

# DALLAS

'CHANGING OF THE GUARD'

(Based on Characters Created

By

David Jacobs)

Pilot Script

by

Cynthia Cidre

Warner Horizon  
Second Draft (J REVISED)  
August 27, 2010

DAYBREAK IN THE TEXAS DESERT

Ablaze with fuchsia cholla and lemon-blossomed prickly pear. An armadillo pokes its head out of a burrow. A javelina scuttles past, startling a herd of deer in the morning quiet. THE ONLY SOUND WE HEAR IS AN OIL RIG BORING INTO THE EARTH.

ELENA RAMOS (28), asleep on the ground, suddenly comes alert. Dark-haired, beautifully olive-skinned, she sits up, senses vigilant.

She crosses to A LAPTOP DISPLAYING SEISMIC DATA ON A 3-D GRAVITY METER. What she sees makes her heart kickstart.

ELENA

...John -- wake up -- !

Grabbing sleep on the ground, JOHN ROSS EWING III (30), stirs.

ELENA (CONT'D)

I'm getting a reading, John...

(suddenly)

-- Pull the drill...Pull it! NOW!

Suddenly the twelve-foot drill-stem pierces a pocket of gas that whistles out in a rush.

John Ross scrambles. Starts pulling the bit out of the hole. The rig begins to shudder violently. Abruptly a shower of mud and rock erupts from the hole.

In the b.g., A DRILLING CREW OF FOUR who've been sleeping in their trucks, hustles toward the blow-out.

Finally the stream stops. There's silence.

Then, a faint gurgling sound comes from deep in the well. The ground begins to rumble. A roar emanates from the hole. As Elena, John Ross and the Crew dive for cover, a jet of black oil erupts from the ground, arcing into the sky and falling on them like rain.

The Crew increases the hydrostatic pressure, trying to cap the well. John Ross spins a set of valves, diverting the gush of crude. Finally everything goes quiet. Elena checks the gauges. Swallows. A quiver in her voice --

ELENA (CONT'D)

(it's massive)

-- She's flowing at sixty-eighty hundred barrels, John...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Their eyes meet. John Ross is electrified. Elena looks anxious. A moment of understanding between them. In the b.g, the crew is already celebrating.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Time to tell Bobby --

ON JOHN ROSS - once a sickly child, now grown into a powerful man, he is charismatic, seductive; you have to be careful not to fall in love with him, because you already sense that he's his father's son: ambitious, burning with a need to be noticed.

JOHN ROSS

I've staked everything on this  
...All I ever wanted. Trust me.

His intensity is contagious, as he pulls her into a jubilant kiss.

We stay on Elena, a proud, beautiful woman with a whirring Swiss timepiece for a mind, less assured.

EXT. INT. BROOKHAVEN COUNTRY CLUB - DALLAS - MORNING

CHRISTOPHER EWING (28) is the new acumen and entrepreneurial vigor of the Ewing clan. Smart, attractive, effective, he has the guarded eyes of someone who's already mixed it up with life. He's having breakfast with TWO VENTURE CAPITALISTS. A WAITER serves them.

CHRISTOPHER

-- Green-tech firms are attracting the biggest share of venture capital. They've gone from a niche category to 27% of all venture investment.

He takes A CHUNK OF TRANSLUCENT ROCK out of a cooler, and sets it on a plate.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Go on, touch it.

VC#1 touches it. VC#2, the senior partner, doesn't move. Eyes on Christopher, taking his measure.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Ice --

Christopher flicks a lighter and puts it to the 'ice,' which catches fire and burns with a blue, steady flame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

-- Flammable ice. Methane.  
Frozen and compressed in hydrate  
form along the coasts of every  
continent. There's more energy in  
these hydrates than all the  
world's coal, oil and conventional  
gas put together.

VENTURE CAPITALIST #1

The Japanese've been trying to  
extract methane from the ocean  
floor for a decade. You've been  
living in Japan. You know it's  
not economically feasible.

CHRISTOPHER

(pushes a paper  
toward them)

Read my patent application. Why I  
moved back. I'm gonna beat the  
Japanese to the punch.

The senior VC finally leans forward.

VENTURE CAPITALIST #2

Son, I like you. But you gotta  
have skin in the game if capital's  
gonna take you seriously.

(beat)

What about Bobby Ewing funding  
you?

CHRISTOPHER

My father's out of the energy  
business. He's happy raising  
cattle at Southfork.

VC #2 sits back. Shrugs. Makes his offer.

VENTURE CAPITALIST #2

Ninety-ten.

Christopher stares. He can't be serious. He is.

VENTURE CAPITALIST #2 (CONT'D)

Take it or leave it.

CHRISTOPHER

I ain't a virgin, but I ain't a  
whore, either. That's insulting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VENTURE CAPITALIST #2

Son, we know you've already  
knocked on every door, from Wall  
Street to Main Street, Dallas.  
Take it or leave it.

Affronted, Christopher throws his napkin on the table,  
but before he can leave, a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN IN  
TENNIS WHITES blocks his exit. She has green-catlike  
eyes and exudes sensuality. She seems alarmed.

FRENCH TENNIS PLAYER

*On m'a dit que vous parlez  
français. J'ai un problème. Vous  
pouvez m'aider?*

CHRISTOPHER

*Je parle français. Et quel est  
votre problème?*

FRENCH TENNIS PLAYER

*Vous pouvez m'accompagner un  
moment? Pardon, mais c'est un peu  
embarrassant.*

Christopher nods and turns to follow the young woman.

VENTURE CAPITALIST #1

Hey, Ewing, bring some capital to  
the table if you want better  
terms. Or maybe the president can  
help with a public subsidy --

The men laugh. Christopher never looks back.

TRACKING WITH CHRISTOPHER AND THE FRENCH GIRL

She quickens her pace, animatedly talking to Christopher  
over her shoulder. As they arrive at the Ladies' Locker  
Room, she enters. But Christopher stops. He regards the  
Ladies' Locker sign as he might a Border Patrol fence.  
Then he does a quick look around...*what the hell...* He  
enters.

THE LADIES LOCKER - CHRISTOPHER

Slinks past a row of lockers where a PAIR OF WOMEN chat  
on a bench. He peers around another row of lockers and  
spots the French Girl, who's turned away from him  
removing her shoes. He hears the women get up, walk to  
the exit, and leave. Christopher approaches.

CHRISTOPHER

*Mademoiselle, quel était le  
problème -- ?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Suddenly Christopher gasps audibly. The girl's pulled her top over her head and turned to Christopher. She cocks her head, biting her lip, watching him. Slowly, he closes his eyes and lets out a long breath.

The girl shifts her weight. Still waiting. Christopher opens one eye, just to see if he's dreaming. He's not. The girl steps closer, puts her hands on Christopher shoulders, and kisses him lightly.

Christopher, his breath coming heavy and deep...thinking about it...but not for long.

TIME CUT - LOCKER ROOM

Christopher leans against the wall of lockers wondering what the hell just happened. After-glowing, the French girl wraps herself in a plush robe, and kisses him.

MATRON'S VOICE (O.S.)

Christopher Ewing. That you  
behind that wall of lockers?

Christopher and the girl exchange a panicked look. Beat.

CHRISTOPHER

...Mrs. Stanfill...? Yes, ma'am,  
it is.

MATRON'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hope that's your fiance in there  
with you, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

(beat; *busted*)  
Why, yes, ma'am. It is.

Christopher steps around the wall of lockers. AN ELDERLY MATRON, previously unseen, sits on a bench regarding him critically.

MATRON

Good morning, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

Good morning, Mrs. Stanfill. So  
nice to see you.

She smiles at him, maybe a little envious.

MATRON

Back from your travels, I see.  
How was the Asian continent?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CHRISTOPHER

Very beautiful and very exciting.

MATRON

Not half as exciting as your new  
fiance, I'm sure.

REBECCA SUTTER (28), blushing slightly, walks around the  
wall of lockers.

REBECCA

*(not French at all)*

Rebecca Sutter, ma'am. What must  
you think of me?

MATRON

*(clucks)*

His daddy would crow with pride.

A beautiful, spontaneous young woman, Rebecca seduces  
those around with her direct manner. She smiles.

REBECCA

Will you be coming to the wedding,  
Mrs. Stanfill?

MATRON

I wouldn't miss it, dear. And may  
I suggest you save something for  
the honeymoon?

EXT. BROOKHAVEN CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Christopher and Rebecca walk to their car. Christopher's  
working his jaw, frustrated.

REBECCA

-- That didn't go so well with  
the VC, did it?

CHRISTOPHER

They made it abundantly clear.  
They want my Dad to invest.

REBECCA

*(beat; studying him)*

Why's it so hard to ask your  
father for money? You think all  
the Ewings made it on their own?

He doesn't answer. Determined expression on his face.

EXT. INT. MEDICAL TOWER - DALLAS - MORNING

BOBBY EWING, his hair a little grayer, his face etched with character, sits in a doctor's office, waiting. At 60, Bobby's still the same dynamic, compassionate man who always insisted on playing fair.

Finally, DR. GLASER (55) enters. One look at him and Bobby knows.

DR. GLASER

-- I'm sorry, Bobby. It's what we thought. A gastrointestinal stromal tumor. A fairly rare form of cancer.

Bobby is not surprised. Takes it with grace. After a moment the doctor sits down.

DR. GLASER (CONT'D)

I know that's a helluva piece of news to deliver on a man's birthday. I'm terribly sorry.

(beat)

I'm gonna start you up on chemo right away; make an appointment at the hospital --

BOBBY

-- No chemo. You can't tell anyone, David.

The Doctor is taken aback. Bobby's staring out.

DR. GLASER

Okay... I can start you on oral chemo. Happens to be a good one for this type of cancer. But your family has to know. You have a serious disease. You're going to have to have surgery.

BOBBY

Christ, my son' getting married in a few days! I don't want this on his shoulders. On anyone's shoulders. I'll tell 'em after the wedding.

