

LAND MAN

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Based on, "BOOMTOWN", written by Christian Wallace

Address
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OPEN ON:

A sheet metal warehouse in the middle of the Texas desert. A Ford F350 sits parked out front beside a shitty blue pickup with a six-inch lift kit ...

CAMERA creeps toward the house as ANOTHER vehicle pulls up, stops ...

The words 'SIX MONTHS AGO' appear on the screen ...

INT. SHEET METAL WAREHOUSE -- CONT.

A MAN SITS in a folding chair, hands bound behind his back. Pillow case over his head ...

TWO MEN SIT ACROSS FROM HIM. Not men. Boys. 18 to 20 years-old. Tattoos everywhere. Hard, uncaring eyes stare at the man wearing the pillow case.

MAN

I need to go to the bathroom.

Silence from the boys.

MAN (CONT'D)

Tengo que ir al bano.

PUNK

Andale pues.

MAN

... Piss my pants, you want me to piss my fucking pants?

Boy walks up to the man, pulls a pistol from his waistband, slams it into the man's head, knocking him senseless. Blood pools through the white pillow case ...

Warehouse door opens. Three more people walk in. Men, this time. One of them is in his 40s, big belly from too much beer. Hollow eyes. His name is JIMENEZ(40).

Jimenez stares at the blood leaking through the pillow case. Looks at the boy.

JIMENEZ

Que paso?

BOY

Esta bandejo siempre hablando, hablando, hablando, necesita agua, necesita usar el bano --

Jimenez pulls a pistol, presses it to the boy's head and pulls the trigger ...

MAN

AAGGHHH. Fuck me ...

Jimenez looks at the man in the pillow case.

JIMENEZ

You say this is your land.

MAN

We-we-we ... We have the rights.

JIMENEZ

We own this land.

MAN

You own the surface. Which you purchased from Daniel Piersall. Daniel Piersall's father sold the mineral rights in 1993 to the Permian Basin Trust. The rights were subcontracted to Meridian Oil which was bought by Conoco Phillips, which has only recently discovered these rights ...

JIMENEZ

We don't want oil here.

Deep breath from Pillow Case. Time for a hard dose of truth and he is not looking forward to giving it, but here goes ...

MAN

Wish in one hand then shit in the other, see which fills up first.

JIMENEZ

Maybe I slice you from your juevos to your throat and hang you from a bridge. See if oil company comes then ...

MAN

First they'll hire Halliburton to build files on you fucking assholes the FBI dreams about having, then they'll send thirty tier one operators from Triple Canopy to bust you like fucking pinatas. And if any of you dipshits make it back to Mexico they will blow up your house with a drone.

(MORE)

MAN (CONT'D)

While your family is in it. ... It costs about six million to put in a new well, they're putting 800 of them right fucking here ... That's 4.8 Billion in pump jacks. They'll spend another billion on water, housing, and trucking. At an average of 78 dollars a barrel they will make 6.4 Million dollars a day. For the next fifty fucking years. The oil company is coming. No matter what ...

Jimenez thinks about that ...

JIMENEZ

So ... They send you to tell us fuck off.

MAN

They sent me to negotiate a surface lease. We're gonna build you some real nice all weather roads that lead to our oil wells and the highway. And maybe a few others if you need them.

JIMENEZ

... You will build me a road.

MAN

Here's the deal, and it's the only deal: we won't fuck with your product and you don't fuck with ours. Because if you do, we will build a DEA Substation across the fucking street. We got a deal?

JIMENEZ

We got a deal.

MAN

Surface lease agreement is in my briefcase. Signature pages are marked.

Jimenez opens the briefcase, pulls out the agreement. Signs it in all the notated spots.

MAN (CONT'D)

I need an address for the surface lease payments and damage reimbursements.

JIMENEZ

Damage ...

MAN

We're going to pay you for the damage to the land we build your roads on and the pads for our pump jacks.

JIMENEZ

You pay me ...

MAN

We pay you ...

JIMENEZ

Strange business.

MAN

Not really. It's the same as yours.

JIMENEZ

I don't think so.

MAN

You sell a product your customers are dependant on.

JIMENEZ

Yes.

MAN

It's the same. Ours is just bigger.

Jimenez stands, walks behind the man. Uses wire cutters to snap the zip tie around his wrists, walks out. The others walk out behind him.

The pillow case man listens as truck engines whine, then disappear in the distance.

He pulls the pillow case from his head. Deep gash over his eye. Looks at the dead teenager on the ground ...

The man picks up his briefcase, his hands shake so bad it's difficult to get the cigarette from the pack. Harder still to light it. Sucks smoke deep in his lungs ...

Stands up, and walks out of the warehouse ...

EXT. WAREHOUSE -- LATE AFTERNOON.

The man walks out to his truck, sucks on his cigarette and looks out at the dust plumes from the distant trucks ...

His is lean and wiry like a stray dog. Square jaw and hollow cheeks. Sports a mustache and a decent three-day growth of speckled grey. He stares out and smokes. His name is TOMMY NORRIS(55).

TOMMY (V.O.)

Oil and Gas Industry makes 3 billion dollars a day in pure profit. Generates over 4.3 Trillion dollars a year in revenue. It is the seventh largest industry in the world, ranked ahead of food production, automobile production, coal mining ... at 1.4 trillion, the pharmaceutical industry doesn't even crack the top ten. The industries listed ahead of oil and gas are completely dependant on oil and gas. The more they grow, the more we grow. That's the scale. That's the size of this thing. And it's only getting bigger ...

Tommy walks to his truck, climbs inside. Grabs his cowboy hat from the pulls it on. Lights another cigarette off the one in his mouth -- hands still shaking as the adrenaline drains from him.

Pulls a Bud Lite from a cooler on his seat, downs the whole damn thing.

TOMMY

This fucking job ...

Downs another one. Deep drag from the smoke. Holds his hand out in front of him -- almost steady. One more beer should do it. Pops one and takes a heavy gulp ...

TOMMY (V.O.)

But before any of that money is made, you gotta get the lease. You gotta secure the rights and lock up the surface, then baby sit the owners. Baby sit the crews. Then manage the police and the press when they the babies refuse to be sat. That's my job -- secure the lease, then manage the people. First part's pretty simple.

(MORE)

TOMMY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
It's the second part that'll get
you.

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE ...

EXT. DESERT -- SUNRISE -- PRESENT DAY.

A lonely highway in the Permian Basin of West Texas. Aside from the ribbon of asphalt bisecting the desert, there is no evidence humans have even discovered this place ...

A RATTLESNAKE lays outstretched across the highway, warming its body in the early morning sun. Damn thing is almost as long as the road is wide ...

