty men living on the run.

A MAN

He's looking for Dick Gregg.

A moment and a short young Man with mean eyes in his late twenties comes out of a makeshift shelter.

TOM WHITE

(blunt)

I'm Tom White with the F.B.I. I've got a warrant here for your arrest. I'm going to make like I never found you if we can have a little talk.

The Young man stares at him.

DICK GREGG

We can talk over here...

He takes him by the makeshift structure...the other outlaws sitting and milling around...Tom in the belly of the beast.

TOM WHITE

You know what I want to talk about?

DICK GREGG

The killings of them red people?

Tom nods.

TOM WHITE

You once told an agent of mine you knew something about the murders.

DICK GREGG

He didn't seem to want to help me out of a scrape.

TOM WHITE

The scrape you mean that Indian you shot.

DICK GREGG

He drawed on me first.

TOM WHITE

You're about the only one who saw it that way.

Gregg's quiet.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
I'm here now. Next time I come back
it won't be alone.

Gregg looks at him, measuring him...After some moments:

DICK GREGG
About a year ago this outlaw Al
Spencer, who called the shots in the
hills around here, told me that this
William Hale fellow wanted to meet
with the gang. Spencer and me and
several associates rode over to one of
Hale's pastures near to Fairfax. He
rode up out of the tall grass like
some storybook creature half-man
half-beast. We drank some and Hale
asked Spencer to step aside for a
little talk. When they got back Hale
rode off...Spencer told me Hale said
he would pay him and the gang at least
\$2,000 to bump off a couple, a man and
her blanket.

TOM WHITE
Who did he want to see dead?

DICK GREGG
Somebody named Bill Smith and his
squaw woman. Spencer told Hale he was
cold blooded but he wouldn't kill a
woman for silver. It wasn't his
style. Hale thought maybe I would do
it instead. (certain) But I didn't
want any part of it. I got myself into
enough trouble because of somebody
with a big Indian mouth. But I don't
just kill for the money or the blood
sport of it...Indian or no Indian...

EXT. OSAGE HILLS - DAY

Tom riding out of the hills, and standing outside a car
waiting for him, to be sure he was safe, heavily armed and
ready to go in if necessary, are Frank Smith and John
Burger...along with two cars of other Agents armed to the
teeth.

TOM WHITE
He said Hale asked him to kill Bill
and Rita Smith. But he said he didn't
kill anybody just for no reason. He
wasn't brought up that way he says.
He was trying to tell me he were an
outlaw with honor. I don't know why,
but I believed him.
(MORE)

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

I know it's the cleanest we got that Hale ordered the murders. But it's got piss for all of legal value...coming from a crook on the lam...and the one person who could corroborate his story, the leader of his gang, Al Spencer, was gunned down by a posse of lawmen...Hale got his ass covered like a newborn's foursquare....

FRANK SMITH

(after a beat)

I was told about some others who might know something worth hearing.

TOM WHITE

Well it better come quick. I'm running out of time.

INT. FRANK SMITH'S ROOM - DAY

Tom sitting around with Frank and John. Frank has a mugshot book....

FRANK SMITH

I got a trail of people who might've known who blewed them up...This here is Curley Johnson...

Shows them his mugshot...

FRANK SMITH (cont'd)

A stickup man, he were supposed to be willing to squeal if made to do so...but he died suddenly of alcohol poisoning....

And we see just that; Curley Johnson stumbling out of a bar, falling dead on the night street.

FRANK SMITH (cont'd)

There was Henry Grammar...

Shows him Henry Grammar's mugshot...

FRANK SMITH (cont'd)

He was a rodeo star and a gunslinging bootlegger, who every year seemed to draw down on another man...He'd known Hale for years from when they were in roping contests at the turn of the century...

He shows him a faded newspaper photograph of Hale and Grammer sitting proudly on their horses, holding up their coiled ropes...

FRANK SMITH (cont'd)

Just before the Smith house blew up, Hale had told friends he was heading out of town to attend the Fat Stock Show in Fort Worth...Grammar had gone with him. A witness I talked to said he overheard Hale talking to Grammar a few months before the murders telling him something about being ready for "that Indian deal."

TOM WHITE

Where do I find him?

FRANK SMITH

Like everybody else covered with dirt. Three months before the house got blew up he was killed when his Cadillac spun out of control and flipped over. He bled out on an empty country road.

The Cadillac upside down, Grammar bleeding out, dying in his car on the empty road.

FRANK SMITH (cont'd)

There was a yegg, a safecracker, who gave us the name of Asa Kirby. He was a soup man...expert in explosives...

He opens the book to ASA KIRBY's mugshot...

JOHN BURGER

But he isn't about to testify either. A few weeks after Grammar's fatal car crash he'd broke into a jewelry store in the middle of the night to take a stash of diamonds...

We see him breaking into A FAIRFAX JEWELRY STORE...about to break the jewelry case and its stash of diamonds...when a Man suddenly rises from behind a counter and blows him sideways with a shotgun...

JOHN BURGER (cont'd)

Only to find out that the shopkeeper had been tipped off beforehand and was laying in wait with a .12 gauge...The person who tipped off the shopkeeper....

TOM WHITE

(hardly surprised)

William K. Hale.

FRANK SMITH

When I asked about Grammar and the car wreck I was told by enough people that his steering wheel and brakes had been tampered with...And when I went to talk to a witness in the Henry Roan shooting, the man had been bludgeoned to death just two days before....Anyone who could implicate Hale for anything is dead or missing...

TOM WHITE

(frustrated)

I might as well bring in a table knocker -- somebody who talks to the dead...I'm running out of people alive to talk to...

And as he grabs up his hat and leaves...

EXT. FAIRFAX - NIGHT

Tom, hands in his pockets on his way back to his hotel. And he sees coming the other way Hale with his bow tie on and his chin up....

WILLIAM HALE

You're out late....

TOM WHITE

(not amused)

I'm on your trail...

WILLIAM HALE

(his smile)

That's going to be a long trail...

And as Hale, sure of himself, goes into the Cattleman's Restaurant, the voices loudly welcoming him...Tom moving off along the quiet street...

INT. TOM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Tom sitting up reading through the files...there's a loud knock on his door...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Fire!

Tom grabbing his stuff runs out of the room...

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

People have all come out onto the street...the sky orange from a huge fire just outside of town...Tom moving with the crowd making its way toward the fire....they come to the top of a hill....and as far as they can see a RANCH is on fire...

TOM WHITE

(to anybody)

Whose place is that?

A MAN
About as far as you can see...William
Hale's...

And as the huge ranch burns...a conflagration....Joe Jones,
the agent undercover as an Insurance Man comes beside Tom.

JOE JONES
Now you know why he bought so much
Insurance on his ranch.

And as they watch the fire....

TOM WHITE
Some people think he's the king...he's
sure the devil to me...

Tom instinctively turns...and sees down on the ranch
floor....where bucket brigades are protecting his
house...Hale is standing on the porch with Ernest...A breeze
from the fire ruffling their clothing...

TOM WHITE
(contemptuous)
They thick as thieves...

And Hale showing not a whit of worry, smiles a small knowing
smile...The King of the Osage....

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
(watching him,
quietly)
We're gonna wipe that smile offa his
face.

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOMSTEAD - DAY

Tom at the door. A Servant motioning toward the old Lodge.
Tom crosses to the Lodge. He stops outside...there's the
sound of chanting...

TOM WHITE
(announces
himself)
It's Tom White Mrs. Burkhart...

It's quiet. He slips into the Teepee...

INT. TEEPEE, MOLLIE'S PROPERTY - DAY

It's mostly dark, streaks of light coming through the slight
cracks between the poles....The Teepee is filled with
smoke...Mollie, frail, thinner yet, lying naked under her
Indian blanket on her side on the floor, sweating...an Osage
MEDICINE MAN saying traditional chants, INCANTING over
her...Tom, staying apart, doesn't know whether to stand or
sit...so he sits on his haunches...she comes out of her
trance long enough to see him...to ask him...

MOLLIE
Who is doing this to me?

TOM WHITE

(quietly)

That's what I'm trying to prove...

When there's suddenly a Man's Voice...

ERNEST

I told you to let me know when you
were coming to see her!!

And we see Ernest, a pistol in his hand, has come inside,
leveling it at Tom.

ERNEST (cont'd)

I could shoot you for trespassing.
You're interfering between me and my
wife. I'd suggest you leave before
somebody gets bad hurt.

Tom looks at Mollie. She's as unemotive as always.

TOM WHITE

(doesn't blink)

I'm concerned about her safety.

ERNEST

That's not your concern.

He puts his hand protectively on Mollie.

ERNEST (cont'd)

I'm doing everything to keep her alive
and well.

Tom looks at Mollie, what she would like him to do? And
Mollie:

MOLLIE

(loyal to Ernest)

I think you best to leave.

Tom nods, he straightens, and as he leaves the teepee.

EXT. OKLAHOMA ROAD - DAY

We see an FBI CAR speeding along an open road.

INT. FBI CAR - DAY

Frank driving Tom.

FRANK SMITH

The governor's aide said they've been
getting information from a prisoner at
McAlester. His name is Burt Lawson.
He's from Osage County and had several
brushes with the law. He had been
charged with murdering a fisherman but
had been acquitted claiming the Indian
had come at him with a knife.

(MORE)

FRANK SMITH (cont'd)
A year later he was convicted of
second degree burglary and sentenced
to seven years...

EXT. MCALESTER STATE PRISON, OKLAHOMA - DAY

Tom and Frank going into the State Prison.

