

Five Idaho Words

by
Eric Eichhorn

Eric Eichhorn
914-703-8187
ericeichhorn@optonline.net

The Gill Agency

FIVE IDAHO WORDS

CHARACTERS:

DYLAN: early 40's, deep tan and dressed in jeans and a worn polo shirt with long hair and sun glasses

REBECCA: his cousin, late 40's, tall and attractive with long brown hair and youthful features. She has athletic grace and confident style, jeans with a white blouse

LARRY: Rebecca's husband, 60ish, skinny with wire framed glasses and sunburned skin. He is wearing khakis and a button down shirt with a John Deere hat

SCENE ONE:

The driveway of a large ranch outside Sun Valley, Idaho. It is late afternoon in August and still hot. There is a gravel driveway off SR coming to an end on SR. Larry sits on a small Bobcat studying his phone. A modern home with open entry is SL. A pool and the mountains beyond are seen through the house. The sound of a car is heard in the distance coming closer. Larry turns to look down the driveway and seems puzzled. Grinding gravel is heard as the car comes to a stop. Larry rises from the Bobcat and takes a step down the driveway and pauses. A car door slams and the car drives back down the driveway.

LARRY:

(mutters)

Holy shit.

Footsteps grow closer and Dylan appears SR. They study each other.

DYLAN:

(curtly)

Surprised?

LARRY:

(evenly)

Why are you here?

DYLAN:

Missed everything about this place.

(pause)

Is that enough for you?

LARRY:

Not yet. What did you leave out?

DYLAN:

Nothing.

LARRY:

(challenging)

Hard to believe you missed everything. I recall a less than pleasant ending to your time here.

DYLAN:

That was a mistake.

LARRY:

A mistake is a performance error. Your action was not giving a shit about anyone but yourself.

DYLAN:

(tensely)

It was a mistake. Is Rebecca around?

LARRY:

(studies Dylan)

Was she expecting you any more than I was?

DYLAN:

(smiles)

Nope. I wanted it to be a surprise. People like surprises.

LARRY:

(shrugs)

If they're pleasant surprises. I'll get Rebecca.

Larry looks at Dylan's small bag.

I'll give her the news that you won't be here long.

DYLAN:

(looks around)

Maybe. I was planning to wash my things at least once or twice.

Larry says nothing as he turns and goes into the house SL. Dylan is stretching and looking around as lights dim SR.

LARRY:

(shouting)

Rebecca! Come in the kitchen!

REBECCA:

(calling back)

Just a minute. Need to grab something.

After a moment, Rebecca appears
carrying a vase.

Did I hear a car in the driveway?

Larry nods and looks at her sullenly.

Is it bad news?

LARRY:

I'm sure you don't see joy in my face.

REBECCA:

Who is it?

LARRY:

The prodigal jerk has returned.

Rebecca looks puzzled as she
contemplates and then her eyes widen.

REBECCA:

(gasps)

Dylan is here?

LARRY:

(firmly)

This is not a good time for him to be here.

Rebecca looks away as she thinks.

Things are looking up and he isn't exactly a good luck charm.

REBECCA:

(resigned)

I'll go talk to him and see how he's doing.

LARRY:

(sarcastically)

Should I call a cab for him?

REBECCA:

That's enough. He's my family.

Rebecca heads out of the house. Lights dim SL and come on SR. Dylan is seated on the Bobcat. He stands as Rebecca approaches.

Surprise. Surprise.

Rebecca pauses before stepping forward and giving Dylan a quick hug as he looks at the ground.

DYLAN:

I thought this was a good way to arrive.

REBECCA:

How so?

DYLAN:

Didn't give the town a chance to get the pitchforks and torches out for my arrival.

Dylan looks up.

Didn't give you a chance either.

REBECCA:

Not what I would have done. You're family and I love you.

DYLAN:

(teasing)

You do love me? Or you have to love me?

REBECCA:

Not sure yet. Grab your baby bag and we'll go inside.

DYLAN:

The ranch looks the same.

REBECCA:

Trust me. A lot has changed. How's my dad doing?

DYLAN:

He's been better.

(pause)

His phone still works.

REBECCA:

(sharply)

So does mine.

They walk towards SL and enter the house.

Larry is waiting and for a few moments they all stand awkwardly at the kitchen island.

LARRY:

Why are you here Dylan? Not sure it's a good idea for you to come back right now.

DYLAN:

I'm between opportunities and thought I would come up and spend some time with you guys on the ranch.

LARRY:

Oh. What opportunities are you between?

DYLAN:

Just some things in Sacramento.

LARRY:

Got it. Wanted to be sure I hadn't missed your opportunities happening. They don't seem to knock very much.

Dylan looks at Larry and shrugs.

DYLAN:

I think my luck may change. I'm going to drop my bag. Should I put it up in my usual bedroom?

REBECCA:

Use the one across the hall. Larry made your old room into his office.

Larry smiles at Dylan.

LARRY:

We weren't sure you would be back. I'm sure you understand.

Dylan smiles back at Larry.

DYLAN:

Unfortunately, you were wrong.

Larry glares at him and then turns to walk off SL.

LARRY:

I have to lock some things up. Won't be long.

Dylan puts his bag on the counter.

DYLAN:

I need a drink.

REBECCA:

(puzzled)

Whoa. You can drink?

DYLAN:

As of last month. I'm in the clear.

REBECCA:

(firmly)

I mean, should you drink? That was really eighteen months?

DYLAN:

Twenty one months if you add the pre-sentencing stuff. Are you my new judge? I'm done. It's past history.

Rebecca studies Dylan

REBECCA:

It's not past history for people here. A lot of them think you got off easy. That little girl could have been killed. Thank god she is fine. The Fensters and Sleights still won't speak to us.

(pause)

Like we had anything to do with it.

DYLAN:

(defensively)

You heard the judge's decision. Stop blaming me. I still got punished.

REBECCA:

(sarcastically)

Right. Like you paid a steep price. You weren't allowed to get drunk and you had to do some volunteer work. It was my dad that really paid a steep price.

DYLAN:

Your dad was great. He knows I appreciate what he and his lawyer did for me and I'm sorry you got caught up in it. You know I couldn't hang around here to do cleanup.

REBECCA

I'm not sure anyone is ready for your cleanup now. Can you grab a glass of wine for me?

DYLAN:

Sure.

Dylan heads out of the kitchen to the bar to make his drink and pours Rebecca a glass of wine. Rebecca follows him.

REBECCA:

Dylan.

(pause)

I need things to be peaceful. Larry and I are stressed. This is not a good time here on our ranch.

DYLAN:

You mean **your** ranch. Your dad owns it. Actually, since your dad is my uncle and was my legal guardian, this is more my ranch than Larry's. I think Larry needs to leave.

REBECCA:

I'll let him know. Look, It's ok for you to come here for a few days, but you need to be on good behavior. Adult type behavior.

DYLAN:

Just telling the truth. I've tried to like Larry, but he is a poser. All hat, no cattle.

REBECCA:

(irritated)

Enough. If you cause trouble, you can't stay.

DYLAN:

Are you taking sides against the family? You know what happened to Fredo.

Dylan raises his glass and clinks it against Rebecca's.

To family.

REBECCA:

You're a jerk. To family.

DYLAN:

Look, I know Larry is here to stay, I just don't get why you married him. You had a great life without him and so did I. This was my home.

REBECCA:

Well, I'm married five years now, so time to get over it.

DYLAN:

What is the great cowboy locking up out there? His bicycle?

REBECCA:

He and Russell had a few quick things to finish.

DYLAN:

How is Russell? Kinda checked out on him when I left.

REBECCA:

Go say hi. I know he would want to see you.

DYLAN

Nah. I'll see him tomorrow.

REBECCA

Your choice. Did I tell you Larry's kids are coming in tomorrow?

Dylan tenses up and puts both hands on the counter, staring at Rebecca.

DYLAN:

Larry's fucking kids?! Why are they coming?

REBECCA:

They are coming to see Larry and me. They **planned** their visit. You were the last minute surprise.

DYLAN:

Right. I think I met them at your wedding. Guy was a lightweight. Girl was kind of cute.

REBECCA:

You did meet them at my wedding. Just before you passed out. They're also coming for the big announcement.

Dylan turns to Rebecca with a puzzled look as Larry enters through the patio doors.

LARRY:

Russell and I locked up.

Looks at Dylan's drink.

I see you found the bar.

REBECCA:

This week is a celebration. Dylan is back and your kids are coming tomorrow.

LARRY:

(sarcastically)

Yep. A celebration.

Larry turns and walks into the kitchen to wash his hands.

REBECCA:

(loudly)

Tell Dylan about the big announcement.

DYLAN:

Yes. Tell Dylan. Please.

Larry returns from the kitchen.

LARRY:

Well, with running the ranch and everything, I've gotten to know pretty much everyone around here and started to think I should have a say in how things are run in the county.

DYLAN:

(incredulous)

You run the ranch? I have been away too long.

REBECCA:

Larry does a great job.

DYLAN:

I'm guessing Russell does a great job.

LARRY:

Anyway, I've decided to run for Blaine County Supervisor. Big announcement this Saturday.

Dylan looks at Larry without expression and then looks at Rebecca.

DYLAN:

This Blaine County? The one we are in now? Ranchers and farmers?

REBECCA:

(excitedly)

Yes. He is going to run for supervisor.

LARRY:

I thought it was an opportunity to help fix things around here.

DYLAN:

Fix what? Larry, you've lived here for five years. I've been hanging out here my entire life and don't feel like I know enough to fix things.

LARRY:

Maybe. But I'm a rancher and can speak to the important issues.

Dylan chokes on his drink and puts his hand over his mouth

DYLAN:

Larry, you live on a ranch, learned to drive a Bobcat and now you want to educate real ranchers?

REBECCA:

Larry has lots of good ideas for everyone.

DYLAN:

No doubt. Still not sure if real ranchers and farmers want to hear advice from Larry. They might be just a little amused.

Dylan gets up and heads back to the bar. Larry glares at him from behind.

LARRY:

(clears his throat)

Speaking of my event this Saturday. I think it's probably better if you don't attend. Maybe lay low on the ranch. Town may not be ready for you.

Rebecca looks quickly towards Dylan at the bar as Dylan turns to face Larry

DYLAN:

Your event is for your supporters, right?

(smirks)

That wouldn't be for me.

REBECCA:

(anxiously)

Larry, do you want a drink? Dylan will get it for you.

LARRY:

White wine.

DYLAN:

(laughs)

Who else thinks this is a good idea? Did you ask Russell? I thought your expertise out East was real estate development.

LARRY:

Thank you for your support and your interest in my career. Always happy to discuss *your* career.

Rebecca jumps up and heads towards the kitchen, glaring at Dylan.

REBECCA:

I am going to get things ready to grill for dinner. Dylan, come in and help me.

Dylan slowly grabs his drink, leaves Larry's wine on the bar and follows Rebecca, smiling at Larry as he walks past him.

DYLAN:

You mind taking my bag up?

Dylan disappears into the kitchen.

END OF SCENE 1

CHARACTERS:

RUSSELL: Early 40's. Works on the ranch. Bearded, burly and tanned, with a swagger. Cowboy attire.

SCENE TWO:

A bedroom strewn with clothes and bedding. There is broken glass on the floor and Dylan is laying haphazardly across the bed wearing only shorts. The large windows are open and the late morning sun is bright. Suddenly, there is a bang as a tractor starts outside and Dylan is jarred awake. He quickly sits up and appears stunned as he comes to terms with the status of the room. He slides off the side of the bed and his feet hit the floor.

DYLAN:

(yells)

Fuck!!

Dylan hops back on the bed and grabs his foot and studies it.

Fuck! Shit! Fuck!

Dylan touches his foot and sees blood on his hand as footsteps approach in the hall

REBECCA:

Dylan?! Are you ok? What happened?

Rebecca knocks and enters the room, quickly looking around

REBECCA:

Oh, my god! What happened? What did you break?

DYLAN:

(puzzled)

Not sure. There was glass on the floor. Do you have a band-aid?

REBECCA:

Lift your foot. You're bleeding on the sheets.

DYLAN:

Band-aid?

REBECCA:

Let me see your foot.

Dylan stretches his leg towards Rebecca and reaches for his phone and studies it

DYLAN:

11:30. Let the day begin.

REBECCA:

Your cut is pretty deep. I'll grab stuff to clean it. Keep it off the bed.

DYLAN:

You mind grabbing some Advil?

REBECCA:

(disgusted)

Let me guess. You have pain besides your foot.

DYLAN:

(grimacing)

Don't judge. I'm on vacation.

Rebecca leaves the room. Dylan falls back on the bed and covers his face in his hands as his foot rests on the bed.

(loudly)

Water!

(pause)

Please.

Rebecca returns to the room with supplies.

REBECCA:

Get your foot off the bed! Larry loves those sheets.

DYLAN:

(laughs)

You're fucking kidding me, right?

REBECCA:

About what? Watch your language.

DYLAN:

About the sheets. And Larry loving them.

REBECCA:

He redecorated most of the house. He enjoys it.

There is silence as Rebecca cleans and bandages Dylan's foot. Dylan studies Rebecca.

DYLAN:

(laughing)

You guys sleep together? With sex?

REBECCA:

Fuck off.

DYLAN:

Watch your language. Did you bring water?

Rebecca stops, tosses the materials on the bed and turns towards the door.

REBECCA:

Clean your own foot. Wash the sheets and change your attitude.

(threatening)

Or leave.

Dylan hops up and winces

DYLAN:

I'm sorry. Thought last night was fun.

Rebecca turns and studies him.

REBECCA:

You were a drunk, obnoxious asshole.

Rebecca leaves and heads down the hall.

DYLAN:

Language!

Dylan pauses, grabs a shirt and then limps down the hall and to the stairs after Rebecca.

DYLAN:

Hey! Wait. What happened last night?

REBECCA:

Good question, you shouldn't have passed out. I'm going to let you guess.

DYLAN:

Was it bad?

Rebecca stares at Dylan.

REBECCA:

You need to pick up Larry's kids at the airport. Russell will drive you.

DYLAN:

(incredulous)

Why would I pick up Larry's kids at the airport? Was thinking I would grab a few beers and hang by the pool.

REBECCA:

(firmly)

Trust me when I say you owe Larry. You have a big day ahead of you.

DYLAN:

(resigned)

Shit. What time are they coming in?

REBECCA:

3:30. Hailey.

Rebecca and Dylan walk out onto the patio and Dylan plops down on a chair and puts his face in his hands.

DYLAN:

Not sure I should go to the airport with my foot damaged like this. Pool might be better.

REBECCA:

3:30. Hailey.

DYLAN:

Where's Russell?

REBECCA:

Moving hay bales into the storage building. I'll text him to come in.

DYLAN:

(snickers)

Can he keep up with Rancher Larry?

Rebecca turns quickly and heads back towards the house.

REBECCA:

3:30. Hailey.

Dylan sits quietly in his chair, occasionally checking his foot. After a few minutes, he sees Russell approaching from the field. He hops to his feet.

DYLAN:

(shouting)

Russell! My brother from another mother.