IN THE DISTANCE --

A SPEC IN THE MORNING SKY. This distant whirl of propellers cuts through the silence. The sound gets louder. The spec gets closer ...

The spec is a KING AIR twin prop plane, flying low. Low enough to look like a truck on the road to any radar ...

ACROSS THE DESERT --

A PLUME OF DUST SWIRLS AGAINST THE HORIZON, as if a tornado fell on its side, but kept spinning fury into the earth.

The King Air gets lower still, flares as it hovers above the empty highway ...

THE SIDEWAYS TORNADO gets closer as well, revealing the cargo van creating it ...

The plane touches down, tires screaming against the black top. Races toward the snake, which feels the vibrations rumble through the black top beneath it.

The rattlesnake slithers toward the safety of the bar ditch -- but not before the wheels of the plane slice its body in half.

The van pulls up to the road as the plane stops. Pulls right beside the plane. Two men leap from the van ...

One opens the back doors of the van, the other waits by the plane as the King Air doors open.

A man opens the plane's front hatch, begins tossing fifty pound bundles of cocaine -- kilos stacked together then wrapped in enough cellophane to encase the plane itself.

The men hurry the bundles to the back of the van, load it in as more bundles are dropped from the King Air ...

ANGLE ON --

The highway ahead of the plane rises, then disappears from view. A faint rumble and the whine of rubber meeting road wafts over the rise like an odor ...

One man stops, looks in the direction of the sound as more bundles are dropped from the plane ...

AN OIL TRUCK blasts over the rise at one hundred miles per-hour. Truck driver doesn't even have time to hit the brakes before slamming into both plane and van ...

The high octane fuel of the plane explodes first, sending burning debris like shrapnel through the air as the truck continues on before veering off the bar ditch and rolling on its side ...

ANGLE ON --

The van driver -- now engulfed in flames -- runs out through the desert.

CAMERA LOWERS, dropping toward the ground. Not unlike the burning man who falls in a heap, igniting the world around him ...

CAMERA KEEPS LOWERING --

Until it rests on the asphalt, the only thing in view is half a rattlesnake, still writhing wildly -- desperately seeking something to bite ...

EXT. PECOS MAN CAMP -- BEFORE DAWN.

Row after row of single-wide houses stretch out fifty houses deep into the desert. Another row is hundreds of pickup trucks -- Fords and Rams.

Almost all are white. Only thing different is the name and logo of the oil company on the truck doors ...

The entire compound is surrounded by a nine-foot chain link fence lined with concertina wire along the top ...

CAMERA FINDS --

One of the manufactured structures -- four doors with four little porches ...

INT. MAN CAMP APARTMENT -- CONT.

A Sink runs in a bathroom. Light spills from the bathroom into the living area -- an empty rectangle with a bed, a chair, a tv and X Box. Small sink and a two burner hot plate sit on a counter on another wall ...

COOPER NORRIS(22) walks from the bathroom to his bed. Pulls on a t shirt, texas Tech baseball cap, grabs a large canteen of water, and walks out the door ...

EXT. MAN CAMP -- CONT.

Some silent alarm must have gone off because door after door opens and more men walk out ...

Cooper walks to the long line of trucks. Looks around ...

A QUAD CAB PICKUP PULLS IN FRONT OF HIM, STOPS. PASSENGER WINDOW ROLLS DOWN ...

The driver is a thick Mexican-American man in his fifties. Bald. Tattoos down his arms and creeping up from the neck of his shirt. This is LUIS MEDINA.

Sitting beside him is the forty year-old version of himself, ARMANDO MEDINA, and in the backseat is a wiry young man with a full head of hair and thus far has avoided the tattoo artist, ELVIO MEDINA.

ARMANDO
You baby Norris?

COOPER
Cooper.

ARMANDO
No, I think baby is better. Get in.

Cooper climbs in. The truck drives off ...

INT. LUIS' TRUCK -- BEFORE DAWN.

They ride in silence. TEJANO MUSIC plays on the radio.

ARMANDO
Vamos a las chicas para cafe.

LUIS
Nieto, quieres cafe?

ELVIO
 You quiero las baristas.

The men laugh. Cooper has no idea what the hell they are talking about ...

EXT. BABES N BREW -- DAWN.

Luis sits third in line at a small drive-thru coffee shop, a neon sign of a bikini-clad woman with swollen breasts holding coffee cups shines above the drive-thru.

Cooper peers over Luis' shoulder, trying to get a better look at the sign and make some sense of this place ...

Luis pulls to the window. ABILENE(25) looks exactly like the neon sign -- giant breasts, tiny bikini, blonde hair, big smile. She looks at them, smiles.

ABILENE
 Three black coffees?

Spots Cooper in the back.

ABILENE (CONT'D)
 Got another one in there? You want something, sugar?

It's too early in the morning for Cooper to process a mostly naked woman and a question. He just stares ... She smiles.

ABILENE (CONT'D)
 I *can* have that affect. You like yours black or you want a little milk in there?

COOPER
 I'll take -- yeah, some milk. Actually, could I have a latte?

LUIS
 A what??

ABILENE
 An aristocrat ... Don't usually sell lattes till the bankers wake up.

ARMANDO
 We ain't got time to wait for no fucking latte.

But Abilene is gone. Through the window we can see her packing the espresso and warming milk.

Elvio glares at Cooper.

ELVIO

Trying to get us killed, man? What the fuck ...

The truck behind them flashes its brights. Another honks ...

In the distance someone yells: "WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU ORDER".

More car horns. Abilene returns with three coffees and a latte. Hands them to Luis.

ABILENE

That's twenty-seven, sweetie.

Luis hands her a fifty.

LUIS

Rest is for you.

Abilene blows him a kiss. Luis pulls out. Armando hands out the coffees. Hands the latte to Cooper.

ARMANDO

You gonna work the patch, holmes, better learn to drink it black. Everything we do is on the fucking go, man.

COOPER

Just don't like the way it tastes.

LUIS

Ain't for the taste it's for the fuel. And in six hours when you need a jolt, you can't drink that curdled milk or you'll be throwing up in my truck.

ELVIO

You don't want to throw up in his truck.

LUIS

In fact, gimme that.

Armando yanks the latte from Cooper, hands it to Luis who tosses it out the window.

LUIS (CONT'D)

Your father said make you into a
rough neck, may as well start now.

Cooper sits back into his chair. Looks out the window at a refinery and the massive vertical pipes jutting into the horizon burping fire into the sky ...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD -- MIDLAND, TEXAS -- MORNING.

A planned community of four and five bedroom homes sit in neat rows. The only thing distinguishing one from the other is the color of bricks and the location of the front door.

All the houses adhere to the mantra that everything is bigger in Texas -- none of them are under 5000 square feet ...

