

LONGMIRE

"Unrequited"

by
C. Rayne Warne

Based on the Walt Longmire Mystery Novels

By Craig Johnson

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5800 Trellis Arch Apt# 204
Virginia Beach, VA 23462
(615) 995-1365
raynewarne@gmail.com

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The high plains of Wyoming stretch out for miles.

The serene silence is interrupted by the RUMBLE of a fast approaching VEHICLE. Walt's Bronco zooms into view and out just as quick.

INT. WALT'S BRONCO - DAY

WALT's fists grip the steering wheel tight. His eyes are on the road, his mind on his mission.

Next to him on the passenger seat rests his rifle.

EXT. WALT'S BRONCO - DAY

The BRONCO SKIDS to a sudden halt. Walt stares out the windshield. Something's got his attention. He opens the door.

EXT. LARGE TREE - CONTINUOUS

Walt steps out of the truck and approaches the tree. Spray painted racial epithets cover the trunk. But Walt's more concerned with what hangs from one of the branches.

The body of a man hangs several feet above the ground, it's neck in a noose, the head covered by a sack. Across the sack is written the word REDSKIN.

An owl stares at Walt from another branch of the tree. Walt returns the stare.

TITLE FILLS THE FRAME: LONGMIRE

EXT. LARGE TREE - DAY

Walt stands in the middle of the road as two Res squad cars arrive and stop right in front of him. MATHIAS steps out of the lead car. Three deputies hover nearby.

Mathias looks over the crime scene. Then Walt.

MATHIAS

What're you doing out here, Walt?

WALT

I'm just calling it in, Mathias.
It's your show.

MATHIAS

Doesn't answer my question.

Walt turns back to his truck. Mathias is surprised Walt would cede so easily.

MATHIAS (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're going?
You're my only witness.

Walt opens the driver's side door, glances at the rifle.

ANGLE ON RIFLE WITH WALT IN THE BACKGROUND

WALT

I've got business elsewhere.

The deputies process the crime scene. Mathias isn't letting Walt go that easy.

MATHIAS

A little convenient, isn't it?
You're being out here all alone
with a dead Indian?

Walt pauses. Looks at the hanged man.

WALT

Who is he?

Mathias steps up to the dead man and lifts the hood.

MATHIAS

David Whistling Elk.

Mathias motions to his deputies who gather round the body.

He pulls a knife from his pocket and snaps it open.

WALT

Any family? A wife?

MATHIAS

No.

Mathias slashes at the rope and the body falls into the arms of the deputies.

Walt gets in the Bronco and starts it up. It kicks dirt as he heads further into the Res.

Mathias watches him go.

EXT. CASINO CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Walt brakes hard and the Bronco slides to a stop on loose gravel. Walt jumps out but before he can take a step the RADIO CALLS him back.

RUBY (O.S.)
Walt? Pick up.

Walt stops, frustrated. He scans the construction site and spots JACOB NIGHTHORSE speaking with a group of contractors.

Walt reaches into the truck and grabs the radio talk box.

WALT
What is it?

RUBY (O.S.)
Need you to get over to the Red Pony. There's a situation.

WALT
Send Vic.

Walt looks up. Nighthorse stares at him. They lock eyes.

RUBY (O.S.)
Vic'n Ferg are en route but Malachi asked for you. Says it's urgent.

If Walt's eyes were guns, Jacob Nighthorse would be dead.

RUBY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Walt?

Duty calls.

WALT
I'm on my way.

JACOB NIGHTHORSE

Nighthorse watches as Walt gets in his truck and drives away.

INT. RED PONY BAR - DAY

Two teenage skinheads cower in a corner of the room. The tall one is ALPHA, the chubby one is JERAME.

A group of Indians advance menacingly. One man wields a broken bottle. There's blood on it.

Between them stands VIC, gun drawn and aimed center-mass at BROKEN BOTTLE MAN.

Behind her stands FERG, gun also drawn but lowered as he holds a handful of napkins to his bleeding head.

VIC
Stand back. Everyone. Back off!

EXT. RED PONY BAR - DAY

Walt gets out of his Bronco as a Cheyenne man runs to a beater Ford pickup and removes a rifle from behind the seat.

WALT
Hold on, there.

The man stops. Walt takes his gun.

WALT (CONT'D)
Get back in your truck.

The man does as he's told. Walt enters the bar.

INT. RED PONY BAR - DAY

The men crowd even closer to Vic. Ferg does his best to help but looks too scared to intimidate.

VIC
Back the hell away. Seriously.

Broken Bottle Man has murder in his eyes. He pulls his arm back to strike. Vic starts to squeeze the trigger.

BAM!!! A shot goes off. Broken Bottle Man freezes. Vic's eyes go wide.

Walt stands at the front of the room. The confiscated rifle points at the ceiling. Smoke rises from the barrel.

WALT
Someone gonna tell me what this is all about?

The group stares at Walt.

BROKEN BOTTLE MAN
This don't concern you, law man.
This is Res business.

WALT
We're not on the Res.

Walt approaches confidently. The group parts and lets him through. He reaches Vic.

WALT (CONT'D)
(to Vic)
You okay?

VIC
Yeah. Check on Ferg.

Walt inspects Ferg's wound. Broken Bottle Man's blood boils.

BROKEN BOTTLE MAN
These boys are murderers!

FERG
(to Walt)
I'm fine.

Walt faces the group.

WALT
I suggest you all clear out.

MALACHI (O.S.)
They're my customers, Walt.

Malachi stands behind his bar.

MALACHI (CONT'D)
I say they can stay.

BROKEN BOTTLE MAN
You ain't gonna do nothing bout
these boys, law man, then we will.

Walt studies their faces. He pulls a pair of handcuffs from his belt.

He cuffs Alpha's wrists behind his back.

ALPHA
But I didn't do anything!