INT. WARDEN'S OFFICE, STATE PRISON - DAY

Tom sitting with Frank and the Warden while talking to a
short and portly middle aged Man with ghostly long white
hair. BURT LAWSON.

BURT LAWSON
I figured if I kept contacting the
governor eventually you hot feds would
show up...

TOM WHITE
You think you know something valuable
about the Osage murders?

BURT LAWSON
I surely do.

TOM WHITE
I can't promise you anything can be
done for your sentence.

BURT LAWSON
(nods)
I just want to make a clean breast of
it. I worked as a ranch hand for Bill
Smith and come to know Hale and his
nephews. (after beat) Sometime around
the early part of 1921 I found out my
wife was banging Bill Smith....which
finally broke up my family and of
course I left working for him. Ernest
knew how much I hated him and he come
to me with a proposition. He said, "I
want you to blow up and kill that
squaw man Bill Smith and his blanket."

TOM WHITE
(startled)
You're sure it was Ernest, Ernest
Burkhart?

BURT LAWSON
Sure as day is long. When Hale says
jump Ernest say how high. He looks
all kindly and loving but he's a snake
in the grass. I hated that prick Bill
Smith, but I weren't a murderer. When
I wouldn't agree to it Hale came to
see me and offered me five thousand in
cash.

(MORE)

BURT LAWSON (cont'd)

He told me I could use
nitroglycerin....all I had to do was
put it under Smith's house. He pulled
out of his pocket a white fuse.

And we see Hale taking a piece of fuse out of his pocket.

WILLIAM HALE

I'll show you how to use it.

He takes out a pocket knife and cuts the fuse to about 6
inches long. He takes out a match and lights the end....as
they watch it burn...

BURT LAWSON

I still said no. But not long after
that I got arrested for killing that
bastard fisherman. (after a beat)
Hale is a reserve deputy sheriff, he
can go in and out of the jail as he
pleased...and come to visit me a whole
lot of times.

And we see Hale at his jail cell.

WILLIAM HALE

You will be needing some attorneys
pretty soon and I know you haven't got
any money to pay them with, so unless
you want to hang by your neck, I want
that job pulled.

BURT LAWSON

I didn't say anything for awhile and
then it was like somebody else was
talking but I said, "All right Bill,
I'll pull it. I'll do it."

Tom's quiet not sure that he believes him.

BURT LAWSON (cont'd)

That night another deputy sheriff
showed up and opened up the cell and
took me to Hale who was with Ernest in
a car outside. They dropped me off
at Smith's house.

WILLIAM HALE

Don't forget the box.

We see him dropped off in the night with a wooden container
by Smith's house. The car, leaving, pulling off down the
street and out of sight.

BURT LAWSON (OVER)

I got out and took the nitro box and
fuse...I went in the back way and into
Smith's cellar.

We see him climb into the cellar through an open window...

BURT LAWSON (cont'd))
I put the box in the far corner...

We see him open the box; a glass vial of nitroglycerin inside. He shuts the box putting it in a far corner.

BURT LAWSON (cont'd))
...and laid out the fuse like Hale had showed me....And I sat down and waited....I saw the lights turned on...

We see the reflection on the basement window of the lights coming on upstairs....

BURT LAWSON (OVER)
I suppose they all undressed and went to bed for pretty soon the lights went out.

We see the bedroom lights in the reflection go out.

In the Warden's office, Tom just quietly stares at him, listening, gauging him....

BURT LAWSON (cont'd)
I sat there for quite a while...I had no way to tell what time it was...

We see him sitting in the dark waiting....

BURT LAWSON (OVER)
After I figured they was all asleep, I lighted a short piece of fuse...

We see him light it...

BURT LAWSON (OVER)
As soon as the long end began to smoke I beat it as fast as I could....

We see him running across the neighborhood...when there is a tremendous EXPLOSION...

BURT LAWSON (OVER)
I could hear the house breaking apart...It was like the sky had fallen....Hale and Ernest picked me up in a spot nearby....

We see Hale and Ernest in a car, Ernest opening the door for him...

In the Warden's Office...

BURT LAWSON (cont'd)
They took me back to the jail...and the deputy snuck me back into my cell. Before Hale left me he had warned me, "If you ever cheep this to anybody we will kill you."

And as Tom and Frank, not sure what they believe, stoic as lawmen ought, their arms across their chest, still.

EXT. OKLAHOMA PRISON - NIGHT

Frank and Tom crossing to their car.

TOM WHITE

You think so?

FRANK SMITH

I seen many a liar and he weren't it.

Tom stops by the car before getting in...

TOM WHITE

Am I desperate enough to want to believe it, or should I believe it? My gut just don't feel right. Something about him not ever lookin' me square in the face.

He's quiet, and...after some moments:

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

(in any case...instinct aside, wanting it so bad)

Let's get somebody talking...

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

We see Tom reading a telegram he has written addressed to, "J. Edgar Hoover, Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation." "Have Confession From Burt Lawson. STOP. Placed and set off explosion that blew up Bill Smith's house. STOP. Persuaded, prompted and assisted to do it by W.K. Hale and Ernest Burkhart. STOP. Have issued warrants for their arrest for murder. STOP. As he looks at the telegram, but with no great assurance.

INT. J. EDGAR HOOVER'S OFFICE - LATE NIGHT

Hoover receiving the Telegram. After reading, dictating to his Secretary a telegram back.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

Congratulations. STOP. All comments to the press regarding case are to be referred to me. STOP. The Bureau is bigger than any one of us. STOP.

INT. A POOL HALL, FAIRFAX - DAY

We see ERNEST, dressed as always like the small town dandy, shooting pool with some other men...when suddenly a phalanx of U.S. Marshalls swarm the pool hall. We see Tom and Frank and John Burger and Wren come in behind them...watching as one of the Marshalls while confronting Ernest slams his face against the pool table, handcuffing him, and Tom White is telling him, "You are under arrest for murder."

EXT. POOL HALL, FAIRFAX - NIGHT

Tom watching as the handcuffed Ernest is being put into a Marshall's Paddy Wagon...Ernest, looking over at Tom....

ERNEST

You got this all wrong.

TOM WHITE

(pure Tom)

Wouldn't be the first time. (and) I hope for your sake, for Mollie, you're right.

And before Ernest can say anything he is put inside the Paddy Wagon....

EXT. HALE'S RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Tom standing outside....John Wren and some US Marshall's coming out of the house...Wren, shaking his head, he isn't there...

WREN

I heard from an Indian tailor he had ordered a new suit of clothes and had said he was planning to leave town at a moment's notice....

As Tom starts back into his car....

INT. THE FAIRFAX JAIL - NIGHT

The Sheriff and his Deputy are talking...the door opens, and surprisingly William Hale himself, dressed immaculately as if going to a formal party, a felt hat, pressed trousers, shined boots, and an overcoat with his diamond-studded Masonic Lodge pin fastened to the lapel, comes confidently inside.

WILLIAM HALE

Understand I'm wanted. I'm here to turn myself in -- no need to put you fellows out...

SHERIFF

What is it you supposed to have done?

WILLIAM HALE

Killed somebody, if you can believe it.

SHERIFF

That's the craziest thing I ever heard.

WILLIAM HALE

(his confident smile, hands out as if waiting to be cuffed)

Arrest me, son.

SHERIFF
(meaning cuffs)
No need for that.

And as the Deputy takes him back to the cells...and the Sheriff makes a phone call...

INT. FAIRFAX JAIL - NIGHT, LATER

Hale, in his fine clothes, sitting like royalty in his cell...

TOM WHITE (OVER)
Mr. Hale.

Hale turns.

WILLIAM HALE
I guess you got me.

Tom doesn't say anything...he waits while the Sheriff opens the cell...

TOM WHITE
We're going to take a drive....

Hale, unconcerned, comes out of the cell...Tom for some reason goes into the cell...taking up...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
You left your hat....

And as he puts it on Hale's head...and along with the Sheriff and his Deputy and a US Marshall, walk him out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A U.S. Marshall's car is waiting. The Sheriff and the Deputy shake hands with Hale, wishing him well.

WILLIAM HALE
This 'll all blow over before you can sneeze and say "god bless ya." I'll buy you boys lunch tomorrow.

Tom watches him get into the Car. Tom getting in the back with him...along with two Marshalls in the front.

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - NIGHT

Tom pulls the car's curtains closed.

TOM WHITE
No need to advertise.

The car pulls off. After some moments:

WILLIAM HALE

You must be feeling pretty tall about yourself, son. (his smile, pure Hale, regal, winks) I like making people happy. (and as if Tom were in trouble, not him) The only problem is Tom, you've made a real big mistake. You got an innocent man. See how your J. Edgar Hoover like's that, cowboy.

Tom doesn't say anything....and as they drive away in their curtained cocoon.

EXT. THE FEDERAL BUILDING, GUTHRIE OKLAHOMA - NIGHT

The formidable old brick Federal Building.

INT. THE FEDERAL BUILDING, AN INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

An interrogation room they call, "the box." Tom along with Frank Smith interrogating Ernest in a small windowless room. Ernest pacing about in his expensive boots, nervously licking his lips.

FRANK SMITH

We want to talk to you about the murder of Bill Smith's family and Anna Brown.

ERNEST

Hell, I don't know a thing about it, any of it.

TOM WHITE

I talked to a man name of Burt Lawson in the pen. He said differently. He said you knew a good deal about the murders.

ERNEST

Wouldn't know the man if I stepped over him.

TOM WHITE

He said you were the contact man in setting up the Smith house explosion.

ERNEST

(emphatic)

He's lying! You got to make a case and you'll do anything to make it. You believe some jailbird who just wants to get his jail time reduced. I wasn't born yesterday night.