RUSSELL:

You're back.

Russell strides onto the patio and gives Dylan a bear hug.

Thought the ranch had gotten too tough for you.

DYLAN:

Nothing's too tough for me. But I do need to sit.

Dylan sits and Russell sits in the chair next to him.

RUSSELL:

(sarcastic)

Thanks for the heads up you were coming.

(pause)

You look like shit. What happened to your foot?

DYLAN:

Stepped on some broken glass in my room. Not sure how it got there.

Russell studies Dylan.

RUSSELL:

What brings you up here?

DYLAN:

Refresh the batteries.

RUSSELL:

Rebecca told me you lost your job. I'm sorry, man.

DYLAN:

(shrugs)

It wasn't a job.

I was just hanging out with some guys who were starting something. My only job is cashing checks from my uncle.

RUSSELL:

(teasing)

So I guess I don't need to ask if anything's new.

Dylan is silent.

DYLAN:

Well, I did finish my probation. I can drive again in three months.

Russell is silent.

I'm sorry man. I know I left people hanging.

RUSSELL:

You did.

DYLAN:

Well, I kind of had to leave. Didn't want to wait for the town to come after me with torches and pitchforks.

RUSSELL:

(calmly)

I'm the town Dylan.

DYLAN:

Well, I think of you as my brother. You're family.

RUSSELL:

I don't mind being the town.

DYLAN:

(defensively)

Wasn't saying anything was wrong with being a local.

RUSSELL:

You put me in the middle by leaving. Everyone knows we're close and then Zeb Fenster is the most respected man in town. His granddaughter was the wrong little girl to hit.

DYLAN:

I sure wasn't picking her. Hell, Mr. Fenster taught me to ride a horse when I was little.

RUSSELL:

Surprised to see you now. Prepare for a cold welcome.

DYLAN:

(shrugs)

It wasn't warm when I left two years ago. I'm sorry for causing you trouble.

RUSSELL:

(resigned)

It is what it is. Can't change it.

They sit silently. Dylan turns to Russell.

DYLAN:

It's good to see you, Russell.

Russell nods.

RUSSELL:

You, too.

(pause)

By the way, keep an eye out in the tall grass today. I saw a big diamondback early this morning. Meant to kill it, but I was in a hurry.

DYLAN:

Kind of wish you had.

RUSSELL:

Remember that time when we were kids and that diamondback nicked you?

DYLAN:

Hell yes. We teased that snake through the grass down into the riverbank. That's where we should have stopped.

RUSSELL:

(laughs)

But we couldn't. Young and stupid.

DYLAN:

Really stupid was thinking it wouldn't be a bad bite. That shit hurt.

RUSSELL:

We were fine chasing the snake on the short grass, but then he went where we couldn't see him.

DYLAN:

Yep. And we still went after it. Never go where you're blind.

RUSSELL:

Your uncle always said that. How's he doing?

DYLAN:

(pauses)

Not great. Wants me to check out the situation here on the ranch.

Russell turns to Dylan.

RUSSELL:

The old man curious? I wish he still came up here. Loved working with him.

DYLAN:

(nods)

I think he feels uneasy about not being here. He thinks his son-in-law is a little bit of a weasel.

RUSSELL:

Larry is a lot of weasel. Things have been a little strange.

Dylan rolls his hand at Russell for more information.

DYLAN:

Why?

Russell appears uncomfortable.

RUSSELL:

Well, the last few months, I've seen groups of different people with Larry on the edges of the property. I've asked if he needs my help and he just tells me to stay in the fields and keep the men working.

DYLAN:

Why is that strange? Could be buyers or sales guys. Maybe it's about the election bullshit.

RUSSELL:

Nah. They dress like they've never been on a ranch.

Nods.

It's something. I found some surveying stakes out there. Larry can't sell the ranch, right?

DYLAN:

He doesn't own an inch of it. My dad and uncle bought it, but my uncle owned it full after my dad died.

RUSSELL:

Your uncle just took it over?

DYLAN:

That's what I was told. I was six when my dad died. Wasn't part of any planning.

RUSSELL:

Right.

DYLAN:

You worried about your job? My uncle would never let you go.

RUSSELL:

Not really. I'm supposed to be in charge of running the ranch, right?

DYLAN:

Yep. As long as my uncle makes that call.

RUSSELL:

Rebecca told me we had to pick up Larry's kids at the airport. 3:30, right?

DYLAN:

So I have heard.

RUSSELL:

By the way, Bennett has been coming out kind of often.

DYLAN:

Bennett who?

RUSSELL:

Larry's son. Who else? You still drunk?

DYLAN:

Why is he coming so much?

RUSSELL:

I'm pretty sure it is connected to the other visitors. I don't really speak to Bennett. He's kind of a pompous douche.

DYLAN:

Only met him at the wedding, but I accept your assessment. What's the hot daughter's name, again?

RUSSELL:

They call her L-Dot, but it stands for Leaky Dorothy or something.

DYLAN:

Leaky?

RUSSELL:

Or Leakina or something. I have it on my phone. She never visits.

DYLAN:

She's Vietnamese, right?

RUSSELL:

Or Cambodian, maybe. It's one of those Vietnam countries.

DYLAN:

Either way, we are going to need drinks for this. Let's roll.

RUSSELL:

(cringing)

Jesus. Don't you want to clean up a little?

DYLAN:

(chuckles)

Nah. I may be a bit unkempt, but I am still a handsome man.

RUSSELL:

(laughing)

Unkempt with a nice odor. Can you hobble to my truck?

Dylan gets up, gingerly puts flipflops on and they walk through the tall grass towards Russell's truck.

RUSSELL:

You want me to hold your hand so you can get in, crippled boy?

DYLAN:

I'll give you something to hold.

They laugh and get in and Russell starts the truck. Sounds of an engine as the lights fade to black.

END OF SCENE 2

CHARACTERS:

EDDIE: Early 40's. Bartender at Hugo's. Went to high school with Russell. Short and stocky.

WATKINS WRIGHT: Late 50's. Developer. Tall, dressed in jeans, stylish cowboy boots and a short sleeved cloth shirt with a bolo tie.

MITCH: Mid 40's. Tall, muscular with a deep tan. He is dressed in jeans and a neat, gingham shirt.

SCENE THREE:

Hugo's, a bar on the road to the airport. Normally dark inside, some light is getting through the few windows.

The bar is surprisingly full, as many workers drink under cover of lunch. The crowd consists of construction workers, ranchers and a smattering of professionals. A few dated televisions are showing replays of games. Dylan and Russell enter and pause to survey the landscape. Russell nods to the bartender and Dylan smiles at the waitress as he limps into the bar.

DYLAN:

Hugo's. My home.

RUSSELL:

Well, you're renting. We have to be at the airport at 3:30.

DYLAN:

I have to piss. Grab seats at the bar.

RUSSELL:

Will do. What do you want?

DYLAN:

(laughs)

I'll have a big, tall, frosty glass of the Double Vision.
This is a medicinal visit.

Dylan heads to the bathroom and Russell walks to the bar. As Russell approaches, Eddie strolls from the far end to meet him.

EDDIE:

Hey.

Eddie nods towards the bathroom.

Was that Dylan?

RUSSELL:

Yep. Came in last night.

EDDIE:

Surprised he's back.

(pause)

More surprised you brought him here. The Fensters come in here a fair amount. Zeb was just here a few days ago. Why is he back?

RUSSELL:

(shrugs)

The usual. Listen, he fucked up. We all do.

EDDIE:

No, he is a fuck up. Whatever. You guys want beers?

RUSSELL:

Double Vision. Thanks.

Eddie walks back down the bar to grab beers as Dylan returns from the bathroom.

RUSSELL:

Did you wash your hands?

DYLAN:

Was I supposed to? I see Never Ready Eddie is behind the bar.

RUSSELL:

I ordered some beers. We have exactly 50 minutes until we head to the airport.

DYLAN:

(smiles)

We? I don't think your truck needs two drivers. You'll grab me on the way back. Besides, my foot will heal better here.

RUSSELL:

Fuck your foot.

DYLAN:

(absently)

Did I ever sleep with that waitress that said hi when we walked in? I'm thinking a few summers ago, party up by the lodge.

RUSSELL:

I'll check my journal of your sex history with Sun Valley waitresses.

Eddie returns with two bottles of beer and two shots.

EDDIE:

Here you are. What's up Dylan?

DYLAN:

Hey Steady Eddie. Free shots? Won't Big Hugo bring the hammer down?

EDDIE:

(smirks)

Nope. He made me daytime manager and I can run the place.

DYLAN:

(loudly)

Look at you! All those years here and now you've grabbed the ring. I'm proud of you. We're not drinking without you. Get a shot.

EDDIE:

I can't when I'm working.

DYLAN:

I say you can. You're the big boss now.

Dylan studies Eddie.

Or are you?

RUSSELL:

Easy Dylan. Thanks for the shots, Eddie.

Eddie looks at Dylan and then walks
back down the bar.

DYLAN:

Annoying little prick.

RUSSELL:

Let's do the shots. Batter up.

Dylan and Russell down their shots

DYLAN:

Didn't you tell me that little Eddie was the smartest kid in
your high school?

RUSSELL:

One of the smartest.

DYLAN:

(sweeps his arm)

And here he is. The pride of Hailey High School. Lord of
the bar.

RUSSELL:

(defensively)

And here you are.

There is an awkward pause.

DYLAN:

(quietly)

And here I am.

As Dylan and Russell sit at the bar, Watkins Wright and Mitch are observing them from a table. Mitch gets up, approaches the bar and nods at Russell.

MITCH:

Hey Russ. Saw you guys come in.

(pause)

Hey Dylan.

RUSSELL:

Hey Mitch. What's up?

MITCH:

(shrugs)

Just grabbing lunch with a guy to talk about a project.

Russell swings around to see their table. Dylan continues to face the bar, deep in thought.

RUSSELL:

Who is he?

MITCH:

Guy from the east.

Mitch looks at Dylan and lowers his voice.

Developing property for swanky homes. Name's Watkins.

RUSSELL:

Looks familiar. Where are the homes?

MITCH:

(nervously)

Not sure yet.

Russell looks puzzled by Mitch's reply.

So, what brings you here Dylan?

DYLAN:

Recharging.

MITCH:

You staying at the ranch?

DYLAN:

I am.

MITCH:

Heard Larry wants to run for County Commissioner.

DYLAN:

Big announcement Saturday. Stay tuned.

MITCH:

(laughs)

So it's true.

As they speak, Watkins gets up from the table and walks halfway to the bar.

WATKINS:

(firmly)

Mitch.

Mitch turns to Watkins.

MITCH:

Sorry about that, Watkins.

WATKINS:

You gonna introduce me?

Watkins walks the remaining distance to the bar.

MITCH:

Sure. Watkins, this is Russell Tandy. We grew up together here.

WATKINS:

Nice to meet you. What do you do?

RUSSELL:

I work on a ranch. Sort of run the place.

WATKINS:

Well, I hope you more than 'sort of' run the place. I'd fire your ass for 'sort of' running the place. Where is it?

RUSSELL:

Between Bellevue and Picabo on 20.

Watkins considers the information as Russell motions towards Dylan.

RUSSELL:

His uncle owns it.

Dylan turns from the bar to face Watkins and they study each other.

WATKINS:

Watkins Wright.

DYLAN:

Dylan.

WATKINS:

You live on the ranch?

DYLAN:

Nope. Visit.

WATKINS:

Where are you from?

DYLAN:

Cali.

(pause)

Where are you from?

WATKINS:

Mostly east coast.

DYLAN:

That's a big area. What brings you here?

WATKINS:

Enjoying the beautiful weather.

RUSSELL:

Dylan spent his summers here growing up.

DYLAN:

Every year.

WATKINS:

(dismissively)

Nice life if you can get it. Where exactly is the ranch on 20?

RUSSELL:

Three miles east of 75. You know it?

WATKINS:

(pause)

I'm getting to know the whole area. Mitch, let's finish up. I got to get going. See you guys around.

Mitch and Watkins return to their table and Watkins continues to look in the direction of Russell and Dylan.

DYLAN:

Another creep from the East. He's not here for the weather.

RUSSELL:

Nope. Mitch said they were talking business. Guy does look familiar.

DYLAN:

Why the fuck is Larry running for County Commissioner?

RUSSELL:

(laughs)

How do I know? Not like we go deep when we speak.

DYLAN:

We'll celebrate Larry with another round.

RUSSELL:

T minus 15 minutes until departure.

Dylan leans forward and motions towards Eddie, holding his bottle up.

DYLAN:

Eddie. It's that time.

RUSSELL:

How long **are** you staying here?

DYLAN:

Until I am no longer thirsty.

RUSSELL:

Seriously. You here for awhile?

DYLAN:

Not sure, but after my first night at the ranch, I think my time may be shortened.

RUSSELL:

Showering will help.

Eddie brings the beers over.

DYLAN:

No tequila shots? Were you demoted?

Eddie heads silently back to the other end of the bar.

RUSSELL:

Still making friends with your charm. I have to piss.

Russell heads towards the bathroom. As he disappears, Dylan motions Eddie over.

DYLAN:

I'm just giving you shit about the shots. How's your sister doing?

EDDIE:

(tersely)

She's married. Happily.

DYLAN:

Cool. You married?

EDDIE:

Not now. Any more questions?

DYLAN:

One more. Watkins. That guy over there. You know anything about him?

EDDIE:

Not really. Ok guy. Kind of intense. Been coming here for a month or so. Pays his bill and tips.

DYLAN:

Who does he hang out with?

EDDIE:

Sits at the bar sometimes. Other times with a few guys. Mitch is the first one I recognized.

(pause)

Actually, Larry came in with Rebecca one day and stopped at his table and talked.

Dylan ponders the information.

DYLAN:

No shit. Any idea why he's here?

EDDIE:

I haven't asked. Heard he might do something with building homes. I gotta go check the taps.

DYLAN:

Thanks.

Dylan studies Eddie.

We're cool, right?

EDDIE:

Sure.

Eddie walks away as Russell returns to the bar and stands.

RUSSELL:

Were you trying to make a friend?

DYLAN:

Just checking on his sister.

RUSSELL:

You need to watch your mouth before someone gets pissed and has a gun.

DYLAN:

You own a gun. I'm all set.

RUSSELL:

Don't count on me. Find another friend for that.

DYLAN:

You wouldn't have my back?

RUSSELL:

For sleeping with someone's wife? You **must** have met someone else who will step up for you.

DYLAN:

Not really. I find too many friends can be a hassle.

RUSSELL:

(puzzled)

Seriously? You like being the lone wolf? Charmer like you.

DYLAN:

(laughs)

Nah. I just seem to burn most of my bridges.

RUSSELL:

Yeah, you kind of do. You're lucky I put up with your shit.

DYLAN:

I am.

(pause)

Haven't screwed up yet.

They sit without talking and drink their beers.

DYLAN:

Can I tell you something?

RUSSELL:

Not if it's about your sex life.

DYLAN:

I wish it was, that would be good news. It's something else.

Russell studies Dylan.

RUSSELL:

You all right?

DYLAN:

I'm ok. Just got a whole bunch of news before I came up here.

RUSSELL:

You're sick?

DYLAN:

Worse. My uncle cut me off. You can't tell Rebecca and Larry.

RUSSELL:

He was giving you money? Didn't know that.

DYLAN:

Rebecca and Larry didn't either. Just the last few years, after the troubles up here. It was between my uncle and me.

RUSSELL:

I'll keep it low. Do you have money?

DYLAN:

I'm pretty broke.

RUSSELL:

Sorry. Are you looking for a job?

DYLAN:

I might have one.

RUSSELL:

Where?

DYLAN:

Here.

RUSSELL:

Doing what?

DYLAN:

How about I tell you something else?

RUSSELL:

Keep going.

DYLAN:

My Uncle had other big news for me.

Dylan looks at Russell.

You absolutely can't tell Rebecca and Larry.

RUSSELL:

You know I won't.

DYLAN:

It's a bit of a long story.

RUSSELL:

Tell me on the way to the airport. Drink up.

Lights fade as Dylan stands with
Russell at the bar.

END OF SCENE 3

CHARACTERS:

BENNETT: Late 20's. Larry's son.
Professional and polished. Thin, with
glasses, khaki pants and a polo shirt.
He is holding a cowboy hat.

LEAKENA DOROTHY (L-DOT): Mid-20's.
Larry's adopted daughter from Cambodia.
Beautiful with energetic and confident
demeanor. Starting law school in a few
months. Dressed in a short, yellow
cotton dress.

SCENE FOUR:

Friedman Memorial Airport, Hailey.
Russell quickly enters the small
waiting area with Dylan limping behind.
They scan the room. In front of them,
behind a glass partition, is a luggage
carousel. On the far side of the
luggage carousel is a hallway coming
from the main airport. There is little
activity in the airport.

RUSSELL:

Wonder if they landed. Were they going to let you know?

DYLAN:

(laughs)

Let me know? They don't even know I'm coming. I will be the gift that keeps on giving.

RUSSELL:

I'll go check.

Russell walks over to look at a monitor and returns.

RUSSELL:

They are taxiing to the gate.

DYLAN:

Can't wait.

RUSSELL:

How long has it been since you've seen them?

DYLAN:

Rebecca's wedding. What is that? 6, maybe 7 years.

RUSSELL:

Hmm.

DYLAN:

I think he was just starting a job and she was starting college. Something like that.

RUSSELL:

I remember when they first came out here. Ranch kind of freaked them out. I like L-Dot, she's the only fun one in the family. Likes the horses.

DYLAN:

I remember she was really pretty. Just a shade young.

RUSSELL:

Jesus, man. She is many shades too young for your ass.

DYLAN:

They just need to be able to vote.

They stand silently starrng towards
the hallway.

RUSSELL:

Don't fuck this up, Dylan.

DYLAN:

Dylan ignores Russell.

So, Bennett's been coming out here a lot. Anything I should
know?

RUSSELL:

He and Larry keep to themselves. Like they're working on
something. That's what I meant when I said things are a
little weird around here. He doesn't stay long.

DYLAN:

What does Bennett do?

RUSSELL:

I think it is something about real estate.

As Russell speaks, Dylan points towards
the hallway.

DYLAN:

That them?

RUSSELL:

Yep.

DYLAN:

Wow. She is smokin'.

RUSSELL:

(firmly)

No.

DYLAN:

Let the games begin.

RUSSELL:

You are a sick man.

Russell raises his hand to get their attention. Bennett nods and points towards the carousel.

DYLAN:

Shit. They have bags.

RUSSELL:

Shouldn't take long. They'll be out in a few minutes.

DYLAN:

Is he holding a cowboy hat? What the fuck.

RUSSELL:

(laughs)

Rebecca bought it for him and he aims to please. He was wearing it backwards the first time, so after an hour I told him to turn it around. I really wanted to take him into town like that.

DYLAN:

You deal with him and I'll take care of Leaky Diane.

L-Dot grabs her bag from the carousel, waves to them and walks towards the glass door and comes out.

L-DOT:

(smiling)

Hi guys. Thank you for coming to the airport. I thought Larry was picking us up.

RUSSELL:

(smiles)

He was busy, so we got the opportunity.

DYLAN:

I'm Dylan. We met at the wedding.

L-DOT:

I remember. Rebecca's cousin. You live in Florida.

DYLAN:

I used to, but I moved.

RUSSELL:

To Texas. And then to California.

L-DOT:

(smiles)

A restless adventurer. I like that. Where in California?

DYLAN:

Sacramento. The only boring place in Cali.

L-DOT:

Funny. I definitely don't remember you being boring at the wedding. Kind of fun actually.

DYLAN:

(smiles)

Well, I may have been a little overserved that night.

Bennett paces around the luggage carousel trying to find his luggage. He walks over to the door and approaches the group.

BENNETT:

Hey Russell. Sorry about the delay. I can't find my bag.

Bennett extends his hand to Dylan.

Bennett. Larry's son.

DYLAN:

I know. We met at the wedding.

BENNETT:

Did we?

(pause)

Oh right. Rebecca's cousin. What brings you up here?

DYLAN:

Chilling out.

(directly)

What brings you out here?

BENNETT:

Just visiting. Where are you staying?

DYLAN:

(firmly)

Where I always stay. My uncle's ranch.

BENNETT:

Right. I forget about your uncle.

DYLAN:

You shouldn't forget.

L-DOT:

Ben, go see if they have the bag. I want to get going.

RUSSELL:

I'll go with you Bennett. I know some of the baggage guys.

BENNETT:

Thanks.

Bennett and Russell head back to the carousel and then over to a counter. Dylan motions towards some chairs.

DYLAN:

Do you want to go over and sit down? They may be awhile.

L-DOT:

Sure. I love how small this airport is. You can zip in and out.

Dylan and L-Dot walk over and sit down.

DYLAN:

It is nice. That's why people come here to get away and hide.

L-DOT:

(upbeat)

I saw Bruce Willis when I was here a few years ago. Does he still own that bar in Hailey?

DYLAN:

Not anymore. Was a great place.

L-DOT:

Bennett saw Schwarzenegger once. And a bunch of Kennedys. He went to Georgetown with some of the cousins, but not the important ones you hear about.

DYLAN:

Oh. Is that where you went?

L-DOT:

(laughs)

No. I had some challenges in high school. I was a bit of a wild child.

DYLAN:

Really?

L-DOT:

Really. The Asian thing throw you off? Harder to believe I was wild?

DYLAN:

(defensively)

No. I barely know you.

L-DOT:

If it helps, I was really good in math and science.

DYLAN:

(laughs)

That helps. I can believe you now.

L-DOT:

Where did you go?

DYLAN:

What do you mean?

L-DOT:

College. Where did you go?

DYLAN:

A bunch of places.

L-Dot's phone buzzes and she glances at it. Dylan looks towards Russell and Bennett.

L-DOT:

Sorry about that. Where was the bunch?

DYLAN:

Wherever they would have me. What does your brother do?

L-Dot looks puzzled.

L-DOT:

Real estate development. Started this job about a year ago.

(laughs)

He wants to be a playa.

DYLAN:

Hmm.

L-DOT:

Why do you ask?

DYLAN:

Just curious. I'll go see what the progress is with the luggage.

Dylan slowly walks over to the door and motions to get Russell's attention. Russell gives a thumbs up and holds up five fingers. Dylan returns to sit next to L-Dot.

L-DOT:

What's the word?

DYLAN:

Looks like they found it and will be out in a few minutes.
By the way, what do I call you?

L-DOT:

(puzzled)

I'm not sure. I guess Rebecca is technically my step-mother
and you're her cousin.

(pause)

Are you my creepy uncle cousin? I'm your cool niece cousin?

DYLAN:

(laughs)

Nice. No, I mean what is your correct name?

L-DOT:

My correct name? My real name is Leakena Dorothy.

DYLAN:

That's a bunch of name.

L-DOT:

Not really. Leakena is Cambodian and Dorothy was the name of
Larry's mother. No mystery. L-Dot is because nobody could
remember my name and kids teased me in nursery school.
Safety name.

DYLAN:

You're from Cambodia?

L-DOT:

That's what my papers say. I was acquired in Cambodia.

DYLAN:

What do you mean by acquired?

L-DOT:

I changed possession.

DYLAN:

It seems messed up. The way you say acquired.

L-DOT:

Pretty much the truth.

L-Dot shrugs.

I'm sure my life is better here and it was good for Larry.

DYLAN:

Why do you call him Larry? Not dad?

L-DOT:

Lots of questions. Larry is what I want to call him. My therapist greenlighted the idea when I was in high school.

(laugh)

Said it would help my identity. I like the distance it creates.

DYLAN:

I guess that makes sense.

L-DOT:

I like my name. The Dorothy part was weird until I reached acceptance. Different therapist.

DYLAN:

Weird how?

L-DOT:

Being named after a dead person. And the Wizard of Oz thing.

DYLAN:

Larry's mom was dead before you got here?

L-DOT:

Way dead. We still had to have lots of pictures around the house. One crazy old relative always insisted that I had Dorothy's eyes. Like we shared genetics.

DYLAN:

(laughs)

I'm sorry. I shouldn't laugh.

L-DOT:

No worries. I don't use the Dorothy part. People that don't matter call me L-Dot. The inner circle call me Leakena.

(pause)

You can call me Leakena. You seem odd enough.

DYLAN:

Thank you. I'm honored. I will. I was thinking of swimming when we get to the house. You up for that?

L-DOT:

Maybe later. I just need to take care of some law school stuff.

Russell and Bennett come out from the carousel. Bennett is carrying a large portfolio case and has put the cowboy hat on his head. He walks ahead.

BENNETT:

All set. Let's get out of here.

DYLAN:

Nice hat. Very rugged.

BENNETT:

Thank you. Rebecca gave it to me. Guess I'm the favorite son.

DYLAN:

No doubt. The one and only. You have clothes in that bag?

BENNETT:

No. I have clothes at the ranch.

DYLAN:

Really? So, what's in the bag? You an artist?

BENNETT:

There's nothing in the bag. Just work stuff.

Dylan turns to Russell as
Bennett keeps walking.

DYLAN:

There's always something in the bag.

Everyone exits the airport.

END OF SCENE 4

SCENE FIVE:

Early evening at the ranch. The sun is setting and Rebecca and Larry are seated on the patio drinking wine. They are facing out to the pool and behind them is a wall of glass windows and doors that lead into a large family area. The kitchen is at one end and a wide family room is adjacent.

REBECCA:

Beautiful sunset. I hope they get back from the airport soon.

LARRY:

I got a text that they got all of the luggage. Bennett had a slight delay with a bag.

REBECCA:

I hope you two don't just work. That can be annoying.

LARRY:

All good. He's helping me with some ranch ideas.

REBECCA:

Maybe Dylan would be interested in the ideas.

LARRY:

I don't think Dylan will be interested in anything that might involve work. As long as we have plenty of beer and a pool, he should be harmless.

As Larry speaks, there is the sound of a truck pulling up in the driveway. Doors open and slam shut and the truck drives away.

BENNETT:

Dad?! Rebecca?! Where are you?

LARRY:

On the patio.

Bennett comes out through the patio door and Larry and Rebecca stand.

Hey! Welcome, great to see you.

Bennett and Larry shake hands and Bennett kisses Rebecca on the cheek.

REBECCA:

Great to see you. Where's L-Dot?

BENNETT:

In the bathroom.

REBECCA:

I'll go in and say hi. Haven't seen her in months.

Rebecca walks into the house as Larry looks behind Bennett.

LARRY:

Where is it? The case?

BENNETT:

I left it in the hallway.

LARRY:

(anxious)

Jesus. Go get it, can't leave that around. Rebecca doesn't even know about it.

BENNETT:

Where should I put it?

LARRY:

Take it into my office and put it behind the desk.

BENNETT:

When is he coming out?

LARRY:

They. Saturday morning. Before the campaign thing.

BENNETT:

They?

LARRY:

Watkins wants everyone to be here for final agreement.

BENNETT:

Not sure why Watkins can't just make the deal himself. Remember, he's supposed to be tricky.

LARRY:

Don't worry son. I've known Watkins a long time and I still only like him for his money.

Bennett nods.

BENNETT:

He does have money. (pause) Why is Dylan here? He said he was just hanging out.

LARRY:

Who knows. He said he had some down time. Be sure to keep your distance.

BENNETT:

Don't worry. The trip from the airport was enough Dylan time for me. He seems to like L-Dot.

Larry stares at Bennett.

LARRY:

Be sure he keeps his distance. Let's go inside.

BENNETT:

I'm going to grab the bag and use the bathroom.

Larry and Bennett head inside where Rebecca, L-Dot and Dylan are gathered in the kitchen. As Bennett heads to the bathroom, Larry walks over to L-Dot and quickly touches her shoulder.

LARRY:

Nice to see you. Good trip?

L-DOT:

Hey Larry. It was fine. Ranch looks beautiful.

LARRY:

Thanks. Best time of day.

L-DOT:

Are you ready for your big announcement? I have to go finish some law school stuff, but I'll be down in a little while. Rebecca, should I use the last room on the end?

REBECCA:

Yes. On the left. Dylan is in the one on the right.

L-Dot exits up the stairs and Larry walks over to Rebecca and Dylan.

DYLAN:

She's really grown up.

LARRY:

She's a great girl.

DYLAN:

Nope. That's a woman.

Larry glares at Dylan.

LARRY:

She's twenty five years old and she has a great future.

DYLAN:

(smiles)

No doubt about that.

Rebecca turns to Dylan as she heads towards the kitchen.

REBECCA:

Dylan, can you grab some wine from the cellar? And you're on grill duty.

DYLAN:

My two best skills at work.

Dylan heads out as Larry quickly follows Rebecca into the kitchen.

LARRY:

He better not touch her.

REBECCA:

(laughs)

Please. He's a flirt.

LARRY:

(sharply)

He's a problem. In many ways.

REBECCA:

L-Dot can take care of herself. Please don't start trouble.

LARRY:

Why did he come up? Did he know my kids were coming?

REBECCA:

It doesn't matter. He's here and you have to deal with it.

LARRY:

We.

REBECCA:

We what?

LARRY:

We have to deal with it. You need to stop acting like you are some kind of observer here.

REBECCA:

(tersely)

It's my ranch. I'm hardly an observer.

LARRY:

It's almost your ranch.

The conversation stops as Dylan returns carrying several bottles of red wine.

DYLAN:

Am I interrupting? Please continue.

LARRY:

There are only five of us here and you brought five bottles.

DYLAN:

Exactly.

LARRY:

Did you bring any white?

DYLAN:

White what?

LARRY:

Wine.

DYLAN:

(smiles)

No. Didn't see the need.

LARRY:

I prefer white.

DYLAN:

(shrugs)

Then you should probably go grab some.

REBECCA:

Thank you for getting the wine, Dylan. If you want to start the grill in about ten minutes that would be great.

Rebecca pulls a tray of steaks from the refrigerator and places them on the table.

DYLAN:

Nice. Steak to pair with my wine.

REBECCA:

Can you take them out?

LARRY:

Yes. Please. Take them out.

Dylan heads out to the patio with the steaks and Larry turns to Rebecca.

LARRY:

He knows I like white.

REBECCA:

Maybe not. Maybe he just grabbed red. Please just go and get a bottle of white.

LARRY:

I'm fine.

REBECCA:

(impatient)

My god, Larry. Go get it.

Larry turns abruptly and heads to the cellar. As he departs, Bennett returns to the kitchen and hesitates.

BENNETT:

Where's my dad going?

REBECCA:

The cellar to get wine.

BENNETT:

Looks like we have plenty.

REBECCA:

(dismissively)

He can't handle red, so he went to get white.

BENNETT:

Ok.

REBECCA:

L-Dot looks great. I hope she can relax and have fun while she's here. What are your plans while you're here?

BENNETT:

My dad and I have some stuff to do.

REBECCA:

Like what?

BENNETT:

Just stuff.

Rebecca stops cutting lettuce and looks at Bennett.

REBECCA:

I like you Bennett, but don't come to my home and tell me you are here to do 'stuff'. What are your plans?

BENNETT:

Hang out here and help out. Maybe kayak a little.

REBECCA:

Your dad said you were working on some project with him.

BENNETT:

Sort of. What did he say?

REBECCA:

You mean how much did he say?

BENNETT:

Maybe we should just wait for him to come back.

REBECCA:

Maybe we should.

BENNETT:

Look, I'm just trying to help. I want you to keep the ranch.

REBECCA:

(sharply)

What do you mean keep the ranch?

BENNETT:

Maybe we should wait for my dad.

REBECCA:

What do you know about the ranch?

BENNETT:

Just that the barley crop has been bad for a few years. I know how bad the margins on barley are. Did a business school case study on farming.

REBECCA:

And?

As Rebecca speaks, Larry enters the room with a bottle of white wine.

LARRY:

Bingo. All set.

REBECCA:

Good. Remember you are the adult in the room, not Dylan.

LARRY:

Not a difficult competition.

REBECCA:

Bennett was just sharing his concerns about the ranch.

Larry puts the wine on the counter and slowly turns to Rebecca.

LARRY:

You guys were talking about the ranch?

REBECCA:

I was talking and Bennett was waiting for you. Is there anything I don't know?

LARRY:

You know everything I know. Coming up with ideas to grow.

REBECCA:

And that's it?

LARRY:

That's it. (pause) Are we really sure why Dylan is here?

Fade to black

END OF SCENE 5

SCENE 6

The dining room. Everyone is gathered at the table. There are coffee cups, wine glasses and dessert plates on the table in a disorganized array. Bottles of wine, empty and not, are on the table and the counters. The light is low and through the glass doors the pool reflects the moon. To the left the kitchen is filled with dirty dishes and cooking items. Bennett rises and grabs some dishes and heads to the kitchen.

BENNETT:

That was great, Rebecca. Thank you.

REBECCA:

You're welcome. Dylan deserves all the credit for the steaks.

BENNETT:

Right.

Dylan turns sluggishly towards Bennett and points at him.

DYLAN:

That didn't feel warm and cuddly.

BENNETT:

Oh. Thank you, Dylan. You are awesome.

DYLAN:

And that sounds kind of dicky. Leakena! Are you going to let your brother speak to me that way?

L-DOT:

Chill out guys.

DYLAN:

Leakena speaks wisely. Let's have more wine.

Dylan grabs a bottle and fills
Leakena's glass and then fills his and
places the bottle on the table as
Rebecca watches.

REBECCA:

Thanks. I guess I won't be drinking.

LARRY:

Nope. I guess Dylan will do all of the drinking. Are you
enjoying your visit Dylan? Are we adequate hosts?

Dylan reaches for the bottle and pushes
it towards Larry.

DYLAN:

Drink up. You can pour it all by yourself.

(pause)

Big Larry.

REBECCA:

You don't have to be a jerk, Dylan. Looks like you still
don't know how to share.

DYLAN:

Interesting you say that.

REBECCA:

What do you mean?

DYLAN:

What should I mean?

Bennett reenters the room from the kitchen and grabs some more plates.

REBECCA:

Bennett, you don't have to do that. Hang out and talk.

BENNETT:

I don't mind. Anyone want to play cards? Have a cigar and some scotch?

L-DOT:

Jesus, Bennett. You are such a caricature. Our own robber baron.

BENNETT:

What do you mean?

L-DOT:

Big bad boss. You just need dancers and a smokey room.

DYLAN:

(laughs)

That's great. Bennett is the man. Large and in charge.

BENNETT:

Whatever. Do your thing. Have to actually work to be the big boss.

LARRY:

I'll have a cigar with you Bennett. There's scotch in my office. We can hang out in there and catch up.

REBECCA:

Open all of the windows and shut the door. Don't want the whole house to smell.

LARRY:

Of course.

Larry and Bennett exit to the right.

REBECCA:

Bennett works hard. You shouldn't mock him.

L-DOT:

Please. He needs to come down a peg Or two.

DYLAN:

Or three.

Rebecca stands and walks over to pour a glass of wine.

REBECCA:

What about you, Dylan? Any interesting work prospects?

DYLAN:

Me? That's why I'm here. Regroup and chart a new course.

L-DOT:

What were you doing?

DYLAN:

(pause)

I was helping some guys out.

L-DOT:

With what?

REBECCA:

You mean that internet thing?

DYLAN:

Yep. That. Never quite got going.

L-DOT:

What happened?

DYLAN:

Couldn't raise money we needed.

REBECCA:

No loss. They weren't paying you.

L-DOT:

That's cool. I know lots of start-up people that work for almost no salary and bet on the options.

REBECCA:

(laughs)

Dylan tends to specialize in the 'no salary' area.

DYLAN:

Thanks for the support.

REBECCA:

Just being honest.

DYLAN:

And cold.

(silence)

L-Dot grabs her glass of wine and stands.

L-DOT:

I have to go up and make a couple of calls. I may do a moonlight swim later if anyone is interested. Dylan?

DYLAN:

Sure. That would be great, Leakena.

L-Dot exits and heads upstairs.

REBECCA:

Why do you call her Leakena?

DYLAN:

By request.

REBECCA:

Dylan. Please don't.

DYLAN:

Don't what?

REBECCA:

Don't try and sleep with her.

DYLAN:

A moment ago, you were outing my lack of achievement. Making me look like a loser. Now you want a favor.

REBECCA:

(pause)

I'm doing you the favor. It would be a disaster if anything happened.

DYLAN:

Is that why you trashed me in front of her?

REBECCA:

No. I didn't mean to do that. I think I'm a little drunk and a little angry. Not sure what order. I'm sorry.

DYLAN:

I get the drunk part, but what do you have to be angry about? Kind of a nice life here.

REBECCA:

There's been a lot of stress.

DYLAN:

Everyone has stress. It was bound to come to paradise.

REBECCA:

(pause)

Did my dad say anything to you before you came up? About the ranch?

DYLAN:

Not really. He seemed sad. I know you guys have sort of drifted apart.

REBECCA:

Sometimes he gets sad about Tom.

DYLAN:

He didn't say anything about Tom. I think he misses coming up here to see you.

REBECCA:

He can come up. I think because he's sick, he doesn't want to make the trip.

DYLAN:

I'm pretty sure he's also sad. He's old with lots of time to think. Your mom died, Tom took off.

REBECCA:

My mom died 40 years ago and Tom took off 30 years ago. Your point?

DYLAN:

You kind of did, too.

REBECCA:

And you kind of did, too. Share the blame. How long had it been since you'd seen him?

DYLAN:

A few years. But you and Tom are his kids.

REBECCA:

Cut the shit, Dylan. Your little orphan Dylie stuff is really tired. He treated you like his own kid after your father died.

DYLAN:

Not saying he didn't treat me well, but I'm sure there was a different feeling for him.

(pause)

Shit. I almost forgot. I brought something from your dad for you. It's up in my room. I'll grab it.

REBECCA:

What is it?

DYLAN:

Not sure. He said you would know.

As Dylan heads upstairs, Rebecca sits at the table twirling her glass of wine back and forth. After a few minutes, Dylan returns with a small box and puts it on the table. Rebecca picks it up, opens it and delicately removes the contents.

REBECCA:

It's still beautiful.

DYLAN:

Is that a necklace?

REBECCA:

My mother's favorite necklace. My dad kept it next to his bed. He said it would be mine to have.

DYLAN:

That's cool. You get a necklace and a ranch. You should go see your dad. Maybe find Tom.

REBECCA:

I wouldn't know where to look for Tom. This is not a good time.

Rebecca places the necklace back in the box and looks at Dylan.

REBECCA:

It's just weird that he never asks about the ranch. Right after I got married and Larry moved in, he lost interest. I keep waiting for him to ask how we're doing.

DYLAN:

Maybe he just trusts you and doesn't want the headaches.

REBECCA:

My dad and I are both on the deed. Tom and I were supposed to share the ranch eventually, but that won't happen. Larry thinks it should all be transferred into my name.

DYLAN:

Why?

REBECCA:

Larry said it would be easier for the tax stuff and loans.

DYLAN:

Loans?

REBECCA:

We are a little slow with income, so Larry thinks we should get loans and invest in the ranch. He deals with all the bank hassles.

DYLAN:

I'm sure he does.

REBECCA:

Please don't tell my dad any of this.

He might freak out and I don't want him to know that Larry and I aren't doing great. Can I trust you?

DYLAN:

(nods)

Of course.

As they speak L-Dot comes down the stairs in a bathing suit.

L-DOT:

All finished and ready to party. Get your suits on and come outside.

REBECCA:

No thanks. I'm wiped out.

DYLAN:

I will party for both of us. I'm in. I'll put my suit on.

L-DOT:

Great.

L-Dot heads outside to the pool and Dylan turns to the stairs.

REBECCA:

Dylan. Please don't do anything. Can I trust you?

DYLAN:

(smiles)

We'll see.

FADE TO BLACK

20 minutes later, outside at the pool. L-Dot is sitting on the edge wearing a white bikini with her feet in the water. There are small lights at the edge of the patio and the pool has lights below the water. It is quiet except for sounds of insects and an occasional coyote. Through the glass doors, Rebecca can be seen in the kitchen. After a few moments, Dylan appears at the door and comes out. He is holding a bottle and two glasses.

DYLAN:

I come bearing gifts.

L-DOT:

(laughs)

Very classy. I expected nothing less.

DYLAN:

I figured you wouldn't mind a little relaxing.

L-DOT:

You figured right.

Dylan places the glasses on the deck as L-Dot leans over to study his bathing suit.

What is that on your suit? Are those what I think they are?

DYLAN:

If you are thinking that they are nice full marijuana buds, you would be correct. Did you win the prize?

L-DOT:

Only if you're in possession. That would be nine tenths of the law.

DYLAN:

It's possible I might have some upstairs. You are going to make a fine lawyer.

L-DOT:

(flirtatiously)

Any comments on my suit?

DYLAN:

I'm not big on fashion, but it seems to fit pretty well.

L-DOT:

It's TJ Maxx off the rack and I've been told it does fit well.

DYLAN:

Holy shit, I won the prize. But I lose points because I forgot salt.

L-DOT:

Why do you need salt? Is that Tequila? You roll.

DYLAN:

I figured we drank enough wine and I like all of the food groups.

L-DOT:

I hadn't pegged you as a health nut. I'm cool without salt, but lemon would be nice.

Dylan reaches into his bathing suit and triumphantly brandishes a lemon and hands it to L-Dot.

I'm flattered. Always a mystery when a guy reaches into his bathing suit.

DYLAN:

I kind of want salt and I need a knife for the lemon. I'll be right back.

L-Dot juggles the lemon while Dylan heads into the kitchen where Rebecca is cleaning up.

DYLAN:

Hey, leave some of the clean-up. I'll do it later.

REBECCA:

I want to get it done tonight. What do you need?

DYLAN:

Just grabbing a knife. And some salt.

REBECCA:

So you are either going to kill L-Dot or get her really drunk on tequila. Neither one is a great idea.

DYLAN:

You always expect the worst.

REBECCA:

Fair point, you've been here for over 24 hours and there hasn't been a catastrophe. Just tension.

Dylan grabs a knife and a shaker of salt and squeezes Rebecca's shoulder as he passes and heads out smiling.

DYLAN:

Progress, not perfection. That's what they taught me in rehab.

REBECCA:

I'll be coming out when I'm done. Fair warning.

Dylan returns to the pool, sits and picks up a glass and hands it to L-Dot. He places the salt and lemon between them and then picks up the lemon and begins to cut.

DYLAN:

I feel kind of bad that Rebecca is doing all of the clean up.

L-DOT:

Do you want to go help?

DYLAN:

Sort of. But not as much as I want to drink tequila and swim.

L-DOT:

That's very noble. I like Rebecca, but she does have a martyr quality.

DYLAN:

Maybe. She's good people.

L-DOT:

I didn't mean to be negative, you guys just seem different. But you also seem like buddies.

DYLAN:

We're kind of buddies. Take some lemon so I can pour.

L-Dot takes a slice of lemon and Dylan pours two large shots of Tequila and hands one to L-Dot.

Last call for salt.

L-DOT:

All set. Hustle up.

Dylan grabs his shot and toasts.

DYLAN:

Anchors aweigh.

They drink and L-Dot does a small hop.

L-DOT:

That's nice! Sure, I'll have another one.

Dylan pours second shots.

You should make a wish.

DYLAN:

My wish has been answered.

L-DOT:

(giggles)

You mean me?

DYLAN:

I mean I get another shot. Drink up.

They drink.

L-DOT:

You're a jerk. Most guys would make me their wish.

DYLAN:

I'm sure they would. Aren't you claimed?

L-DOT:

(giggles hysterically)

Claimed? Like a branded cow?

DYLAN:

You know what I mean.

L-DOT:

Not really, but keep charming me.

L-Dot lays on the deck giggling as Dylan watches. Behind them, Bennett appears at the glass door and watches intently. He slides the door open and approaches and coughs. Dylan turns as L-Dot rolls over to face Bennett.

BENNETT:

Hope I'm not interrupting.

L-DOT:

Then don't interrupt. How was your cigar fest with daddy?

BENNETT:

Have you been drinking?

L-DOT:

Go ahead and guess.

Bennett surveys the bottle and glasses and looks at Dylan.

BENNETT:

I'll guess yes. Dad's still up.

DYLAN:

Ok. He's welcome to come out.

BENNETT:

I'm sure he'll pass. What the hell is on your bathing suit?

L-DOT:

Why are you looking at his suit, Bennett? Avert your eyes.

L-Dot crawls to the edge of the pool and slides in.

DYLAN:

Big, full ganja buds are on my suit. Do you like it?

BENNETT:

Not my thing.

DYLAN:

Tequila?

BENNETT:

No. I have responsibilities tomorrow.

L-Dot splashes water at Bennett.

L-DOT:

Don't be a jerk Bennett. Forgive us for having fun.

BENNETT:

Whatever. Dad and I have some people coming over tomorrow, so just be sure the place isn't a mess. And don't leave crap lying around that shouldn't be lying around.

Bennett turns to walk away and glances at Dylan.

BENNETT:

My dad's still up.

DYLAN:

(snickers)

You may have mentioned that.

Bennett walks back inside as Dylan glares at him.

DYLAN:

It was nice of Bennett to stop by. I always enjoy seeing him. Be sure to clean up after yourself. He wants **his** house tidy.

L-DOT:

A few months ago, he and his girlfriend came over to my apartment and there might have been some coke lying around.

DYLAN:

He prefers Pepsi?

L-DOT:

Funny. I don't think the coke bothered him as much as the dildos.

DYLAN:

Actually, none of that bothers me.

L-DOT:

Surprised?

DYLAN:

I am. Surprised that Bennett has a girlfriend. What about you?

L-DOT:

No, I don't have a girlfriend.

DYLAN:

Cute. You haven't answered my question.

L-DOT:

I don't have anything that keeps me tethered. Had a college boyfriend that I graduated from. What about you?

DYLAN:

Nothing now. On my way back out of a relationship.

L-DOT:

Interesting.

DYLAN:

How so?

L-DOT:

I didn't see you as a settle down relationship guy.

DYLAN:

Why not?

L-DOT:

(giggles)

I guess I just pegged you as a drunk, unemployed, aging lothario, girl in every port kind of a guy.

DYLAN:

That's touching.

L-Dot swims over to where Dylan is sitting.

L-DOT:

Why don't you pour another shot for us and then get in?

DYLAN:

At your service.

Dylan pours two shots and hands one to L-Dot. They touch glasses and drink. Dylan puts his glass down and jumps in the pool.

L-DOT:

Nice. Isn't it?

DYLAN:

Very nice.

As Dylan swims around, Rebecca opens the glass door from the kitchen and walks out to the pool.

REBECCA:

Hey guys.

L-DOT:

Hey Rebecca. You shouldn't have done all of the cleanup. We would have helped.

REBECCA:

No worries. Is the pool warm enough? I can turn up the heater.

As Rebecca walks around the pool, she sees the tequila bottle and glasses.

Looks like the knife and salt worked okay, Dylan.

DYLAN:

They were most satisfactory.

Rebecca sits on a lounge next to the pool.

REBECCA:

Do you have plans tomorrow, L-Dot?

L-DOT:

Not yet. I was thinking about trying kayaking, but would have to go with somebody. Do you have plans Dylan?

DYLAN:

Not yet. My immediate plan is to hop out and go to the bathroom.

Dylan gets out of the pool and heads to the bathroom.

REBECCA:

Hard to believe Dylan turns 43 next month.

Turns to L-Dot.

Are you all set with your law school forms?

L-DOT:

I am almost set. Dylan is really fun.

REBECCA:

He's always been fun. Fun and a little troubled.

L-DOT:

I think we are all a little troubled.

REBECCA:

I suppose.

L-DOT:

We have no plans to marry tonight, if that is your concern.

REBECCA:

I didn't think so. I just feel responsible for what happens in my house.

L-DOT:

So does Bennett. He told us to keep it clean.

REBECCA:

(laughs)

Your brother is an interesting young man. And you are a very talented young woman.

L-DOT:

Thank you.

Dylan returns from the bathroom and
Rebecca gets up from her lounge.

REBECCA:

I'm going up to bed.

Looks at Dylan.

You don't want to stay up too late if you are going kayaking tomorrow.

DYLAN:

I will make a note of that.

Rebecca goes inside.

L-DOT:

That was a bit of a heavy handed lecture. Our second visit from the doom and gloom police.

DYLAN:

What was the lecture about?

L-DOT:

Me being awesome and you being old and troubled. The content was fine, it was more about the delivery.

Dylan jumps into the pool and lands on L-Dot.

Jesus!

DYLAN:

That was for sullyng my good name.

Dylan lifts up L-Dot and tosses her into the deep end. She comes up and swims to the side and catches her breath.

L-DOT:

I mean it was like she was speaking as our mother. Keeping her two little ones safe.

Dylan swims over to the side next to L-Dot and catches his breath.

DYLAN:

It is what it is. She hates it when I fuck up. Like it reflects on her. But she has been really good to me through everything.

L-DOT:

How so?

DYLAN:

She basically raised me when I was little.

L-Dot turns and studies Dylan.

L-DOT:

Is this one of your jokes? I can't tell if you're serious.

DYLAN:

Totally serious. My mom left when I was two and then my dad died a few years later. My uncle took custody and I suddenly had a big brother and a big sister and a much cooler home with a pool.

L-DOT:

Holy shit. You are a man of mystery.

DYLAN:

You didn't know any of this?

L-DOT:

No offense, but I haven't had time to read your biography. Larry is my source of information on your family and so I have you down as a problem child that should not be spoken of. You and Tom. Rebecca gets all the good press.

DYLAN:

That's fair.

L-DOT:

Why do you say she raised you? What about your uncle?

DYLAN:

I moved in when I was 5 and Rebecca was already 15. There was a housekeeper, but I would mostly just follow Rebecca around. My uncle spent a lot of time up here. Kind of a shit show.

L-DOT:

Why did your mom leave?

DYLAN:

She didn't sit me down for a chat. I was 2. They've just told me that she was restless and never really wanted to get married or have a family.

L-DOT:

And your dad?

DYLAN:

My dad was an addict and my uncle was always looking out for him. They both inherited money, but my dad lost everything but the piece of this ranch. He loved it here.

L-DOT:

Wow. You're an Orphan Annie like me. Another phrase my therapist greenlighted.

DYLAN:

Well, it's a little different. I met my mom and dad.

L-DOT:

Not really. You met them about as much as I met mine.

DYLAN:

I spent some time with my dad. I remember being really excited when he would come home. They would tell me he was on work trips. Went to a half dozen rehabs over the years. He started over the cliff when my mom left.

Dylan runs his hands through his hair.

The apple evidently doesn't fall far.

L-DOT:

You've been to rehab?

DYLAN:

(pause)

I have been a guest. I go when the law encourages me or when I feel like I need to gather myself. I clean up a little, hit a few meetings and then slowly work my way back into the game. In case you were curious, I am back in the game now.

L-DOT:

I pieced that together. No judgement. Your business.

DYLAN:

I guess that's probably why I keep moving around. I always think the next place is where I am supposed to be. Where I can belong.

L-DOT:

It sounds like you've had a bunch of next places. A lot of pretty nice ones.

DYLAN:

I have seen some nice places.

Dylan looks up at the sky.

In the end, I think right here is the only place where I feel like I belong.

They rest quietly in the pool for a few minutes.

L-DOT:

I'm getting a little chilly. I think I'll get out and dry off.

L-Dot pulls herself out of the pool and grabs her towel. Dylan also gets out and grabs a towel.

That was nice and relaxing.

DYLAN:

Do you want to get stoned?

L-DOT:

(laughs)

Well, I **am** on vacation. Should we clean up the glasses and Tequila?

DYLAN:

Nah. I'm sure Bennett can handle it.

Dylan and L-Dot exit into the house and proceed up the stairs to a hallway. They turn to the right and go to the last room on the end and enter.

After a few minutes, Larry strolls out from his office and heads to the pool area. He surveys the scene and walks to the edges and peers into the dark. Puzzled, he heads back in and looks in the kitchen. Seeing nothing, he heads up the stairs and starts to turn left when he hears muffled sound from Dylan's room. He turns around and quietly approaches the door and listens. His body tenses. He begins to knock and then lowers his hand, turns and heads in the other direction to his room.

Fade to Black

END OF SCENE 6

SCENE 7

Kitchen. Around 10 in the morning. It is quiet and a few coffee cups are on the counter, along with an open loaf of bread and a toaster. The doors to the pool are open and Rebecca is seated at the table off the kitchen by the doors. She is facing outside, reading a book and drinking coffee. Engines, horses and birds are the collection of sounds from the outdoors in the distance. It is sunny and warm. There is the sound of a door opening upstairs and L-Dot appears in the hallway and approaches the stairs. From above she can see Rebecca sitting and reading SL and pauses. After a moment, she descends the stairs and moves behind Rebecca towards the kitchen SR. She grabs a cup and pours coffee, glancing discreetly towards Rebecca during the process. With her coffee, she approaches Rebecca.

L-DOT:

Morning.

Rebecca studies her book as she finishes a page and turns it, looking up.

REBECCA:

Oh. Hi.

Rebecca returns to reading as L-Dot remains standing.

(coolly)

Do you want something?

L-DOT:

No. Just saying good morning. See you're reading, I'll go sit in the kitchen.

REBECCA:

Ok.

L-Dot returns to the kitchen glancing at Rebecca as she retreats. As she sits, Larry stomps in from the patio and approaches Rebecca, not seeing L-Dot in the kitchen.

LARRY:

Are they goddamn up yet?

Rebecca looks up at Larry and nods her head slightly in the direction of the kitchen. Larry turns to see L-Dot and walks quickly across the room and into the kitchen.

L-DOT

What were you doing outside?

LARRY:

Late morning for you. What time did you get to bed?

L-DOT:

Around midnight.

LARRY:

(pause)

How did you sleep?

L-DOT:

(shrugs)

Fine. Why?

LARRY:

Just want to be sure you slept well.

(pause)

How did you sleep?

L-DOT:

Thanks for asking. I slept on my stomach. A little on my side.

(smirks)

Didn't spend any time on my back.

LARRY:

(growls)

You need to be more respectful and decent.

L-DOT:

(laughs)

I think of myself as decent. Why are you in such a bad mood, Larry?

LARRY:

I have a lot on my mind and I don't need any more on my mind. Can you understand that?

L-DOT:

(shrugs)

If you don't want me here, I can go. I came out here to relax and spend time with everyone and I'm having a nice time.

LARRY:

I want you here, but I want you to just keep it down and keep it decent. You know what I mean.

L-DOT:

You mean sit quietly and smile and generally be a pretty mannequin. Right? And, of course, be smart.

L-Dot glares at Larry.

Be the girl you thought you were buying.

LARRY:

Don't make up words and put them in my mouth. I've always been good to you.

L-DOT

I'll finish for you...and treated me like I was your own.

As L-Dot finishes there is a door slamming upstairs. Larry glares at her and then exits quickly through the kitchen to the yard. Dylan bounces down the stairs with a smile.

DYLAN

Morning Rebecca. Beautiful day. Where is everyone?

REBECCA

Morning. In the kitchen. Wait a second. Can we talk outside?

DYLAN

Sure, but preemptive strike. Nothing happened last night.

Dylan and Rebecca walk out to the pool.

REBECCA:

Whatever. It doesn't matter. Larry is going nuts. He came up to bed last night and he was wound up and pissed. I had this crazy idea that you might be involved.

DYLAN

Nothing happened. We left the pool and went up to my room.

REBECCA

(rolls eyes)

That's not a good start. How did she escape?

DYLAN

No escape. My problem is they want to stay.

REBECCA

(firmly)

How and when did she leave?

DYLAN

She left after an hour or so. We got high and talked.

REBECCA

Leave that part out if Larry asks.

DYLAN

She really hates Larry, by the way.

REBECCA

Leave that part out, too.

DYLAN

I'll do my best. He really is a prick.

REBECCA

I doubt he'll say anything. He avoids conflict.

DYLAN

That's a shaky vote of confidence. You are married to him.

REBECCA

I am.

(pause)

Let's go inside.

Rebecca and Dylan go inside and head into the kitchen. L-Dot is sitting drinking coffee at the island. Dylan and L-Dot smile at each other.

DYLAN

Morning.

L-DOT

Morning.

REBECCA:

Where's Larry?

L-DOT

Fair question. We were having a lovely little chat and then he took off and headed out the side door.

REBECCA

(puzzled)

Why did he leave? What were you talking about?

L-DOT

Sleep patterns. Particularly mine last night.

REBECCA

Was he angry?

Dylan grabs a cup of coffee and an english muffin. Suddenly the side door bursts open and Larry re-enters. He stumbles and catches himself, pulling up face to face with Dylan. He glares and says nothing as he goes to the refrigerator and grabs a bottle of water.

Is everything all right? You look hot.

LARRY

I'm fine. Russell and I have been fixing a fence.

Behind Larry, Dylan shakes his head and rolls his eyes. Larry turns to Dylan.

Nice to see everyone up.

L-DOT:

Not everyone. Where's Bennett?

DYLAN

Probably cleaning his new house.

L-Dot and Dylan snicker.

LARRY:

Actually, he got up early and went to the bank. Easier to get up early if you don't stay up late. You may want to try that.

REBECCA:

What is Bennett doing at the bank?

LARRY

Nothing. Just meeting some people. I need to get back outside.

Larry heads out the door.

L-DOT:

I think I'm going to shower. Do you still want to kayak later, Dylan?

DYLAN:

Sure. Sounds good.

L-Dot exits and heads upstairs.

REBECCA

Rebecca stares out the window as Larry heads towards the fields.

Something's not right.

DYLAN

C'mon. I told you I didn't fool around with L-Dot.

REBECCA

No. It's everything going on around here. Bennett at the bank, Larry meeting with people, half-assed answers. I need to talk to you. Let's go outside.

Rebecca and Dylan go out to the pool. Rebecca looks quickly around as they sit on lounges.

REBECCA:

Did L-Dot say anything to you?

DYLAN:

She told me she loved me, but that she wasn't quite ready to settle down.

REBECCA

Don't be a jerk for a moment and channel a helpful adult. What did you talk about?

DYLAN:

We talked about growing up with no-parents, no rules, trying to figure things out and how Bennett sucked and you were a little domineering. And we drank tequila and get really stoned. That's all I remember. Oh, and Larry sucks.

REBECCA

L-Dot is challenging. So, nothing about the ranch.

(pause)

Or Larry and me?

DYLAN

(turns toward Rebecca)

No, but I like where this is going. What's the deal?

REBECCA

Same deal that has been going on for a few years. I'm not sure this thing is going to work.

DYLAN

(leans forward)

This thing meaning you and Larry? What happened? I am all ears.

REBECCA

Nothing happened. I realized a while ago I probably didn't want to be married.

DYLAN

Before or after the wedding? The whole thing felt weird. And of course, he's weird.

REBECCA

(takes a deep breath)

It really isn't about Larry that much. I remember looking around at the beautiful wedding and hoping I could make it work.

DYLAN

Does Larry know?

REBECCA

Not exactly. I've been just trying to figure out what I want. We both know there are issues. Don't tell my dad. Bad news should travel slowly. Especially now.

DYLAN:

He knows.

REBECCA

Knows what? He can't know about me and Larry. I haven't said a thing.

DYLAN

Your dad was pissed when you married Larry. He didn't see it working for you. Or for himself. He wasn't concerned about Larry.

REBECCA

He never said that. My dad just told me he wanted me to be happy and live on the ranch forever.

DYLAN

He does. I just don't think it turned out liked he planned.

(pause)

Seems like nobody has a plan that works. Even your dad.

REBECCA

When you showed me the necklace last night, I was freaked out. It just brought a lot back. My mom's been dead for 40 years. I haven't seen you in a few years, haven't seen my dad. Barely talk to him now. This ranch is all I have that feels like home.

(pause)

Honestly, now it feels like I'm staying in Larry's home.

DYLAN

(nods)

Your dad thinks something is wrong with the ranch. Larry used to send him financial statements. Sent one last year that was sketchy. Didn't send one this year.

REBECCA

I told you things aren't good.

Rebecca pauses and turns to Dylan.

He thinks Larry is up to something? Why didn't my dad say something?

DYLAN

He didn't want to upset you and cause trouble. That's why he's stayed away and out of touch. Even your dad has things he can't deal with.

Rebecca quickly sits up.

REBECCA

And he thought I could figure it out? Oh shit.

Dylan makes a calming gesture with his hands.

DYLAN:

It might be oh shit. Let's see.

REBECCA

(thinking)

So that's why you're here. To save me.

Rebecca bursts out laughing.

DYLAN

(puzzled)

What's so funny?

REBECCA

Seriously? You don't see humor in my dad sending **you** to save me? That's a pretty thin bench.

DYLAN

(hurt)

Like I said, nobody has a plan that works. You can also say thank you.

Dylan sits up in the lounge.

Do you want me to grab some beers?

REBECCA

It's 10:30. Just an observation, but should you be drinking this much?

DYLAN

Probably not. Is that a yes?

REBECCA:

(resigned)

Sure. I don't have a better plan.

Dylan hops up and heads inside to get beer. Rebecca sits up and covers her face with her hands. Dylan returns clutching beers, with an opener in his teeth. He places the beers down and opens one and hands it to Rebecca.

DYLAN

Here we go. Time to get down to business.

Rebecca takes a swig.

REBECCA

I am now officially a day drinker.

DYLAN

I'm secretly proud of you.

REBECCA

Maybe I'll gain a new perspective.

DYLAN:

Can I ask you a question?

REBECCA

Rebecca pauses as she sits back.

Sure. Within boundaries.

DYLAN

What do you do here doing the day? I know Larry is busy fucking things up, but I'm just curious how you kill the time.

REBECCA

Well, when I'm not day drinking, I check on the horses, tend to the bees, run errands. Just normal stuff.

DYLAN

So you don't do anything with the farming?

REBECCA

No. Larry and Russell manage the workers and Larry does all of the financial stuff and deals. Better that way.

DYLAN

(nods)

Better for Larry.

(pause)

You said something about loans last night.

REBECCA

Just loans to tide us over until things get better. Larry gets them.

DYLAN

(puzzled)

How the fuck does Larry get loans for your ranch?

REBECCA

What do you mean?

DYLAN

I mean, how does he just stroll in and get money for your ranch? Didn't know you could do that.

(snickers)

Maybe I should start borrowing money for other people. Less responsibility.

REBECCA

It's not complicated. He applies, I sign off and then we are supposed to mail my dad notification.

Dylan grips his beer with both hands and holds it to his forehead with his eyes closed and exhales.

DYLAN

Let me guess. Larry mails him the notification.

Rebecca finishes her beer and studies Dylan.

REBECCA

Don't be snarky with me. There's a plan in place.

DYLAN

(surprised)

Really? I was asking Russell about the crops and he told me they've been fine. So why does Larry run around getting loans? Has he been buying equipment or hiring more people?

REBECCA

No. I don't think so. Same workers, maybe a few less.

DYLAN

(agitated)

How big are the loans?

REBECCA

There are multiple loans. Together probably about one or two million. I guess more like two.

DYLAN

Dylan gets up and stands over Rebecca, growing more agitated.

Holy shit! Did it occur to you to maybe ask that prick what he was doing?

REBECCA

(loudly)

Do not speak to me like that. I have been cleaning up after you for years. This is my problem and I will fix it.

DYLAN

(angrily)

I'd like to see you fix this mess!

REBECCA:

This is none of your business! You have no stake in this! Why are you even here?!

As she finishes, Rebecca suddenly freezes and stares at Dylan. After a few moments her body releases and her shoulders slump.

Oh. My. God. That's why you're here. You do have a stake. Don't you?

DYLAN:

Based on what I'm hearing, I wouldn't tell anyone.

As Dylan and Rebecca continue to stare at each other, L-Dot appears at the door, dressed in shorts and a tee shirt, carrying a towel.

L-DOT:

Are you ready to go kayaking?

DYLAN

Dylan continues to look at Rebecca as
he replies.

Not now. I'm gonna stay right here.

Fade to black

END OF SCENE 7

SCENE 8

CHARACTERS:

CLINT SLEIGHT: Founder of Sleight construction, now Sleight/Stevens construction. Early 60's, medium height with a paunch. Cousin to the Fenster family.

Office of Sleight/Stevens construction company. Watkins Wright, and Clint Sleight are seated at a table in Clint's office with large sheets of land surveys in front of them. Clint has his feet on the table and Watkins is tapping the table and fidgeting. The door to the rest of the office is closed, but the office is visible through panes of glass. Mitch Stevens is out in the main office standing by the door. Clint turns to look at the clock on the wall.

CLINT:

Where is your little friend? I want to get going.

WATKINS:

(points at Clint)

Relax, Clint. My little friend is helping you make a lot of money.

CLINT:

(points at Watkins)

Watkins, your little friend is helping **you** make a lot of money.

WATKINS:

I don't care about Bennett, one way or the other, but he can help make this happen. He has the greed seed from his dad.

CLINT:

(shakes his head)

Bennett does not help my confidence. Prefer a man who gets dirty when he works.

WATKINS:

Well, feel free to go after the ranch yourself. Larry's not stupid. He's just broke. We need to use Bennett to help him see the reality.

CLINT:

(growls)

The reality is that my family should have the ranch. Even more after what Dylan did. We never should have lost it.

WATKINS:

Your young lady friend down at the land office understands that silence can be golden, right?

CLINT:

Not a problem. Everyone wants to stay friends with the Sleights and Fensters. That's why she knew I might be interested in the deed info. How much does Bennett know?

WATKINS:

(shrugs)

Just that we want to put homes on the ranch and will pay a nice six figure sum. Larry is all over it. Don't want to complicate things for Bennett.

CLINT:

(nods)

Good. Don't need him thinking. Nothing about my connection or family?

WATKINS:

Nothing. He's just coming to meet with me and to be introduced to the construction people.

CLINT:

Good.

WATKINS:

Building homes is why I came out here. Just so happened I met Mitch and found you and got a bigger vision for the ranch.

CLINT:

Not sure I would call that a vision. More like an unexpected opportunity to help yourself.

WATKINS:

(sarcastic)

Sorry, I didn't mean to get you dirty.

CLINT:

(stretches)

Well an old friend reached out and asked for your help and you saw an opportunity to help yourself. That how things work in New York?

WATKINS:

Look, Sleight. Larry and I were never friends. He had a sketchy reputation, so I steered clear. Then he lost a bunch of money and next thing I heard he had gotten married and was living out here.

Clint nods.

CLINT:

He is an odd one. Even before Dylan's accident, he couldn't look anyone in the eye. Why did you decide to come out and see him?

WATKINS:

Not like I went looking for him, but Bennett joined my firm and asked me to take a look at the ranch for a real estate investment. I came out to help.

CLINT:

(laughs)

Watkins. Spare me. There is nothing helpful or holy about what you are doing. You are just finding a level of evil that feels comfortable.

(pause)

I'm not even sure if Zeb will agree to do this. Might be a bit uncomfortable with a man from New York like you.

WATKINS:

A few weeks ago, I walked in that door looking for someone to help build me a road and some homes. Now we're going after the entire ranch.

Watkins looks at Clint.

Don't recall any hesitation about the idea from you, Clint.

CLINT:

(intense)

My idea has always been to make them pay. 40 years ago, we had to sell them most of our land for almost nothing and then live next to them and watch.

(pause)

Then that idiot Dylan almost kills Zeb's granddaughter.

WATKINS:

Why the hell did your family sell the land in the first place?

CLINT:

(shrugs)

Bunch of bad crop years, land prices crashed, loans due and in swooped the old man and Dylan's drunk dad from California. Either sell it to them or it went to the bank. Ranch had been in the Sleight / Fenster family for 150 years.

WATKINS:

And your family has held a grudge for **40** years. I get it.

CLINT:

(ponders)

I actually liked the old man. Must be killing him to see Larry on the ranch.

WATKINS:

He was a good man?

CLINT:

Despite everything, yes. He loved the ranch. Now it seems like he wants nothing to do with it. Guess that's why he gave some of it to Dylan. He knew what was coming.

WATKINS:

(smiles)

And he figured he could quietly change the deed and no one would notice.

CLINT:

(shakes his head)

Nah. I think he was opening a door.

As he speaks, Mitch walks to the door of the office and knocks. Clint motions him in.

MITCH:

I think Bennett's here. Tall, skinny guy?

(laughs)

Cowboy hat.

WATKINS:

That's him.

MITCH:

Should we meet at the big table in front? I'll grab my drawings and the site map.

CLINT:

That's fine.

Clint and Watkins get up and head to the large table in the office. They stop to grab coffee. There is a knock on the door and Watkins opens the door and lets Bennett in. They walk to the table.

WATKINS:

Bennett. Thanks for coming.

BENNETT:

No problem. Can't wait to get this going.

WATKINS:

Bennett, this is Clint Sleight, owner of the company. His partner, Mitch, is grabbing the site drawings.

CLINT:

Nice to meet you, son.

Mitch appears from the back holding a large rolled up sheet of paper.

This is Mitch.

Mitch and Bennett shake hands.

BENNETT:

Great to meet you.

MITCH:

Likewise.

CLINT:

Let's get going. Mitch, why don't you roll out the drawings and show the young man the plan.

Clint and Watkins sip their coffee as Mitch carefully arranges the drawings. Bennett looks from page to page.

BENNETT:

Where should I be looking?

MITCH:

Start here. This is the road and the ranch property line is here on the north and all the way down here on the south end. This is the driveway cut in.

BENNETT:

Where exactly are the homesites?

Mitch leans over the table and reaches to the far corner of the map. Bennett leans to see.

MITCH:

Right here. Highest point that we can have stable ground. Hard to access, but we figured it out.

BENNETT:

I'm confused.

Bennett traces his finger on the map. Clint and Watkins study him as they drink their coffee, glancing quickly at each other.

Why is the access road not on our ranch? It looks like it comes through the Fenster's property. That's not the plan.

Bennett turns to Watkins and Clint.

This drawing is wrong.

MITCH:

Did I mess this up? I thought this is what we wanted.

Watkins stands and leans over the map.

WATKINS:

(calmly)

No. This is fine.

BENNETT:

(puzzled)

How can we just build an access road on the Fenster's property? Why not just put it on ours?

CLINT:

(firmly)

Only way to build it. Way too expensive to do it on yours.

BENNETT:

They're ok with this?

CLINT:

They most certainly are.

Bennett considers that information and turns to Watkins, as Mitch steps back.

BENNETT:

Do they want anything?

WATKINS:

Of course they want something.

BENNETT:

(anxiously)

What?

WATKINS:

Half.

BENNETT:

Half of what?

WATKINS:

Half the income. Only fair.

BENNETT:

(angrily)

Bullshit. We'll put the road on our ranch. Find another contractor who can build it.

CLINT:

(firmly)

That's not how it's going to work, son. Only one place we're putting that road.

BENNETT:

(furious)

Don't tell me how it's going to work! It's our property and our project!

CLINT:

(darkly)

None of it's yours.

Bennett is stunned as he looks at Clint, turns to Mitch and finally focuses on Watkins.

BENNETT:

I can't believe this. Are you ok with this? My dad losing 50%?

WATKINS:

I don't care about anything but building pretty houses. Everything else is just noise.

BENNETT:

(frantic)

I'll find someone else who wants to build.

WATKINS:

You might want to think that through. I'm guessing that Mr. Sleight here and his friends would see to it that you never get approved to even build a doghouse on the property.

Bennett moves closer to Watkins and leans to whisper in his ear.

BENNETT:

My dad needs all of the money we agreed on.

WATKINS:

(pulls back)

I'm sure he does. Now you need to go back to him and let him know that we will be at the ranch at 10 tomorrow morning to go over final details. He needs to be sure that any obstacles are under control.

Bennett stands deflated as he looks blankly at the surveys.

BENNETT:

Ok.

WATKINS:

I'll walk you out.

Bennett and Watkins walk to the door, as Mitch gathers the drawings and heads to the back of the office.

Don't make your dad's problems your problems. This is business. This deal is happening and you're still getting paid. Time for big boy pants.

BENNETT:

Sure. Whatever.

Bennett leaves and Watkins returns to the table where Clint is sitting.

CLINT:

What do you think Larry is gonna do?

WATKINS:

Not sure. I think when Bennett tells him what happened, he'll realize he has a problem. I'm sure I will get a call. Maybe not. He knows me well enough to understand that it won't be a long conversation.

CLINT:

(smiles)

The old man won't bail him out. Unless I'm missing something, he can't pay his loans anymore. My bank friends say he's late now.

WATKINS

Larry would make a deal. Unfortunately, he doesn't own the ranch.

CLINT:

He must be in a fix, knowing what's coming. Having to tell Rebecca.

WATKINS:

Do you want to let your cousin know where things stand? Maybe prep him for tomorrow?

CLINT:

Might as well be ready with all of our cards. We couldn't touch Dylan when he didn't own anything, but that has certainly changed.

WATKINS:

I got a bunch of guys in New York who live to sue people if you need one.

CLINT:

I don't think it will get that far.

Dylan doesn't seem like a fighter. Why would he want to stay here anyway? I'll call Zeb.

Clint reaches for his phone and taps in a number.

Zeb? Can you grab dinner tonight? I want to give you an update. 7 is good. Sure, meet at Hugo's.

END OF SCENE 8

SCENE 9

CHARACTERS:

ZEB FENSTER: Tall and skinny. Short sleeve gingham shirt with a bolo tie. Late 60's with a quiet, dignified demeanor.

WAITRESS: Mid-Twenties

Hugo's. The setting sun is getting through the few windows that exist. The bar is full, with a mix of dedicated drinkers and casual diners, locals and visitors.

A few dated televisions are showing replays of games. Clint and Zeb are seated at a table in the corner. Across the room are the bar and a few pool tables.

ZEB:

So what brings me to Hugo's this evening?

CLINT:

(smiles)

I would like to think it is enough just to have dinner with me.

ZEB:

Always a pleasure. How's business?

CLINT:

Been better.

ZEB:

Any projects that I should know about?

CLINT:

(laughs)

You always end the dance quickly. There is a promising update on a project you might be interested in.

ZEB:

Let's order first and get that out of the way.

Zeb motions the waitress over.

I'll have a ribeye medium rare, potato and an Old Baldy on the rocks. Clint?

CLINT:

Sirloin, black and blue, potato, salad and a big Double Vision. Thanks.

Waitress turns to Zeb.

WAITRESS:

Would you like a salad to start?

ZEB:

(shrugs)

Oh hell. I guess. Supposed to get more greens.

WAITRESS:

(smiles)

Great. I'll get the drinks.

Zeb looks at Clint.

ZEB:

The floor is yours.

CLINT:

Well. I think we may have a nice road to put on your land.

ZEB:

I see. And how much will this road pay me?

CLINT:

It will pay you half of everything.

ZEB:

I see. And why would I want to look at a bunch of big houses all day?

CLINT:

I can think of hundreds of thousands of reasons.

ZEB:

Again. Why would I want to look at a bunch of big houses all day?

CLINT:

You'll barely see it. They'll be over on the old property. Beyond your pines, up the mountain.

ZEB:

I'll still know they are there.

CLINT:

(laughs)

It might hurt Becky and Larry's eyes but you'll be fine. And you get paid the same as they do.

ZEB:

Look, Clint. I appreciate what you're doing, but I'm not sure this is something I need.

CLINT:

I'm not following. This is a lot of money for doing nothing but putting a road on the far end of your property.

ZEB:

(sighs)

I'll be 70 next year. Not sure I need to get involved in this. I'm guessing my neighbors may not be party to exactly what you are planning. Might that be accurate?

CLINT:

They know we are planning to put homes on their land and they now know that you get the road. 50/50 split of the money.

Waitress arrives with the drinks and puts them on the table.

WAITRESS:

Old Baldy and a Double Vision. Your food will be out shortly.

CLINT:

Thank you.

Pauses for waitress to leave.

Is there a problem with this plan? We're pretty far along. Meeting tomorrow morning.

ZEB:

Clint, you've known me since you were a little kid tagging along at the ranch. I'm not much for shenanigans. This feels like shenanigans.

CLINT:

It's just driving a hard bargain.

ZEB:

And that sounds like that New York fella you're working with. Don't sound local.

CLINT:

I told you we were working on a deal to get our family money. Hell, I would argue the whole thing is on our rightful land.

Zeb takes a deep breath and studies Clint.

ZEB:

Clint. What's done is done.

Zeb's attention suddenly shifts beyond Clint towards the door where Dylan and L-Dot are entering Hugo's. They walk to the bar, not seeing Zeb and Clint. Dylan raises his hand to get Eddie's attention and is puzzled by the shocked look on Eddie's face.

DYLAN:

Hey Eddie. Surprised to see me so soon?

EDDIE:

Didn't expect you.

DYLAN:

Well, I'm here. This is L-Dot.

EDDIE:

I remember L-Dot. You were here at Christmas and owned the pool table. Good to see you.

Dylan turns to L-Dot.

DYLAN:

No shit. You are one big surprise.

L-DOT:

(smirks)

Another gift of my misspent youth.

Eddie leans over the bar closer to Dylan.

EDDIE:

Little heads up. Zeb Fenster is over at the table in the corner.

Dylan tenses and slowly turns to the corner and meets Zeb's stare. After a moment, Zeb motions him to come over. Dylan pauses and turns back to the bar.

DYLAN:

(mutters)

Fuck.

L-DOT:

Who's Zeb Fenster?

DYLAN:

Neighbor. Grandfather of the girl from the accident. I have to go over.

L-DOT:

I'll go over with you.

Dylan turns to walk over to the table and L-Dot follows. Zeb and Clint are silent as they approach. Dylan nods when he gets to the table.

DYLAN:

Mr. Fenster.

ZEB:

Dylan. I heard you were back. Been awhile. Who is the young lady?

L-DOT:

I'm Leakena, but people call me L-Dot.

ZEB:

I see. What brings you out here?

DYLAN:

She's Larry's daughter.

Zeb pauses.

L-DOT:

I was adopted.

(smiles)

But you probably guessed.

ZEB:

(smiles)

I had an inkling. Clint, why don't you take L-Dot to the bar and buy her a drink. Tell the waitress to slow down on our meals. I want to speak with Dylan.

CLINT:

Sure. L-Dot, I will buy you a drink.

L-DOT:

You shoot pool?

CLINT:

(laughs)

I might. Be sure you're not asking for something you don't want.

L-DOT:

Don't worry about me.

Clint gets up and L-Dot looks at Dylan, who nods and watches nervously as they walk away. Zeb points to Clint's chair.

ZEB:

Sit Dylan.

Dylan sits and looks at the table, glancing up as Zeb studies him.

How you been?

DYLAN:

Doing Ok. How's your granddaughter?

ZEB:

Her name is Charlotte and she's back to good.

DYLAN:

Look, I...

Zeb raises his hand and shakes his head and Dylan falls silent.

ZEB:

(calmly)

After the accident, I was beside myself with anger.

You basically walked away with no punishment and then skipped town. Never even bothered to apologize. Not a word from Larry or Becky. Meanwhile, Charlotte was injured and in pain. None of it was right, but it's done and she's healed.

DYLAN:

(mumbles)

Lawyers told me to leave.

Zeb shakes his head again.

ZEB:

Not the time to talk about that. A man needs to make his own decisions.

DYLAN:

Yep.

Silence as Dylan stares at the table in thought.

ZEB:

Do you remember when you were a little boy? Sometimes we'd see each other by the fences and I'd lift the barbed wire so you could come and play with the dogs?

Dylan looks up.

DYLAN:

Sure. The sheep dogs. Beasty and Rider. It was fun.

ZEB:

You were a good kid. Enjoyed having you up here in the summer.

DYLAN:

It was a great time. Cassie and I would go all over the place.

ZEB:

Your uncle and I would host barbeques and birthday parties.

He really tried to help you after you lost your daddy. Your uncle is a good man.

The sound of pool balls cracking and laughter comes from across the room where Clint and L-Dot are playing.

DYLAN:

I know. How's Cassie?

ZEB:

Up and down. She lives other side of Picabo in a trailer park. Never know what I'm gonna get or when she's showing up. Charlotte lives with us full time.

DYLAN:

I'm sorry.

Zeb shrugs.

ZEB:

Can't help those that won't be helped.

DYLAN:

(slowly)

I've tried to clean up.

ZEB:

(smiles)

My experience is that people like you don't clean up. They just make less trouble.

DYLAN:

Could be.

ZEB:

So what brings you back here? Been a couple of years.

DYLAN:

I missed it. I love it here.

ZEB:

Feel any different being back?

DYLAN:

I mean my uncle isn't around and Larry seems to have taken over. It's not good.

ZEB:

How so?

Dylan pauses and studies Zeb before responding.

DYLAN:

Can I tell you something? I think he's screwing up the ranch.

ZEB:

Hmm. How so?

Dylan leans forward.

DYLAN:

Crazy loans. Debt. He's up to stuff that Rebecca doesn't even know about.

Zeb shakes his head.

ZEB:

Becky got something she thought she wanted. Now it would appear we all got cleanup.

(pause)

You know he wants to build a bunch of homes on the property, right?

Dylan sits up quickly.

DYLAN:

What?! How do you know?

Zeb jerks his shoulder towards the bar.

ZEB:

Clint and some guy from New York, Watson or something, are working with Larry. Probably ruin the place.

DYLAN:

(urgently)

It **will** ruin the place. I met that Watkins guy here. I knew he was trouble.

ZEB:

What do you think you can do about it?

(pause)

You have any rights to the land?

Dylan studies Zeb.

DYLAN:

Not sure how to answer that.

ZEB:

Might try the truth.

DYLAN:

Okay. My uncle gave me his half of the ranch. How did you know?

ZEB:

This is a fancy place, but it's still a small place for folks who have been here awhile. What did your uncle tell you exactly?

DYLAN:

He said he wanted me to have the rest of the ranch.

Rebecca has half and he wanted me to have his share. He knows I don't have anything and he wanted me to have this.

ZEB:

So, he said his share, not half?

DYLAN:

I guess. What are you getting at?

Zeb studies Dylan.

ZEB:

Your uncle and I have known each other a long time. Despite the initial difficulty of the sale, we always got along. When he got sick and stopped coming up and Larry moved in, things changed. Even Becky was different. Then came the accident and we all cut off.

DYLAN:

I'm sorry.

ZEB:

I know. Anyway, like I said I was incredibly angry and all these lawyers were telling me to sue. I hadn't made up my mind and one day my phone rang. It was your uncle. He sounded old.

DYLAN:

He is getting old.

ZEB:

(chuckles)

And I'm not getting young. Anyway, he expressed his apologies and we talked about lots of old times and he told me he wanted to make things right. I told him I didn't want money and he didn't want to give me money.

DYLAN:

What did he give you?

ZEB:

He wanted to give me land. Give me land back is the way he put it. Something he'd been thinking about for a long time.

(pause)

So about a year ago, he gave me the quarter of the ranch adjacent to my property.

DYLAN:

Wow. He didn't say anything. So I only have a quarter of the ranch?

ZEB:

And two quarters make a half.

DYLAN:

Why didn't you take your piece over?

ZEB:

It's just high ground, grazing. I don't need to use it. But that's where they want to put the houses.

DYLAN:

So they can't build the houses?

ZEB:

Not one that works. Your uncle and I kept this between us as gentlemen. The deed still looks like he has a stake. And you need to say nothing, understand? There's a meeting tomorrow morning at the ranch. I'll be there. You need to be there, too.

DYLAN:

Ok. So no one else knows?

ZEB:

I'll tell Clint tonight. He'll be thrilled. He just wants to get a piece of Larry. Honestly, he can't stand Watkins.

DYLAN:

Good.

ZEB:

Now listen to me. Go tell Clint to come back and have the waitress bring our dinners. Why don't you and L-Dot have a quick dinner and then leave, don't drink.

DYLAN:

We will. I'll head back.

Dylan gets up and turns to walk away.

ZEB:

One more thing, Dylan.

DYLAN:

What?

ZEB:

We still have some cleanup to do.

DYLAN:

I know.

Zeb sips his drink.

ZEB:

Maybe that's why you came back.

Dylan nods and heads to the bar.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF SCENE 9

SCENE 10

The curtain opens on a bedroom with mid-morning light coming through the large windows. Dylan is sprawled asleep on the bed in boxer shorts and his shirt from the previous evening. An almost empty tequila bottle and a half full glass are on the nightstand next to him. The antique clock on the wall indicates 9:45. There is a sharp knock on the door from SL.

L-DOT:

Dylan!

Another knock.

Dylan! Wake up!

Dylan jerks up in bed and quickly surveys the room, finishing on the nightstand and then looks immediately to the clock. He slams his fists on the bed.

DYLAN:

(panicked)

Fuck me! Fuck!

L-DOT:

(urgently)

Open up and let me in! We need to go to the meeting!

Dylan stumbles to the door and opens it. L-Dot recoils.

DYLAN:

(pleading)

I totally fucked up. You have to help me.

L-DOT:

(stunned)

Oh. My. God.

DYLAN:

Go get some aspirin and the keys to the red truck. They're probably in the drawer under the bar.

Pauses to steady himself.

You know how to drive a truck?

L-DOT:

I'm not sure.

DYLAN:

Good.

L-DOT: .

You need a new shirt.

DYLAN:

No shit. I have to clean up a little. I'll meet you at the truck in a few minutes. And get Rebecca!

L-Dot leaves and Dylan grabs the glass of tequila and downs it. He heads to the bathroom SR and the sound of running water is heard.

FADE TO BLACK

Same time. A road on top of a hill.
Larry, Watkins and Bennett are pacing
in the morning sun. They seem to be on
edge as Bennett keeps looking down SR.

LARRY:

They are coming, right?

(pause)

Not sure anything else can go wrong with this deal.

WATKINS:

(growls)

What the hell do you mean, go wrong?

LARRY:

You know what I mean. I'm getting half of what I was at this
time yesterday.

WATKINS:

Look here, Larry. You had nothing of nothing before I came
out here.

LARRY:

And I was fine without it.

WATKINS:

(smugly)

Oh, really.

Larry is silent as Bennett fidgets.
The sound of a truck coming up the hill
SR is heard and becomes louder.

BENNETT:

That's them. Who's coming?

WATKINS:

Just Clint and Mitch. Wanna get all the details agreed on
before we have lawyers draw up the papers.

The truck stops and there is the sound of doors opening and closing.

BENNETT:

That's weird. There's four of them. Russell and some old guy are with them.

Larry and Watkins walk over to Bennett and look with him.

LARRY:

What the hell is Russell doing here?

WATKINS:

Who the hell is the older man?

LARRY:

(nervously)

Zeb Fenster. That's not good.

There is the sound of footsteps approaching from SR. Watkin waves and soon after Zeb, Clint, Russell and Mitch enter from SR. Zeb looks at Larry, Bennett and Watkins and scans the area, exchanging glances with Clint, who appears grim.

ZEB:

A good morning to all of you. This everyone?

Watkins laughs.

WATKINS:

Hard to believe, but these are the best and the brightest.

Zeb nods at Larry.

WATKINS:

Heard you were running for office.

LARRY:

Commissioner. Just doing my part.

ZEB:

(smiles)

That's very fine of you.

LARRY:

Zeb, I just want to say //

ZEB:

(sternly)

//This ain't the time nor the place. This is business.

CLINT:

It is all business this morning.

Clint glances back down the road.

Why don't we walk the site?

LARRY:

Why do we need to walk the site? We got drawings of every inch of land.

WATKINS:

I agree. Let's get going.

CLINT:

Alright. But I need to piss first.

Clint walks off SR and the sound of footsteps is heard.

WATKINS:

(laughing loudly)

You don't have to walk a mile away. We're not looking.

Larry turns to Russell.

LARRY:

What are you doing here? I need you to supervise the baling.

RUSSELL:

Zeb asked me to come.

LARRY:

Well, I'm asking you to go. I need you to supervise the baling.

RUSSELL:

I gave clear instructions. The men have done it many times.

LARRY:

(impatient)

They're doing what I pay **you** to do.

ZEB:

(calmly)

I think you mean, what your father-in-law is paying him to do. I want Russell to be here.

Larry goes silent and looks away.

WATKINS:

(loudly)

Dammit, Clint! Shake it and get back here. Not doing Idaho time today.

ZEB:

Is being here a problem for you, Mr. Watkins? Our money does seem to interest you.

WATKINS:

No, I'm sorry. Just used to New York time.

ZEB:

(evenly)

We will get you back there as soon as we can.

Clint comes back from the bushes and looks over the ridge down the road before walking back to the group.

MITCH:

You want me to lay out the drawings on the rock ledge over there?

CLINT:

Sure. We can get familiar with the plan.

LARRY:

(tense)

I **was** familiar with the plan and I liked it. Then it changed.

CLINT:

(smiles)

Well, they say change is good.

LARRY:

(angrily)

I think they mean personal growth, not stealing.

CLINT:

(sneers)

You're family knows all about stealing.

LARRY:

(intensely)

That wasn't my family.

CLINT:

Doubt Becky would want to hear that.

ZEB:

Enough! What's done is done. Today's business is today's business.

They walk over to the rock ledge and Mitch and Clint lay out the plans. Larry studies them and turns to Bennett.

LARRY:

Is this what you saw yesterday?

Bennett approaches and studies the plan.

BENNETT:

Looks like it.

LARRY:

Yes or No?

BENNETT:

Yes. (pause)

Mitch points on the map.

MITCH:

You can see the shift in the road over on Zeb's land.

LARRY:

I see it. I can also see the shift in money.

WATKINS:

(emphatically)

It's a fair deal. You're still getting paid. Bennett liked it.

LARRY:

(growls)

Don't speak for me or my son, Watkins. You don't care about anything but the money.

WATKINS:

I suspect that's why we're all here.

LARRY:

So this is it. The final offer that you want me to sign.

Larry looks at the plan and than looks off in the distance before he turns to Watkins.

I don't care what Zeb gets, but I want my full share. I'm going to have to look at these homes every day.

WATKINS:

I don't think you have a choice of deals.

LARRY:

I think I do.

Before Watkins can reply, the sound of a truck approaching rapidly can be heard. Bennett hustles to the edge of the ridge and looks down the road. He seems stunned as he turns back to the group.

BENNETT:

It's our red truck.

Clint glances at Zeb as he speaks.

CLINT

Hmm. Wonder who that could be.

Bennett turns back to look down the hill as the truck slides to a stop on the gravel below and doors quickly open and slam.

Shit.
BENNETT:

Who is it?
LARRY:

Rebecca, L-Dot and goddamn Dylan.
BENNETT:

Larry tenses and looks at Mitch.

Put the plans away.
LARRY:

CLINT:
Is there a problem Larry? Kind of want to get this wrapped

Rebecca enters first from SR, followed quickly by L-Dot and they approach the group. Dylan arrives a few moments later. He is disheveled and sweating.

BENNETT:
(hesitating)
Why are you here?

L-DOT:
(glaring)
Why are **you** here?

REBECCA:
(nervously)
Mr. Fenster.

ZEB:
(smiles)
Good morning, Becky.

REBECCA:

(firmly)

I want to know what this meeting is about.

LARRY:

Just a business discussion.

REBECCA:

What business?

CLINT:

(innocently)

Just about building some homes here. Larry didn't tell you?

Dylan looks at Larry.

DYLAN:

(intensely)

No homes are going on the ranch.

LARRY:

Stay out of this Dylan. Speak when you're not drunk.

REBECCA:

(sharply)

Don't talk to him like that.

DYLAN:

Fuck you, Larry.

Zeb raises his hand.

ZEB:

Let's talk about this in a civilized fashion.

LARRY:

I'm not negotiating with this drunk.

ZEB:

Larry, what Dylan struggles with is a problem. What you struggle with is that you are not a nice man.

As Zeb speaks, Clint, Mitch and Russell slowly move around him as if on cue.

REBECCA:

Mr. Fenster, do you know what's going on?

LARRY:

(urgently)

We are making money for the ranch, like we talked about.

Zeb gestures at Larry, Bennett and Watkins.

ZEB:

These gentlemen are inclined to put new homes on your ranch.

REBECCA:

That's what Dylan told me.

Angrily turns to Larry.

When did you hear me say I want new homes on the ranch?

LARRY:

You signed for it.

REBECCA:

(snaps)

You're in a really deep hole, Larry. Don't make it deeper. I never signed anything.

LARRY:

You signed an authorization for me to seek development, including homes. There's plenty of land.

REBECCA:

That was never explained to me.

L-DOT:

That sounds like false pretense. Bad crime. I have that class in the fall.

DYLAN:

You are going to be a badass attorney.

LARRY:

Stay out of this Dylan.

DYLAN:

Fuck you, Larry.

ZEB:

That's enough. I should probably update the discussion.

WATKINS:

About what? You're getting a road and lots of money.

Zeb raises his hand.

ZEB:

Mr Watkins.

WATKINS:

It's Wright. Watkins Wright.

ZEB:

Sure. Mr. Wright, where do you assume we are right now?

WATKINS:

Some corner of Larry's ranch.

CLINT:

Becky's ranch. And you guessed wrong.

Zeb motions to Clint.

ZEB:

I'll handle this. A little while ago I was contracted to receive this land, the land we are standing on.

LARRY:

Not a chance. We are nowhere near your ranch. This is our ranch.

REBECCA:

(curtly)

My ranch.

(pause)

Mr Fenster, I don't remember signing anything or talking about this.

ZEB:

You didn't have to. Your daddy handled the contract.

REBECCA:

Oh. How much do you own?

ZEB:

About a quarter. The length of what borders my ranch.

CLINT:

(grins)

Including this hill. Sayonara new homes.

Larry covers his face.

LARRY:

Jesus.

Watkins looks at Zeb.

WATKINS:

Why didn't you just tell us? I don't like to waste time.

ZEB:

You didn't ask, Mr. Wright. Learned all about your plans last night.

(pause)

I guess you can go home now.

Watkins turns angrily to Clint.

WATKINS:

You knew about this?

CLINT:

(smiles)

Learned about it last night.

L-DOT:

Dylan learned about it last night, too. That's why we're here.

Larry stands in disbelief.

ZEB:

There is a little bit more to the story.

LARRY:

What?

ZEB:

I'm not the only one who has a new piece of the ranch.

Larry shakes his head.

LARRY:

I am positive we didn't sell anything. Rebecca?

REBECCA:

We didn't sell anything of mine.

(smiles)

But I only have half.

LARRY:

What's going on here? Is your dad losing it?

REBECCA:

Actually, seems like my dad is thinking more clearly than ever.

LARRY:

Okay. I give. Who has a piece of the ranch?

Zeb nods at Dylan.

ZEB:

That would be Dylan. He has a quarter.

LARRY:

No way. Rebecca's dad is smarter than that.

Turns to Rebecca.

Is this true? Did you know about it?

Rebecca looks at Dylan.

REBECCA:

I believe I learned about it yesterday.

DYLAN:

(grins)

To help you with the math, Larry, Mr. Fenster's quarter and my quarter equals one half.

CLINT:

(laughing)

Or try this on, Larry. Every time you sit on the couch, Zeb and Dylan own half of it. Every time you swim in the pool, Zeb and Dylan own half the water. Hell, every time you crap, Zeb and Dylan own half the toilet.

Larry scowls at Rebecca.

LARRY:

We need to talk back at the house.

Rebecca glares at Larry.

REBECCA:

Don't worry, we will.

Larry, Bennett and Watkins exit SR as Clint stretches.

CLINT:

Well, I think that wraps a nice morning. I believe we can head out.

ZEB:

Go ahead. I'll be down in a few minutes. Becky, can I have a word with you?

Clint, Russell, Mitch, Dylan and L-Dot exit SR.

REBECCA:

What do you want to talk about?

ZEB:

You handled yourself very well in difficult circumstances.

(pause)

You have a lot of challenges ahead of you.

REBECCA:

Thank you. I do have a lot ahead of me.

ZEB:

Becky, why don't you and Dylan come over tonight for drinks and dinner. Charlotte will join us. Heck, I'll even see if Cassie will swing by.

REBECCA:

Are you sure that's ok?

Zeb nods and smiles.

ZEB:

It's time for it to be ok. Come at 6.

FADE TO BLACK

END OF SCENE 10

HARACTERS:

CHARLOTTE: Granddaughter of Zeb. Petite and quiet, walks with a slight limp.

SCENE 11

The front porch of Zeb's house, late afternoon. Zeb and Charlotte are standing at the railing looking across the road at the mountains in the distance. They stand quietly. Zeb turns to Charlotte.

ZEB:

You don't have to do this.

CHARLOTTE:

(long pause)

It's ok.

ZEB:

It should be more than ok, honey. More like something that will make you feel better.

CHARLOTTE:

Is mom coming?

ZEB:

I left a message. Kind of short notice.

CHARLOTTE:

Not really. Maybe she just doesn't want to come.

ZEB:

We'll see. Sometimes you don't know until it happens.

CHARLOTTE:

Do you think they really want to come over or they think they have to?

ZEB:

You mean Becky and Dylan?

CHARLOTTE:

Yes.

ZEB:

Probably somewhere in there. They know they have to come over eventually and I think there is a want-to involved. Good people know when to come.

CHARLOTTE:

And you think they are good people?

Zeb pauses and reflects before turning to Charlotte.

ZEB:

They are. Or at least they were and can be.

CHARLOTTE:

Were they nice to you today at the meeting?

Zeb smiles at Charlotte.

ZEB:

They were, honey. That's why I think we all want the same thing. Why don't you go upstairs and get cleaned up. They'll be over in about an hour.

Charlotte turns and slowly walks inside.

CHARLOTTE:

Ok. Let me know if you hear from mom.

ZEB:

I will.

FADE TO BLACK.

Same time. The pool area of Rebecca's house. Dylan and L-Dot are sitting next to each other in lounge chairs with a handful of beer bottles on the deck. After a few moments, Rebecca comes out of the house and walks over.

DYLAN:

Are they gone?

REBECCA:

Just left.

DYLAN:

Sorry about that.

Rebecca rolls her eyes as she looks at Dylan.

REBECCA:

(sarcastically)

I'm sure.

DYLAN:

Seriously. I enjoyed annoying him and his little sidekick.

L-DOT:

They'll be back. Thank you for letting me stay, Rebecca.

REBECCA:

Of course. You didn't make this mess.

(smirks)

Plus, I need someone to keep an eye on Dylan.

DYLAN:

I'm all grown up, now.

REBECCA:

You better be. Why are you drinking? We have to be at Fenster's at 6. Won't be a good look for you to stroll in drunk.

DYLAN:

(yawns)

Just a couple of pregame beers for the dinner. I need them.

REBECCA:

You need to remember why we are going over. Mr. Fenster is giving you another chance. You won't get another one.

Dylan is silent as Rebecca turns away.

DYLAN:

I know. When I came back here, I thought this was my last trip. I was actually planning to sell my part of the ranch to you and Larry.

Rebecca turns back to Dylan.

REBECCA:

What? That sounds scary.

DYLAN:

(flatly)

Your dad said I could do anything I wanted. I need money. Sure didn't need to be living next to the Fensters.

Rebecca laughs.

What's so funny?

REBECCA:

Nothing. I was just thinking about Larry scurrying to find the money to pay you. Why didn't you ask me?

DYLAN:

I was going to, but I spoke to Russell and he said there was something fishy going on here. The next night I told Leakena and she advised me to hold off.

L-Dot nods.

L-DOT:

That was based on a lifetime of knowing Larry. Nothing good would come of it.

Rebecca turns to L-Dot.

REBECCA:

How are you feeling about all of this? With your father and brother gone?

L-DOT:

I guess it's a little ahead of the plan. I made a decision to pay for my own law school and I wasn't planning on maintaining a close connection.

REBECCA:

I had that feeling. By the way, Mr. Fenster asked if you would like to join us this evening. I would like that, too.

L-Dot looks at Dylan, who smiles.

L-DOT:

Sure. I would be happy to come.

REBECCA:

Great. You guys need to get ready. We'll leave here at six.

Dylan and L-Dot exit into the house.
Rebecca collects the bottles and
follows them into the house.

FADE TO BLACK

A few minutes after six. Zeb and
Charlotte are sitting on their porch.
Charlotte is wearing a summer dress and
Zeb is dressed neatly in pants and a
long sleeve shirt. The sound of a
truck is heard SL as it turns onto the
gravel driveway and stops. In a few
minutes, Rebecca, L-Dot and Dylan come
up the steps and onto the porch.
Rebecca and L-Dot step towards Zeb as
Dylan pauses, looking at Charlotte.

ZEB:

Great to see everyone again. Becky and L-Dot, you look
wonderful.

Zeb turns to introduce Charlotte and
pauses as he sees Dylan approaching
her. He turns back to Rebecca and L-
Dot.

Well, let's move over to the bar and get everyone something
to drink.

The larger group moves SL as the
lights focus on Dylan and Charlotte.

DYLAN:

I'm Dylan.

CHARLOTTE:

I know. I'm Charlotte.

DYLAN:

That's a nice dress.

CHARLOTTE:

Thank you.

DYLAN:

I knew you when you were a little baby. You're all grown up. I used to play here with your mom when she was your age.

CHARLOTTE:

I know. She's not coming tonight.

DYLAN:

I'm sorry. Would have been nice to see her.

CHARLOTTE:

I'm not sure. She is still pretty mad at you.

Dylan receives the information and pauses.

DYLAN:

Are you mad at me?

CHARLOTTE:

I don't know. My leg really hurt and I had to have surgeries and miss school. But I didn't really know who you were and I knew it was an accident.

(pause)

My family was mad about it.

DYLAN:

I'm really sorry, Charlotte. It was an accident, but it was my fault that it happened. I'm sorry I left.

CHARLOTTE:

My grandfather said you are helping him now.

Dylan smiles.

DYLAN:

Not really. He is helping me.

As Dylan speaks, L-Dot walks over and joins them as Rebecca goes to the railing.

Leakena, this is Charlotte.

L-DOT:

Very nice to meet you, Charlotte.

DYLAN:

I used to play here with Charlotte's mother.

CHARLOTTE:

She's not coming tonight.

L-DOT:

Oh. Is she working?

CHARLOTTE:

No. She just can't come. I almost never see her.

L-DOT:

I'm sorry. I didn't even meet my mother.

CHARLOTTE:

That's really sad.

L-DOT:

I guess. Your grandfather told me you have a pony. Will you show it to me?

Charlotte smiles.

CHARLOTTE:

Sure. It is around the back. Follow me.

As Charlotte and L-Dot leave to go see the pony, Dylan walks over to the bar area and stands next to Zeb. Zeb points to the bar.

ZEB:

Would you like a drink, Dylan?

DYLAN:

I don't think I should, do you?

ZEB:

(shrugs)

That's up to you and it always will be. But my experience is that you not drinking tonight isn't going to determine what you do tomorrow.

Dylan studies the bottles on the bar. He starts to speak and then pauses and looks at Zeb.

DYLAN:

Do you have any iced tea?

Zeb studies Dylan and smiles as he walks behind the bar and opens the fridge. He grabs a glass and pours and hands it to Dylan.

ZEB:

If you need sugar, let me know.

DYLAN:

Thanks. This is great.

ZEB:

What happened this morning? You were almost too late.

DYLAN:

Nothing. I just overslept.

Zeb is silent.

Actually, I passed out after drinking a bunch of tequila. Leakena woke me up.

Zeb laughs.

ZEB:

I might have known that, but I appreciate your attempt at honesty. A man can't help himself until he accepts who he is.

DYLAN:

I may need some time to think about that one.

ZEB:

I hope you have plenty of time to think about it. This is a nice evening. Been a lot of years since we all got together. Thank you.

DYLAN:

For what?

ZEB:

For coming back. Your uncle told me it was your idea. It wasn't so much that Charlotte needed you to apologize. She really just needed to feel like she mattered. Her life has not been easy.

DYLAN:

To be honest, I'm not sure that's exactly why I came back.

ZEB:

You have a good heart, Dylan. And you have new chances.

As Zeb speaks, Charlotte comes around the side of the house leading the pony with L-Dot riding. They are both laughing as Rebecca watches. Zeb moves towards the railing, stops and turns to Dylan.

Your daddy was a good man, too. He kept stumbling, but always got new chances to move forward. At some point, he just stopped wanting any more chances and quit.

(pause)

You can think about that one, too.

Zeb turns back and continues to the
rail.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END