VIC
What are you doing?

WALT
Get his friend.

Vic huffs but does as ordered and cuffs Jerame.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Vic leads the skinheads toward the holding cell. Walt places the confiscated rifle on Ruby's desk and hangs his hat and coat by the door.

WALT

Someone's gonna come looking for that. Give it to him. Along with two dollars for the used shell.

Ferg enters and Ruby sees the blood.

RUBY

Oh my god, Ferg. What happened?

Walt walks toward the cell. Vic locks the door on the teens.

WALT

Ruby, get the first aid kit.

FERG

I said I'm fine.

Vic finishes uncuffing them. Walt stands over them.

WALT

Where you boys from?

They look at each other then down at their feet.

WALT (CONT'D)

You don't wanna talk, that's your right. But folks seem to think you killed someone.

JERAME

We didn't kill anyone.

Alpha punches Jerame's arm.

ALPHA

You don't talk to cops, idiot.

Walt picks up their wallets from Ferg's desk and heads toward his office.

WALT

Vic. My office.

INT. WALT'S OFFICE - DAY

Vic closes the door and turns to face Walt who stands behind his desk.

VIC

Why did you arrest them? And what murder did they supposedly commit?

WALT

I found a Cheyenne man on the res. He'd been hanged. Lynched.

Vic approaches the desk. Walt inspects the boys' wallets and removes the driver's licenses.

VIC

What were you doing out on the Res?

WALT

It wasn't fifteen minutes from Mathias showing up on the scene before I got called to the Red Pony. He must have called Malachi and told him about the body.

VIC

And two skinheads just happened to be in his bar? How fortunate.

Walt drops the wallets on his desk.

WALT

Not if those boys are innocent.

VIC

You think they are?

Walt inspects the licenses.

WALT

Says here they're from Salt Lake. Have Ferg pull up more info on our guests. Everything he can.

Walt comes around to the front of his desk.

WALT (CONT'D)

Then head over to Randy's Tavern.

VIC

The klan hangout?

WALT

See if anybody knows our boys or why they might be in town.

Walt holds out the licenses. Vic gives Walt an I'll-get-you-for-this look and grabs them.

VIC

What about our suspects? Let 'em simmer for a while?

WALT

They're not suspects. Not yet. We can hold them for twenty-four hours without charge. That gives us just one day to find the killer.

VIC

Or what?

WALT

Or we're gonna have two more dead bodies on our hands.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Ruby dabs Ferg's wound with gauze. He winces from the pain. Ruby teases him.

RUBY

Oh, don't be a baby.

Ferg takes the insult personally.

Walt grabs his hat and coat from the rack.

WALT

Ruby. If Mathias orders an autopsy on the victim, have doc Bloomfield send me a copy of the results.

Walt opens the door to leave. Ruby struggles to understand.

RUBY

What victim?

The door shuts and Walt is gone.

EXT. RANDY'S TAVERN - DAY

Randy's Tavern hardly looks habitable, let alone able to pass health inspection.

Vic pushes the door but it's locked. She notices a flyer taped to the door.

INSERT - FLYER

Bold letters at the top read RALLY TONIGHT.

BACK TO SCENE

Vic KNOCKS. Paint chips stick to her knuckles. She brushes them away.

The door opens to reveal RANDY, a balding hayseed. He perks up when he sees a woman at his door.

RANDY

Well ain't you a rose among thorns.

Vic forces a smile and holds up a picture of the teens.

VIC

You know these boys?

Randy hardly glances at the picture.

RANDY

Never seen 'em.

VIC

You wanna take a closer look?

Randy looks at the picture.

RANDY

Like I said. I don't know 'em.

Vic looks over Randy's shoulder as she hears PEOPLE'S VOICES drifting out from inside the tavern.

VIC

Maybe one of your friends might recognize them.

RANDY

I doubt it.

Vic tries to enter.

VIC

Why don't I ask them myself.

Randy blocks her way.

RANDY
Sorry, cupcake. Men only.

VIC
Excuse me?

The novelty of a woman at his door is wearing off.

RANDY
What do you want?

VIC
There's been a murder. And right
now you're impeding my
investigation.

Randy goes on the defensive.

RANDY
Klan's not all killers. Despite
what you see in the movies.

VIC
Yeah because it's only from movies
you get that reputation. Not from,
I don't know, history.

RANDY
This group here, we don't believe
in violence. Ask around.

VIC
I will. Or maybe I show up at your
rally tonight.

Vic points to the flyer. Randy shakes his head.

RANDY
Men only. Sweetheart.

The door closes in Vic's indignant face. She rips the flyer
from the door.

EXT. HECTOR'S WALL - DAY

Walt stuffs a note into a glass jar then screws the lid back
on. He places it into a crevice in the rock wall.

HENRY (O.S.)
I do still have a cell phone.

Walt turns around to see Henry approaching behind him.

WALT
Well, this feels more appropriate.
Considering...

Henry stops advancing.

HENRY
What? That I am a criminal?

WALT
Are you?

HENRY
My conscience is clear.

The gap between these two friends is noticeable. And more than a little uncomfortable.

WALT
You don't have to do this, Henry.
It's not who you are.

HENRY
I am who my people need me to be.

Walt nods and changes the subject.

WALT
I'm sure you've heard by now.

HENRY
I hear you have two men in custody.

WALT
What can you tell me about David
Whistling Elk?

Henry narrows the gap, takes a few steps forward.

HENRY
He was a quiet man. Well-respected
among the tribes. I can think of no
one who wished him harm. Except
maybe his son.

WALT
Mathias said he had no family.

HENRY
He does not. His son Thomas died
two years ago in Cheyenne. It was
rumored David disowned Thomas
before he left.

WALT
Why would he do that?

HENRY
I suppose now we will never know.

Walt hesitates. Henry notices.

WALT
Henry, I gotta ask.