CAMERA FINDS ONE HOUSE IN PARTICULAR --

Five Ford F250s sit parked in the driveway. Much like the houses, only their color distinguishes one from the other ...

INT. BATHROOM -- PECOS OIL HOUSE -- MORNING.

Tommy stands in his underwear in front of the mirror filling a syringe with B-12. Fills another one with testosterone. Fills an insulin syringe with ... Fuck, who knows what the hell is in that one.

Tommy sips his coffee then stabs the B-12 shot in his ass, the testosterone shot in his thigh and the insulin syringe in pinched skin on his stomach.

Whatever that one is, it works better than the coffee -- his eyes pop open.

TOMMY

Yep ... Alright, Monday -- let's
see what you got.

Tommy walks out of the room ...

INT. KITCHEN -- PECOS OIL HOUSE -- MOMENT LATER.

Tommy walks into the kitchen wearing boots, long sleeve button down shirt, straw cowboy hat on his head ...

Seated at the table is a hefty man in his fifties as well. Thick neck, big belly. Perpetually sunburned skin.

His name is DALE BRADLEY(50), and Dale has just finished a twelve hour night shift. He eats ranch style beans from a can. Drinks a beer ...

TOMMY

How was the night?

DALE

H.R. stopped asking for gang affiliations. Now I got a drilling crew that's half crips and half bloods that decided to have a gunfight in the middle of the fucking man camp. Can't wear yer straw. Ain't Easter yet.

TOMMY

It's gonna be ninety five today. I'd say it's Easter enough.

Tommy pours another cup of coffee, lights a smoke. Grabs a hot pocket from the freezer, opens the microwave -- which is covered in boiled bean.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Dale ... How many times I gotta tell you to pour the beans in a fucking bowl. You burn up a microwave a week putting a can in this sonofabitch.

DALE

Tastes different in a bowl.

TOMMY

No, it doesn't, Dale. It tastes exactly the fucking same.

DALE

Tastes different.

Another man walks out, wears a sport coat over his button down. Jeans. Boots. Straw hat. His name is Nathan. Dale shakes his head ...

DALE (CONT'D)

I guess cowboy tradition is just right out the fucking window now.

TOMMY

If you see a cowboy in this room, Dale -- you fucking point him out.

Microwave pings. Tommy takes out his hot pocket. Nathan tosses one in, stares at the bean filth covering the inside of the microwave, glares back at Dale.

NATHAN

When's your rotation done?

DALE

Friday.

NATHAN

Can't get here soon enough.

Nathan looks at Tommy.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Be at the courthouse by eleven.

TOMMY

Yep.

NATHAN

Not eleven thirty. Eleven ...

Tommy's cellphone rings.

TOMMY

Yessir.

Tommy listens.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

WHAT??

NATHAN

What.

TOMMY

How far down the -- just send me a pin. On my way.

Hangs up. Tops off his travel mug.

NATHAN

On your way where?

TOMMY

Depose me tomorrow, Nathan.

NATHAN

Needs to be today, Tommy. These sons of bitches are so far up my ass they's staring at the back of my tonsils.

TOMMY

Gonna be tomorrow, Nate. Think I
just found our plane ...

Tommy walks out.

EXT. PERMIAN BASIN, TEXAS -- MORNING.

CAMERA SOARS OVER -- pump jack after pump jack, transfer
stations, frack wells, and man camps -- single wide trailers
in row after row of temporary housing ...

CAMERA finds Tommy's truck. Follows it into the vast expanse
of nothing but stunted sage brush and pump jacks ...

INT. TOMMY'S TRUCK -- MORNING.

Tommy races down the highway doing 95 miles an hour. A blue
siren swirls on the dashboard ... The commodities report
plays over the radio.

NEWS ANCHOR

This is Kate Aspen with the oil
report: Brent crude is up 2.32 To
86.54 a barrel. Gasoline prices are
up with the national average
reaching 3.86. News of maintenance
work at both Valero and Tesoro
refineries scheduled for May has
sparked fears of a summer gasoline
shortage ...

TOMMY

Ask yourself why they do
maintenance in May, Kate ...

NEWS ANCHOR

OPEC meets next week to discuss an
increase in production, though
speculation is they will hold at
current output levels ...

TOMMY

No, they won't. They're going to
cut production, Kate. They're going
to take oil to a hundred -- who the
hell is your shitty source ...

NEWS ANCHOR

Although some insiders fear a cut
in production, potentially sending
June futures up over 100.

TOMMY

You keep listening to those
insiders, Kate. You might figure
this game out ...

INT THE DISTANCE --

FIRE TRUCKS AND POLICE TRUCKS line the highway. A road block
is set up in the center. Beyond it, a smoking plane and a
burning oil truck churn black smoke into the sky as
firefighters douse the flames with retardant ...

Tommy looks out at it ...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What in the ...

Tommy dials his cell.

NATE (V.O.)

Is it our plane?

Tommy studies the tail number ...

TOMMY

Looks like it.

NATE (V.O.)

Where is it?

TOMMY

In about a thousand pieces on the
road we built through the Pyote
field ...

SHERIFF W.T. JOEBERG(50S), looks like a pear-shaped piece of
granite. Walks with an angry gimp, one might say ... Works
his way up to Tommy's truck ...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'll call you back.

NATE (V.O.)

... Should I call Fort Worth?

TOMMY

Somebody'd better.

Tommy hangs up. Rolls down his window ...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Quite a mess.

JOEBERG

You ain't seen the mess yet.

Tommy opens his truck door, steps out.

TOMMY

Okay to leave the truck here?

JOEBERG

It's your road ...

They start walking toward the burning debris.

JOEBERG (CONT'D)

FAA said you reported this plane stolen.

TOMMY

Six weeks ago.

JOEBERG

And didn't want to report it to me?

TOMMY

Well, Joe, if you were the fucking airplane police I would've. But since you aren't, I called the airplane police. It's their job to call you, not mine ...

JOEBERG

Well, they didn't.

TOMMY

I don't know what to tell you, that's the Federal Government for you. What's that?

Tommy stares at a 50 pound bale of cellophane-wrapped cocaine in the bar ditch.

JOEBERG

One of the seventy-five reasons you should have called me the second that plane went missing.

Tommy stares at the bale.

TOMMY

Cocaine?

JOEBERG

Maybe. Maybe heroin.

Tommy looks at the plane.

TOMMY
Where's the pilot?

JOEBERG
Cooking in the cockpit. I got DEA
and FAA sending HAZ MAT crews to
try and pull him out.

Tommy walks toward the smoldering plane ...

JOEBERG (CONT'D)
Stay upwind of that shit. It'll
kill you quick as a bullet.

Tommy stares at the overturned van and the demolished oil
truck, tries to do the math ...