And even Tom has doubts himself...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, "THE BOX" - LATER THAT NIGHT

We see Frank Smith coming in with some coffee for him and Tom...Ernest, tired but resolute, is sitting on the floor with his back against the wall....

TOM WHITE

What were you doing the night Anna
Brown got shot?

ERNEST

I told you a hundred times already...I
went to a show with my Uncle Bill,
Aunt Margaret and my brother Bryan.

Suddenly Frank Smith literally leaps on him, yanking him to
his feet and hitting him viciously in the stomach, making him
vomit, doubling him over...

FRANK SMITH

I think you're a fucking liar...!

He starts to beat him up again, but Tom grabs Frank's arms,
holding him off...

TOM WHITE

Maybe you better take a cool off...

Frank hesitates, spits contemptuously at Ernest and leaves
the room. Ernest, vomit down his front, is still gasping for
air. Tom humanely and being the "good cop" helps him up to
sit him in a chair at the table...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

Why do you want to make things hard on
yourself? We know you didn't go to
any theater that night...Bryan was
seen with Anna over in another town
just about the time that curtain was
going up...somebody spotted you over
there in the back of the car with
Bryan and Anna....and you were
certainly there big as life when your
Uncle Bill and you dropped Burt Lawson
off to use enough Nitro to blow up
half a block along with Rita and Bill
Smith and their servant to kingdom
come... Your Uncle Bill's been singing
like a drunk parakeet -- he told us
you had the idea for the nitro...and
dropped Burt off to do the deadly deed
and pick him up again when it was
did...

ERNEST

(momentarily
fearful)

My Uncle said that? All that?

TOM WHITE

Louder than crackers...and a bunch
more. He said he's not about to go to
jail for a weakling like you...He said
he's sick and tired of always having
to carry your water.

ERNEST

(fearful)

He wouldn't ever say nothin' like
that...we blood...He like the only
father I ever had...

TOM WHITE

Well he just did...You are on your own
son...naked as a jaybird and nobody's
going to change your diaper for you
but you...My advice is for you to just
tell it all and keep telling it all...

Ernest is quiet, stifles a pained cry, and it seems like he
is going to tell everything he knows...but suddenly instead,
finding his courage...

ERNEST

(pugnacious,
steadfast)

You a pure bullshitter with a white
hat...You haven't even talked to Uncle
Bill...I got nothin' to tell because
there ain't nothing to tell...Never
going to be nothing to tell because I
didn't do nothing to tell about...!

And he turns dead quiet. There's a knock on the interrogation
room door.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

You best think about it real clearly.

Tom goes out of the room.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING CORRIDOR, GUTHRIE - MIDNIGHT

Frank and John Burger in the hallway.

TOM WHITE

He's more afraid of his uncle than he
is of the law. He didn't buy his
uncle spitting him out.

JOHN BURGER

Hale's got five lawyers...and said he
could prove positively that he had
been in Texas at the time of the
explosion...he said he received a
telegram there and signed for it..

TOM WHITE

(concern etching
his face)

What if that jailbird Burt Lawson was
lying to hear himself talk all
along...? I wanted it so bad and I
bought it hook line and sinker?

(MORE)

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
 (upset) Maybe in my need to get that
 smirking prick Hale and that water
 carrier I committed the ultimate sin
 of an evidence man --- I made it to
 fit what I wanted it to...(cursing
 himself)...even if it didn't....

A US MARSHALL comes into the hallway...

A MAN
 Mr. Hoover is on the phone for you,
 Tom...

He crosses after the Marshall to a desk phone...he sits at
 the desk...hesitates...self consciously takes off his hat and
 takes up the phone...

TOM WHITE
 This is Agent White.

INT. J. EDGAR HOOVER'S HOME, WASHINGTON D.C. - LATE NIGHT

J.EDGAR HOOVER
 (enraged)
 You know better than to arrest people
 with nothing but circumstantial
 evidence don't you Mr. White...?!

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, GUTHRIE OKLAHOMA - LATE NIGHT

Tom's silent...And we go back and forth between Tom on the
 phone at the desk in Guthrie, Oklahoma, J. Edgar Hoover at
 his home phone in Washington D.C....

J.EDGAR HOOVER (cont'd)
 You know what engine this country runs
 on?

Tom doesn't say anything....

J.EDGAR HOOVER (cont'd)
 The rule of law Mr. White...And I
 expect the F.B.I. to be even better
 than that...Our conduct reflects on
 me...and I expect us to be above
 reproach...I just received evidence
 from Hale's attorneys he received a
 telegram in Texas just when he was
 supposed to be in Oklahoma at the
 bombing.

Tom's still.

J.EDGAR HOOVER (cont'd)
 You there?

TOM WHITE
 Right here.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

You've got one week...and I'm bringing
the bunch of you home...I won't have
some cowboy making me and my F.B.I.
look like fools!

And with that he hangs up. Tom quietly hangs up...sitting at
the Marshall's desk...feeling the men looking at him he gets
up and goes outside...

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Snow is falling...Tom leans on a lamppost...Frank Smith comes
outside to lend him moral support...after some moments,
thinking and recalling:

TOM WHITE

(after a beat)

You worked with the outlaw Blackie
Thompson, didn't you?

FRANK SMITH

He was why I got sent back into the
office in the first place...I was sure
he had the goods on Hale, but he
snookered me...and we wasn't doin' our
jobs and he took off...ended up with a
manhunt and a poor dead policeman...I
still am sick inside everyday thinking
about it...that poor policeman a
bullet in the earhole....

TOM WHITE

But you were sure he knew who did what
to who?

FRANK SMITH

I had never been so sure.

TOM WHITE

You still think he got something worth
saying?

FRANK SMITH

A world to say. Hoover won't never go
for it.

TOM WHITE

(nods)

My daddy always said what you don't
know can't hurt you. What you think
you know is what'll prove you wrong
everytime. Where's he at?

FRANK SMITH

McAlester serving his stretch for
murder.

As Tom stands in the street his cowboy hat squarely on his
head, the snow falling on him. And for what he's got to do.

TOM WHITE

I'm out of time...

A car pulls up...and he sees the wasted figure of Mollie in the car. Her driver comes around with a wheelchair. Mollie, as always impassive, wearing her Indian blanket, being helped out of the car into the chair.

MOLLIE

I understand you arrested my husband.

TOM WHITE

I'm sorry but fingers are pointin' that way.

MOLLIE

You really believe that my husband would try to kill anyone...My sister Anna? My sister Rita? I know this man...he might be weak but his heart is true...An Osage wise man said...(she says something in Osage)...(translated to mean) "You can know someone's heart if it hasn't turned to stone.."

TOM WHITE

I hope for your sake you're right about him...

MOLLIE

(pure Mollie)

I'm sure of it. His Uncle lead him the wrong way, but not to kill anyone, and (impossible for her to believe) not to try to put me in my own deathbed. I want to talk to my husband.

TOM WHITE

You are free to Miss. Mollie.

He takes hold of her chair...almost affectionately wheeling her inside...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

Tom wheeling the ailing Mollie into her husband inside the interrogation room.

TOM WHITE

Mollie wants a chance to talk to you wife to husband...

And as he leaves the room for them to talk....he takes a last look at him...at her.....

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

I surely hope you have the right answers...

He leaves them alone closing the door.

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM, FEDERAL BUILDING - NIGHT

We see Mollie silently sitting in her wheelchair. Ernest quietly looking at her. A moment and he gets up. He comes to put his head in her lap, like a small boy. As she hesitates, then runs her hand through his hair, loving him.

EXT. GUTHRIE OKLAHOMA STREET - DAY

We see a CAR escorted by a phalanx of Police Cars coming along a Guthrie, Oklahoma Street.

INT. FBI CAR, GUTHRIE - DAY

Two US Marshalls are sitting up front and Tom and a man named LUTHOR BISHOP, a well known state lawman who had shot down Al Spencer, are sitting in the back on either side of a shackled BLACKIE THOMPSON...a man with a big forehead thick eyebrows and dead eyes...that only seem to flicker with a smile of contempt...

BLACKIE THOMPSON

(to Tom White)

I see you had to bring in Luthor Bishop this time...didn't want to look stupid twice. It true nobody ever got away from you?

LUTHOR BISHOP

Not still standing.

The car pulls up. He veritably yanks Blackie out of the car.

LUTHOR BISHOP (cont'd)

Let's go...

EXT. FEDERAL BUILDING, GUTHRIE - DAY

And we see Blackie in shackles, flanked by Tom and Luthor, each holding one of Blackie's arms, taking him between a phalanx of US MARSHALLS into the Federal Building. As they take him toward the building we can see on a nearby rooftop a Rifleman ready in a prone firing position, his scope trained on Blackie, following him inside, making certain he doesn't try to flee...We stay with the Rifleman's point of view...some moments and a curtain is raised in an interrogation room and we can see the Rifleman has a clear view of Blackie in his sights as he sits at an interrogation table...

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Tom sitting with Blackie...Frank Smith, John Burger and Luthor standing nearby.

TOM WHITE

You understand no matter what you say here we got no deal to cut your sentence...?

BLACKIE THOMPSON

(nods, sullen)

I don't expect a thing. This one's a real pleasure...Hale and Burkhart are too much Jew -- they want everything for nothing.

TOM WHITE

How did it happen you came to know Mr. Hale and Mr. Burkhart?

BLACKIE THOMPSON

(well aware)

That man got to keep that rifle on me from across the street...? Makes me jumpy...

LUTHOR BISHOP

You only got to make sure he don't have to use it and there's nothing to be jumpy about.