HENRY
Go on.

WALT
You hiding anything from me?

It pains Walt to ask the question almost as much as it pains Henry to hear it.

HENRY
Goodbye, Walt.

Henry turns and walks away.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - PARK - DAY

A small group of Indian men stand in the park facing the office. They stare up into the windows. Waiting for justice.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Ferg watches the men nervously from the window. He touches the wound on his head.

INT. WALT'S OFFICE - DAY

Walt also stands at his window and watches the group below.

Ruby enters and indicates toward the window.

RUBY

What's all that about?

Walt turns away from the window.

WALT

Concerned citizenry. Making sure the sheriff does his job.

RUBY

Well maybe this will help. Doc Bloomfield called. The autopsy results are in.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

Walt and Doc Bloomfield stand over a gurney. A dead body lies beneath a white sheet.

Doc pulls the sheet back to reveal the head and shoulders of David Whistling Elk.

DOC BLOOMFIELD

Cause of death is consistent with how the victim was found.

WALT

Broken neck or asphyxiation?

DOC BLOOMFIELD

Door number two. But it wasn't the hanging that killed him. Look here.

Doc bends low and points to David's neck.

DOC BLOOMFIELD (CONT'D)
You see these ligature marks? These were caused by the rope he was hanged by. But the marks are only superficial. There's no bruising.

Walt takes a close look.

WALT
No bruising means no blood flow. He was dead before they hanged him.

DOC BLOOMFIELD
Bingo. If you look closer you'll see a much thinner striation all around the neck.

Walt inspects the dead man's neck.

ANGLE ON VICTIM'S NECK

A thin striation is visible around the neck.

WALT
The hanging was staged to try and hide this wound.

DOC BLOOMFIELD
Murder weapon? You're looking for a garrote. Or piano wire.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Let me in!

Walt and Doc look toward the hallway.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
I'm sorry, sir. You can't be here!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Get out of my way!

THOMAS, a Cheyenne in his 30s, bursts into the room followed by a NURSE.

NURSE
I'm sorry, doctor.

WALT
It's alright.

Doc Bloomfield nods to the nurse and she exits the room.

WALT (CONT'D)
You mind telling me who you are?

Thomas is transfixed by the face on the table in front of him. Walt notices.

WALT (CONT'D)
You know this man?

Thomas is overcome with emotion. Doesn't look up.

THOMAS
He was my father.

INT. WALT'S OFFICE - DAY

Walt sits in his chair leaning forward over his desk. Across from him sits Thomas and another young Indian, JONATHAN. Vic stands in the corner observing.

THOMAS
I haven't seen my father for two years. He kicked me out. Told me he never wanted to see me again.

WALT
Why was that?

THOMAS
I disappointed him.

Walt waits expectantly.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
My father was very traditional. But there was one tradition he wanted nothing to do with. Sheriff, have you heard of two-spirits?

Walt nods, starting to understand.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
There have been two-spirits in our people for centuries. But my father couldn't stand the thought that his son was one of them.

WALT
He disowned you.

THOMAS

That's a polite way to put it. He said I was dead to him. So I left. Moved to Denver to play music.

Jonathan puts a comforting hand on Thomas' arm. Vic notices.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

The only person on the reservation I stayed in touch with was Jonathan. He would check in on my father from time to time.

WALT

You were still concerned about him?

THOMAS

Of course. He may not have understood me but I still loved him. I didn't blame him for what he did. Telling everyone I died. It was easier for him that way.

WALT

(to Jonathan)

When was the last time you saw David Whistling Elk?

JONATHAN

Last week. I didn't stay long. He said he was expecting company.

WALT

He say who?

Jonathan shakes his head. Walt gestures to the two of them.

WALT (CONT'D)

You two been friends a long time?

JONATHAN

I used to get teased in school and Thomas would stand up for me. When I heard the news about his father I called him right away.

WALT

(to Thomas)

I'm very sorry for your loss.

THOMAS

Thank you, Sheriff.

WALT

And I'm also sorry but I have to ask. Where were you last night?

Jonathan leans forward.

JONATHAN

Just what are you implying?

THOMAS

It's fine, Jonathan. He's just doing his job. I was at the Blue Black Club. It's a bar on 17th in LoDo. You call the manager. He'll tell you.

Walt nods his appreciation.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Vic watches Thomas and Jonathan leave. After they're gone --

VIC

You see the way Jonathan was looking at him?

WALT

We need to get over to the crime scene. Have another look around.

Walt dons his coat and hat.

WALT (CONT'D)

Ruby. Give us fifteen minutes then radio Mathias. Tell him to meet us at the crime scene.

Walt opens the door to leave. Vic follows.

VIC

Mathias? Why call him?

WALT

Professional courtesy.

EXT. LARGE TREE - DAY

Walt and Vic step out of his Bronco. Vic looks at the tree and notices the racial slurs.

VIC
I'm starting to see why you
arrested the skinheads.

Walt studies the ground around the tree.

WALT
Don't jump to any conclusions.

VIC
So what are we looking for?

WALT
This crime scene was staged. David
Whistling Elk was killed and then
brought here to make it look like a
hate crime. We need to know why.

VIC
What makes you so sure?

Before Walt can answer the RUMBLE of Mathias' CAR approaches.

VIC (CONT'D)
You should have asked Ruby for
twenty minutes.

Mathias parks too close to the scene and gets out of the car.

MATHIAS
You said this was my crime scene,
Walt. Why are you disrupting it?

Walt gestures toward the ground.

WALT
You and your men did a fine job of
disrupting the scene by yourselves.

Footprints and tire tracks are everywhere.

MATHIAS
White men murder a Cheyenne on res
land. You got two white
supremacists at your station right
now. What more do you want?

WALT
I want the truth. If the murder was
meant to send a message, why here?
It's a dirt road. Hardly any
traffic. No one's going to see it.