Glaser decides to be direct.

DR. GLASER

The window to beat a stromal cancer narrows with every passing day. Treatment cannot wait, Bobby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bobby understands, but is not dissuaded.

BOBBY

There's some family business I  
gotta attend to, Doc...

(grins; also direct)

...Before anybody knows I'm dying.

CREDITS OVER - MAIN TITLES AND DALLAS THEME

Southfork Ranch. Two hundred thousand acres of gentle rises, bluffs and grassy plains, dotted with cattle and horses -- a vast kingdom over which the Southworths and Ewings have reigned for over 150 years.

Bobby gallops toward the unscathed horizon, past gray-green mesquite and juniper, past spring-fed stream beds.

Finally, he slows. He sees RANCH HANDS building fences, branding cattle; hears a clanging bell calling the men to lunch. The men wave to Bobby. They respect their *patrón*. Bobby waves back. The sights, sounds, smells of Southfork never fail to renew him.

EXT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - AFTERNOON

ANN RYLAND EWING (45) is a pure blue-blooded Texan but you wouldn't guess it. She may know champagne and caviar, but talks hog and hominy. Carelessly elegant, optimistic, good-humored, Ann's got eyes in the back of her head and is game for anything.

A constant vortex of activity, she's currently eyeing a centerpiece A PARTY PLANNER and FLORIST are presenting her. It's a bit scrawny.

ANN

...Pitiful, Sandy.

FLORIST

My supplier raised the cost of the orchids by fifty percent, Mrs. Ewing. I was tryin' to be prudent.

ANN

Don't wanna go broke, but don't mind going bent. Haggle the man down to twenty percent, then make sure you salute him with an elevated middle finger and vow never to do business with him again.

As the florist laughs, Ann looks at her watch --

INT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - BOBBY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Ann hurries into the bedroom and is surprised to find Bobby sitting on the bed, watching an OLD EWING FAMILY VIDEO. He doesn't say anything. Just extends his hand to his wife. She takes it and sits beside him.

ON SCREEN - HAPPY, FUNNY EWING FAMILY MOMENTS ON SOUTHFORK

*Bobby teaching the young Christopher to ride a horse*

*J.R. teaching the young John Ross to brand cattle*

*A happy J.R. with Sue Ellen at the annual barbecue*

*A beautiful, sexy Pamela with Bobby*

*A vital, young J.R. with a bright-eyed Bobby, on the ranch with Jock and Miss Ellie, in more innocent times*

BOBBY

A little piece of heaven on earth,  
mama always said.

ANN

Southfork sure is a pretty  
stretch.

BOBBY

(reflective)

My whole life's been defined by  
fighting with J.R. And for what?  
We had paradise and took it for  
granted.

Bobby seems profoundly affected. Curious, Ann watches her husband as the video continues.

*On screen, John Ross and Christopher, sit on the sofa crying, grounded by the adults. A young Mexican girl (ELENA), in starched dress, braids, glasses, watches from the door*

*10-year-old Christopher and Elena play in freshly fallen snow --*

ANN

I don't think I realized how long  
Elena's been with your family --

BOBBY

She'd just moved here from Mexico  
in those videos... Didn't speak a  
word of English...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Never seen snow...She and Christopher were like two peas in a pod....Except when John Ross was around.

ANN

(grins)

J.R.'s D.N.A. will do that to ya.

Finally the video ends. Bobby sucks in a deep breath, shaking it off. He ejects the tape. Ann begins dressing.

ANN (CONT'D)

Has Christopher seen Elena since he's been back?

Bobby shakes his head. Thinking about it, he shrugs.

BOBBY

She knows Christopher's getting married. She's with John Ross now.

ANN

Something happened between those two, Bobby, and whatever it was sent Christopher running off to Japan. Into Rebecca's arms.

(beat)

Some arms.

(another beat)

Let's hope John Ross leaves well enough alone. That boy would bait a charging bull, while trying' to charm his pants off.

BOBBY

(a moment;  
nonchalant)

Speaking of Japan -- I was thinking we should stop there on our cruise...

ANN

What cruise?

Bobby gestures to a brochure on the bed. Ann looks at it. It takes her a moment to understand what she's seeing.

BOBBY

Haven't you always said you wanted to spend our golden years abroad?

Ann blinks. She picks up the brochure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANN

-- A *world* cruise? But you hate travelling... And Robert James Ewing, we're *nowhere* near our golden years --

Ann's looking at Bobby with the flowing warmth of a wife who's still in love with her husband.

BOBBY

About time I did something my wife's always wanted to do.

As Bobby begins unbuttoning Ann's blouse --

EXT. INT. PIGGY'S CANTINA - AFTERNOON

Authentic honky-tonk. Sawdust, stiff drinks; filled with hard-living roughnecks.

John Ross' DRILLING CREW is three-sheets to the wind. John Ross raises his hands for their attention. Everything about him is winning, filled with the pluck and daring of the new breed of wildcatters.

JOHN ROSS

They said you have to be crazy to go drilling' these days --

Hooting and loud agreement from the crew.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)

-- It was scary at first. A year ago, this lady and I --

(Elena joins him)

-- Started plotting our venture. We psyched each other into it...pooled our resources, sold stock to friends who had confidence in our talents.

Not without her own ambition, Elena's still swept up in the vortex of John Ross' excitement.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)

A lot of you thought we were crazy.

Even louder hooting from the crew.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)

You must've told each other, this chump's gonna hit one sooner of later...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)  
 (genuine gratitude)  
 Thank you for sticking with me.

Everyone is taking the measure in John Ross' intense brown eyes.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)  
 I want everyone here to take your wives, girlfriends, families, away this weekend. On me. We're in the oil business, boys. Big time. Couldn't have done it without you.

Then everyone begins popping champagne corks --

TIME CUT - REAR OF THE BAR

The Head of the Drilling crew, a weathered roughneck with wily, hooded eyes, sits drinking Garrison bourbon. John Ross approaches. Slips a thick envelope across the table.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)  
 That's for not telling my uncle about drilling on Southfork. Much obliged.

HEAD CREW MEMBER  
 (nods)  
 Bettin' against J.R.'s son would've been like bettin' against the Dallas Cowboys. Downright unpatriotic.

John Ross shakes the man's hand then slinks out through the rear door, unnoticed. In the b.g., Elena drinks with the Mexicans in the crew, comfortable with them.

OUTSIDE BAR - MOMENTS LATER

As John Ross steps outside, we hear the deep-throated purr of a sports car approaching. A red Lamborghini pulls up. We don't see the driver. John Ross leans into the driver's window.

JOHN ROSS  
 If there's one thing my Daddy taught me was to hope for the best, but prepare for the worst. Stick around.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DALLAS - AFTERNOON

About the size of a studio apartment, nicely appointed, but there's no denying it's institutional living.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A NURSE shows Bobby into the room.

BOBBY

How's he doing?

NURSE

In and out. Mostly out. We're taking good care of him, Mr. Ewing.

Bobby nods and thanks her. As the Nurse exits, Bobby approaches the bed.

At 75, J.R. EWING looks frail and defenseless lying in a hospital bed in a frayed robe. Staring into space, he's unaware that anyone's come to visit. The nefarious, scheming, amoral miscreant of old is nowhere in sight.

After a moment, Bobby pulls up a chair.

LATER - THE ROOM

Bobby's come to bare his soul. Inert, J.R. gives no sign of hearing anything his brother is saying.

BOBBY

...The fights over Ewing oil...over Southfork... I mean, we laid waste to everything in our path, J.R. For what...? Those fights changed me. Made me hard. Made me stop trusting you.

(TIME CUT)

I worry about John Ross and Christopher...I want our boys to have a chance at being a family, without the bad blood and bitterness...I don't want them to be like us, J.R. --

(hesitates a moment)

I'll miss you. Hope you know I always loved you...

Finally, Bobby rises and kisses J.R. He lingers a moment, then exits.

ON J.R. - He's never heard a word.

EXT. SOUTHFORK RANCH - LATE AFTERNOON

John Ross and Elena drive up the road to Southfork. Cleaned up, John Ross is a sharp, somewhat flamboyant, dresser. By contrast, Elena seems reserved. And at the moment, nervous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELENA

Bobby's gonna pitch a fit when you tell him we've been drilling on Southfork.

JOHN ROSS

Times have changed. My uncle will see reason.

ELENA

What if he doesn't?

John Ross' eyes twinkle.

JOHN ROSS

...Then I'll have to convince him.

Elena still looks edgy. A moment.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)

It'll be interesting seeing Christopher again. Run into him much since he's been back?

ELENA

(a moment; smiling)

You know what I like best about you? How you wear your heart on your sleeve and think I don't notice. I haven't seen Christopher in two years. You know that.

John Ross pulls up to the house and switches off the engine. He turns to Elena; his face open.

JOHN ROSS

I'm not embarrassed to show you how I feel. You're dazzling. I don't think you realize what you do to me.

ELENA

Better show me then --

As a smile crinkles his eyes, the two kiss deeply.

INT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

The immediate Ewing family is gathered for Bobby's 60th birthday. Christopher and Rebecca have just arrived.

ANN

-- Rebecca, you are gorgeous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A bit of a chameleon, Rebecca's chosen jeans and western shirt for the evening. Bobby, just coming back from seeing J.R. lingers a moment over Christopher.

BOBBY

How'd it go with the investment group, son?

CHRISTOPHER

They offered a 90-10 split. Before you say anything -- I turned them down.

BOBBY

What's next?

CHRISTOPHER

(reluctantly)

Seems I've only two roads open to me, Dad. Taking government subsidies or bending over for the VC --

(very hard for him)

-- I was thinking... What if I structured a mezzanine loan that would be paid back to you out of any capital I'd raise, with interest --?

Bobby lays his hand on Christopher's shoulder.