TOMMY
Landed the plane on the road, off
loaded drugs to the van. Oil tanker
hot footed it over the hill and
piled into em?

JOEBERG
That's the best we can figure it.

TOMMY
That's a Conoco truck.

JOEBERG
Yep.

TOMMY
What the fuck were they doing on
our road?

JOEBERG
They're probably gonna ask you the
same thing about that plane? Did
you report it stolen to the
insurance company?

Tommy looks back at him.

TOMMY

Joe, you know how this works -- trucks and excavators and all sorts of shit goes missing every day, then finds its way back in a month of two -- if I report everything that gets stolen the whole Permian basin would be a crime scene -- I got 4200 barrels of oil I gotta move out of here every day ...

JOEBERG

Not on this road. Not for a while.

TOMMY

I'm gonna need a little love on this deal ...

JOEBERG

What kind of love?

Tommy walks up to him. Close ...

TOMMY

The kind that back dates a police report --

JOEBERG

Oh, for God's sake Tommy --

TOMMY

FAA was aware. They dropped the ball. Just take the date I reported it to them and match it --

JOEBERG

Do you know how many eyes are gonna be on this? The kind with a G on their license plate? I ain't back dating nothing ...

TOMMY

Look ... In TODAY'S report, note that FAA was notified last month. Can you do that?

Joeberg stares at him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

It's the truth ...

JOEBERG

I'll put it in my report.

TOMMY

In all caps please.

Tommy pulls out his cellphone. Dials ...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I need a road crew out here. Gonna send you a pin. We need about a half mile detour around an incident site ...

Tommy looks back at Joeberg.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Can I put a road out here to the left, and elbow around all this?

JOEBERG

You mean over there?

TOMMY

Yeah.

JOEBERG

Where the dead body and the drugs are? NO ...

TOMMY

Are there any dead people or drugs on this side?

JOEBERG

Haven't looked on that side yet.

TOMMY

Well, how bout we fucking start??

Tommy walks out into the sagebrush, looking around.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Nothing on this side. No drugs, no dead drug dealers -- no, wait ...

Tommy walks up, looks down on a dead man, body battered and crisped beyond recognition.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck ... Hey, Joe ...

Joeberg looks back at Tommy, who points to the ground ...

Joeberg walks up, looks at the charred man. Shakes his head. Blows on a whistle, points and shouts back toward his deputies.

JOEBERG
Come tape this off ...

Tommy walks out into the sagebrush.

TOMMY (INTO PHONE)
We're gonna need enough Caliche for
bout a mile to get around this mess
.... I want you to start right now
and don't stop till it's done. Run
em all night.

Hangs up his cellphone.

JOEBERG
I wouldn't want your job this week.

TOMMY
You wouldn't want it any week.

Tommy walks back to his truck.

JOEBERG
Don't go far.

TOMMY
I'm easy to find.

Tommy climbs in his truck and drives off ...

INT. TOMMY'S TRUCK -- CONT.

Tommy drives down the empty road, comes to the freeway,
merges into a traffic jam moving 70 miles per-hour -- OIL AND
GAS TANKER TRUCKS, FLAT BEDS HAULING WIND TURBINE BLADES WITH
PILOT CARS, LIGHTS FLASHING ...

Water trucks and Rig trucks whip past -- everyone in a
desperate hurry to get to some job that can't start 'till
they show up ...

Tommy pushes a button on his steering wheel ...

TOMMY
Call Monty Miller.

TRUCK
Calling Monty Miller.

Before the truck can complete the call, Tommy's cellphone --
clipped to a holder on the dash -- vibrates as a Face Time
video call from ANGELA NORRIS appears on the screen ...

Tommy has set a specific ring tone to her calls -- Darth Vader's theme from STAR WARS ...

TOMMY

Great ... (Tommy answers) Looks like it's gonna be Monday all day today.

Hard to say how old Angela is, she commits most of her existence to keeping that a complete mystery.

Deductive reasoning puts her well into her forties -- fifties even, but good hair, better skin, a great boob job and one hell of a personal trainer make us doubt the math ...

ANGELA

Actually, it won't be Monday once today, Tommy. It's Friday ...

TOMMY

Can't be Friday ... I just got here yesterday.

She shakes her head. Holds up a calendar ...

ANGELA

March first you switched to a Friday through Tuesday ... If you would look at me you would see the calendar. But you if you looked at me, we'd still be married.

TOMMY

I'm driving eighty down the interstate, Angela. If I look at you I might die ...

Tommy picks up his phone, points Angela out the window.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

See that? Pretty big fucking truck, ain't it ...

Clips phone back in it's holder.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Okay, it's Friday ...

ANGELA

You have Ainsley.

TOMMY

Ainsley ...

She nods.

ANGELA
It's your weekend.

TOMMY
You just told me my weekend is
Wednesday and Thursday --

ANGELA
Yours is, but the rest of the world
takes Saturday and Sunday off. That
world includes me and your
daughter. Victor and I are going to
Cabo and I can't have Ainsley alone
in this house.

TOMMY
She's seventeen, Angela.

ANGELA
Have you seen her new boyfriend?

TOMMY
Goddammit. Hold on, I'm pulling
over ...

Tommy whips through traffic toward the shoulder. Pulls the
truck to a stop ...

Angela holds up a photograph of a six-foot, six-inch young
man destined to play quarterback in the NFL, and fuck every
teenager girl in North Texas before that day comes ...

ANGELA
Look at this kid, she could get
pregnant from the fucking
photograph.

TOMMY
I see your point.

ANGELA
Do you trust her driving to you?

TOMMY
To Odessa???

Tommy points the phone out the window again. EIGHTEEN WHEELER
AFTER EIGHTEEN WHEELER AFTER OIL RIG CREW AFTER FLAT BED PIPE
HAULER WHIP PAST ...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Have her go to Meacham. I'll put
her on the plane with the engineers
... You changed your hair.

Angela beams.

ANGELA

Got tired of being blonde.

TOMMY

I always preferred your natural
color.

ANGELA

Baby, you've never seen my natural
color.

Tommy studies her outfit -- low cut blouse, tight jeans that
hug her curves.

TOMMY

What time are you and Vernon --

ANGELA

Victor --

TOMMY

Whatever. What time are y'all
leaving for Cabo?

ANGELA

Not till tonight.

TOMMY

Then why so dressed up at eight in
the morning.

ANGELA

You think this is dressed up?

TOMMY

I do. And so do you ...

ANGELA

You like it?

TOMMY

I do like it.

Angela smiles.

ANGELA

One of life's great pleasures is showing you what you're missing.

Tommy chuckles.

TOMMY

You don't have to show me to know it, honey. I know it already ...