BLACKIE THOMPSON

(after some
moments, letting
it out)

That Ernest and that Hale fellow who walks around like king shit come to talk to me and an old buddy Curley Johnson about killing Bill Smith and his blanket Rita Smith. As part of the payment they proposed we steal one of Burkhart's car's while he was in bed with his blanket. Funny thing happened, I get picked up for car theft three miles away for the car and never went through with them killings.

TOM WHITE

Think about it. You're absolutely sure Ernest Burkhart asked you to kill Rita and Bill Smith.

BLACKIE THOMPSON

I'm sure as day. You don't forget a face on a man that look like a pussy.

TOM WHITE

Maybe you better put it another way.

BLACKIE THOMPSON

I remember everything about him and his Uncle and their chicken shit little set up. Even talked about nitro and laughed how not too many people were going to get a good night's sleep.

TOM WHITE

Anything else you want to tell us?

BLACKIE THOMPSON
I don't like I'm in jail and this
little afraid of his own shadow is
walking around in 300\$ boots...and the
other one think he got perfume comin'
out of his ass when he squats to let
go of a growler.

TOM WHITE
Stay right where you are.

BLACKIE THOMPSON
(meaning the
rifle)
I'm skipping every breath.

And Tom and Frank Smith hurry out of the room.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, "THE BOX," INTERROGATION - DAY

Tom and Frank Smith with Ernest again.

TOM WHITE
I'm not satisfied with the answers you
gave us last night. We believe
there's a good deal you didn't tell
us.

ERNEST
All I know is what is common talk. I
got nothing to add. You can't convict
a man on common talk. I'd like to go
home and see my wife.

TOM WHITE
(springs on him)
Well, I've got another witness who
will testify to your involvement in
the scheme to kill Rita and Bill
Smith.

ERNEST
(laughs)
You think I'm gonna go for the same
bluff twice. Who you got this time,
the Pope?

FRANK SMITH
(and he doesn't
mean the Pope)
I can go and get him if you want us to
have to do it the long way.

ERNEST
(smug)
Bring him on in.

Tom and Frank leave the room. Ernest sits cleaning something off the bottom of his boot. A moment and the door swings open and Blackie Thompson along with Tom, Frank Smith and Luther come into the room. Tom moves over a chair and puts it directly in front of Ernest. He has Blackie sit in the chair. They sit face to face. And Ernest looks stunned.

TOM WHITE

(to Ernest)

Anything come to mind about now?

Ernest is still.

FRANK SMITH

Blackie, have you told me the truth concerning a certain proposition made by Ernest Burkhart to you?

BLACKIE THOMPSON

Yes sir.

FRANK SMITH

(staccato)

To kill Bill Smith?

BLACKIE THOMPSON

Yes sir.

FRANK SMITH

Rita Smith?

BLACKIE THOMPSON

Yes, sir.

FRANK SMITH

Did you tell me the truth when you told me Ernest gave you an automobile as payment for the job?

TOM WHITE

Will you swear to everything you told us in court?

BLACKIE THOMPSON

Yes sir.

(he looks squarely
at Ernest, and
enjoying himself)

Ernest, I have told them everything.
You are deader than Kelsey's nuts.

Ernest is still. They take Blackie out of the room. Tom left alone with Ernest.

TOM WHITE

Enough now, Ernest. Let's get to talking.

Ernest seems about to go there but still...

ERNEST

I got nothing to say. This man is as big a liar as the other one. You got a habit of talking to liars.

TOM WHITE

(a beat)

You sure of that. Nothing to say?

ERNEST

(sure)

Nothing.

And to emphasize his point he gets up and lays down on the floor in the corner of the room...and literally closes his eyes. Tom is still. He curses to himself...And as he watches Ernest laying with his eyes closed...and not knowing what more he can do...

INT. TOM'S ROOM, GUTHRIE - NIGHT

Tom laying awake in his bed in his room Guthrie. He turns over, frustrated, but tries to sleep. He lays in the dark for some moments...his breathing becoming regular...when suddenly the phone RINGS in his room, shrill. He listens. What we hear is:

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)

He said only you.

INT. FEDERAL BUILDING, INTERROGATION ROOM - MIDDLE NIGHT

Tom comes into the room to find Ernest sitting at the table, seemingly refreshed, like an actor finding his role..and he says:

ERNEST

(simply)

I want to tell.

TOM WHITE

(containing
himself)

Tell me what?

ERNEST

I didn't kill all those people...but I know who did...

TOM WHITE

You understand anything you have to say I'm going to use against you...and that I'm making no promises to you of immunity from prosecution...anything you are telling me is of your own free will and accord...

And before Ernest can say anything Tom puts a paper to that effect in front of him and hands him a pen.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

You're gonna feel like...

He watches Ernest scribble quickly his signature...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
(looking him in
the eye, shaking
his hand)

...a man...

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAYBREAK

They've been talking for quite some while...

ERNEST

...I had worshipped him when I were just a boy, done all kinds of jobs for him, and I always followed orders. I relied on Uncle Bill's judgement... (unhappily shrugs) Just who I am. (after a beat, painfully)...Bill is a schemer. He told me his plans to kill Rita Smith and Bill Smith...and I had gone against him when he told me how he was going to blow up the whole house and everyone in it including my own relatives...He said to me..."What do you care? Your wife will get the headright money."

He's still...broken...weak...

ERNEST (cont'd)

I went along with his plan...like I always did...Hale went to Blackie Thompson and Curley Johnson first to do the bloodletting...he sent me to Curley and Blackie to see how tough they were...and told me to tell them he wanted them to kill a Squaw man...(plaintive...) I'm a squaw man the same...When they wouldn't do it we talked to Spencer and when he said he wouldn't then he went to the the rodeo tough guy Henry Grammar who promised to provide a man for the job...and a few days later Grammar said "Acie."

TOM WHITE

"Acie?"

ERNEST

Hale tole me, Grammar had said the butter man "Acie," Asa Kirby, who knew about explosives would do it...(and) That Lawson had nothing to do with it...you had got the wrong pig by the tail there...

TOM WHITE

I surely did...I paid him a sort of "private" visit afterward and it weren't pretty so much, but he admitted he was making everything up and just used what he heard in jail...I were a little tough on one of his ears...might have made it harder for him to hear anymore I guess...Tell me the rest, son....

ERNEST

Hale had gone with Grammar to the Fort Worth stock show so they both had an alibi....And Acie just blew the house and them inside sky high...

And we see the house blowing up...

ERNEST (cont'd)

Not much more to it....

Tom's quiet...

TOM WHITE

What can you tell me about Henry Roan and the life insurance Hale got?

ERNEST

He got a cow thief name of John Ramsey to be the triggerman on that one...They sat on the running board of the car and had a drink him and Roan...

And we see that, the two men sitting on the running board, drinking. And we see:

ERNEST (OVER)

...and when the Indian got into the car to leave he shot him in the back of the head...the Indian just slumped over I guess...never said boo...

Henry Roan, the Indian, shot in the back of the head in his car, slumped over as we saw him in his seat...

ERNEST (cont'd)

(plaintive, human)

She think I don't know, but I knew Mollie was married to him one time...I think she still had a bond, both of them being Indians and all...Try as I might I maybe never was the man for her...

TOM WHITE

Love is something I don't know a lot about...but that it's hard to find..

ERNEST
 (touching)
 She the one, Mollie, I'm doin' this
 for...

Tom nods, appreciating that...

TOM WHITE
 (and going out..)
 Hold on, son -- I'm going to bring in
 some more of my boys...Gonna be a lot
 of questions...(praising him to keep
 his ego strong...)You showed you a
 decent enough man, Ernest Burkhart...

He goes into the hall...

INT. HALLWAY, FEDERAL BUILDING - EARLY MORNING

He is dazed by the morning light...and Tom, telling Frank,
 Burger and Wren...

TOM WHITE
 (to Wren...)
 I need you to pick up this John Ramsey
 right now...

Wren nods, starts out the door...

TOM WHITE
 Wren...

He slows...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
 (to Wren)
 I get it. White people in Oklahoma
 think no more of killing an Indian
 than they did in 1724.

WREN
 (pure Wren)
 What am I supposed to say to that?
 "Thank you?"

INT. THE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY, LATER

ERNEST
 I wasn't with Anna that night.

TOM WHITE
 Your brother sure was.

ERNEST
 (awkwardly)
 I won't swear to that! (after a beat)
 All I can tell you there was someone
 else there...one of your
 informants...Hale had got to him...His
 name is Kelsie Morrison...it was him
 put the bullet in the back of the
 drunk squaw's head.

TOM WHITE
(persistent)
And you're sure it wasn't your
brother?

ERNEST
It was Kelsie Morrison...that's all I
know...

Tom doesn't believe him, but let's that drop...but the all
important questions he can't let go of...

TOM WHITE
What do you have to say about the
deaths of your sister-in-law Minnie,
most likely poisoned, your
mother-in-law got the same, Lizzie,
"slipping" away from something..."
(rough) And your own lovin' wife
Mollie who is wastin' away on death's
door? You sure she's getting nothing
but insulin?

Ernest stifles a cry but says nothing...Tom takes off his hat
looking squarely at him and asks him the most important
question for any and all of it...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)
(and) In the Good Lord's name...
(simply) Why?

Ernest looks at him...and as he won't or doesn't want to
answer that...we...

CUT TO:

-- INT. A JAIL CELL, GUTHRIE OKLAHOMA -- NIGHT

Tom and Frank Smith in a cell; who despite the number of
murders he may have orchestrated, who may be the very
definition of evil, is still the compellingly affable,
gentlemanly looking, self assured, King of the Osage, who
makes everything home court, even his jail cell his living
room...his smile as wide as a river...William K. Hale...