BOBBY

Is it really so hard for you to ask for my help?

Before he can answer, CARMEN RAMOS (55) approaches with a tray of southwestern delicacies. The long-time Ewing cook, Carmen has a quaint, old-world manner to her.

CARMEN

It's good to have you home, Christopher.

Christopher hugs Carmen, then quickly stuffs an *empanada* in his mouth. As he chews, he practically swoons.

CHRISTOPHER

I missed your cooking, Carmen.

BOBBY

She wouldn't make those while you were away. Only for Mr. Christopher, she said.

(smiles; moving off)

We'll talk --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As Bobby crosses to the bar, Carmen looks over Christopher affectionately. Then her eyes shift to Rebecca with suspicion.

CARMEN

This beautiful girl you're going to marry, does she cook?

CHRISTOPHER

(*not so much*)  
She wants to learn.

CARMEN

She'll never make *mole* like Elena, but maybe I can teach her to fry a *tortilla*.

Carmen doesn't hide her disdain. Christopher smiles.

CHRISTOPHER

You'll like her once you get to know her, Carmen. Promise.

CARMEN

You and my daughter made such a beautiful couple.

For a moment Carmen's look holds Christopher. Then

JOHN ROSS AND ELENA ARRIVE

Carmen watches John Ross with obvious distaste. Carmen never hides her disdain.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

See what you did?

Immediately Christopher's eyes ZOOM IN ON JOHN ROSS HOLDING ELENA'S HAND. His face is hard to read.

ON JOHN ROSS

Exuberant in his greetings of Ann and Bobby. When he comes to Rebecca he is dumbstruck.

JOHN ROSS

And here I thought my cousin was marrying a mad scientist with a mustache.

REBECCA

You must be John Ross. I've been looking forward to meeting you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRISTOPHER

(approaching)

Longest winning streak in LSU  
poker history, John Ross. Run,  
don't walk.

JOHN ROSS

Dawg.

John Ross lays a manly, buddy hug on Christopher. The two dap and high-five.

In the b.g., Elena, who always feels compelled to help in the kitchen, is being shooed away by her mother. Finally she approaches Christopher.

ELENA

...Christopher...been a long time -

For a moment neither of them know whether to hug, kiss or shake hands. They end up embracing then quickly parting.

CHRISTOPHER

You look... different --

ELENA

I cut my hair.

He's looking at her classically cut suit.

CHRISTOPHER

Your clothes --

ELENA

...Opened an office in Dallas...  
Tracking oil leases. Have to  
dress the part...

REBECCA

You must be Elena.

ELENA

So nice to meet you.

REBECCA

So you grew up with these two?

ELENA

Regrettably.

REBECCA

Can't wait to hear all about it.

Suddenly John Ross rockets a basketball at Christopher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOHN ROSS

Play you to ten by twos for a  
thousand dollars. You first.

A chorus of groans from the family. But Christopher gets  
a look on his face --

SOUTHFORK - BASKETBALL COURT

Game in progress. John Ross. More than arrogant.  
Louder, cockier than Christopher, who is arrogant, loud,  
and cocky enough. John Ross on defense against  
Christopher. Bang. Action.

Christopher scores on a spinning move.

John Ross passes up a shot, dribbles low past  
Christopher, drills a fifteen-footer.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)

In your face --

Christopher is unperturbed. He starts one direction,  
John Ross all over him. Dribbles to his right, looking  
for an opening, suddenly cuts for the basket and slams it  
through. Smiles without rubbing it in. But John Ross  
gets a look in his eye.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)

Gimme the ball!

CHRISTOPHER

You got the ball. What you gonna  
do with it?

Christopher takes a position two or three feet from John  
Ross, on defense. The game resumes. John Ross  
immediately goes up for an eighteen foot jumper, but --

Christopher strips the ball from him, takes a quick  
dribble then makes a powerful move down the lane. John  
Ross matches him step for step, until --

Christopher explodes to the hoop to slam the ball  
through, but --

John Ross skies, and in one resounding swat REJECTS THE  
SLAM. Blasting the ball off Christopher's face.  
Christopher lands on his back. Nose bleeding.

Rebecca starts for Christopher but Elena holds her back.  
Bobby and Ann watch the competitiveness between the  
cousins like an impending train wreck they're powerless  
to prevent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

John Ross is insufferable in victory, but funny. A poor man's Mohammed Ali.

JOHN ROSS

Yes, Christopher, yes, yes yes.

Christopher picks himself up slowly, his dignity damaged, along with his nose.

CLOSE ON CHRISTOPHER - eyes flaring. His pride and ego challenged, he speaks right at John Ross.

CHRISTOPHER

I'm taking you to the hole.  
What's the count?

JOHN ROSS

Eight, eight.

Christopher has the ball at the top of the key. He goes nose to nose with John Ross, who eyeballs him.

CHRISTOPHER

One more bucket.

JOHN ROSS

That's a bucket you'll never get.

CHRISTOPHER

Observe.

Suddenly a different side of Christopher emerges. He's not as mild-mannered as he first appeared -- or at least he's more than that --

-- And this time John Ross gets right in his face, more intense than we saw him earlier.

Christopher drives hard to the basket as John Ross gets a step on him. Christopher goes up high, but at the last second, John Ross arches powerfully, and the two collide, Christopher throwing an elbow into John Ross' chest. The shot bounces off the rim and John Ross GOES DOWN HARD.

He falls backwards. Gets up. Limp, hobbles, testing his ankle. Can't step on it.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Somebody step in for the  
handicapped...Oh, no --

ANN (O.S.)

-- I'm calling *this* a draw.  
Dinner's served!

\*  
\*  
\*

Before the cousins can object, a CONVERTIBLE MERCEDES DRIVES UP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SUE ELLEN EWING (59) -- fifteen-years-clean-and-sober, finally seems at peace with the gracious Southern belle she was raised to be -- before life with J.R. coldcocked her. She looks fantastic.

SUE ELLEN

...Sorry I'm late.

JOHN ROSS

Mother -- so nice to see you.

The slightest stiffening in John Ross' spine as he kisses Sue Ellen's cheek.

TIME CUT - THE MEAL

Everyone's had their surfeit of food and wine. Several birthday gifts are open on the table. John Ross sits with a pack of ice on his ankle. Christopher has a Kleenex stuffed in his nose. Elena looks edgy, as she leans closer to John Ross.

ELENA

I've gone along with you on this for months, John. You gotta tell Bobby --

John Ross grins and gestures that it's under control.

REBECCA

-- I was just telling Sue Ellen one of my bridesmaids had a family emergency and won't be able to make the wedding.

SUE ELLEN

But that leaves Rebecca with only one bridesmaid. What kind of a weddin' would that be?

CHRISTOPHER

(to table)

Rebecca's parents died in a plane crash. She has only a brother... Wasn't Tommy supposed to be here already, Beck?

REBECCA

(nods)

I'm a little worried about him...

John Ross' eyes have been on Elena; flicking between her and Christopher.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

JOHN ROSS

I've an idea. Elena can be your  
bridesmaid.

The tension in the room goes from zero to sixty in  
nothing flat.

ELENA

Sorry?

JOHN ROSS

It's a great idea.

ELENA

...No... really... I wouldn't be a  
good bridesmaid --

Rebecca's looking at Christopher for a clue. But his  
expression is stuck in neutral. She hesitates. Then:

REBECCA

I'd love it, Elena. You're like  
Chris' sister --

ELENA

-- I'm flattered. Really. But...  
Must be too late to get a dress  
made, and --

REBECCA

The dressmaker can probably just  
alter the dress we're *not* using.  
It'd be an honor to have you as  
one of my bridesmaids. I'm sorry  
I didn't think of it first.

Elena feels trapped. She casts daggers at John Ross, who  
smiles mischievously and raises a glass to her.  
Finally... nothing to do but make the best of it.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

It's settled then.

But not everyone thinks this is a great idea. Ann and  
Bobby exchange a look. Christopher and Elena avoid eye  
contact. The conversation moves on.

SUE ELLEN

How's J.R., Bobby?

BOBBY

I went to see him today...

Surprised reactions around the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

BOBBY (CONT'D)

He never even knew I was there.  
You should go see your father,  
John Ross, before it's too late.

JOHN ROSS

Last time I saw my father was at  
his funeral. Only it turned out  
he'd faked his death to get Ewing  
Oil back from Cliff Barnes.

SUE ELLEN

Not to defend J.R., John Ross, but  
it was the only thing he could  
think of to make us return from  
Europe.

JOHN ROSS

Mother, in most families, the  
father *apologizes* to his wife and  
son when he's been a shit and  
wants them back.

BOBBY

You're too young to understand  
this, John Ross, but you'll always  
regret the time you don't spend  
with your family.

John Ross ignores Bobby. Turns to Christopher.

JOHN ROSS

I hear you've come home with some  
kind of alternative energy scheme  
to save the world. Here I was  
hoping to tempt you into  
wildcatting with me.

CHRISTOPHER

Oil's the past, John Ross.  
Alternatives are the future.

JOHN ROSS

Couldn't disagree more --

CHRISTOPHER

This country's quickly running out  
of resources --

JOHN ROSS

-- All due respect, cousin, that's  
a load.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

ANN

Miss Ellie had a rule. No  
business talk at the table.

Bobby, who's been watching the acrimony between  
Christopher and John Ross, suddenly pushes back his  
chair.

BOBBY

I've been trying to think of a way  
to say this...but there's no good  
way, except to come out and say it  
--

Everyone is looking at Bobby curiously.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

It pains me like nothing I've ever  
done to have to do this. But I've  
given it a lot of thought, and  
there's no doubt in my mind that  
it's the right thing to do --

Then he drops the bomb.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

...I've decided the time has come  
to sell Southfork --

Suddenly the air goes out of the room.

**END OF ACT ONE**

INT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The silence is deafening. John Ross is absolutely stunned.

JOHN ROSS

-- What does that mean?

BOBBY

It means I don't want this family divided over what happens to this ranch, if something were to happen to me. Neither you nor Christopher are cut out to be ranchers. And mama wanted Southfork maintained as a ranch.

JOHN ROSS

But what about my father? What about me? Don't we have a say?

BOBBY

I decide what happens to Southfork, John Ross. That's how mama wanted it.

John Ross is reeling.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

-- What either of you do with your share from the sale is up to you. But my intent is to carry out my mother's wishes, and keep the two of you from going to war over the ranch the way J.R. and I did.

A dark thought crosses John Ross' mind.

JOHN ROSS

Who determines 'my share'? You?

BOBBY

That's right.

JOHN ROSS

Then sell Christopher's share. Give me mine.

BOBBY

This ranch'll never be divided. Precisely why I'm going to sell it to a land conservancy.

John Ross feels a chill. He glances at Elena.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN ROSS  
 (suddenly; to Bobby)  
 Better get your truck then. Now.

EXT. SOUTHFORK RANCH - DESERT - EARLY EVENING

John Ross' Land Rover flies over a desert road, the truck's headlights cutting through a golden-blue sunset. Elena rides shotgun. Looking to what lies ahead with a sense of doom.

BOBBY'S TRUCK follows, Christopher beside him. No idea where they're going. Then they see it.

An oil rig in the distance, illuminated by a glaring fluorescence.

MOMENTS LATER - THE DERRICK

Rising incongruously from the desert, bathed in night lights. A CREW OF FOUR tends the well. The Ewings jump out of their vehicles. Bobby's face is set in stone. But before he can react, Christopher detonates.

CHRISTOPHER  
The hell are you doing -- ?

JOHN ROSS  
 -- No more than Jock did.  
 Drilling for oil on Southfork --

CHRISTOPHER  
 -- Miss Ellie threw Jock's rig off  
 the ranch --!

JOHN ROSS  
 -- Eighty years ago,  
Christopher.

BOBBY  
 (angry but measured)  
 You sank a well on  
 Southfork without asking  
 me, John Ross?

\*  
 \*

JOHN ROSS  
 This country's been held hostage  
 by oil-producing nations for forty  
 years, uncle Bobby. We are on our  
 knees to them. If we don't take  
 our fate into our hands, they'll  
 destroy us.

BOBBY  
 You've no right to drill on this  
 land.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN ROSS

I'm a Ewing. I've every right.

Elena sees the conversation derailing and sets her laptop on his truck.

ELENA

-- We only confirmed the find this morning, Bobby. John was gonna tell you tonight.

(beat)

I spotted the reserve on a seismic survey...If I'm right...

(pausing)

...You're sitting on a couple of billion barrels of light sweet crude, the most sought-after crude oil in the world.

The magnitude of Elena's words echo over the drill-bit pounding the earth.

JOHN ROSS

It will make us richer than we ever imagined, uncle Bobby. It'll change every --

BOBBY

(suddenly exploding)

-- I am sick to death of this family eating each other alive over money! This is exactly what I didn't want to happen. When you face the end of the road, John Ross, you'll understand it's not money you need --

ELENA

(placating)

John knew it would be hard to convince you. All his asking's that you think about it -

Christopher's anger spins on Elena.

CHRISTOPHER

I can't believe you're a part of this. A pay formation that thick's gotta be two miles deep! It'll have to be fracked --

ELENA

You don't know what you're saying -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRISTOPHER

It's the end of the ranch, Elena --

ELENA

-- Stop being sanctimonious!  
Oil's in your blood. When did you  
turn your back on it?

CHRISTOPHER

When I got away from everything  
that was toxic 'round these parts.

The look Elena gives Christopher bristles with so much energy, he feels his face heat up and his scalp prickle. He knows he's gone too far.

Bobby's looking at the raw crude burbling around the edges of the drill bit. He walks over to it. Touches it. Smells it. Tastes it.

BOBBY

(quietly)

I gave my mother my word there'd  
never be any drilling on  
Southfork.

JOHN ROSS

And you don't think we're long  
past caring about Miss Ellie's  
precious wishes...?

The derision in John Ross' voice hits Bobby like a concussion. For a moment he just looks at the dying light over the desert.

BOBBY

Don't ever speak my mother's name  
in front of me again. You  
dishonor her name. We're done  
talking, John Ross. Southfork's  
for sale. There'll be no more  
drilling. Oil alternatives --  
*that's* how this country will get  
off its knees.

CHRISTOPHER

(overlapping)

Keep me out of it, Dad --

JOHN ROSS

-- Dad? Bobby's not your dad?  
Everyone knows your dad was a drug  
addict who sold you when you were  
a baby...You'll never be a Ewing,  
Christopher --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Suddenly rage explodes in Christopher's brain. He flies at John Ross before John Ross can react. The two roll on the ground in a vicious street fight.

BOBBY  
STOP! DAMMIT! STOP!

Christopher and John Ross are heedless. Cornered, wounded animals.

Finally a shotgun shell explodes in the air. Elena stands by the Land Rover holding a 12-gauge Beretta.

Christopher shirt is soaked in blood from his nose. John Ross takes his time wiping the dirt off his Italian slacks. Bobby tries to help them both up, but is pushed away. The two men stare at each other.

BOBBY (CONT'D)  
Listen carefully, John Ross.  
There'll be no more drilling.

As John Ross walks away, we feel Bobby has made an enemy. Christopher watches him go, sucking air.

EXT. INT. A TOWNHOUSE - BATHROOM - DALLAS - NIGHT

Rebecca's tending to Christopher's wounds. They're in a modest townhouse full of unpacked boxes. This is where they plan to live after the wedding. Christopher still simmers.

CHRISTOPHER  
-- He wants money and power, and if destroying what my grandmother loved is the way to achieve it, then Southfork be damned. Hell, he doesn't even know the first thing about oil. Elena found the reserve --  
(beat)  
He's just using her, like when we were kids.

Christopher's looking in the mirror. Trying to understand it. Rebecca studies his face.

REBECCA  
I walked into a trap today, didn't I, asking Elena to be a bridesmaid? John Ross set me up.  
(a moment)  
Is Elena what this is all about, Chris?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRISTOPHER

No! Look, I told you. Elena and I grew up together. We dated a few times in high school...then we just drifted apart. This is between me and John Ross.

Christopher turns to Rebecca. Sincere.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

You're the best thing that's ever happened to me, Beck. I need you to know this. I love you --

He leans down and kisses her, slowly at first, until pent up anger turns passionate.

INT. A PENTHOUSE - DALLAS - NIGHT

A ridiculously beautiful view of the Dallas skyline from a posh, extremely upscale penthouse condo.

John Ross sits on the floor looking at A TABLE-TOP OIL RIG WITH A WIND-UP MECHANISM. Elena holds some disinfectant. The table-top oil rig is in motion.

JOHN ROSS

(re rig)

...First time my father took me to his office he said to me: *this is where it all started, John Ross. There's a bunch of real ones out there, just waiting for you to claim 'em.*

ELENA

We knew this could happen. Let's cut our losses and move on.

He's looking at her incredulously.

JOHN ROSS

You think what my uncle's doing is right? You don't think I should fight him with every fiber of my being?

Elena is torn. She looks away.

ELENA

There's no point in going to war. It'll tear your family apart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

John Ross is staring at the miniature rig; shaken. A moment.

JOHN ROSS

I'd hoped my uncle would listen to reason...But he's forcing my hand. I think even Miss Ellie would understand --

INT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - BOBBY'S STUDY - MORNING

Bobby and Christopher sit with MITCH OMER (35), a lawyer, and an old friend of the family. Ann serves iced tea.

BOBBY

-- The Hearst Ranch is the largest working ranch in California. The American Land Conservancy provided permanent public access and eliminated all future development. That's our model, Mitch.

OMER

They're not as flush as it used to be, Bobby, and Southfork's nearly twice the size of Hearst. I'm gonna have to get creative --

In the b.g., Carmen enters. She seems alarmed.

CARMEN

Mr. Bobby... A marshall's here to see you.

Bobby crosses to the door.

A GRANITE-FACED TEXAS MARSHALL

who'd rather gnaw off his hand than serve Bobby with papers.

MARSHALL

Just doin' my job, Mr. Ewing.

The Marshall tips his hat and quickly exits. Bobby scans the documents; jaw working.

BOBBY

...John Ross' filed an injunction against the sale of Southfork. He's petitioning to have the terms of my mother's will overturned on the grounds of mental incompetence --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OMER

Good God --

BOBBY

He's filed affidavits with the court claiming that my mother was mentally deficient at the time of the writing of the will --

CHRISTOPHER

That's a lie --

OMER

... Maybe I should hold off --

A moment. Bobby exchanges a look with Christopher.

BOBBY

Start looking for a Conservancy with deep pockets, Mitch. John Ross wants to turn Southfork into a battle field, we'll give him the fight of his life.

ANN - watching the men in the family digging in for an offensive.

**END OF ACT 2**

EXT. INT. BRIDAL COUTURE SHOP - DALLAS - DAY

Rebecca glows like a sexy angel, as a SEAMSTRESS pins her handmade, silk-and-pearls wedding dress.

ANGLE - THE DOOR

As Elena enters and stops. One look around the tony, by-appointment-only shop, and she's instantly back in the kitchen. Rebecca notes it.

REBECCA

(beat; to Seamstress)

Can you give us a few minutes?

BRIDAL SHOP - A LITTLE LATER

Rebecca and Elena walk around the store, looking at the chic, exclusive merchandise.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

-- You like these shoes?

ELENA

They're beautiful.

REBECCA

They'd be perfect.

Rebecca gestures to a SALES LADY, who swoops by and takes the shoes from her.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

...So, have those two always wanted to kill each other?

ELENA

Every game they ever played ended in physical trauma. It's stupid. They're family.

REBECCA

(beat; rueful)

Families do stupid things.

ELENA

(after a moment)

How old were you when your parents died?

REBECCA

Twelve. Got great memories though... My Daddy was this fiendish gambler.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Every Wednesday night, he'd take me to his regular poker game... Most valuable thing he ever taught me? Everyone has a tell.

(a moment)

I knew Chris had a broken heart the moment we met.

Rebecca watches Elena. Elena doesn't say anything.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

He tell you how we met? I'd won a trip to Japan in a game. I'd just passed the bar and thought, what the hell. Chris was on the train from Narita airport to Tokyo. A boy running away from home.

For an instant, conflict and pain flicker over Elena's face. Rebecca sees it. Warmth in her eyes.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(reading her)

...Most people think you're shy, Elena, but you're...*reserved*. You hang back...observe...wait till you're comfortable before... *revealing* your real self...I think you wish the best for Chris. I know I'm going to try my damndest to make him happy --

Suddenly, the door opens and Ann and Sue Ellen enter. They've been arguing.

SUE ELLEN

-- Southfork's John Ross' home. Bobby can't turn it into some kind of museum --

ANN

I'd stay out of it if I were you, Sue Ellen.

SUE ELLEN

It's not your son being robbed.

For a moment the two girls glance at each other in the mirror. They both look like jewels against the lush fabrics of the shop. In spite of it all, they smile.

EXT. SOUTHFORK RANCH - OIL DERRICK - DESERT - DAY

A brassy sky spangled by the pitiless southwest sun. In hardhat and coveralls, John Ross works alongside a DRILL FOREMAN and his CREW. They see a CARAVAN OF SHERIFF VEHICLES approaching, followed by Bobby's truck and some HEAVY MOVING EQUIPMENT.

As the Sheriff's vehicles pull up to the rig, John Ross jumps off the platform to meet them. A MARSHALL thrusts an envelope at him.

MARSHALL

It's a court order, Mr. Ewing.  
Staying you from further drilling.

JOHN ROSS

I've filed with the court to  
overturn the terms of my  
grandmother's will and remove my  
uncle as trustee of this ranch.  
I'm drilling till the court rules.

Bobby slams the door of his truck and approaches the Crew.

BOBBY

I know times are rough out there.  
But this ranch's been in my mama's  
family for 150 years. I made a  
promise to her no one'd ever drill  
on it...Sorry about your jobs -

The men respond by jumping off the platform.

JOHN ROSS

Stop -- get back to work! The  
court'll appoint another trustee.

<p>CREWMAN #1 I ain't tanglin' with Bobby Ewing.</p>	<p>CREWMAN #2 (mumbling) It's his ranch.</p>
--	--

The men tip their hardhats to Bobby on the way to their trucks. Beat. Bobby steps closer to John Ross.

BOBBY

I don't know who you got to lie  
about my mother on those  
affidavits, John Ross, but I'm  
going to get to the bottom of it.

For a moment, anger consumes John Ross. He refuses to move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finally, as one of the Marshals approaches John Ross, he slowly backs off. Then the heavy equipment moves in and begins dismantling the rig.

EXT. INT. EWING ALTERNATIVE ENERGIES LAB - DAY

Christopher's studying hydrate-core sample models on a computer. Unable to concentrate.

A graduate student lab assistant, ERIC (28), in dreadlocks and white coat, heads out for some food.

ERIC

The usual, Chris?

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah. Thanks, Eric.

As Eric exits, Christopher's computer chimes. A request for an iChat from Japan. Christopher ACCEPTS.

COMPUTER MONITOR - KAZUYUKI AGAWA (30)

Be-spectacled, slight, comes on.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Hey, Kaz, what's going on?

KAZU (ON SCREEN)

-- Chris... you alone?

CHRISTOPHER

Yeah, I'm alone...

Kazuyuki looks over his shoulder then back to the screen.

KAZU

Something bad's happened, man. We tapped a cache of methane lying close to the surface of the seabed...triggered an earthquake --

CHRISTOPHER

-- What?

KAZU

...It's not safe, Chris... Dr. Mori's shutting us down until he can figure out what to do. I know you're working on hydrate cores --

Christopher can't believe what he's hearing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KAZU (CONT'D)  
(hears someone)  
Careful, Chris. Gotta go --

Kazuyuki signs off. For a moment, Christopher just sits there, in shock.

TIME CUT - A TELEVISION

Christopher finds an all-news channel. Then he sees it. A banner scrolling across the bottom of the screen:  
Underwater earthquake hits coast of JAPAN. Tsunami warnings for Korea and Southern China.

Christopher drops into a chair. Heart in his throat.

IN THE B.G. THE CAMERA MOVES - AND WE SEE ERIC

He's returned for his wallet and overheard the iChat. Silently, he backs out of the lab. Christopher never sees him.

EXT. INT. MERCANTILE BANK OF DALLAS - DAY

John Ross sits across from a BANK EXECUTIVE, who's holding a check.

BANK EXECUTIVE  
-- I'm afraid I can't cover this,  
John Ross.

JOHN ROSS  
Why not?

The Bank Executive shoots his cuffs uncomfortably.

BANK EXECUTIVE  
It's for thirty thousand dollars.  
You've less than twenty-five  
hundred in your account.

JOHN ROSS  
Transfer money from my trust.

BANK EXECUTIVE  
(trying to be  
tactful)  
I'm afraid your uncle's closed  
your trust account --

John Ross remains very still for a long moment. Finally, he pushes back his chair and exits the bank.

EXT. JOHN ROSS' LAND ROVER - DALLAS - EARLY EVENING

John Ross sits in his car staring at a manicured, two-story building on a quiet tree-lined street. A couple of SENIORS play cards on the porch. We have the sense John Ross has been sitting in his car a while. Finally, he gets out.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DALLAS - EARLY EVENING

Dinner's being served in the restaurant. Many of the RESIDENTS are in wheelchairs. John Ross speaks to a RECEPTIONIST, who directs him to the elevator.

A HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

John Ross approaches a door. Hesitates. Enters.

INSIDE J.R.'S ROOM

From the near physical discomfort John Ross exhibits, we sense he's never visited his father before. The lights are off in the room. The TV is on, without sound. A murky gloom envelops everything. J.R is in a robe, staring at the TV, unaware that anyone has entered the room. John Ross approaches the bed.

JOHN ROSS  
(flat affect)  
Dad...It's me. John Ross.

J.R. doesn't respond.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)  
Can you hear me? Dad?

J.R. stares at the TV. Frustrated, John Ross looks around. Something catches his eye. He turns on a lamp.

A picture of a J.R. with John Ross as a boy is in a silver frame by the bed, the only personal effect in the room.

Suddenly John Ross's legs feel weak. The effort to remain unengaged fails him. He sits down. Forces himself to look at his father. Manic maneuvering giving way to a confused tangle of emotions.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)  
Bobby's selling Southfork to a conservancy, Dad. He's turning Southfork into a park.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)

I've filed an injunction to overturn the terms of my grandmother's will, but he's thrown me off the ranch.

(beat; emotional)

I sank a test well in Section 18, on that salty stretch everyone's ignored for fifty years...hit a two billion barrel reserve --

(gathering steam)

But Bobby won't hear of drilling. I present him with a two billion barrel reserve and he says he has to honor Miss Ellie's wishes to conserve the land. It's bullshit. He's selling Southfork because Christopher's come back from Japan with some alternative energy scheme and can't get funding. Bobby's giving *him* the money --

We can almost see the lights slowly coming on in every room in J.R.'s formerly-depressed brain. He turns his head. Eyes locking on John Ross. His voice is hoarse, like it hasn't been used in a while, but it still drips with that delicious acid-honey malevolence.

J.R.

My brother was always a fool... Stubborn as a mule, stupid as a fencepost, and particularly harebrained about that foundling, Christopher, who ain't even a Ewing.

Like a condemned man given a stay of execution. Like the dead rising from the grave. J.R. pushes himself to a sitting position and looks around. Sentient and suddenly quite alert.

J.R. (CONT'D)

On what grounds you contesting my mama's will, son?

JOHN ROSS

Mental incompetence.

J.R. thinks about that a moment. Then:

J.R.

The fried chicken ain't bad, John Ross. Get me some red Jello, too. We got some catchin' up to do.

(grins; winks)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

J.R. (CONT'D)

And by the way, I forgive you for not visiting.

TIME CUT - J.R.'S ROOM

Father and son are having dinner. It's at once ordinary and bizarre. J.R.'s napkin is tucked in the collar of his pajamas, savoring his Jello.

JOHN ROSS

-- You let me think you were dead, Dad. How could you do that?

J.R.

-- It was the only way I could think of to get your mama back from Europe.

(misty-eyed)

I moved heaven and earth to find you, John Ross. You're the only thing I ever really loved, and your mama took you from me.

The pull of J.R.'s personality mesmerizes John Ross. We can almost see the sickly, abandoned child peeking through the facade of cockiness and arrogance.

JOHN ROSS

Tell me what to do, Dad? I know I can win this in court. But I can't pay the lawyers. Bobby's cut me off.

J.R.

Don't mind my saying so, John Ross, but court's for amateurs and the faint of heart.

J.R.'s smile is conspiratorially naughty.

J.R. (CONT'D)

Son, this is personal.

INT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Carmen and the KITCHEN STAFF -- mostly Mexican women -- are making dinner for the Ewings and their wedding guests. Throughout, we hear a dinner party in the b.g.

Elena enters carrying THE BRIDESMAID DRESS ON A HANGER. She puts it on a hook, dons an apron, and immediately falls into the rhythm of the kitchen. Carmen watches her with one eye. After a moment --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARMEN

Why'd you let John Ross trick you into being a bridesmaid? It's a lousy idea.

Elena knows where this is headed, and doesn't want to talk about it. But her mother's relentless.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I don't like that girl he's marrying. I can see what he sees in her, but I don't like her.