Angela's smiles turns to a frown. Looks sad even. Hurt even. Shakes her head ...

ANGELA

If you know it why'd you let me leave.

TOMMY

I didn't let you do anything.

Silence. Angela gathers herself.

ANGELA

How's our baby?

TOMMY

It's his first day. First days aren't easy.

ANGELA

Another Norris in the oil patch. What a waste.

TOMMY

Wasn't my idea.

ANGELA

Apple don't fall far, does it.

TOMMY

You're half the tree, in case you forgot ... Get her to the airport by three.

Tommy hangs up. Gases the truck and folds back into the mess racing down the highway ...

Exhales heavy. Presses the button on his steering wheel ...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Call Monty Miller.

INTERCUT WITH --

EXT. DOWNTOWN FORT WORTH -- CONT.

CAMERA swirls around a twelve story tan brick building built in 1926. Ornate stone work lines the rooftop ...

INT. THE GRILLE -- FORT WORTH CLUB -- CONT.

Where Fort Worth's elite eat breakfast. Waiters in white tuxedo jackets with tails hurry poached eggs and steak tartare to waiting oil men, all dresses in suits ...

MONTY MILLER(50) sits with four other men, eating and talking. An OIL MAN named CHUBBY(60), shakes his head ...

CHUBBY

I tell you what. I'm done looking north of I 20. I sunk three wells last week and didn't even hit water.

MONTY

There ain't any water north of I 20.

OIL MAN

More than there is south of it ...

MONTY

What county.

OIL MAN

Stonewall.

Monty shakes his head.

MONTY

They been sucking that oil for a hundred years. Frack the ones that are going dry and get out of there. Besides, what in the hell are you gonna do with three wells ...

Monty's cell rings. He hits silent without looking at it.

CHUBBY

That's where my minerals are.

MONTY

Should have bought in the basin when Covid hit.

CHUBBY

I don't play that big.

MONTY

We were buying a hundred sections for 5 cents on the dollar. That ain't big, that's smart. There's no new oil to be found in that rocky red dirt.

Phone rings again. Monty looks at it.

MONTY (CONT'D)

This won't be good. Pardon me, boys.

Monty stands, walks toward double doors leading to a balcony overlooking Fort Worth -- the weathered tan brick building surrounded by sleek high rises seemingly made of glass ...

EXT. BALCONY -- FORT WORTH CLUB -- CONT.

Monty pushes through the doors, speaks into his phone ...

MONTY

How bad ...

TOMMY

That's a tricky one to answer.

MONTY

Something you and Nate can handle?

TOMMY

This one's coming at you three ways: insurance company, victims' families, and Conoco.

MONTY

I'll handle Conoco ... What's the best litigation firm in Midland?

TOMMY

They won't file here, they'll file in Houston. And the first one to hire Shepherd-Hastings wins ...

MONTY

Who do you like over there?

TOMMY

Clay Chandler is an assassin. Want me to call him?

MONTY

I'll call him. Keep this off the news.

Tommy chuckles.

TOMMY

This is the Permian Basin, Monty: an airplane of drugs run over by an oil tanker ain't news, it's just another Monday.

MONTY

Ain't Monday, Tommy.

TOMMY

It's Monday to me.

Tommy hangs up, drives down the long highway packed with trucks, a massive wave of red dust envelopes the road ahead as dozens of bull dozers carve oil rig pads from the desert.

EXT. DRILL RIG -- DAY.

Luis, Armando, Elvio, and a DRILLING ENGINEER ALL STARE UP AT THE SKY. Drilling engineer looks at Luis ...

DRILLING ENGINEER

What's he supposed to be checking?

LUIS

The Tucker valve.

DRILLING ENGINEER

... What's a Tucker valve?

ARMANDO

It's his first day.

DRILLING ENGINEER

Oh, for hell's sake. I don't need Tommy Norris' kid to die on my pad. Get him down from there ...

ANGLE ON --

Cooper is almost to the top of a fifty foot drilling platform, climbing up it's side. Sweat plumes from his face. His clothes are soaked. He sucks panicked breaths as he forces himself to get higher ...

ARMANDO

IT'S RIGHT UP AT THE TOP.

COOPER
I DON'T SEE IT.

ARMANDO
GOTTA GO HIGHER.

ELVIO
Remember when you did this to me.
Almost shit my pants.

ARMANDO
You did shit your pants. HIGHER!!!

Cooper has reached the top.

COOPER
I DON'T SEE A VALVE!!!

ARMANDO
DO YOU SEE THE GAUGE?

COOPER
NO!!! NO GAUGE!!!

ARMANDO
NEVER MIND IT'S DOWN HERE.

COOPER
What the fuck ... SO CAN I COME
DOWN?!?!?

ARMANDO
YOU WANT TO STAY UP THERE ALL DAY
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING GET
YOUR ASS DOWN HERE!!!

Cooper starts climbing down. Foot slips and he drops twenty feet. Manages to grab out for the scaffolding and stop his fall, but not before slicing the shit out of his hand ...

DRILLING ENGINEER
Kid's gonna fucking die. HEY KID --
TAKE YOUR TIME.

Cooper is so wrecked with fear he can barely catch his breath, much less move. He is frozen ...

DRILLING ENGINEER (CONT'D)
What's he doing?

LUIS
Nothing.

Elvio runs to the drilling rig, climbs up the scaffolding like a spider, reaches Cooper -- who is on the verge of tears.

ELVIO

Hey ... Watch me. Get your feet set first, then move one hand then another. Three points of contact.

COOPER

Th-three p-points of contact.

ELVIO

Always.

Elvio climbs down one rung. Cooper does the same. They work their way down ...

ELVIO (CONT'D)

There you go.

They ease their way down until their feet are back on the pad. Drilling Engineer walks to him.

DRILLING ENGINEER

Let me see that hand ...

Looks at it.

DRILLING ENGINEER (CONT'D)

Rinse that off. There's a first aid kit in the field office. Wrap it.

COOPER

The gauge was down here the whole time?

Armando laughs. Luis slaps Cooper's shoulder ... They walk back to their truck.

COOPER (CONT'D)

Wait, were y'all fucking with me?!

They don't answer just keep walking.

ELVIO

First day ... Gotta happen.

EXT. THE PATCH CAFE -- ODESSA -- AFTERNOON.

Tommy walks into the cafe -- photos of oil geysers and rigs from the past century cover the walls.

The place is packed. Men at the bar drink like it's Friday night. Some men seated at tables eat eggs and bacon, washing it down with coffee. Others eat steak and guzzle pitchers of beer ...

Tommy sits at a table. A perky waitress in her 40s walks up. Her name is ELLIE(44). Ellie holds out two menus -- one for breakfast and one for dinner.