TOM WHITE
According to several people close to
Anna Brown she was pregnant when she
was shot in the back of the head.

WILLIAM HALE
(supposedly
compassionate)
What a God awful terrible pity for
that woman and her child.

TOM WHITE
That was just my thought...and then I
was told that you were having an
affair with her and was the father of
the baby, so that you would have
killed your own unborn child.

WILLIAM HALE

(his smile)

Have you been drinking? I know Agents are supposed to practice temperance...because that is a statement of a man who doesn't have his faculties...I won't even dignify such outrageous charges....

TOM WHITE

Ernest has told us everything from A to Z. He even said "you could meet and fall in love with him...but the longer you'd stay around him he'd get to you...he'd beat you some way."

WILLIAM HALE

Have you ever read Shakespeare Mr. White? In every play there is always a fool. Ernest, I'm afraid, from the moment I layed eyes on him is our fool. Nobody listens to a fool.

TOM WHITE

I haven't read much of Shakespeare. But my father had a liking for him and told me, "Beware of the fool he speaks the truth, because he doesn't know any better."

WILLIAM HALE

(laughs, loud)

I knew I liked something about you.

TOM WHITE

(taking up an affidavit...)

We have the evidence to convict you of accessory to murder. Mr. Burkhart swore you --

He is about to read the various ways Hale had choreographed murders...

WILLIAM HALE

(cutting him off)

Save your breath Tommy...He is just wriggling to save his cowardly skin...I don't need to have people killed...I have a good enough way being successful to have good things happen without any need for mayhem. You're barking up the wrong pinion tree boy.

TOM WHITE

I'll put it this way...we have all the evidence we need...I'd ask you to think about not wanting to expose your family and loved ones to a long trial and all of its sordid testimony. I'm trying to save you the shame of it.

Hale reaches over and takes a cigar out of Frank Smith's pocket...pulling some matches out of his "prison" garb, and lighting the cigar, taking a draw, savoring it immensely...

WILLIAM HALE

(meaning common quality of cigar) It isn't exactly what I'm accustomed to but it will do the trick...(exhaling, not fearing a whit, as if in his living room)... (and simply, the last word) Thanks for stopping by. I'll see you gentlemen in court.

And as Tom and Frank start to go...Hale not leaving it at that...in a pall of cigar smoke...

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)

Do you actually think there is a white jury anywhere in this country that is going to convict a white man of killing an Indian? You have a better chance of getting him convicted of kicking his best dog.

INT. PAWHUSKA, OKLAHOMA COURTROOM - DAY

An empty courtroom. The door opens. And we see Tom, Hale's admonition echoing, coming inside...He respectfully takes his hat off...and as he stands looking at the empty courtroom and what is about to come...We suddenly POPULATE the courtroom until it becomes completely full with its erstwhile JUDGE, its all white MALE JURY, THE PROSECUTION TEAM, THE DEFENSE TEAM for The King of the Osage, WILLIAM HALE in his thick rimmed spectacles, the owl he is, waving to people in the standing room only gallery from his defendant's seat, laughing with a Bailiff, happily talking with one of his defense Attorney's...William behaving like a man only ever so slightly inconvenienced...and we see Tom standing now along a wall in the back with Frank Smith and John Burger...Tom looking at Hale...He asks Frank Smith...

TOM WHITE

Is Ernest all buttoned up?

FRANK SMITH

Out of state with John Wren at his side and a round the clock guards...taking him from hotel to hotel room under an alias...

Tom nods, but one can feel his concern...Suddenly a BOY TAPS him...

A WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER)

Mr. White. With the compliments of Mr. William Hale.

And he gives Tom a gift bottle of liquor, the Boy adding...

A WOMAN'S VOICE (OVER) (cont'd)

He wishes you good luck.

Tom instinctively turns to look at Hale who is broadly smiling at him...when the GAVEL abruptly SOUNDS, the Judge bringing the Courtroom to order...

THE JUDGE

We are here in the matter of the State of Oklahoma versus William King Hale as an accomplice to and architect of the murders of the Osage Woman Rita Owen Smith and her husband Bill Wells Smith, and a female adult employee Nettie Lois Brookshire...And for the murder of an Osage Man, Henry Cullen Roan...and to the murders most greivous of a number of citizens of Osage County. (and he gives over to:) Mr. Charles the prosecution may begin.

And as the Prosecution starts to lay out for the Jury their case, we see Tom leaving the courtroom...

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

We see Tom, despite a servant's look of displeasure, going quickly up the stairs. Going into Mollie's bedroom. Mollie lying on her side, her blanket wrapped around her, at death's door...

TOM WHITE

(quietly)

Trust me...I'm not about to hurt you...

And with that he gently literally takes up her still form wrapped in her blanket, carrying her out of the room...

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

And we see Tom coming out of the house carrying Mollie in his arms...and we see an AMBULANCE is waiting outside...and as he helps her into the ambulance with an Ambulance Attendant's assistance and he gets in with her...and the ambulance is driven away....

INT. PAWHUSKA HOSPITAL - DAY

We see Tom standing outside of a hospital room....and we see a plain Man in a plain suit carrying a doctor's bag coming along the hallway...

A MAN

Mr. White?

TOM WHITE

(offering his hand)

Dr. Reasoner. How was the trip across from New York?

THE DOCTOR

(his smile)

I kept expecting Indians to stop the train at any time...

Tom smiles. And as he takes him into the hospital room...and we can hear them saying...

TOM WHITE (OVER)

This is Mollie Burkhart.

THE DOCTOR (OVER)

If I could roll up your sleeve Mrs. Burkhart...

EXT. THE HOSPITAL, PAWHUSKA - DAY

Tom coming outside with the Doctor...

THE DOCTOR

I can't know for certain until I process her blood...but she has every symptom of something toxic in her system...I would guess strychnine or arsenic...I gave her an injection of an antidote to neutralize the toxin...and had them administer a line to completely flush her system...If she indeed was being poisoned she will regain her health quickly...

TOM WHITE

What if nothing had been done for her?

THE DOCTOR

From her condition she would be dead within a month...

Tom's quiet...

TOM WHITE

How could this be administered without any suspicion...?

THE DOCTOR

Over time in small increments that have a deadly cumulative effect...perhaps put into a juice or soda or beer...And of course any type of medical injection. Has she had anything like that?

INT. THE BROTHERS, THE DOCTORS SHOUN'S OFFICE, AN EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

A patient with his shirt off. The brothers Doctors with him. When Tom, unannounced, suddenly comes bursting into the room. Seeing Tom they start.

TOM WHITE
(showing badge)
..F.B.I.
(and to patient) Put your shirt on
sir, the Doctors have a pressing case.

The Man seeing this isn't a joke quickly puts on his shirt
and leaves. Once they're alone.

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN
What is this about?!

TOM WHITE
What isn't it about? We can start
with attempted murder. What have you
been treating Mollie Burkhart with?

DOCTOR DAVID SHOUN
That is under doctor-patient privilege,
between only a doctor and his patient.

TOM WHITE
(pure Tom, tough)
Well, this is F.B.I. and suspect
privilege. It's a real problem for you
right now. Mollie said you were
giving her insulin for her sugar
diabetes. Are you sure you were
giving her only insulin?

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN
(non commital)
We may have been.

TOM WHITE
(controlled anger)
I'm going to ask you one more time.
Then I'm not going to be responsible
for myself. Were you injecting her
with "insulin" or some other
substance?!

DOCTOR DAVID SHOUN
(reluctantly)
Yes, we would give her insulin.

TOM WHITE
An expert from New York said she was
slowly being poisoned. How does
something like that happen with
supposed healers? (and bellicose) You
give her this insulin for sugar
diabetes but she got worse rather than
better?!

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN
(arrogant)
You have no way to prove a thing.

And because he doesn't, and enraged for Mollie and by the
whole thing he slams the man against the wall...

TOM WHITE

Not yet I don't...

He suddenly slows, seeing something on the wall...a framed newspaper photograph of the Shoun Brothers being given a plaque from William Hale.

TOM WHITE

What was this for?

DOCTOR DAVID SHOUN

Doctors of the year for community service.

TOM WHITE

(realizing, black)

How did you happen to come to these parts?

DOCTOR JAMES SHOUN

William Hale thought we would like the atmosphere. He brought us up from Texas. Is that against the law?

TOM WHITE

(pure Tom)

It ought to be.

INT. COURTROOM, PAWHUSKA - DAY

The filled courtroom. Tom in his usual place against the wall. Blackie Thompson is on the stand.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

And you were asked to kill Rita and Bill Smith?

BLACKIE THOMPSON

Yes sir, him and his nephew Ernest asked me, and promised a car in return if I were to do it...

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

And how was it proposed to kill these people?

BLACKIE THOMPSON

(simply)

By blowing up their house.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

Is the man who asked you to do this and made you an offer of the car for your services in this courtroom?

BLACKIE THOMPSON

(points)

Sure as hell is, the four-eyed guy sitting right over there. The "King" around these parts. (and) How's it going King William?

WILLIAM HALE

(unconcerned)

These seats can get your ass awful sore.

Which brings laughter...Tom, stoic....

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

Have you had recent contact with Mr. Hale?

BLACKIE THOMPSON

When Hale was being held on a separate tier from where I was being jailed he passed me a note through a hole where a radiator pipe went through the ceiling. He asked me what I required to not testify against him? I sent a note back saying I wouldn't testify if he would get me out. He wrote back promising to arrange my escape in return for one more thing -- that I kidnap his nephew Ernest Burkhart and make him disappear before he could testify. He wanted me to take Ernest to old Mexico because he didn't want him to be killed in this country where he would be found.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

He wasn't able to arrange your escape I take it?