(beat)

He'd be happier with you.

ELENA

It's over, Mom. Christopher's not what he seems.

CARMEN

I sure hope John Ross isn't what he seems. He seems like trouble. What kind of a man throws mud on his dead grandmother's name to get what he wants?

Elena thinks about it a moment. Doesn't say anything.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Mr. Bobby's been good to you.

ELENA

(torn)

I know, Mom... It's just... John's been good to me, too. I know you think I'm making excuses for him, but J.R.'s like a clubfoot or a hump John's had to bear his whole life. He can't hide from it, but it's not who he is.

CARMEN

Loyalty's overrated, *hija*.

But she's smiling. Then Elena gets a text from John Ross.

ELENA

Be home after dinner, Mom.

EXT. JOHN ROSS' LAND ROVER - NIGHT

Elena and John Ross sit in his Land Rover outside the Southfork gates. From both their expressions we can tell that he's told her about what happened today.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHN ROSS

I'm sorry I didn't tell you about the injunction; I knew you'd try to talk me out of it.

ELENA

How long have you been planning it?

JOHN ROSS

Since we found the oil. You want something bad enough, you gotta be willing to fight for it. Isn't that what you always tell me?

ELENA

Wish I'd known, John --

JOHN ROSS

(a moment)

I loved my grandmother, Elena. I'm more like her than my own mother. That's what she always told me. If she were here, I think she'd forgive me. I hope you do. Couldn't bear it if you don't.

ELENA

I want to exploit this reserve as much as you do...I just wish there were another way.

JOHN ROSS

Ask yourself this: if it was Christopher who found the oil, would Bobby still be selling the ranch?

Elena doesn't answer. A moment.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)

There are two things I want to ask you. You and Christopher used to study rocks together. No one understands what Christopher's doing better than you. Will you go see him?

ELENA

(beat; startled)

You want me to spy on him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHN ROSS

I want to know if what he's  
working on is real or a fantasy.  
Maybe there's still a chance to  
make my uncle see reason.

Elena looks off, uneasy. Her eyes are on the house --  
which is warm and inviting and all lit up for the  
wedding. John Ross follows her line of sight.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)

Look at us. Outside the gates,  
looking in. It's always been this  
way, when you think about it.

(a moment)

You and I are the black sheep,  
Elena. I'll always be J.R.'s son  
to them; and no matter how smart  
or educated you are, you'll always  
be the cook's daughter...Someone  
Christopher can use and throw  
away.

Suddenly Elena's eyes are gleaming. John Ross knows he  
has her attention.

ELENA

What's the second thing you want?

John Ross takes a Tiffany jewelry box out of his pocket  
and hands it Elena. There's a two-carat diamond ring in  
it. Elena is stunned.

JOHN ROSS

Nothing means anything without  
you.

ON ELENA - off balance. Confused. But there's steel  
there, too.

INT. APARTMENT OVER GARAGE - NIGHT

Elena lies in bed in a small bedroom over a garage  
apartment where -- torn between two cultures -- she lives  
with her mother. She can't sleep. The bridesmaid dress  
hangs by the closet, like a specter in the room.

ELENA

As she removes a box from a shelf in the closet. Inside  
are ticket stubs, photos, letters -- and a different,  
smaller engagement ring. She holds on it.

EXT. EWING ALTERNATIVE ENERGIES LAB - MORNING

Elena enters the EAE labs to find Christopher asleep on the sofa. There are unpacked boxes everywhere, filled whiteboards, maps of the world's oceans.

Unshaven, in exhaustion, Christopher seems reduced to a more essential self. For a moment, Elena lets herself watch him.

As if Christopher felt her watching, his eyes pop open. Startled, he sits straight up. Is suddenly wobbly. Tries to clear the cobwebs and almost falls off the sofa.

ELENA

Easy there --

(beat; smiling)

I forgot. You're the poster child for sleep inertia. Stay. Don't hurt yourself.

She goes in search of caffeine. Finds some old coffee, smells it. Keeps looking.

Christopher's attention is focused sharply on Elena as she moves through the lab -- eyes, hands, movements. ZOOMING IN AND OUT. She talks as she hunts through the lab for caffeine.

ELENA (CONT'D)

-- Remember how hard it was to get you out of bed mornings? Calving time? I'd start two hours before dawn... Make coffee... Pamela'd catch me. I'd say it was for my Mom --

(frowns)

-- She didn't buy it...Let me get away with it, though...

Elena can feel Christopher's gaze burning her neck. She turns. Holding a Diet Coke. Their eyes meet.

ELENA (CONT'D)

I miss her.

CHRISTOPHER

(the words loaded)

I miss her, too.

Something rolling toward them like a dust cloud on a sunny day, so unusual and strong, at first it seems more interesting than scary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And just like that, their detachment evaporates. Elena tries to ignore it. Forces herself to look at the calculations on the whiteboards. Instantly, she realizes something's wrong.

ELENA

-- What's this?

In the thick of the moment Christopher is forthcoming.

CHRISTOPHER

The team I was working with in Japan triggered an underwater earthquake while extracting methane from the ocean floor. It's a complete disaster.

He's on his feet, raking his hands through his hair.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

I'll have to tell my Dad. I can't continue. It'd be catastrophic.

ELENA

I'm sorry... I know how hard you've worked on this.

The empathy in her voice is touching and genuine. Suddenly Christopher is impatient, full of steam. He's on her in two steps.

CHRISTOPHER

Why are you here, Elena?

She doesn't have an answer. Only a debate within herself. And this heat dancing between them.

ELENA

(blurts)  
Are you happy, Christopher?

She's looking at him as if she were ransacking his mind. He doesn't know what to say. Feels trapped. Resents her power over him. Lashes out.

CHRISTOPHER

Rebecca's the best person I know.

Instantly the light in her eyes is extinguished. Beat.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

You didn't answer my question.  
Why're you here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Once again present but unavailable. Elena holds out the small ring.

ELENA

I wanted to give this back to you.  
I want you to be happy. Rebecca  
seems like a nice person.

He has no right to be stung. But he is. He takes the ring. Elena smiles.

ELENA (CONT'D)

Sorry about your work --

And she's gone. Leaving Christopher's heart hammering slow and deep.

INT. SOUTHFORK HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

John Ross sits in the kitchen with the Mexican ladies, charming them in Spanish over a box of fancy chocolates. His target is Carmen, but she's keeping her distance.

MEXICAN LADY

Mr. Bobby sees you, he's going to  
kick your *fondillo* all the way to  
El Paso.

JOHN ROSS

Family trumps all, Lupe. My uncle  
loves me.

The women laughs. Carmen cluck her tongue.

Outside the window, John Ross sees Elena getting out of her car and heading up the stairs to her apartment. He's instantly at the door. Before leaving:

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)

(quietly; to Carmen)  
You're wrong about me. I'll take  
good care of her. I *need* her.

INT. ELENA'S GARAGE APARTMENT - DAY

Elena's changing to go to work. In daylight we realize the room is filled with BOOKS ABOUT OIL. John Ross' eyes are on Elena's hand.

JOHN ROSS

You're not wearing my ring.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELENA

You're gonna need that money.

JOHN ROSS

I want everybody to know you're mine, Elena.

ELENA

You know it.

He doesn't like the answer. Changes the subject.

JOHN ROSS

How'd it go with Christopher?

ELENA

He didn't want to talk about it.

The lie is spontaneous. But now that it's out, Elena commits to it.

JOHN ROSS

What do you mean? You didn't exchange any geeky tech talk?

She shakes her head.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)

What'd you talk about?

ELENA

The injunction. Southfork. The wedding --

(beat)

You still coming?

As John Ross crosses to the door:

JOHN ROSS

...I wouldn't miss it.

He exits quickly. Elena sits on the bed, unexpectedly shaken.

**END OF ACT 3**

INT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ann wakes to Bobby groaning. She turns on the light. Bobby is gritting his teeth in pain.

BOBBY

...My stomach --

ANN

I'll get you something...

Ann throws on a robe and heads downstairs. Bobby falls back on the bed, a sheen of sweat covering his face.

TIME CUT - KITCHEN

Ann is rooting around a cabinet for an antacid. She hears a noise. Listens. Hears it again. Someone's in the house. Quietly, Ann crosses to the phone. Dials.

ANN (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

We got an intruder.

Ann leaves the phone off the hook and crosses to a cabinet. She removes a Purdey over-and-under shotgun.

ANN

Following the noise down the darkened hallway, gun at her side.

OUTSIDE BOBBY'S STUDY

Ann hears rustling. Sees movement in the shadows. A DARK HOODED FIGURE. Suddenly, Ann pumps the shotgun. The figure freezes.

ANN (CONT'D)

I don't miss, mister. Not at any range.

All at once the figure jumps out the window.

Ann runs to the window. Sees the figure disappearing in the moonlight. Eyes him across the barrel. Decides to hold her fire.

Shaken, Ann turns on the lights. She sees the drawers of Bobby's desk have been rifled. Then something on the floor catches her eye. A prescription bottle. Ann picks it up. It's for a medication called Gleevec. Bobby's name is on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIME CUT - BOBBY'S STUDY

TWO RANCH SECURITY GUARDS have finished searching the house. Bobby's in a robe, face set.

BOBBY

-- Least nothing was taken.

SECURITY #1

Next time, Mrs. Ewing, shoot 'im.

ANN

Oh, I will.

BOBBY

Post some guards till after the wedding, will you, Jim?

SECURITY #1

Already taken care of, Mr. Ewing.  
'Night.

As the Guards exit, Ann watches Bobby.

ANN

How's your stomach?

BOBBY

Fine. Let's get some sleep. Got a big day tomorrow.

As Bobby heads upstairs, Ann looks at the prescription bottle in her robe pocket.

EXT. EWING ALTERNATIVE ENERGIES LAB - NIGHT

Sweating profusely, Eric, Christopher's lab assistant, opens the door for A MAN IN A DARK HOODED SHIRT. He points to Christopher's computer. The man crosses to it. Sits down. Begins looking through Christopher's files.

ERIC

Where's the money?

The man hands Eric an envelope. As Eric counts out \$10,000, the man begins copying Christopher's files.

INT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - BOBBY'S STUDY - LATER

Ann sits in front of a computer, on the Novartis website, in extreme distress. She's reading about Gleevec -- an oral medication for leukemia and gastrointestinal tumors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the desk is the prescription bottle she found in Bobby's study.

EXT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - LAWN - NEXT AFTERNOON

SERVANTS, WAITERS, bustle through Southfork, preparing the ranch for the wedding. CHEFS ready the barbecue -- great slabs of tenderloin, pork, fish, corn. The MUSICIANS are just arriving.

Bobby, already in black-tie jacket, stands with Mitch Omer, his attorney, listening to the telltale whop-whop of a helicopter approaching.

A DEL SOL CONSERVANCY CHOPPER

Lands on the lawn. Bobby and Mitch head toward it.

INSIDE CHOPPER - MARTA DEL SOL (39)

Extends her hand to Bobby. She's impeccably dressed. Her English perfect, accented just enough to sound exotic.

MARTA DEL SOL

(over noise)

Mr. Ewing? I'm Marta Del Sol.  
With Del Sol Conservancy. My  
father sent me --

(re Ranch)

-- Mind if we go up and take a  
look? I'll have you back long  
before your son's wedding --

As Bobby jumps in the chopper --

EXT. INT. DEL SOL CONSERVANCY CHOPPER - LATE AFTERNOON

Marta sits beside Bobby, relaxed.

BOBBY

I appreciate you taking the time,  
Miss Del Sol.

MARTA DEL SOL

Mr. Omer said it was urgent --

For a moment Marta smiles at Bobby. Outside, the chopper swoops over a herd of pronghorn antelope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTA DEL SOL (CONT'D)

Over the last three decades, the Del Sol Conservancy has acquired more than a million acres around the world, Mr. Ewing. Mexico, South America, Africa... For my father, there's no higher calling than conserving land.

(beat)

Here's what we can guarantee if this project goes forward. Golf courses, equestrian resorts, massive hotel developments, will never be built. Homesite development, will be restricted forever. Exquisite, scenic views, unique and diverse habitats, will be protected forever.

(beat; direct)

We know your nephew's contesting the terms of your mother's will, Mr. Ewing. He wants to have you removed as trustee so he can drill for oil...We would hate to see this project go forward only to encounter delays in court --

Bobby's equally direct.

BOBBY

My mother's will is inalterable on the issue of trustee, Miss Del Sol. It's also inalterable on the issue of mineral rights. And I assure you, no lady was ever more competent than my mother. My nephew's injunction will be thrown out of court.

Bobby and Marta gaze at each other a moment.

MARTA DEL SOL

Then I see no reason why this project can't go forward.

Abruptly, Bobby grits his teeth, pain nearly bending him over. Finally, he nods, covering.

BOBBY

The sooner the better.

EXT. SOUTHFORK RANCH - LATE AFTERNOON

WEDDING GUESTS shield their coiffures as the CHOPPER PREPARES TO LAND. The guests are mostly URBANE MEN in Italian suits and CHIC WOMEN clutching Judith Leiber handbags; but there is also the occasional ermine Stetson and alligator boot.

Christopher is playing host to the Ewing's extended family. RAY, DONNA, LUCY, JENNA, JACK (ETC.)

In the b.g., Bobby steps out of the chopper with Marta.

CHRISTOPHER

-- Uncle Cliff couldn't make it.  
J.R.'s not doing so well either.

RAY

Count your blessings, Chris. Even in their dotage those two'd find a reason to fight. Barnes and Ewings never did mix.

Approaching with Marta, Bobby overhears.

BOBBY (O.S.)

What about Pam and me?

RAY

You were the exception to the rule! You lookin' good, Bobby!

BOBBY

Good to see you, Ray --

The two embrace warmly.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Everyone -- I want you to meet Marta Del Sol.

(catching

Christopher's eye)

I've been discussing selling Southfork to her father's conservancy.

The news is met with a mix of excitement, deferential curiosity, bafflement and self-serving interest. Everyone's shaking Marta's hand -- and Bobby's.

CHRISTOPHER

(suddenly nervous)

Dad -- can we talk -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Before Bobby can respond, A YOUNG MAN in ponytail, Birkenstocks and backpack arrives. He spots Christopher.

TOM

Christopher -- !

CHRISTOPHER

Tommy!

Christopher calls TOM SUTTER (30) over.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Dad, this is Tommy, Rebecca's brother.

(to Tommy)

We were afraid you weren't gonna make it. Where've you been?

BOBBY

(shaking hands)

Welcome to Southfork, Tommy.

TOM

(frustrated)

You've no idea how long I was detained at the border... Can I get washed up somewhere?

CHRISTOPHER

Of course --

(to Bobby; quietly)

...Dad, don't do anything till we talk, okay?

Curious, Bobby nods. As Christopher leads Tom inside the house, Tom seems impressed by the surroundings.

THE SOUTHFORK ENTRANCE - JOHN ROSS

As he arrives at the party. Bobby sees him. Immediately, crosses to him. John Ross holds up his hands.

JOHN ROSS

-- Surely we can put our differences aside for family --

A line forms near Bobby's mouth.

BOBBY

Say a word, make a scene, and so help me, John Ross... I'm not letting you ruin my son's wedding -

John Ross gestures that he'll be on his best behavior. Then someone calls to Bobby and he hurries away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE BAR - JOHN ROSS

Orders a double bourbon. In the b.g., GUESTS whisper about the new, regrettable family squabble.

Sue Ellen approaches. For a moment she watches Marta charming her way through the crowd.

SUE ELLEN

The Del Sol Land Conservancy is the largest private conservator of public lands in the world. She and Bobby just came back from touring the ranch. He's treating her like the deal's done, John Ross.

JOHN ROSS

My father was the firstborn son, and I'm the firstborn grandson. Bobby's not stealing our birthright.

SUE ELLEN

For what it's worth, John Ross, I think Bobby's not being fair. But in many ways, he's been more of a father to you than J.R. ever was.

JOHN ROSS

J.R. would've been a father to me if you hadn't hidden me away in boarding schools. I belonged with him, not your lovers in Europe.

Sue Ellen doesn't say anything for a moment.

SUE ELLEN

I know I've made mistakes. I shouldn't have used you against J.R. Only time he was ever loving was when he was with you.

She seems almost wistful. But then she phrases her next words carefully. Between Gertrude and Lady McBeth.

SUE ELLEN (CONT'D)

But listen to me carefully, son. Bobby controls the purse strings. Your best interests are served by making peace with him --

JOHN ROSS

(overlapping)  
-- I've seen J.R., mother...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Sue Ellen is taken aback, but before she can say anything, A WAITER approaches.

WAITER

You have a call, Mr. Ewing --

John Ross follows the waiter back to the house, leaving Sue Ellen unsure if the chill she just felt was foreboding or excitement.

ON JOHN ROSS AND THE WAITER

As the two get out of sight of the guests, the man stops and hands John Ross a flashdrive.

WAITER (CONT'D)

From J.R.

Then the man disappears.

INT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Ann is looking at PHOTOS OF HER WEDDING TO BOBBY.  
There's a knock at the door.

CARMEN (O.S.)

Mrs. Ann? You all right? Mr.  
Bobby's looking for you --

ANN

...I'm fine, Carmen. I'll be  
right out.

Ann looks at herself in the mirror.

INT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - OFFICE

John Ross inserts the flashdrive into a computer and opens the EAE documents stolen from Christopher's office. He reads them. After a moment, he smiles. A lifeline extended a dying man.

EXT. SOUTHFORK - MOMENTS LATER

There's a small commotion in Elena's wake as she makes her entrance at the wedding wearing her exquisite bridesmaid's dress. She catches Christopher's eye; talking to a guest. He is stunned by her.

SUE ELLEN

Darlin', you are so beautiful.  
You really should wear pretty  
dresses more often.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELENA

Thank you, Sue Ellen.

Out of the corner of her eye, Elena sees John Ross cuts across the lawn to Christopher. She watches him whisper something in Christopher's ear; then watches as Christopher steps back, shocked. Angry, the two walk out of sight.

Before Elena can process what's happened, Bobby approaches.

BOBBY

Look at you. You're like a breath of fresh air.

Elena looks embarrassed. Bobby smiles.

ELENA

I want to apologize, Mr. Ewing. I'm really terribly sorry this has gotten so out of hand...

BOBBY

You're family, Elena.  
(dismissing apology)  
C'mon, I want to introduce you to some oil people.

INSIDE SOUTHFORK KITCHEN - CARMEN

And the Mexican Ladies watch. Cinderella at the ball.

OUTSIDE - CHRISTOPHER AND JOHN ROSS

Obscured by oak trees. A clash that's been coming since they were children. At the moment when one of the combatants believes he can drive the other to his knees.

JOHN ROSS

-- You didn't mention that your little alternative gas is unstable; sixty times more potent as a greenhouse gas than carbon; that an accidental release would risk massive underwater landslides; that your team in Japan just caused an earthquake, resulting in a tsunami--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRISTOPHER  
(deeply angry)  
How do you know this?

JOHN ROSS  
-- What do you think your  
father'll say when he finds  
out that your little  
experiments could cause the \*  
death of hundreds of  
thousands of people?

Christopher's anger is so profound he can't speak.

JOHN ROSS (CONT'D)  
Unless you tell your father you've  
changed your mind; that drilling  
will buy you time to develop  
alternatives; that Southfork is  
your home and you can't bear to  
lose it -- unless you convince  
your father to take Southfork off  
the market, I'll expose you for  
the fraud you are. You think BP  
has an image problem, wait till  
the country gets a load of methane  
hydrates --

Only one way John Ross can know about the methane  
accident. Suddenly Christopher cuts across the lawn. He  
sees Elena. Reaches her. Snatches her wrist. Drags her  
roughly toward the back of the house. A thick bilious  
feeling deep in his throat.

INSIDE SOUTHFORK - A BEDROOM - CHRISTOPHER

as he pushes Elena inside, almost taking the door off its  
hinges. He's looking through her, scoring her for the  
truth. IN THE B.G. THE PRE-WEDDING MUSIC BEGINS.

CHRISTOPHER  
You couldn't wait to tell him.

ELENA  
What -- ?

CHRISTOPHER  
About the methane! The  
earthquake! Everything I told you  
in confidence, you told John Ross.

ELENA  
What you're talking about -- ?

He's trying to hold it inside. Rage. But it won't stay  
contained. Suddenly Christopher shakes Elena.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ELENA (CONT'D)

Let me go! *I don't know what  
you're talking about --*

He doesn't believe her.

CHRISTOPHER

John Ross just tried to blackmail  
me. Said he was going to tell my  
father *everything* --

ELENA

-- I didn't tell him *anything* --

CHRISTOPHER

-- What you did was for nothing.  
He doesn't love you. He uses  
people...But you know what's  
really sick...

(quietly)

...That I trusted you again --

He pushes her away. Suddenly Elena slaps Christopher.  
Driving him backward. Startling him.

Her anger burns. Shimmers. Makes her shudder.

ELENA

*John Ross doesn't love anyone but  
himself? Look in the mirror,  
Christopher. Listen to your own  
words:*

(quoting him)

*-- I'll always love you...But it  
could never work out...We're two  
very different people from  
different circumstances...I hope  
you understand...We'll always be  
friends --*

Christopher's at a complete loss. Elena looks like she's  
reliving a dark, recurring nightmare.

ELENA (CONT'D)

(beat; quietly)

Was I really so wrong for you?

CHRISTOPHER

(absolutely lost)

I've no idea what you're talking  
about. This is crazy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ELENA

-- The email you sent me...  
When...we were supposed to meet...  
and get married.

CHRISTOPHER

(agonized now)

-- I never sent any email. I  
waited for you. Six hours. I  
thought you were dead. I called  
the hospitals...Kept calling  
Southfork. When I finally reached  
my Dad he said you were in  
Mexico...You disappeared, Elena!  
Next time I saw you, you'd hooked  
up with John Ross. What was I  
supposed to think --?!

Elena is very still. Something is terribly wrong.

ELENA

...You sent me an email saying...  
we were a mistake...

Christopher's shaking his head. A sensation working its  
way up his chest.

ELENA (CONT'D)

...I went to Mexico because I  
couldn't stand to be here. John  
Ross found me... I thought... you  
didn't want to be with me...I  
wasn't good enough...

CHRISTOPHER

-- No!...Don't ever say that --

In a minute he'll need air. She's looking at him with  
such nakedness his heart stalls. He puts his hand out  
and touches her cheek. Elena holds herself perfectly  
still.

ON THE DOOR

As it opens quietly. Rebecca. Wearing her wedding  
dress. One look at Christopher and Elena, and she knows  
something's happened.

REBECCA

...What's going on...? Everyone's  
looking for you guys --

Christopher. No strategy. Without bearings. Elena  
looks blindsided. Suddenly Christopher feels something  
rising inside him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

In two steps he's out the door. But not before he hears a GUEST in the b.g. uneasily exclaim --

WEDDING GUEST

Bad luck for the groom to see the  
bride before the wedding --

OUTSIDE - CHRISTOPHER

He sees John Ross standing at the bar.

As if he sensed it, John Ross turns. Sees Christopher coming. Surprise seems to drive him backwards. Christopher reaches him. Knocks the glass from his hand. Picks him up by the lapels. Lifts him off the ground.

CHRISTOPHER

I know it was you.

Christopher's eyes shine. The possibility of crushing John Ross skull exploding in his brain. But it's too deep for blows. He lets him go. Walks away.

John Ross watches after him.

**END OF ACT 4**

INT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - BOBBY'S STUDY - EVENING

Bobby sits at his desk carefully listening to his son state his case. Christopher looks on edge.

CHRISTOPHER

-- Yes, methane is dangerous. But John Ross has it wrong. I was going to tell you about the earthquake before you finalized the deal. I'm not going forward, Dad. Not till I can develop safe technology.

In the b.g., musicians extend the pre-wedding music.

BOBBY

Do you think, in time, methane can be safely extracted from the seabed?

Christopher hesitates. His confidence shaken. Finally, he nods.

CHRISTOPHER

I believe methane hydrates are the future of energy --

(a moment)

My whole life I've wanted to put the Ewing name back on top, Dad. On my own terms. I know I can do it. I know I can make Ewing Energies the next Exxon.

Bobby has his doubts, but wants to trust his son. He rises and crosses to the door.

OUTSIDE STUDY

Marta, John Ross and Rebecca wait. Each an island. Bobby approaches Marta, his eyes briefly landing on John Ross. Then he extends his hand to Marta.

BOBBY

Obviously terms will have to be worked out, but in Texas, we do things with a handshake.

MARTA

Mr. Ewing, Bobby, going forward on this project will be a pleasure.

As the two shake hands, Bobby and Christopher can almost feel the force of John Ross' malice. He turns and exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE - ANN

Bobby sees her and crosses to her, concerned. Ann waves off his concern. Serene and calm. She wants to know what's happened. As Bobby begins to fill her in --

CHRISTOPHER

approaches Rebecca. She seems confused. Waiting to be reassured. Gently, he touches her cheek.

CHRISTOPHER

John Ross tried to blackmail me,  
and Elena helped me. That's all.

His eyes are telling her that this is the truth. Rebecca understands that if she doesn't believe him, she must walk away. A moment.

REBECCA

(choosing to believe  
him)

Still want to keep our date?

CHRISTOPHER

I never wanted anything more.

CHRISTOPHER - a man who's very much mixed it up with life.

TIME DISSOLVE - THE WEDDING ALTAR

Under an arbor of white orchids -- and with Bobby as his best man -- Christopher and Rebecca exchange vows.

MINISTER

...I now pronounce you man and  
wife --

Holding the bridesmaid bouquet, Elena watches Christopher kiss his wife. She seems hollow.

As the MUSIC RISES, Bobby pulls his son into an embrace.

Then husband and wife are pelted with rice.

INT. ASSISTED LIVING FACILITY - DALLAS - NIGHT

Unsteady, John Ross walks down the hallway, a bottle of Scotch in his hand. He gets to his father's door. Wipes his mouth on his sleeve. Enters.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

And stops. J.R. is up and about, nattily dressed. Animated. Talking to someone we don't see. He stops when he sees John Ross. Takes in the bottle.

J.R.  
Come on in, John Ross. Somebody I  
want you to meet.

As J.R. takes his son's elbow, he slips the bottle into his own pocket.

J.R. (CONT'D)  
Take it from me, son. No point in  
drowning your sorrows. Still be  
there in the morning when you come  
to.

(resuming)  
Don't know if you met Marta  
earlier... Marta Del Sol... My  
son, John Ross --

John Ross shakes his head. Double-takes on Marta Del Sol -- the woman who just agreed to buy Southfork -- standing there in his father's nursing home room, in full splendor.

J.R. (CONT'D)  
Take the load off, boy. You look  
a little queasy.

John Ross is blinking. Slow understanding almost jolting him sober.

JOHN ROSS  
...You two... know each other?

J.R.  
I've known Marta since she was yea  
high. Her daddy and I go way  
back.

JOHN ROSS  
(slow burn)  
She's been working for you all  
along and you didn't tell me?

J.R.  
This is for all the marbles, son.

John Ross is reeling. A moment.

JOHN ROSS  
...But...What happens when Bobby  
finds out he's been set up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

J.R.

Listen here, John Ross. My baby brother's not long for this world. I'm the successor trustee of my mama's will. I'm the one who belongs on that ranch, not Bobby. Oil's my birthright. Give me some credit, boy. It'll be like taking candy from a baby.

ON JOHN ROSS - as he watches J.R. cross to Marta for a celebratory toast -- a gourmet gorging on meal to which John Ross has not been invited. Slowly, he lets himself down on the sofa.

INT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bobby is undressing. Ann watches him. He feels her eyes on him. Turns.

BOBBY

...You're crying -- ?

Ann is blinking fast. She doesn't want him to know.

ANN

...Weddings always make me cry.

For a moment, Bobby's struck with the feeling Ann knows. But she smiles, and holds him.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Christopher and Rebecca sit in the first class section of a plane on its way to Tahiti. Rebecca's curled up under a blanket beside Christopher. Christopher has a drink in his hand. Staring out. Then he turns to the window. Sees his own reflection. It seems to stare back at him. Fractured.

EXT. DESERT - BEFORE DAWN

Daybreak in the desert. A Texas moon sets on the horizon, as the first pale glow of dawn illuminates the eastern sky.

John Ross sits in his truck, alone. He hears a car approaching. The humming purr of a sports engine. As a red Lamborghini pulls up -- the same car John Ross met outside the bar in the opening -- we reveal Marta Del Sol in the driver's seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two exchange a smile. John Ross approaches. Marta seems reflective as she looks out over the extravagantly lit desert.

MARTA

Out here, you almost feel like  
you're not the center...Like the  
universe's just toleratin' you...

(a moment)

Hope you now what you're doing,  
John Ross.

A broad smile crinkles John Ross' twinkling eyes.

JOHN ROSS

Darlin', our plan couldn't be  
workin' any better. The fun's  
just beginning --

As John Ross gets into the passenger seat, the Lamborghini peels away. Above, buzzards drift on a warm updraft above the desert.

If the baton won't be passed to him, well then, he'll just have to take it by force.

**END OF PILOT**