ELLIE

Hey hon, your about to start or just end.

TOMMY

I'm in the middle of mine.

ELLIE

Which you want?

TOMMY

How come you ain't got a lunch menu?

ELLIE

Cuz there ain't no such thing as lunch in the patch.

TOMMY

Truer words, Ellie. Dinner.

She sets the menu down.

ELLIE

Can you drink beer in the middle?

TOMMY

Why not, it's Friday for somebody.

Ellie walks off. Two men wearing WEST TEXAS SUITS -- sport coat, starched jeans and cowboy hats walk to him, they all shake hands and sit.

PATRICK RAMSEY(40) is weatherman handsome, just add a beer belly. He waves at Ellie.

PATRICK

What'd you get?

TOMMY

Bud Lite.

PATRICK

You a Bud man?

TOMMY

Seventy-five million Mexicans can't
be wrong.

Patrick points at Tommy then holds two fingers up to Ellie.

PATRICK

We gotta get paid on this fire
deal, Tommy. You burned up eight
thousand acres. We are sitting on a
three hundred thousand dollar loss.

TOMMY

I didn't burn anything. A fire
burned it.

PATRICK

Started by a faulty switch on your
pump jack.

TOMMY

And spread by a fifty mile per-hour
wind. That has 'act of God' written
all over it. Without the wind that
fire doesn't burn fifty meters ...

PATRICK

Listen, Pecos has been a good
partner. That's why we didn't join
the class action, but we suffered
real damages and need to be
reimbursed.

Ellie drops the beers.

ELLIE

We eating or just arguing?

TOMMY

Just arguing.

Ellie walks off.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

If we pay you for surface damages
we are admitting fault, you
understand that?

PATRICK

You *are* at fault.

TOMMY

So are you. Fire started on your
client's land.

(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)

They have a fire crew and they didn't stop it. Didn't try ...

PATRICK

We'll sign an NDA --

TOMMY

Cuz those are worth the paper they're printed on.

PATRICK

We will not let you drill another well until this is handled.

TOMMY

How about this: we pay you the three hundred thousand, but it's for a solar lease --

PATRICK

Our client doesn't want solar on the ranch.

TOMMY

We don't make solar panels we're a fucking oil company. But I can justify the payment for the solar rights or the wind.

Patrick thinks about that.

PATRICK

What's the time period you're talking about?

TOMMY

I don't give a shit. Make it for six months. I just don't want to pay you for damages ...

PATRICK

I think I can get that to fly.

TOMMY

I don't know how you couldn't. It's easier than selling pussy at a men's prison.

The man beside Patrick bristles. His name is DESMOND TROTTER(60), and he looks every bit the born again rancher.

DESMOND

I find that offensive, sir.

TOMMY

To who. The pussy or the prisoners.

DESMOND

I find it very difficult to do business with people who offend me.

TOMMY

We're not in business together. We lease your mineral rights. And in exchange for that we pay you two and a half million dollars a year. And maintain your roads, and dig your stock tanks ... Don't for one second delude yourself into thinking you're a rancher. You are an oil man who spends the money we pay you on cattle. If it weren't for us your family would have lost the ranch in the fifties. So, say thank you, take the three hundred thousand dollars for the grass, and I'll keep sending you two hundred thousand dollar checks each months. But don't you dare pretend that I offend you ... You smile and say 'I'll take it'.

Patrick looks at Desmond.

PATRICK

It's a very good offer and I recommend you take it.

DESMOND

I'll take it but I ain't smiling.

TOMMY

I guess not. It takes a check for you to do that.

Patrick and Desmond stand.

DESMOND

I can't wait for the day when you and everyone like you leaves this place.

TOMMY

Think that through. If I'm gone that means the oil is gone. That means the money's gone. And that means you're gone too ...

Patrick and Desmond turn and walk out. Ellie walks back up.

ELLIE

Now, are we eating?

TOMMY

Now we're eating.

EXT -- MIDLAND INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- LATE AFTERNOON.

Tommy drives his truck along the runway past SOUTHWEST and AMERICAN EAGLE commercial jets toward row after row of GULF STREAM, LEER JET, AND GLOBAL EXPRESS JETS ...

Tommy stops and gets out. Watches as a GULFSTREAM G500 lands and pulls down the runway toward them. Stops ...

Door opens and stairway drops. AINSLEY NORRIS(17) looks like a two year-old race horse -- long, slender legs, torso of an athlete, baby doll face and flowing mane of blonds hair.

AINSLEY

DADDY!!!!!!

She runs to Tommy, buries him in a hug. Hell, she's almost as tall as he is ...

TOMMY

You get prettier every day, little angel. Didn't drink em out of those little Tito's bottles, did you?

AINSLEY

Daddy ... Of course not. Your engineers did that.

TOMMY

Well, they have the practice.

Engineers make their way off the plane, toting their overnight bags and wandering to waiting SUVs. Then a six foot six inch vision of human perfection steps off the plane, carrying Ainsley's tote bag.

AINSLEY

I want you to meet my boyfriend.

TOMMY

Your mother didn't say he was coming?

AINSLEY

You know mommy, the less she knows
the better ... She's such a
helicopter parent.

TOMMY

Don't know what that means.

AINSLEY

Hovering and hovering and hovering.
Always. Daddy meet Dakota.

Mister perfect walks to Tommy, extends his giant hand.

DAKOTA

Mister Norris, it's a pleasure to
meet you, sir.

TOMMY

What's your last name Dakota.

DAKOTA

Loving, sir.

TOMMY

Dakota Loving. You just can't make
that shit up. Let's go.

They turn and walk to his truck, Ainsley's micro skirt,
blowing up with the West Texas wind. Dakota walks behind, not
minding one bit.

Ainsley looks back at him, with a sheepish smile.

AINSLEY

So windy.

Makes a half-hearted effort to hold it down.

INT. TOMMY'S TRUCK -- SUNSET.

Tommy drives. Ainsley and Dakota ride in the back seat.
Ainsley lays against him like a giant six-packed pillow.
Dakota's giant hand rests between Ainsley's tanned thighs.

Tommy wants to pull over and kill him on the side of the
road.

TOMMY

So ... What would you kids like to
do tonight?

AINSLEY

Do you have a car we can borrow?

TOMMY

I do not.

AINSLEY

What about this one.

TOMMY

This one's mine.

DAKOTA

What's fun to do on a Friday night here?

TOMMY

There is nothing fun to do here.

They pass the Midland Lee Stadium -- hundreds of cars are parked out front. There is a line to get in. The board reads:

MIDLAND LEE SPRING GAME.

DAKOTA

We could watch the spring game.

AINSLEY

Dakota is a football fanatic.

DAKOTA

Not fanatic, honey. Phenom.

AINSLEY

Sorry, baby. He's a phenom. He made ESPN's top 50.

TOMMY

What do you know ... Choose a school yet?

DAKOTA

Alabama.

TOMMY

Long way from Tech.

AINSLEY

I applied to Alabama as soon as Dakota accepted their offer, but... that's a tough school to get into.

DAKOTA

I talked to Coach Saban, and told him how much I want her there. I play better when she's watching me.

TOMMY

You know what, we should go to this game.

Tommy pulls in, parks.

EXT. ASTOUND BROADBAND STADIUM -- EVENING.

Tommy, Ainsley, and Dakota all walk to the ticket line. An ALABAMA FOOTBALL SCOUT NAMED ANTOINE JOHNSON is on the other side of the fence, spots Dakota -- he's hard to miss ...

ANTOINE

Dakota.

DAKOTA

Coach Johnson.

Dakota walks to him, shakes his hand.

ANTOINE

You're a long way from Aledo.

DAKOTA

With my girlfriend visiting her father.

ANTOINE

And thought you'd catch the spring game?

DAKOTA

Yessir.

ANTOINE

Wanna watch from the sideline?

DAKOTA

Yessir.

Antoine looks at the ticket usher.

ANTOINE

These folks are with me.

AINSLEY

Things like this always happen to Dakota.

TOMMY
I have no doubt.

They all walks through and toward the tunnel to the field.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD -- ASTOUND BROADBAND STADIUM -- NIGHT.

CHEERLEADERS HURL THEMSELVES THIRTY FEET IN THE AIR as the
MIDLAND LEE MAROON AND WHITE GAME UNFOLDS BEFORE US ...

Players smash into each other. The boys look like thirty year-
old men.

Dakota watches with the Midland Lee players on the sideline.
Cheerleaders stare at him like a statue, a few even have the
courage to speak to him.

TOMMY
Big son of a bitch is a celebrity.

AINSLEY
If I don't get into Alabama I'm
gonna die, daddy. I swear to God
I'm gonna die.

TOMMY
You're not going to die ...

AINSLEY
I'll die.

Tommy looks at her.

TOMMY
Are you two having sex?

AINSLEY
DADDY!!!

TOMMY
I had to ask --

AINSLEY
Of course.

Tommy shakes his head.

TOMMY
That's what I get for asking. Are
you being careful?

AINSLEY
We have a rule and we stick to it.

TOMMY

I'm gonna regret asking this: what is the rule.

AINSLEY

As long as he never comes in me he can come anywhere on me.

TOMMY

I'm gonna get a Dr Pepper. You want anything?

AINSLEY

I could never tell mama these kinds of things. Thanks for being so cool, daddy.

TOMMY

Like I had a choice. I'll be back.

Tommy walks to the concession stand.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Can I get a Dr. Pepper?

The young woman fills a large cup.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Got any bourbon back there?

CONCESSION GIRL

Sir?

TOMMY

Never mind.

CONCESSION GIRL

Rough day?

TOMMY

You could say that.

CONCESSION GIRL

I got some pot gummies if you want. No charge.

TOMMY

That's sweet. I'm gonna pass.

Tommy takes his Dr. Pepper. His cellphone rings. He answers.

INTERCUT WITH --

INT. LUIS' PICKUP -- NIGHT.

Luis drives. Armando and Elvio read the news on their phones. Cooper is sound asleep in the back seat.

LUIS
He survived.

TOMMY
How'd he do?

LUIS
Green. Real green ... But don't say
no. Tries. That's something ...
Waste of a college degree, if you
ask me.

TOMMY
No one's asking you. Nobody asked
me either. Like father like son, if
you know what I mean ...

LUIS
Oh, I know what you mean. Nobody
knows it better. I got three
generations of like father like son
in the truck.

TOMMY
That's why I put him with you. Keep
him out of trouble.

LUIS
I'll do my best.

Tommy hangs up. Looks out at the field. Dakota has his arm around Ainsley, his hand cupping her ass like a ripe peach.

TOMMY
This pretty son of a bitch. With
his fucking giant hand on my
daughter's ass.

VOICE
WHAT DID YOU SAY???

Tommy looks at a pretty young high school girl, staring hell at him. Let's call her Betty.

TOMMY
What.

BETTY
Are talking about my ass?!

Tommy points to Dakota.

TOMMY

I'm talking about him grabbing my
daughter's ass in front of the
whole damn world ...

Betty looks at them.

BETTY

Oh, my god. That's Dakota Loving.

And off she goes to get a better look. Tommy closes his eyes
and tries to shake this whole nightmare from his brain ...

EXT. MAN CAMP -- NIGHT.

Luis pulls up in front of Cooper's apartment. Elvio shakes
him awake.

ELVIO

This is your pod.

Cooper stretches, opens the door.

LUIS

Hey. What are you gonna do for
supper?

COOPER

Don't know.

LUIS

Got any food in there?

COOPER

Guess I'll drive back to town.

Luis studies him.

LUIS

Close the door.

Cooper closes the door. Luis drives ...

EXT. LUIS' SINGLE-WIDE -- NIGHT.

Luis, Armando, and Elvio all share one large structure. Luis
grills skirt steak on a gas grill. Armando walks out with
three Negro Modelos, hands one to Luis. One to Cooper.

COOPER

Thank you.

ARMANDO

Gracias. You need to learn Spanish cuz I ain't speaking English all fucking day. Cerveza ...

Points to the grill.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

Parilla.

Points to the meat.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

Carne. When you're drinking a beer esta bebiendo una cerveza.

COOPER

Beiendo una cerveza.

ARMANDO

When you're eating tacos, esta comiendo tacos del carne a la parilla. Got it?

COOPER

Think so.

ARMANDO

When I ask you for something in English you ask me how to say it in Spanish. You'll be bilingual in a month.

Luis' cellphone rings. the ringtone is the title song from FROZEN. Cooper clocks it ...

LUIS

Grab that hijo.

ARMANDO

She don't ever call me. Only you.

Armando answers.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

Chiquita, no quieres hablar con tu papa?

ISABEL (V.O.)

Tengo una problema muy grandote!

ARMANDO

Oh no!

ISABEL (V.O.)

Necesito mi abuelito!

ARMANDO

Oh, si.

Armando hands the phone to Luis.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

My wife told her no about something.

Armando looks at Cooper.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

And my daughter knows I got no pull with the boss.

Armando winks. Cooper smiles ...

Luis steps away to solve whatever emergency isabel is facing.

COOPER

Elvio's your son?

ARMANDO

My oldest.

COOPER

Father, son, and grandson all in the patch.