BLACKIE THOMPSON

I wouldn't be testifying if he did.

Which brings more laughter, but not a moment's from Tom.

INT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

We see Mollie, dressed, color back in her cheeks, a spark in her eyes, a vitality of life, despite her impassive face, returned, looking at herself in a bedroom mirror...wearing for the first time in a very long time a nice dress...making her hair pretty...feeling human....

INT. AN OSAGE HOME - DAY

We see Mollie, her daughter ANNA sitting close to her side, her little Boy "Cowboy" sitting on her lap, both some few years older from when we last saw them. An Older Osage woman is sitting across from them.

MOLLIE

(in Osage, to her
little Girl)

I can't tell you how much I've missed you..(and kissing him) And you Cowboy...

ANNA
(in Osage)
When can we go home mommy?

MOLLIE
(in Osage)
Just as soon as mommy's all better.

And as she talks with her children loving them...

INT. PAWHUSKA COURTROOM - DAY

Tom against the wall...Hale has risen...

WILLIAM HALE
Your honor I demand that Tom White
over there, head of the Federal Bureau
of Investigation in Oklahoma City, be
searched for firearms and excluded
from this courtroom for bringing
weapons into the sanctity of this
great hall of justice.

Hale's supporters hoot and stomp their feet. Tom steps
forward, and opens his coat to show that he isn't armed.

TOM WHITE
Anything else I can do to bring
justice to this man your honor?

When:

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR
Call Ernest Charles Burkhart.

The word is passed...And the courtroom door opens...everyone
turning to see Ernest being brought under guard, including
John Wren, into the courtroom. And now we see having slipped
inside...having taken a seat in the back, Mollie in her nice
dress and her stoic mien, come to support her husband.

FRANK SMITH
How does she stand by him?

TOM WHITE
Love is a curious confusing thing.

They watch Ernest take the long walk to the witness stand,
his back bent, the weight of it all on him...

WILLIAM HALE
Hello nephew...What didn't I ever do
for you...?

The Judge admonishes Hale to keep his comments to
himself...But Tom sees Ernest isn't brave enough to even look
over at his Uncle Bill...And as he approaches the stand...

TOM WHITE

(whispers to
Frank, upset,
despairing)

His nerve has went out on him now that
he's back under his Uncle's thumb.
There is no hope of his testifying.
(sure) He is going to recant.

Ernest takes the stand still averting his eyes from his Uncle who does nothing but peer out his rimmed glasses at him....Mollie watches Ernest being sworn in...she unconsciously turns her wedding ring in her finger..."Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth..."

ERNEST

(completing oath)

...So help me God.

WILLIAM HALE

(intentionally
louder than he
ought)

Traitor to his own blood!

Ernest tries to settle himself with his hands on his thighs....and before the Prosecutor can start...One of Hale's Attorneys suddenly stands up...

THE LAWYER

I demand to confer privately with Mr.
Burkhart. This is my client.

Seeing their attempt to intimidate him the Prosecutor loudly objects.

THE JUDGE

(judicious)

Is this man really your attorney?

ERNEST

He's not my attorney...

Tom looks up...

TOM WHITE

I read him wrong...

ERNEST

(but for the first
time, with one eye
on Hale)

But I'm willing to talk to him...

Tom, having read him completely right, is dead still....his case, his hard work, everything about to crumble...

THE JUDGE

If that is what you want it is your
right. You may consult in my chambers.

The Prosecutor can't get a word in as Ernest comes quickly down off the witness chair and with Hale's Attorneys goes into the Judge's chambers. It's still. Mollie sitting silently. Tom, his foot angrily up against the wall behind him...He looks over at Mollie. She instinctively turns, her eyes meeting his....and she looks away as Ernest along with Hale's Attorneys comes back out of the chambers. Ernest takes his seat at the witness stand.

THE JUDGE

You are still under oath sir. (to the Prosecutor) You may question the witness.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

Have you ever spoken to William Hale about the murder of Bill and or Rita Smith or of the killing of the Osage man Henry Roan?

Ernest is quiet. He looks at Tom, he looks at Mollie, he looks at Hale...and he mutters something...

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR (cont'd)

Could you speak up, please.

ERNEST

(barely)

No, sir. No I never did sir.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

You have signed a statement to the contrary!

ERNEST

That statement was coerced from me by the FBI.

Tom's motionless...

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

You are saying you never spoke to Mr. Hale regarding any murders?

ERNEST

(looking Hale in the eye and...)

Not a one.

And as Tom, sickened, leaves the courtroom.

INT. THE COURTROOM - LATER

Ernest is now seated at the Defense table...Mollie sitting behind him...and Hale is on the witness stand...

WILLIAM HALE

...all during my interrogation F.B.I. Agent Mr. Tom White, and his other agents including Frank Smith, brutally tried to coerce a confession from me.

Tom's eyes flicker with his anger...

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)

Agent White said they had ways to make people talk. I looked back...What caused me to look back was hearing a pistol cock behind me. Just as I looked back, Frank Smith jumped across the room, he grabbed me by the shoulder and shoved a big gun into my face. He threatened to beat my brains out....and Mr. Agent White told me, "We'll have to put you in the hot chair." Then the agents shoved me into a special chair, attached wires to my body, put a black cap over my head and they put electricity to me.

He wildly gestures as if electricity was jolting his body.

WILLIAM HALE (cont'd)

Mr. Agent White said, "Don't you smell that human flesh burning?"

And as Tom looks around the courtroom, particularly at the jury, that people are actually believing Hale...

INT. THE COURTROOM - DAY, ANOTHER TIME

Rain runs down the courtroom windows. A tall reed thin man with a slice of a moustache and a haircut that makes his head look bigger than it is, KELSIE MORRISON, is in the witness chair...

A MAN

State your name for the record.

KELSIE MORRISON

Kelsie Martin Morrison.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

Now Mr. Morrison you were a bootlegger is that so?

KELSIE MORRISON

I was until I got caught.

Which brings some laughter.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

You also worked as an informant for the F.B.I. is that correct?

KELSIE MORRISON

I did. We had an arrangement. I knew a lot of people of questionable behavior and would tell the Bureau what I knew about what and they would leave me alone.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR
Is one of those people you would
inform the F.B.I. about in this
courtroom today?

KELSIE MORRISON
Big as life.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR
Who would that be?

KELSIE MORRISON
That man right there.

And he points at William Hale who has a look of complete hate
and an implied threat for Morrison.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR
Let the record show the witness
identified Mr. William King Hale as
somebody he would inform the F.B.I.
about. Could you tell us what you
heard Mr. Hale tell you?

KELSIE MORRISON
He told me that he had been carrying
out a plan to eliminate members of
Mollie Burkhart's family.

Mollie is completely still, beyond impassive, we can feel her
heart breaking. Ernest lowers his head slightly...he won't
look at Morrison.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR
(to Morrison)
I'm sorry, I was distracted, I didn't
quite hear you.

WILLIAM HALE
(an outburst)
You heard plenty of his bullshit!

The Judge admonishes Hale for his outburst. When it's
quieted.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR
What did you hear him say?

KELSIE MORRISON
He said he was taking care of Mollie
Burkhart's people...He was going to
get rid of the whole damn bunch of 'em
-- So when there weren't anybody left
who was a full Osage to get the
headright on the oil money, Ernest
would be the only one and get it all.

The courtroom is dead quiet. Tom with a flicker in his eyes of finally satisfaction. He looks at Mollie. She is still motionless. But then she does something completely unexpected, she slightly stands and reaches over and lovingly touches Ernest's shoulder giving him her support, unable to come to grips with any possibility of his involvement, still in love with him.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tom is standing looking out the window. Frank Smith sitting in a chair. John Burger in another. There's a knock on the door.

TOM WHITE

It's open.

And the County Prosecutor comes in.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

You have anybody else who can testify?

TOM WHITE

(shakes "no.")

I'm plumb out of people. Is there a problem?

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

(after a beat)

The Judge wants us in chambers...

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

We see Tom, along with The County Prosecutor and the Defense Lawyers along with their Investigators in the Judge's chambers...

THE JUDGE

I have been informed of some very upsetting news. There have been attempts to bribe a number of jurors. One or two might already be compromised. (looking around the room) If any of you are involved you are put on notice....you will go to jail for a very long time...

After some moments:

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR

What do you propose to do?

THE JUDGE

I am going to interview each of the jurors individually and make a determination if we can proceed.

And we can see Tom is red-faced virtually boiling from anger.

TOM WHITE

William Hale was right...There ain't twelve good and true white men willing to convict a white man for the killing of an Indian.

And having seen and heard enough, he leaves...

EXT. THE OKLAHOMA MOUNTAINS - DAY

And we see Tom on horseback riding alone through a thickly forested part of the Oklahoma mountains.

EXT. THE OKLAHOMA MOUNTAINS - DAY

We see him standing silently in the trees, his rifle sighted. He fires and we see a deer crumple. As he crosses to his kill.

EXT. THE OKLAHOMA MOUNTAINS - NIGHT

Tom lying in a bedroll looking at the stars in heaven. As he lays under the blanket of stars...

EXT. THE OKLAHOMA MOUNTAINS - MORNING

Tom, naked, dousing himself in a freezing mountain lake. As he stands alone at the shoreline...looking at the morning begin...

EXT. THE OKLAHOMA MOUNTAINS - AT THE END OF A DAY

Tom sitting on his haunches by a fire drinking a cup of coffee as the sun starts to disappear...There isn't even a sound as John Wren suddenly appears behind him. When Tom becomes aware of him and turns too late...