MATHIAS

No one's accusing your skinheads of being smart.

VIC

I can't believe I'm saying this, Walt. But he does have a point. I mean sometimes one and one does make two.

WALT

Sometimes.

MATHIAS

You through here?

WALT

One more thing.

Walt approaches Mathias.

WALT (CONT'D)

You told Malachi about Whistling Elk's murder soon as I left the scene. Why?

MATHIAS

I didn't, so's you ask. But that's not to say one of my men didn't. Malachi likes to be informed. And pays well to stay that way.

WALT

That all he pays your men for? This wouldn't be the first staged crime scene on the Res.

MATHIAS

I don't think I like your tone, Sheriff Longmire. Afraid I'll have to ask you to leave.

Walt sizes Mathias up but backs down and walks away.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Walt stands in front of the holding cell. Alpha sits up strong. Jerame slouches over.

WALT

Either of you boys ready to talk?

Alpha turns his head away.

WALT (CONT'D)

That a no, Alfonso?

ALPHA

The name's Alpha.

VIC

What about you? You give yourself a nickname, too?

ALPHA

Hey!

Vic smacks the cell bars.

VIC

Sit down.

Alpha does as he's told. Jerame shoots Alpha a frustrated glance then looks at Walt who waits expectantly.

JERAME

Jerame's fine.

WALT

Well, Jerame. Thing is, there's a dead body down at the morgue. And I want to believe you and your friend didn't put him there.

JERAME

Does that mean you're going to let us go?

WALT

Not yet. It's for your own safety.

ALPHA

Pfff.

WALT

(to Jerame)

Where were you last night?

JERAME

We --

ALPHA

(interrupting)

We don't have to answer that.

VIC

Maybe your friend wants to help solve a murder.

ALPHA
Maybe you mind your own business.

Vic is about to unleash all kinds of attitude but --

WALT
What are you doing in Durant?

A look from Alpha makes Jerame keeps his mouth shut.

VIC
You boys thinking about going to
the rally tonight?

JERAME
How'd you know?

VIC
I dunno. Maybe it was the swastika
tattooed on your friend's arm?

WALT
Rally?

Vic grabs the rally flyer from her desk and shows it to Walt.

VIC
(to Alpha)
I'm not sure you're what this group
is looking for, Alfonso. They're
not the violent type.

WALT
Non-violent, huh? You boys know
anybody in the group who doesn't
share that sentiment?

Alpha crosses his arms. He's not talking. But Jerame...

JERAME
There is one guy.

Alpha exhales in disgust.

WALT
Who is he?

JERAME
I've never met him before. Just
heard stories.

WALT
What's his name?

Jerame hesitates, looks to Alpha who shakes his head.

JERAME

Adam Cramer.

EXT. KLAN RALLY - DAY

Less a klan rally, more an office picnic party.

Men drink from paper Dixie cups.

Eat BBQ ribs and burgers.

Play horseshoes.

Walt and Vic approach the festivities on foot, the Bronco behind them parked in a field-turned-parking lot.

VIC

You wanna explain what I'm seeing here, Walt?

WALT

Not what you expected?

VIC

Not really, no. I expected more pointy hats. Burning crosses.

RANDY (O.S.)

That's the old klan.

Walt and Vic turn around to see Randy.

RANDY (CONT'D)

We had to change with the times.
Move into the twentieth century.

Randy walks past them toward the buffet table. They follow.

VIC

I think you got a ways to go.

RANDY

It's less about white supremacy.
More about keeping the races pure.

WALT

Segregation's against the law.

RANDY

Not segregation, miscegenation. All we want is for people to keep to their own kind.

WALT

How far are you willing to go to keep it that way?

Randy acts offended. It's an act.

RANDY

Like I told your lady friend, we don't endorse violence.

Walt gets close as Randy pours a lemonade from the table.

WALT

What about Adam Cramer? You speak for him as well?

Randy sets the lemonade pitcher down and faces Walt.

RANDY

Adam has a rough past. He's the first to admit. But he's changed. Thanks to his brothers here.

VIC

Some family.

WALT

Adam here today, by chance?

Randy takes a swig of his lemonade.

RANDY

No, uh. He ain't coming. Now you excuse me. Ya'll stick around and enjoy yourselves.

Randy sets his cup down and walks briskly away. Vic eyes the pitcher of lemonade.

VIC

You think they put something in the water here makes people so stupid?

WALT

It's not stupidity. It's ignorance.

VIC

There's a difference?

Walt keeps his eyes on Randy as he walks through the crowd then stops next to a tall man. Randy talks quickly. He points in Walt's direction and they realize they're being watched.

The man, who must be ADAM CRAMER, takes off like a shot.

Walt bolts after him. Vic takes a second to figure out what's going on then runs after Walt.

Adam shoves his so-called brothers out of the way as he tears through the rally. Walt and Vic are a good thirty feet behind but catching up.

EXT. FIELD/PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Adam runs onto the field in between rows of cars.

Walt and Vic reach the lot and split up, trying to flank him.

Adam ducks low while running to avoid detection.

Walt and Vic lose sight of him but keep searching.

Walt spots Adam and runs toward him. Adam realizes he's been spotted and sprints --

POW! into Henry's waiting fist. He falls to the ground hard. Henry stands over Adam as he holds his face in his hands.

Walt and Vic reach Adam, both out of breath. Walt and Henry share a tense look.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Ferg stands anxiously outside the station door at the top of the stairs. He looks around nervously as he listens to an argument coming from inside the station.

NIGHTHORSE (O.S.)

Well when do you expect him back?

RUBY (O.S.)

I really can't say, Mr. Nighthorse.

EXT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - STREET - NIGHT

Walt's Bronco pulls up outside the station. Walt and Vic look at the growing crowd of Indians gathered outside. They don't picket. They don't chant.

They wait.

Walt and Vic exit the truck and move to the rear. Walt opens it up and Henry steps out then helps to remove the handcuffed Adam Cramer.

Together they enter the station.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - STAIRWAY - NIGHT

Ferg sees Walt enter at the bottom of the stairs and quickly meets them halfway up.

FERG

This our guy?

WALT

He's a person of interest.

FERG

Walt. Jacob Nighthorse is in there.
He's waiting for you.

Walt looks up at the station door ahead. His usually buried anger rises.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Walt opens the door leading Adam by the arm. Nighthorse stands by Ruby's desk. He doesn't waste a second.

NIGHTHORSE

Walt. Ruby says you have had these men in your custody for twelve hours and brought no charges.

Walt leads Adam to the holding cell. Vic hangs back. Ferg grabs the keys from his desk and hands them to Walt.

NIGHTHORSE (CONT'D)

Can I assume you are at least going to charge this man?

Walt opens the cell door and guides Adam inside. He closes the door and locks it tight.

NIGHTHORSE (CONT'D)

There are a lot of angry voices on the res. They are not going to be happy when their sheriff lets another Indian killer go free.

WALT

Get out of my station.

NIGHTHORSE

I came here to warn you, Walt.

WALT

Warn me? Or threaten? What are you gonna do, Jacob?

NIGHTHORSE

I'm not going to do anything. But I can't speak for them.

Nighthorse points toward the window. Ferg turns and looks out at the growing crowd of Indians below.

NIGHTHORSE (CONT'D)

Sometimes your job isn't to catch the bad guy. Sometimes it's about keeping the peace. Do your job, Walt. The last thing we need is another senseless murder.

Nighthorse pauses before delivering the stinger.

NIGHTHORSE (CONT'D)

You know more about that than most.

Walt boils.

WALT
You get the hell out before I throw
you out.

Walt stares down Jacob who turns and exits the station. Vic
breathes a sigh of relief. Henry enters.

VIC
Where were you?

HENRY
I thought it best not to be seen.

WALT
Henry.

Walt walks straight into his office. Henry gives Vic a look
then follows.

INT. WALT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Walt stands in front of his desk as Henry closes the door
behind him.

HENRY
Why do I feel as though I have been
summoned to the principal's office?

WALT
What were you doing at the rally?

HENRY
Same as you. Looking for Cramer.

WALT
How'd you get that name?

Henry smiles.

HENRY
He is well known to some on the res
for his unkind opinion of redskins.

Walt cocks his head at the familiar slur.

WALT
You think it was him?

HENRY
I believe he is capable of murder.

Walt nods.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I understand your anger with Jacob Nighthorse. I know he is the reason you were on the res this morning. But he is not entirely wrong.

WALT

You suggesting I arrest an innocent man for murder?

HENRY

No. I am suggesting that whatever you do, do it quickly.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Walt cross the bullpen to the holding cell.

WALT

I have some questions for you, Mister Cramer.

ADAM

Lawyer.

Vic impatiently approaches the cell.

VIC

Maybe you didn't hear but there's a group of people out there ready to kill you unless you help us.

Adam leans forward.

ADAM

Lawyer.

Vic storms to her desk.

WALT

Ferg. Get a judge on the phone. We need a search warrant for Adam Cramer's residence.

FERG

This time of night?

WALT

Vic and I will head that way. Call us when it's done.

Ferg sits at his desk and picks up the phone. Vic follows Walt out of the station.

EXT. ADAM CRAMER'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Walt and Vic approach the front door. Walt attempts to pick the lock but has difficulty.

VIC

Where's Branch when you need him?

Walt stands back and kicks the door open.

INT. ADAM CRAMER'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The place is dark, no one is home. The front door opens and a flashlight pierces the darkness. Walt and Vic enter.

Vic searches the wall with her hand and finds a light switch. A single lamp comes to life but offers little light.

VIC

How does he see in here?

The place is proper messy. There are way too many empty beer bottles and cans. They shine their flashlights around the trailer, searching.

VIC (CONT'D)

You and Nighthorse seemed especially friendly tonight. Something I should know about?

Walt searches the kitchenette.

VIC (CONT'D)

Okay. Good talk.

Vic takes the hint and moves to a different room.

BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vic finds another light switch. This one sheds a little more light but she keeps her flashlight on.

There's no bed, just boxes stacked on boxes. And a table and chair. The table is set up for making fly fishing lures.

VIC

Our man's a fisher.

(to herself)

Probably only catches whitefish.

KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

Walt turns toward the bedroom.

WALT
What kind of fishing?

VIC (O.S.)
Uh, fly fishing. I think.

BEDROOM - NIGHT

Vic searches through boxes. Walt steps into the room behind her and searches the table.

VIC
Hoping for a new lure?

WALT
Sort of.

Walt searches and finally finds what he's looking for.

He holds up a spool of piano wire.

VIC
Piano wire?

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Walt and Vic stand in front of the holding cell. Cramer lies on the bench, forcing the two boys to sit on the floor. Walt bangs on the bars and the occupants awake with a start.

WALT
(to Adam)
We need to talk.

ADAM
I got nothing to say until my lawyer gets here.

WALT
You're lawyer's not getting here until tomorrow.

ADAM
Then how about getting me another pillow, huh?

Walt pulls up a chair and sits down, eye to eye with Adam.

WALT

You've got a problem. Those men outside? They've been waiting a long time. And I don't think they're gonna wait much longer.

ADAM

What's that got to do with me?

WALT

That all depends. You see, the man who was killed, he wasn't just hanged. Someone strangled him first. With this.

Walt holds up the piano wire. Adam starts to put it together.

ADAM

So what? I use that to make fishing lures. You can't pin this on me.

WALT

I don't have to. You've got a history with some of those men out there. They know I arrested you. Even if I let you go, they won't. That goes for all three of you.