ARMANDO

My dad was in prison for ten years. Only way a felon can make a six figure salary is steal it or work in the patch. I tried to steal it too, ended up right where my dad was. Better you work real hard for it. That way nobody can take it away ... My son was smart. Smarter than us. He skipped prison and came straight to the patch ... Owns his own home. Truck's paid for. Wife don't have to work ...

Armando smiles.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)

How many twenty-four year olds can say that. This meat is ready.

Armando pulls the steak from the grill. Walks toward the house.

ARMANDO (CONT'D)
Vamos a comer. Let's eat.

INT. LUIS' SINGLE-WIDE -- NIGHT.

Unlike Cooper's empty room, they have made a home of this one. Furniture and family photos on the wall.

Luis, Armando, and Cooper sit at a table. Before them -- sliced carne, frijoles, tortillas, a variety of home made salsas, sliced cabbage, tamales -- a feast.

Armando passes out beers as Elvio wanders in from another room, sits.

ARMANDO
Dig in.

COOPER
How do you say that in Spanish.

ARMANDO
Andale pues.

LUIS
Not really, but that'll work.

They all start making tacos. Cooper fills one up, puts salsa on it. Takes a bite.

COOPER
Man, that's good. Man ... wha ...

The habaneros kick in. He reaches for his beer, guzzles it. Luis laughs.

LUIS
You've got a way to go, baby.

COOPER
Oh, my God that's hot ...

ELVIO
And that's not the hot one.

They laugh and drink and eat, knowing another day of heat and hard work is only hours away ...

EXT. PECOS OIL HOUSE -- NIGHT -- ESTABLISHING.

Tommy's truck sits in the driveway beside three more just like it.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- CONT.

Tommy sips a bourbon, fighting to stay awake as Ainsley and Dakota sit on the sofa, waiting for him to go to sleep.

TOMMY

Well, I'm turning in.

AINSLEY

Good night, daddy.

TOMMY

You're coming with me.

AINSLEY

What?

TOMMY

We're gonna have an old fashioned sleep in, like when you were nine.

AINSLEY

I can't sleep in the same bed as my father.

TOMMY

You'll take the bed. I'll take the floor. The part of the floor that is directly in front of the door.

DAKOTA

Where's my room, Mister Norris?

TOMMY

Your room is that fucking couch. Goodnight.

Ainsley looks back as her father pushes her out of the room.

INT. TOMMY'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT.

Tommy has laid a comforter on the ground in front of the door, sets a pillow on it.

From the bathroom we hear --

AINSLEY

You're not preventing anything, daddy. Just postponing it. And forcing the tension to build up even further ... There's no telling what I'll let him do when he finally has me alone ...

TOMMY

Every now and then you say things that harken back the other side of your gene pool.

AINSLEY

Are you insulting mama?

TOMMY

I am.

Ainsley walks out in a t shirt and sweat pants.

AINSLEY

You don't think we're going to last, do you?

TOMMY

Every romantic relationship you have will be a failure, except the last one. Do you think this is the last relationship you will ever have?

AINSLEY

I want it to be.

TOMMY

We want them all to be ... Do you think it will be.

AINSLEY

He can have anyone.

TOMMY

So, can you.

Ainsley shakes her head.

AINSLEY

By your logic I should just break up with him now and spare myself the suffering. Wait for the last one.

TOMMY

Doesn't work like that. Gotta love
your way through the failures.
Never know which one's the last
one. Till you're in it ...

AINSLEY

Did you think mama was the last
one?

TOMMY

Honey, I was shocked your mother
and I lasted six weeks.

AINSLEY

Then why'd it last so long?

TOMMY

Same as you. As wrong as we were
for each other, I loved her. And I
couldn't keep my hands off her.
Still love her. If she would lose
the power of speech I'd marry her
again tomorrow ...

AINSLEY

I've never slept with him. We've
had sex about everywhere you can do
it --

TOMMY

Dammit, baby.

AINSLEY

But I've never slept with him.
Never slept in his arms. Never woke
up in them ... If I promise we
won't have sex, can I sleep with
him on the couch?

TOMMY

You promise?

AINSLEY

I do.

TOMMY

That couch is a rental.

AINSLEY

Got it.

Tommy stands, moves his makeshift bed from the door. Ainsley
walks out ...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- MOMENT LATER.

Dakota lays under a blanket on the couch. Ainsley looks down on him. His eyes open, he smiles.

 DAKOTA
How'd you pull this off.

 AINSLEY
I made a promise.

 DAKOTA
What's the promise.

 AINSLEY
I can sleep with you but we can't
have sex. Can you make that promise
too?

 DAKOTA
I'd rather not.

 AINSLEY
I know baby. But can you make it?

 DAKOTA
... Can we dry hump?

 AINSLEY
You can hold me.

Dakota sits up.

 DAKOTA
Let's talk about this. You promised
no sex. That leaves out a lot ...

INT. TOMMY'S ROOM -- LATER.

Tommy lays in bed. Hears a knock at the door.

 TOMMY
Yeah.

Door opens. Ainsley stands there. Tears run her cheeks ...

 TOMMY (CONT'D)
What happened.

 AINSLEY
Guess he's not the last one.
Doesn't want to just hold me.

TOMMY

Doesn't know what he's missing.
Come here.

Ainsley lays on top of the comforter. Tommy flips his half over her, she curls into it like a cat. Tommy puts his arm around her ...

AINSLEY

How come you're always right?

TOMMY

Cuz I spent so much time being wrong. And I never forgot the lessons ...

AINSLEY

Thank you.

He hugs her. Whispers in her ear.

TOMMY

Fuck Alabama.

She laughs.

AINSLEY

Yeah. Fuck em ...

EXT. PUMP JACK -- EARLY MORNING.

Luis, Armando, and Elvio are replacing a pressure release valve. Luis slams a hammer against a monkey wrench, trying to loosen a rusted bolt ...

ARMANDO

Eighteen's too small you need the twenty four.

ELVIO

COOPER. TWENTY FOUR INCH PIPE
WRENCH.

COOPER

Which one is that?

ARMANDO

The one that says twenty four on it.

ELVIO

The one the size of your arm!

Cooper runs to the truck, digs through the tools. Finds the twenty-four. Grabs it and runs toward them ...

Luis pounds his hammer into the bolt on the pressure release valve.

ARMANDO

He's bringing the twenty-four.

LUIS

I got it.

As Cooper reaches the platform, Luis sends a thunderous strike into the wrench. Sparks fly from metal ramming metal, then a hiss, then the world is engulfed in flames ...

Cooper is thrown thirty feet as flames and the force of the explosion slam into him. Luis, Armando, and Elvio are eviscerated in the blast ...

CAMERA LOOKS TO THE SKY --

As a massive string of fire burns straight toward the sun, dripping giant rain drops of fire back toward the earth ...

THE END.