WREN

I could have cut your throat and been gone before you took another drink of that coffee...

Tom's quiet...

WREN (cont'd)

(how he found him)

You aren't too awful hard to find...your horse got a small crack in the front right shoe...makes it easy to track you down....

TOM WHITE

(nods)

You Indians are stealthy.

Wren smiles. Tom sitting on his haunches. It's quiet. They look out at the prairie far below them.

WREN

This was once big enough for everyone.

TOM WHITE

(nods)

It still is, you just have to look a lot harder to find it...

They're quiet watching the end of the day...

WREN

The judge can't prove anyone took a bribe...so he's gonna continue...

Tom turns, but swallowing his emotion looks back out at the prairie.

TOM WHITE

(honestly)

I don't know if I got the stomach for it anymore.

Wren nods. They're quiet, the last gasp of the day...

WREN

You mind if I stay the night?

TOM WHITE

I would. I'd like to have it alone.

WREN

(couldn't agree more)

We all would.

He gets up to go...

WREN (cont'd)

(with great concern)

Mollie could use you something fierce.

TOM WHITE

What's happened --?

WREN

You want I can take you back.

TOM WHITE

(pure Tom)

Thanks, but I can find my way.

Wren nods, and as they look at each other Wren turns and literally disappears into the dark...Tom alone by the fire, his rifle at his side...under a blanket of stars...

EXT. A GRAVEYARD - DAY

And we see Mollie, along with Ernest with two Marshalls at his elbow, and a large number of Osage and other people from the community, standing at a gravesite of a freshly dug grave. And we see a child's casket has been put into the ground. A gravemarker identifying the gravesite as Elizabeth Anne Burkhart, May 12, 1920 - MARCH 22, 1924...."She's In God's Arms Now..."

A TRIBAL ELDER
 (to the gathered,
 in Osage,
 subtitles)
 She died from a white man's
 disease...a cough our people never had
 until we met them...

And the Osage Men begin chanting prayers for her soul...the
 Women keening with grief...And we see Mollie, desperately
 holding onto Ernest so as not to fall over. Ernest, crushed,
 in despair. And we see a horse come riding up. And we see
 it's Tom. He comes to Mollie...and Tom says in Osage...

TOM WHITE
 (subtitles)
 I'm sorry for your great sadness.

MOLLIE
 (In Osage,
 subtitles)
 A child is everyone's sadness...It's
 just worse when it's one of your
 own...

And heartbroken, tears run down her stoic cheeks. And out of
 respect for him she gives him the grave shovel...He shovels
 up a full shovel of dirt...

TOM WHITE
 This is your land...

MOLLIE
 (nods)
 She will be with my people now...

And as Tom shovels the dirt onto the little girl's coffin,
 and it's eternal hollow sound...

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

We see Mollie standing, stoic, on the front porch, watching
 while Ernest, in handcuffs, and flanked by two armed
 Marshall's, is being led to a car to take him back to prison.
 And we hear...

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
 Hold on...I'll take him back...

The Marshall's slow seeing who it is. Tom, coming out of the
 house down the porch steps his rifle in hand, pistols on his
 hips...And Tom taking the handcuffed Ernest by the arm, takes
 him over to a car...putting him in the back...And as Tom gets
 in, driving them away...

EXT. OKLAHOMA PRAIRIE - DAY

And we see the Car heading out onto the empty endless
 prairie.

INT. THE CAR, ON THE PRAIRIE - DAY

ERNEST

(afraid)

Where are you taking me?

He doesn't say anything driving further and further away...Ernest nervously looking out the window...After some moments:

TOM WHITE

When I was about thirteen my father was the Sheriff of Odessa, Texas. He had my brothers and I come to watch an execution. A man was to be hanged. I saw my father put the rope around his neck, and after he said his last words, I watched my father spring the latch sending the man to swing, to kingdom come. It's something that stays with you, your father hanging a man. When my father came over to us, on his way back to work, he told us, "...You always, no matter how difficult it is, no matter how it eats at you, you always do what needs to be done, and done the right way."

And he suddenly stops the car. He opens the door and gets out...

EXT. THE PRAIRIE, OKLAHOMA - DAY

The car on the empty prairie. He opens Ernest's door...

TOM WHITE

You can get out...

ERNEST

(terrified)

Are you going to just shoot me?

TOM WHITE

(doesn't answer
him)

Come on out now...

Ernest reluctantly gets out....And instead of shooting him, motioning to the car...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

You're free to go.

Ernest doesn't know what he is saying. Tom unlocks his handcuffs.

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

You are free to go...I would suggest you go to Mexico, it's easy to get lost down there.

Ernest is paralyzed by the absurdity of it...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

This is for real...take the car...get as far as you can get...There been enough pain around here...

He's motionless still disbelieving...He looks at Tom and seeing that he is serious, he gets in the driver's side of the car...And still disbelieving the situation he starts the car as if the offer was going to be taken away from him...He looks over at Tom...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

I don't know much of anything about you. But you need to look yourself in the eye and figure out just what kind of man you want to be the rest of your life. You still got a choice.

Tom steps back...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

Go on now...

And turning Tom walks away from him going the other way...And Ernest, seizing on the opportunity, puts the car in gear, and drives away...And as Tom, his rifle over his shoulder, keeps walking...The car moving off into the distance...Tom walking off, the car driving away...Until both of them become swallowed up by the empty prairie...

INT. THE COURTROOM - ANOTHER DAY

People are at their usual places...And we see Tom coming in, making his way to stand along the wall with John and Frank...He looks over and sees Mollie, despite Ernest being a fugitive, is sitting there, her stoic mien, there to witness the proceedings. And he sees the Jury, the twelve white men, are standing...along with the Prosecutors and the Defense lawyers and a smug "King of the Osage," William Hale.

THE JUDGE

Have you reached a verdict?

The Jury Foreman, an old white man, steps forward. The Courtroom dead quiet.

AN OLD MAN

Judge, your Honor...(and he brings the worst news)...There is no possibility of a verdict. We are hopelessly deadlocked.

Tom goes deadly still. Hale wide awake, all ears, smiles with satisfaction. Mollie, is still.

THE JUDGE

Has the government any remarks?

The Prosecutor, beside himself, red necked with anger, stands...and his voice trembling...

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR
 I think there are some good men on
 this jury, and some who are not so
 good. I have been informed that at
 least two, if not more, members of the
 panel have been bribed by unknown
 parties...

He looks directly at Hale...who smiles his particular
 smile...

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR (cont'd)
 (and desolate, the
 bottom line)
 I am convinced there can't be a fair
 verdict arrived at by this jury and I
 request its dismissal.

THE JUDGE
 (to the Jury and
 whoever would take
 a bribe)
 I am sickened that you have so little
 regard for American justice. If I
 find out who has sold their soul they
 will wish to God they hadn't. (and
 with no other choice) The Jury is
 dismissed...and the defendant is
 released from custody.

And William is ecstatic...he hugs his attorneys...waves to
 his well wishers...He looks over at Tom, their eyes meet, and
 William playfully points his finger at him as if firing a
 gun...And as he's talking to his lawyers, shouting to friends
 in the gallery...The Judge about to slam his gavel down to
 bring the court to order...There is a familiar VOICE:

A MAN'S VOICE (OVER)
 Your honor...I have something to
 say...

And Tom sees that Ernest, his hat in his hand, has come into
 the courtroom...And seeing him the room goes deathly still...

ERNEST (cont'd)
 (awkward)
 Can I come to the bench?

The Judge nods. The Defense Attorneys are immediately on
 their feet protesting.

WILLIAM HALE
 (standing,
 pointing)
 You lost your nerve you weasel?!

THE JUDGE
 You sit down!

Hale hesitates, but the Guards make a move toward him and he
 takes his seat. Ernest comes to the bench and says:

ERNEST

I want to withdraw my plea of not guilty and enter a plea of guilty.

Tom straightens to his full height. Mollie's eyes flicker with pain. People murmur with surprise. Hale shouts various threats...

THE JUDGE

Are you sure this is your desire, Mr. Burkhart?

ERNEST

It is.

THE JUDGE

Have state or federal officials offered you immunity if you changed your plea?

ERNEST

(steadfast)

No, they have not. I'm sick and tired of all this. I can't live anymore this way. I am throwing myself on the mercy of the court. I want to admit exactly everything what I did.

Hale shouts at him...

THE JUDGE

(to the Bailiff's)

Put a muzzle on him if you have to.

Ernest's quiet, unsteady on his feet from the emotion...He takes a folded paper from out of his pocket, unfolds it, and reads a statement:

ERNEST

I did most of what I'm accused of. I knew all about the bombing of my sister-in-law Rita Smith's house...

Mollie's jaw hardens but she sits impassive. All of the dark truth coming to the fore.

ERNEST (cont'd)

I personally delivered a message from my Uncle William Hale to John Ramsey to let Asa Kirby know it was time to blow up the Smith House. And he surely did.

He catches his breath...

ERNEST (cont'd)

I knew that Ramsey had killed the Osage Man Henry Roan for the insurance money Hale was going to receive...(a beat) I knew that Kelsie Morrison was going to put a bullet in the back of my sister-in-law Anna Brown's head.

And after a long beat, looking at Mollie, and choking with emotion...

ERNEST (cont'd)
(to Mollie) God forgive me...I
attempted to, along with the Shoun
Brothers, poison my wife for her
inheritance.

He's quiet...and mustering what's left of him...

ERNEST (cont'd)
The truth of what I did I can't escape
it...I got to live with that...and I
see it as the honest and honorable
thing for me to do is to acknowledge
the truth so help me God.

Mollie's beyond emotion. Tom quietly looks at him.