Walt pauses to let the idea sink in.

WALT (CONT'D)

What's it going to be?

Adam finally breaks the silence.

ADAM

I didn't kill no injun.

Adam lays his head back to rest.

INT. RED PONY BAR - NIGHT

Walt walks up to the bar as Malachi's employees close up for the night. Malachi steps out of the back office and smiles as Walt approaches.

MALACHI

Pour you a drink, Walt?

WALT

This isn't a social call, Malachi.

MALACHI

Maybe you came to patch the hole
you shot in my bar this morning.

Malachi waves his employees off. They drop what they're doing
and leave.

WALT

What do you know about David
Whistling Elk?

Malachi pours himself a drink.

MALACHI

Sheriff Walt Longmire. Asking for
my help. I never thought I'd see
the day.

WALT

A man was murdered. Why?

MALACHI

An Indian died on a reservation.
Why does the white sheriff care?

WALT

Why do you not?

Malachi tosses back his drink.

MALACHI

David Whistling Elk kept to
himself. There's nothing to know.

WALT

What about his son, Thomas? You
know he was alive?

MALACHI

I knew. Didn't say anything so his
old man could save face. But if
you're thinking he had something to
do with it, don't bother.

WALT

No, his story checks out. Something
doesn't add up, though.

Malachi waves Walt closer.

MALACHI

You want my advice, one lawman to
another? Set those washishos free.

(MORE)

MALACHI (CONT'D)

Let the reservation take care of
its own problems.

WALT

You're not law, Malachi. Not
anymore.

MALACHI

I have you to thank for that.

Walt steps away from the bar.

MALACHI (CONT'D)

Say, Walt. I know Henry used to let
you drink for free. I'm sure we
could come to a similar
arrangement. Come by anytime.

Walt throws open the door and leaves.

EXT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - STREET - NIGHT

A group of white men descend on the station. Their faces are
familiar. They were all at the klan rally.

Randy leads the way. He motions for them to stay back and he
enters the station.

The two opposing groups, the whites and the Indians, stare
each other down.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Randy storms into the station. Ruby freezes behind her desk
while Ferg stands up and Vic walks forward to meet Randy.

RANDY

Where is he?

VIC

I'm sorry Can I help you?

Randy ignores her and stomps past her into the bullpen. Vic
quickly reaches out to stop him.

RANDY

Get your damn hands off me. I wanna
see him. Adam!

Adam stands and looks into the bullpen.

VIC

I'm gonna need you to get back.

RANDY

Let him go.

Ferg quickly but quietly drops the cell keys into a desk drawer and closes it.

VIC

Your friend Adam is a person of interest in an ongoing investigation.

RANDY

He ain't done nothing. You can't hold him.

VIC

You need to get out of here before I arrest you, too.

RANDY

You can't arrest me.

Vic puts her hand on her gun but doesn't pull it.

VIC

Get out. Now.

Randy looks at her gun, weighs his options.

RANDY

(to Adam)

We gonna get you outta here.

Randy retreats. Vic shuts the door after him.

Ferg looks outside at the mounting tension.

EXT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - STREET - NIGHT

Randy exits the station but instead of joining his fellow klansmen he approaches the Indians.

RANDY

A nitchie gets himself killed on redskin land and we're to blame.

Randy gets right in the face of a Cheyenne man.

RANDY (CONT'D)

You should stay on the reservation where you belong, sittin' duck.

The Cheyenne straight punches Randy and lays him out flat.

It's on now. The two sides erupt in a fury of fists, cries and pejoratives.

EXT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - PARK - NIGHT

Walt's Bronco stops short of the brawl. Walt picks up the radio talk box.

WALT

Ruby.

RUBY (O.S.)

Walt you better get here quick. All hell's broke loose outside.

WALT

Yeah I'm seeing it. Radio the surrounding counties. See if you can't get a few cars out here to help. And Ruby? Lock the door.

Walt sets the talk box down and reaches for the rifle on the seat next to him.

He checks to make sure it's loaded. Yep.

Walt steps out of his truck and surveys the scene.

He strides forward into the fray.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - STREET - NIGHT

An all-out brawl. Fists fly. Teeth shatter. Elbows, knees and knuckles bruise, pummel and punish.

Through the middle of it all marches Sheriff Walt Longmire.

Walt ducks a swing in his direction, shoves the man to the ground and keeps moving forward until he reaches --

Randy who is busy fighting off a Cheyenne man. Walt grabs Randy's shoulder and spins him around. Before Randy can react, Walt cold cocks him in the jaw with the rifle butt.

Randy drops.

Walt rolls him onto his stomach and puts him in cuffs. He pulls Randy to his feet and walks him to --

EXT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DOOR - NIGHT

Walt raises the RIFLE and fires a shot into the air CRACK!

The crowd all turn toward the sound of the gunshot.

WALT

Anybody who wants the pleasure of
my hospitality, feel free to stay.
I got room for more. Otherwise, go
home. Now.

Walt shoves Randy inside and closes the door behind them.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Walt locks Randy in the increasingly cramped holding cell.

VIC

It's quite a collection you've got
going, Walt.

Randy turns around after Walt releases the handcuffs.

WALT

I thought you and your brothers
didn't hold to violence.

RANDY

They started it. We were just
defending ourselves.

Walt nods -- yeah right.

VIC

Walt.

Walt meets Vic at her desk.

VIC (CONT'D)

Cramer's alibi checks out. He was
nowhere near the res last night.

Walt turns and looks at the holding cell.

VIC (CONT'D)

Still, it doesn't mean he had
nothing to do with the murder.

WALT

Nothing ties him to it, either.

VIC

Except for motive and access to the
murder weapon.

WALT

(to Ferg)

What about our two boys? Anything
come back on them?

Ferg quickly searches his desk for the information.

FERG

Uh, they're clean. No priors. But
no alibi either.

VIC

Think they were working together?

Walt peeks through the blinds at the street below.

WALT

Ferg. Let Cramer go.

Ferg gives Walt a confused look.

VIC

Walt you can't.

WALT
(to Ferg)
Go on.

Ferg grabs the cell key.

WALT (CONT'D)
Cuff him first.

FERG
(to Adam)
Turn around.

ADAM
If you're releasing me, what are
the cuffs for?

WALT
You'll wear them till you're out of
my sight.

Adam complies. Once the cuffs are on, Ferg opens the cell door and allows Adam to exit.

ALPHA
Hey what about us?

Ferg shuts the cell door.

WALT
You got two choices, Cramer. You
can walk through that door and take
your chances with those Cheyenne
out there.

Adam looks at the window.

WALT (CONT'D)
Or you can come with me.

VIC
Talk to you a minute, Walt?

Vic stomps into Walt's office. He follows.

INT. WALT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Walt closes the door behind him.

VIC
What the hell are you doing? You
wanna release a murder suspect?

WALT
Do I want to? No.

VIC
Then what --

WALT
Look out that window.

Vic steps forward and looks.

VIC'S POV

On the street below no one's gone home. But they've stopped fighting. For the moment.

BACK TO SCENE

Vic puts her head down and waits for the lecture.

WALT
Soon as Cramer's lawyer gets here
he walks. I release him now it
could go a long way to ease
tensions out there.

Vic hates it when Walt's right.

VIC
So what's the plan?

WALT
Stay here. Keep an eye on our
friends outside. Make sure they
stay outside.

VIC
What are you gonna do?

WALT
I'm still working on that.

Walt opens his office door.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - NIGHT

Walt approaches Adam.

WALT
What's it gonna be?

Adam considers.

ADAM

Lead on.

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

The sun is still behind the horizon. A mystic glow illuminates the plains.

Walt stands next to his truck parked on the side of the road.

Henry's ancient Dodge pickup rolls into view and pulls up behind Walt.

Henry disembarks.

WALT

I released Adam Cramer.

HENRY

And you are telling me this why?

WALT

Because he didn't do it, Henry.

HENRY

I hope for his sake you have the real murderer in custody.

Walt looks out over the plains.

WALT

This is a bad situation.

HENRY

Yes it is.

WALT

If I let those two boys go, will you do the same?

HENRY

If they are released I have been tasked with punishing them.

WALT

Punish?

HENRY

I am not a killer, Walt.

WALT

No. No you're a good man. A man who believes in justice. Look me in the eye and tell me this is justice. Tell me how you're gonna collect their teeth because you know beyond a reasonable doubt they're guilty.

Henry averts his gaze.

WALT (CONT'D)

I need your help, Henry.

HENRY

They cannot go free.

WALT

I was thinking just the opposite.

Walt opens the back of his truck.

Adam Cramer sits handcuffed inside.

EXT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Walt parks in front of the station door. The klansmen are gone but the Cheyenne continue their silent protest. They watch Walt with unblinking eyes as he enters the station.

INT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY

Walt opens the holding cell door.

WALT

Let's go.

Randy stands up proudly and exits the cell.

Vic huffs and plops down into her chair.

JERAME

All of us?

WALT

Out. Come on.

Ferg looks confused.

FERG

They're still waiting down there...

Jerame and Alpha leave the cell.

WALT
You two. You're gonna need
protection getting out of here.

Jerame looks to Alpha.

ALPHA
I ain't gonna argue.

WALT
Vic. I need you and Ferg down there
in case things get out of hand.

VIC
On it.

Vic opens the gun locker.

WALT
May need you to keep them occupied
while we get away.

Vic removes a shotgun and extra rounds.

Ferg looks out the window, starts to sweat.

VIC
How much time you need?

WALT
Enough so as they can't follow.

VIC
You got it.

Ferg hesitates behind his desk.

FERG
Someone should stay inside and man
the radio.

Vic and Walt share a look.

VIC
It's fine, Walt. I got this.

WALT
Alright.

Ferg hangs his head. Vic leaves.

WALT (CONT'D)
(to Alpha and Jerame)
Let's go.

Walt escorts the boys to the door.

RANDY

Hey Sheriff. You gonna leave me to fend for myself against those savages? What about me?

WALT

Tell them you don't believe in violence.

Walt and the boys exit. Randy looks to Ruby for help but all she offers is an indifferent shrug.

EXT. ABSAROKA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - PARK - DAY

Vic parks her truck on the sidewalk behind the Bronco creating a barrier then jumps out of her truck.

The Indians notice the commotion and descend on the station.

Vic opens the Bronco's driver's side door, pumps the shotgun and guards the open sidewalk as the Cheyenne close in.

Walt throws open the door and shoves the boys out.

WALT

Get in. Go!

The Indians storm the trucks.

Vic stands firm.

VIC

Get back!

The boys jump in through the open door and climb over the driver's seat.

Broken Bottle Man climbs over Vic's truck and drops down next to the Bronco. He reaches inside for the boys but Walt pulls him back and throws him against Vic's truck.

Vic turns around and two Cheyenne push her down and run past.

VIC (CONT'D)

Walt!

Walt's half in his Bronco and tries to shut the door but the two men hold it open.

Vic scrambles to get up and sees Ferg burst onto the scene!

Ferg pulls one of the Cheyenne away from the Bronco and slams him against the station wall.

Vic drops the other man, allowing Walt to shut his door.

Men pound on the Bronco's windows trying to break in. The boys crouch low in the seat, shielding themselves.

Vic and Ferg point their guns at the encroaching men.

The Bronco's wheels spin, find traction, and peel out.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. HECTOR'S CAVE - DAY

Walt's Bronco abruptly stops at the cliff's edge. Walt steps out, followed by Jerame and Alpha.

ALPHA
Where are we?

HENRY (O.S.)
Where no one will find you.

Alpha and Jerame spin around to see Henry, an Indian, standing there.

ALPHA
I knew it! You're gonna turn us
over to the prairie ni --

Walt SLAPS Alpha like you would a petulant child.

WALT
This man is gonna help save your
skin. Show some respect.

Alpha holds his face but keeps his mouth shut.

WALT (CONT'D)
(to Jerame)
What about you? You got a problem?

JERAME
No, sir.

WALT
Good. Henry. They're all yours.

Henry motions for Alpha and Jerame to head into the cave.

WALT (CONT'D)
How's Cramer?

Henry looks behind into the cave below.

INT. HECTOR'S CAVE - DAY

Adam Cramer sits handcuffed, legs bound and mouth taped.

As Alpha and Jerame approach, Cramer mumbles to them from behind the tape. Alpha bends over and peels the tape back.

ADAM
This is kidnapping!

EXT. HECTOR'S CAVE - DAY

Henry gives Walt an annoyed look.

HENRY
As well as can be expected.

WALT
I appreciate you doing this, Henry.

HENRY
I cannot hide them long. Others
will come looking. If I am found
harboring fugitives it will not go
well. For them or me.

Walt nods then gets in his truck and starts the engine.

EXT. DAVID WHISTLING ELK'S HOUSE - DAY

Walt stands at the front door as it opens. Both Walt and
Jonathan are surprised to see each other.

JONATHAN
Sheriff Longmire. What brings you?

WALT
Just got a few more questions for
Thomas. Is he here?

JONATHAN
I --

Thomas walks up behind Jonathan.

THOMAS
Hello, Sheriff.

WALT
Thomas. Mind if I come in?

Jonathan backs up to allow Walt to enter.

INT. DAVID WHISTLING ELK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Walt sits at a table across from Thomas and Jonathan.

WALT
I came to tell you I released the
two boys we arrested yesterday.

JONATHAN
You did what?

WALT
They didn't kill your father,
Thomas. They were just in the wrong
place at the wrong time.

Jonathan pounds the table and launches up from his chair.

THOMAS
What leads do you have?

WALT
None I'm afraid. Except.

Jonathan turns around.

WALT (CONT'D)
Except the crime scene was staged.

THOMAS
What do you mean it was staged? Who
would do that?

WALT
That's a very good question.

Walt looks past Thomas into the den.

WALT'S POV

An upright piano sits against the wall.

BACK TO SCENE

Walt points at the piano.

WALT
Did your father play?

Thomas turns in his seat toward the den.

THOMAS
My mother. She taught me.

Walt stands up.

WALT
My wife and I used to play. Well, I
tried. She was the real talent.

Walt walks into the --

INT. DAVID WHISTLING ELK'S HOUSE - DEN - CONTINUOUS

Walt approaches the piano and lifts the fallboard, exposing
the keys beneath.

Jonathan and Thomas join Walt in the den.

WALT
It's a real beauty.

THOMAS
It's a steinway. Passed down
through my mother's side.

Walt presses a few KEYS beginning in the upper register.
PLINK. PLINK. PLINK.

WALT
Your father keep it tuned?

Walt continues pressing every key down the board. PLINK.
PLINK. PLINK.

THOMAS
I don't see why he would.

Jonathan grows visibly tense.

Walt keeps hitting keys. Slowly. Methodically. PLINK. PLINK.

WALT
That's the thing about pianos. The
wire is naturally elastic. Needs to
be tuned once a year or so.
Otherwise notes start to go sour.

PLINK. PLINK. PLINK.

THOMAS
What's your point?

PLINK.

WALT
This piano is in perfect tune.

PLINK. PLINK.

JONATHAN

I tuned it.

Thomas turns to face Jonathan.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

I just thought... In case you ever came back.

PLINK. PLINK. THUD.

All eyes turn to the piano.

WALT

Except you weren't just hoping Thomas would come back. You made sure of it.

The blood drains from Jonathan's face.

THOMAS

(to Jonathan)

What's he talking about?

WALT

You're father wasn't hanged to death. Someone strangled him. With piano wire.

THUD. THUD.

Thomas thinks a moment then stares at Jonathan.

THOMAS

Why would someone do that?

WALT

You're not the only two-spirits on the reservation. Is he, Jonathan?

Jonathan tries to meet Thomas' gaze.

THOMAS

Is this true?

JONATHAN

I wanted to tell you.

THOMAS

Tell me what?

Jonathan still can't bring himself to say.

WALT

That he wanted the two of you to be together. But that could never happen while your father was alive.

Jonathan grabs a nearby stone figurine and, wielding it as a weapon, lunges at Walt.

Walt dodges the attack and pins Jonathan to the floor.

JONATHAN

You can't let him do this! Thomas!

Thomas' head reels.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Your father didn't love you, Thomas. But I do.

Thomas, angry and betrayed, struggles to find the words.

THOMAS

These are not the actions of love.

Thomas bends down to look into Jonathan's eyes.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

I loved you. But as my brother.

It's not what Jonathan wants to hear.

JONATHAN

Thomas, I --

Thomas stands.

THOMAS

Get him out of my home, Sheriff. He's dead to me.

Jonathan's heart breaks.

Walt removes the cuffs from his belt.

WALT

I'm arresting you for the murder of David Whistling Elk.

Walt puts the cuffs on Jonathan, whose eyes plead with Thomas for forgiveness.

Thomas has none to give.

INT. WALT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Walt sits at his piano. His fingers rest on the keys.
Eventually he moves his hand and plays a single chord.

Someone KNOCKS on the front door. Walt stands up, crosses the room and opens the door.

Barlow Connally stands in the doorway. There is dried blood all over the front of his shirt and jacket.

BARLOW

Walt. We got a problem.

Walt stares intensely at Barlow.

END OF SHOW