WILLIAM HALE
(erupts)
The man is a coward who changes his
story depending on the time of day --!

ERNEST
(suddenly
confronting him)
I did it for you! I did everything
for you! You are right I was a
cowardly man -- But I'm not afraid of
you anymore!

And suddenly with his new found courage he literally jumps
over the defense table onto William Hale, knocking him from
his chair....beating Hale's head on the floor until the
Bailiff's dive in pulling him off of him...Ernest, coming to
his feet....coming to stand before the court...looking at his
wife...filled with sorrow...

ERNEST (cont'd)
Ask me anything. I will tell you
everything I know to be true no matter
what happens to me...

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR
(precisely,
legally)
Your sister-in-law Minnie, your
mother-in-law Lizzie, your sister-in-
law Anna, your sister-in-law Rita, all
died by unnatural causes. Were you in
any way responsible personally for
these deaths?

Mollie and him look at each other.

ERNEST
I did, or I knew about each and every
one. It was my responsibility.

Mollie doesn't move a muscle.

THE COUNTY PROSECUTOR
Does your wife Mollie, a full blooded
Osage, now have any surviving
relatives outside of the child she
still has left by you?

ERNEST
(looking at
Mollie, and
heartbreaking)
She does not. Everybody has been
taken from her.

Tom watches as Mollie looks at him for a last time. She quietly puts her blanket over her shoulder, gets up, and what can no longer be avoided, turning her back on him forever, leaves the courtroom. Ernest left a man alone, his head down, his confession in his hand...After some moments:

ERNEST (cont'd)
I don't have anything left to say.

THE JUDGE
Return this man to his cell. I will
pronounce judgement on him shortly.
He will pay for his mortal sins.

And as Tom watches a Marshall come and handcuff Ernest and starting to take him away, Ernest looks over at Tom, Tom nodding at his having done the right thing, having made his choice, having, as Tom said, "looked himself in the eye"...And Tom sees William Hale starting to make his way out of the courtroom...a free man...

THE JUDGE (cont'd)
(seeing him,
pounding his
gavel)
I am issuing a warrant for the arrest
forthwith of William Hale to be taken
into immediate custody for murder.

And Tom is first to him, grabbing him, handcuffing him....Bailiffs descending on him...his smile gone, his world about to come apart...

TOM WHITE
I'll see you in court...

And as he watches them take him away.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

We see Tom, his tall and lanky frame, laying head to toe on the bed...There's a knock on the door...And Frank Smith looks in...

FRANK SMITH
We'll see if they found one....

INT. THE COURTROOM - DAY

The full Courtroom. Tom with Frank and John standing against the wall. The Judge. A newly empaneled Jury, still twelve white men, seated. Hale trying to be his usual assured self talking away, but there is something hollow about it....He and Tom exchange looks...and Hale has still enough bluff to render a haughty smile and says over to Tom...

WILLIAM HALE

You will never get me! I'm still King around here.

Tom doesn't give him the satisfaction of a response.

THE JUDGE

Gentlemen of the Jury. Have you reached a verdict?

Tom instinctively turns and he sees that J.EDGAR HOOVER has come just inside the door...They exchange looks...The Jury Foreman rises, and says: "We have your honor." He gives a folded form to the Judge. The Judge slowly unfolding the form, and reading their verdict.

THE JUDGE

We find the defendant William King Hale, a rancher and resident and Deputy Sheriff of Osage County...

Hale silently folds his hands across his chest peering out his glasses...Hoover inches forward...We look at Tom, back straight, standing tall, whatever the outcome...

THE JUDGE (cont'd)

(after a beat)

...Is guilty as charged.

And the courtroom erupts...Tom looks over at Hale who appears for the first time out of his command, stunned into silence...Tom looks over at J. Edgar Hoover but he is gone, the door closing behind him...

THE JUDGE (cont'd)

Mr. Hale a jury of your peers has found you guilty of the murder of an Osage Indian, and it becomes my duty to pass sentence. Stand before the bench.

Hale slowly rises, peering out his glasses with his owlsh eyes.

THE JUDGE (cont'd)

You are fortunate I believe in God's mercy. I am sentencing you to Leavenworth Penitentiary for the rest of your natural life. Have you anything to say, Mr. Hale?

And for once he is out of words...and has nothing to say... Tom looks at Hale. Sensing him, Hale instinctively looks over at Tom...and Tom does what only Tom could do...he points his finger like a gun at him and pulls the imaginary trigger to signal him, that you and me, we are now, done. And as Hale is taken away in handcuffs...and Tom looks at Mollie's empty chair...And he silently turns and goes out of the courtroom...

EXT. THE COURTROOM, THE STREET, FAIRFAX, OKLAHOMA - DAY

We see J. Edgar Hoover being interviewed by the press...Hoover talking about his agency, the F.B.I...A reporter asking him...

A MAN

What would you say about the performance of your agents, particularly the head of the case, agent Tom White?

J. EDGAR HOOVER

I would say they did their jobs. No one man is bigger than the Bureau.

And as he talks we see Tom has come out of the courtroom behind him, and unseen by anybody moving off along the street...as anonymous as he began...And he sees coming along the street John Wren on horseback...and he's leading another horse with a handcuffed prisoner, the fugitive Bryan Burkhart...Tom nods his respect for him having brought back Bryan...and tells him...

TOM WHITE

I guess they found one...

Wren looks at him...

TOM WHITE (cont'd)

A jury that would convict a white man of killing an Indian...

WREN

(pure Wren, and feeling good)

...Isn't that something.

TOM WHITE

(nods, feeling good)

...Isn't that something.

And as Tom walks off along the street as anonymous as he began and his work in Osage County is done...

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE - ANOTHER DAY

"In April millions of tiny flowers spread over the blackjack hills and vast prairies in the Osage territory of Oklahoma. It has been observed, there are so many flowers it looks as if the 'Gods had left confetti.'" And we see Mollie as we found her in the very beginning, wrapped in her blanket, standing amongst the wildflowers...

We see a Car comes along the drive to a stop outside the house...We see Tom get out...He goes to the door...A Servant, answering the door, motions him to where Mollie is...He crosses to her...He stops at some distance...They look across the distance between them at each other...And Tom, out of respect, simply tips his hat to her. And Mollie her Indian blanket around her, her arms across her chest, her impassive face for the ages, for that very rare time breaks her impassive look, and as close as she can, nearly smiles a "thank you." Which is plenty good enough. And as Tom turns getting back into his car and driving off.

EXT. THE TRAIN STATION, FAIRFAX - DAY

We see Tom, rifle in hand, suitcase at his side, waiting for the train. The train comes into the station. He gets on.

INT. THE TRAIN - DAY

He finds a seat. As the train leaves with him...

EXT. THE TRAIN - DAY

The train moving off onto the prairie leaving the Indian lands. Tom a figure on the landscape sitting looking out a window, watching as he leaves the Osage Territory behind.

EXT. MOLLIE'S HOUSE, THE OSAGE TERRITORY - DAY

Mollie, her blanket around her, standing at the edge of the wildflowers looking out at the prairie...where she sees what we know is Tom's train moving across the empty land...and as it goes off into the distance from where the Osage came from...and as a breeze ruffles her clothing, as if written on the wind...

"The Shoun Brothers were never pursued by the legal system for having most certainly help poison Mollie. Tom White never had enough evidence to bring them to justice. They continued practicing medicine."

"Kelsie Morrison, the bootlegger, was found guilty of the murder of Anna Brown and sentenced to life imprisonment."

"Ernest's brother Bryan was tried as an accomplice to Anna's murder. Morrison said, 'Bryan got her drunk and I did the rest.' Bryan was released after a hung jury."

"William Hale was released in 1947 after serving twenty years at Leavenworth Prison. The Parole Board cited his age and his record as a good prisoner for his early release. The Osage were convinced it was the last vestige of Hale's political influence and the indifference to Osage lives. He was not supposed to set foot in Oklahoma again, but according to relatives he often visited them. He said, "If that damn Ernest had kept his mouth shut we'd be rich today." He died in 1962 in an Arizona nursing home."

"Ernest Burkhart was sentenced to life imprisonment at the Oklahoma State Penitentiary. He got out in 1937 but he robbed an Osage home and was sent back to prison. He was released again in 1959 and barred from ever living again in Oklahoma. He went to work on a sheep farm in New Mexico for seventy-five dollars a month. He died in 1986. He was cremated and his ashes were given to his son "Cowboy," in a box. Ernest had left instructions with Cowboy to spread his ashes around the Osage Hills."

"After Mollie divorced Ernest she lived with her new husband an Osage, John Cobb, on the reservation. She died on June 16, 1937. Her obituary in the local paper said simply, 'Mrs. Mollie Cobb, 50 years of age, passed away at 11:00 Wednesday night at her home. She was a full-blood Osage. She was buried in the old cemetery in Gray Horse.' Her epitaph read, 'She was a kind and affectionate wife and a fond mother and friend to all.' There was no mention of the murders."

"Tom White went on to become the warden of Leavenworth Prison in Kansas at the same time William Hale was there. They would pass in the prison never saying a word to one another. Tom died December 21, 1971 in El Paso. He was 90. On Christmas eve a friend wrote in the local newspaper after listing Tom's accomplishments, 'Tom White left us four days ago in the early morning hours of December 20. He died as he had lived, quietly and with a calm dignity which bespoke not only an unfaltering trust in people but true greatness of spirit. His dreams will indeed be pleasant ones.'"

EXT. THE OSAGE HILLS - NIGHT

And as we see the oil derricks, the wells pumping along the hills...under a beautiful, evermore, flower moon...

FADE OUT: