

OILIES

"Anadarko"

Draft #4

By
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FADE IN:

INT. BUTCH VICKERS' HOME -- NIGHT

In a dark, smoky room, a light hangs above four middle-aged men playing poker. Merle Haggard's "The Roots of My Raising" plays in the background.

Ed, Clyde, R.F., and Russ finish up a hand of cards.

RUSS
Every goddamn time I gamble, I
lose.

CLYDE
That's why we invite you.

ED
And we like your purty face.

R.F.
Your deal, Ed.

RUSS
No cards for me, boys. Cash me out.

R.F.
Aw, c'mon Russ.

Russ begins counting his chips as a man puts his leathery, bejeweled hands on Russ's shoulders. The hands protrude from white cuffs and salmon-colored jacket sleeves and belong to BUTCH VICKERS. We don't see his face, but we hear his whiskey-soaked voice.

BUTCH
Stay a minute, Russ. We've got a
little something for you.

A woman props up her high-heeled shoe on the table in front of Russ. Her tan, sinewy leg rubs up against his chest.

RUSS
Oooh, now.

BUTCH
Just a little show of gratitude.

Butch gestures for the lady to take Russ away from the table to another room.

(CONTINUED)

RUSS
Listen, fellas...

The lady puts her hand on his crotch. She then "drags" him out of his seat.

ED
You put up one helluva fight, Russ.

Russ is all smiles as he goes into another room with the sexy chick, who closes the door behind them. The guys at the table all smile to one another as Butch sits down in Russ's empty seat. Butch is rough and scarred, yet stylish. He pours tequila shots for each of them.

BUTCH
Fellas, let's pray.

CLYDE
Never figured you for much of a praying man, Butch.

BUTCH
That's all about to change, Clyde. Our man there, Russ Brannon, is going to DC next week and the floodgates will soon be open.

R.F.
I'll be damned. Russ is the DC guy Pink has been talking about?

BUTCH
Yes, sir. And he's quite possibly of a virgin birth.

ED
We'll finally get those bastards in Congress to take the fucking shackles off and let us drill.

BUTCH
Drill all the way to hell if we want to. Hallefuckinlujah.

They all laugh, toast, and drink.

INT. BUTCH VICKERS' HOME -- SIDE ROOM -- CONTINUOUSLY

Russ has his head back on the couch. He breathes heavily and groans in pleasure.

RUSS
Oh yeah, baby. Oh. Oh yeah.

The camera tilts down his shoulders, torso, and then, at his waist, we see the sexy chick's head bobbing up and down, giving Russ a blow job. Suddenly, the moans from Russ stop as the girl continues. She keeps going. Then starts to slow down. She stops blowing him and starts jerking him off.

SEXY CHICK
C'mon baby. Come for mommy. Come on. You want me to lick your balls?

She starts licking his balls, then starts blowing him again. She's really doing a job. Then she abruptly stops. Pulls back. Her eyes widen as it dawns on her.

SEXY CHICK
(screaming)
HOLY FUCKING SHIT!!!

TITLE CARD: "OKLAHOMA CITY -- 1977"

ROLL CREDITS

INT. TALL OAKS BAPTIST CHURCH -- SANCTUARY -- DAY

The church is empty and dark, except for a low light above the podium that spills onto the choir area, the cross-shaped lectern, and the piano stage right and the organ stage left. Close up of JIMMY PECK, a man around 40 with an affable face that's both friendly and sad. He's in a suit, tie loosened, and sits at the church organ. He casually sips from his coffee mug, which reads "In Event Of Rapture, You Can Have This Cup". He plays "Blue Eyes Cryin' in the Rain" on the organ. He's loose and a little tipsy. A woman's voice comes screeching from the back of the sanctuary.

VIRJEAN
Pastor Peck? Pastor Peck! There you are. I've been looking for you. I don't know why you're always in here playing that organ during your office hours.

JIMMY
I'm in the Lord's house, Virjean. Maybe you should look here first. Save you some time.

(CONTINUED)

VIRJEAN

You're supposed to be in your office. That's what's posted in the bulletin and it's what your congregation expects. I shouldn't have to tell you this.

JIMMY

Supposed to be in my office. So that's where I'm supposed to be. In. My. Office.

VIRJEAN

Pastor Peck. I know you're new here, but we have a way of doing things at Tall Oaks Baptist.

JIMMY

If someone needs to see me, they can simply come in here. We'll sing.

VIRJEAN

(scowling)

Should I put that in the bulletin?

JIMMY

(slurring)

Virjean, just -- I'm here, okay? We don't have to dot the I's and cross the crosses and give everyone a good talking-to. I'm here. Okay?

VIRJEAN

My husband is a deacon and he voted against you. He thought you were too young to be our pastor. And I agreed.

JIMMY

Maybe you were right.

Jimmy plays and sings as Virjean storms off.

JIMMY

Virjean? Was there someone who needed to see me?

Virjean shouts out from the back of the sanctuary:

VIRJEAN

Russell Brannon died! Get ready!

Jimmy stops playing the organ. He sighs. Then he drains what's left of the drink in his mug, and frowns that it's empty.

INT. BELLE ISLE BANK -- CONFERENCE ROOM

The camera is at floor level, moving from one expensive, flashy pair of boots to another, as we hear a man speaking.

PINK (O.S.)

As you all know, Russ Brannon was an important partner to Belle Isle Bank, and he was also our dear friend.

The camera lands on a pair of Italian loafers, then moves up to that man doodling on a pad of paper. He draws the head of a longhorn steer, just like the one on the University of Texas football helmet. The letterhead on the notepad reads, "Belle Isle Bank, Serving Oklahomans Since 1960".

The camera tilts up so that we see the face of the man doodling. It's TOM DROSTE: 30s, balding, round face, friendly but a little edgy. Pink continues.

PINK (O.S.)

But, despite the personal sorrow we all feel at Russ's untimely passing, he left our little bank here where the boot pinches. That's why I wanted to talk to y'all now, before the funeral.

Now we see the conference room: a large table with six men in suits seated around it. They all wear black. Smoke hangs in the air and a couple of bottles of liquor float around. The man addressing the room is PINK HOLLEY: silver-haired, about 70 years old. He has a kind, rugged, grandfatherly face. He stands at the head of the table and plays with a football as he speaks.

PINK

Ol' Russ has been courting a congressman in DC to get a vote to go our way on oil exploration, and he crapped out just when he was about to kiss the bride. The meeting is still on for next Tuesday, and we can't afford to cancel. Gentlemen, time is running out for BIB. I'm open to suggestions on how we close this deal and keep the horns on the bull.

(CONTINUED)

Pink sits in his seat at the head of the table. The room is silent as the men all look around at each other, wondering if anyone has any idea of what to do.

DAVE

Why can't you go talk to him, Pink?

PINK

Already tried. Hell, that's why I brought Russ in.

DAVE

Can't you just go in now and close the deal? Is there something I'm missing here?

LIONEL

What's a goddamn vote cost these days?

WALLY

Let's get that new guy on the phone. What's his name? Wes Watkins.

BOB

I never really understood what Russ did that was so amazing.

PINK

Boys. Listen. This ain't like buying a new fishing boat. There's no price tag on this DC fella. I know. Everybody thinks you can buy a vote. This is different. There's no quid pro quo, or deal to be made. You gotta get into the soul of this man.

Cut to Tom finishing up his doodle, then he turns the notepad upside down. Beneath the upturned longhorn, he begins to write "F-U-C-K".

PINK

That's what Russ did and what I realized I couldn't do. You gotta evangelize. You gotta save souls. It's about making this man believe that deregulating the exploration of oil and natural gas is the same as giving his life to Jesus. We need some kind of Billy Graham. Some kind of preacher.

(CONTINUED)

These last words hit Tom like a bolt of lightning and for the first time he looks up from his doodling.

TOM

Hey, Pink. I think I got the guy.

EXT. RICK'S HOUSE -- DAY

OFFICER DOOLEY drives a nail into a 1x6 over the front door. He pulls another nail from his teeth as a truck pulls up.

Out of the truck jumps RICK DARNELL -- 30s, rugged, good-looking, dirty t-shirt. He throws an empty beer can at the officer.

RICK

Goddamnit, Dooley. It said end-of-the-month!

DOOLEY

It's the 10th.

RICK

I got at least till the 30th!

DOOLEY

End-of-the-month ended last month, Rick. We been letting it slide just as a grace period kinda thing. You're gonna have to go to court.

Rick's house is boarded up. Dooley heads to his patrol car.

RICK

I got clothes in there. Fruit. I've got my TV-- Jesus! I've got memorabilia in there, Dooley!

DOOLEY

I'm sorry, Rick.

RICK

Memorabilia that you're in, you sonofabitch!

DOOLEY

Everyone loses in the playoffs. Best let it go.

RICK

Goddamnit, Dooley! You were a shitty tight end. Everyone knows it.

(CONTINUED)

Dooley gets in his car.

DOOLEY

You want a ride to Tangie's?

Rick is insulted as he cracks open another beer. Across the street, little old ladies stand on their porches watching.

RICK

The fact that you, of all people,
would board up my home in front of
all my neighbors...

Rick drains a can of beer, then tosses it.

RICK

...and embarrass me. Tangie's? I'd
rather sleep with your sister and
her hard, little candy corn tits,
even though I'm not the kind of man
who...

Rick trails off as he notices a Cadillac down the street with a guy in the driver's seat who's watching him.

RICK

Yeah. Take me to Tangie's.

Rick grabs his beers and hops in Dooley's patrol car.

INT. DOOLEY'S PATROL CAR -- CONTINUOUS

DOOLEY

I can take you to Tangie's but I
can't take you to court, you know?

RICK

Yeah. Yeah, I know.

Rick peeks out the rear window. He sees the Cadillac turn the other way. He cracks open a beer.

DOOLEY

You can't do that in my patrol car.

RICK

And you can't catch a quick out in
the end zone. A fucking quick out.

Rick takes a swig.

INT. TALL OAKS BAPTIST CHURCH -- SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS -- DAY

SHERRI PECK, 30s, blond, fair-skinned, conservative in her style, pretty but not showy. She stands before a class of children who are seated but restless. Party letters spell 'Vacation Bible School' across the wall above her. She finishes a picture book.

SHERRI

And Jesus told him, "Go and do likewise." And that's the story of the Good Samaritan. Any questions?

KID #1

When is recess?

SHERRI

Recess is after I get a good question.

KID #2

What does "likewise" mean?

SHERRI

It means "the same way". Go and do this the same way I did it.

KID #2

Why didn't Jesus just say it that way?

SHERRI

Well, when the bible was written--

KID #3

Ms. Davis's class is going to recess!

Through the window, her class can see that other kids are going down the hall. All of Sherri's kids chime in, "It's recess!" etc. She gives in.

SHERRI

Okay. Follow Ms. Davis. But I'll be waiting for a good question when you get back.

The kids bolt out of the room and join the class going ahead of them in the hall. Sherri watches them leave. After a moment, she looks around at the messy room, then collapses into a rocking chair. Silence. She closes her eyes and rocks in the chair. After a moment, she opens her eyes to see a child's autoharp at her feet. She picks it up. She closes her eyes and gently strums it, still rocking in the chair.

EXT. TANGIE'S BAR -- EVENING

Tangie's is a small dive bar on the side of the road. The front door swings open, and out flies Rick right on his ass. DOUG, a bruiser, follows Rick, who's in the dirt, scurrying away. Behind Doug reads a sign by the door that says "Each ass kicking is \$10 off on overdue tabs." Rick wipes the blood from his mouth and looks up at Doug.

RICK
Jesus! I thought you weren't working tonight, Doug.

DOUG
You owe us \$600.

RICK
Well, it's \$590 now, according to house rules.

Doug grabs Rick's feet, drags him through the parking lot, then kicks him off the property.

DOUG
\$600, you piece of shit!

RICK
I'm thinking \$550 now. Damn!

Doug turns to go as Rick is crawling away. Bloodied and beaten, Rick then sees the Cadillac from before. He quickly turns around and starts crawling toward Doug.

RICK
Doug! Doug! Goddamnit you gotta help me. This is serious.

DOUG
(kicking him away)
We're tired of your shit, Rick.

The Cadillac gets closer and stops. Rick is clawing at Doug.

RICK
They're gonna kill me for-- fuck, I don't know! Some rich guy's wife-- I never know if they're married. Jesus Christ, help me!

Doug looks down at Rick and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

DOUG
Hell, this is almost worth the
\$600.

Doug kicks Rick in the head. Rick fades as he sees the blurred image of a man in a suit, smiling and coming toward him.

EXT. TANGIE'S BAR -- EVENING -- MOMENTS LATER

From Rick's POV, he's looking at the blurred face of a man standing over him.

TOM
It's you, you sonofabitch!

RICK
What? Who the hell are you?

TOM
It's me. Tom. Tom Droste.

Rick raises up, gives him a good look.

RICK
Dumbass Droste? From OU?

TOM
Kappa Sigma, 1961.

RICK
I'll be damned.

TOM
(helping Rick up)
You want some water or something?
Nourishment?

Tom pulls out a can of Busch Light from his pocket. Rick grabs it, then gestures for a cigarette, which Tom provides.

TOM
Hallelujah! The Preacher has
returned from the wilderness.

RICK
What's that?

TOM
We've got a lot to talk about.

INT. PECKS' HOME -- EVENING

It's dinner time. TONY, 8, and TRENT, 6, are playing with their toy tracer guns, firing jet discs all over the place. Sherri puts a casserole dish on the dinner table.

SHERRI

Boys! Dinner! Your father will be home any moment.

They continue playing as she empties a bag of tortilla chips into a serving bowl.

SHERRI

Tony! Trent! Dinner time. I'm not going to tell you again.

The boys ignore her and continue playing. Sherri goes back to the kitchen to get plates, silverware, etc.

TRENT

I got you!

TONY

No you didn't. This is what "I got you" is like.

Tony, the older brother, pins down Trent and fires the rest of his jet discs into his chest. Trent howls in pain. Sherri sees this going on, grabs a flyswatter, and maniacally hits the fridge with it.

SHERRI

Sit down! Sit down! Sit down!

The boys are frightened by the outburst. Sherri puts the flyswatter away and clenches her left hand. She breathes and after a moment is calm.

SHERRI

I told you. It's dinner time. Your father will be home any second. Sit at the table and be quiet.

Once the boys go to the table and sit, Sherri turns away from them, takes a pill from her pocket and swallows it. After a moment, in walks Jimmy. He's bright and cheery.

JIMMY

Hey everybody! Hi, honey.

He takes off his coat then embraces Sherri from behind.

(CONTINUED)

SHERRI

Ugh. The boys...it's been a long day.

JIMMY

Enchiladas. Mm. Muy caliente.

Jim grabs a tortilla chip and goes to the table. He sees the boys who are in post-cry mode, sniffing, looking away. The stench of shame hangs heavy in the air.

JIMMY

What's going on? Oh. I see. Looks like a coupla fellas didn't know it was dinner time.

He grabs both of the toy guns and aims at the food on the table.

JIMMY

Give me all your baseball cards or the guacamole gets it.

He shoots discs wildly around the place, playing like he's really shooting stuff. The boys lighten up and laugh. As this is happening, Sherri slices a tomato, staring off, her gaze is transfixed on something.

SHERRI

(absently)

Salad will be ready in a sec.

She stares hypnotically at a wall ornament that reads: Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, Psalms 100:1.

INT. JAKE'S RIB -- EVENING

Tom and Rick are eating ribs, drinking beer, and watching a ballgame on TV. They're at the bar, faces covered in sauce.

RICK

But I ain't got no collateral. No property, no team, no drills, nothing. I got nothing.

TOM

You got me, brother! You come to me, you say I need X amount of money to get out some gas or whatever from such-and-such spot. I say OK and give you a check. You take that money and get your drill and guys you need, and go drill it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)
When the well comes in, you pay us
back.

RICK
What if it doesn't come in?

TOM
But you've been talking about it
for years. You said it's there.

RICK
It is. But it might take more than
one poke in the dirt to find it.

TOM
Not a problem. It's worth the
investment. All this shit going on
in the Middle East and OPEC fucking
us with price controls-- hell, this
is patriotic.

RICK
I don't know, Tom. You've always
kinda been eat up with the dumbass.

TOM
We get three investors--
non-players, passive-- they put up
the cost of the well, and then one
guy, you, takes that money and
brings up the oil.

RICK
I dig the well. How do I make money
on this kinda deal?

TOM
Third-for-a-quarter. If the well
comes in, you get a quarter of it,
the investors get the other 75%.

RICK
What if it don't come in?

Tom stares at Rick, their faces covered in BBQ sauce.

TOM
You got a suit?

RICK
Uh...no.

Tom beams at Rick. He can barely contain his enthusiasm.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

I'll fix you up. Where are you sleeping tonight?

RICK

I saw a little honky tonk up the road. I can probably make something happen there.

Tom looks at Rick. A long, serious stare, eye to eye.

TOM

Time to get your game-face on. You're our blue chipper.

Rick, face slathered in BBQ sauce, is touched. Then smiles.

RICK

I always wanted to be a blue chipper.

They both dive back into their rib baskets.

INT. BELLE ISLE BANK -- MORNING

Two large, dark wood doors stand at the entrance to Belle Isle Bank. Gold "BIB" letters form the handles, the doors meet down the center of the "I". The doors open and in bursts Tom, jubilant, practically dancing his way in. Rick peeks in from behind him.

TOM

(inhales)

Woo! Smell that?

Rick steps up to Tom and timidly sniffs the air. We see the suit that Rick's wearing is way too small for him.

TOM

The ink. The carbon. The money. That's the smell of home. Your home.

Rick steps into the lobby of Belle Isle Bank. It's a geodesic dome with two levels, teller windows to the right, seating areas in the center, offices wrapping around to the left. On the second level are more offices with gold ornament railing around the balcony, all underneath a gold dome ceiling.

DEB, a sexy woman in uniform greets Tom and Rick.

(CONTINUED)

DEB

Good morning, Mr. Droste. I see you have a guest.

RICK

Darnell. Rick Darnell.

Rick is about lay on the charm when Tom yanks his elbow.

TOM

Time for that later.

Tom leads Rick through the center of the lobby, past patrons filling out forms and standing in line for the tellers.

INT. BELLE ISLE BANK -- PINK'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Tom and Rick stand outside Pink's office talking to DOLLY, Pink's secretary, an older woman who is all business.

TOM

What do you mean he's not in?

DOLLY

I told you, he's in a meeting in the conference room. You have to wait.

TOM

I told him I had a surprise today. I got the Preacher here.

Dolly looks up for the first time.

DOLLY

You don't look like a preacher.

RICK

I'm not really, ma'am. I don't know what Tom here has been sayin'--

DOLLY

He says you're a preacher. So. Preach.

TOM

Dolly. Jesus didn't work on demand.

DOLLY

So it's Jesus now, is it?

The door to the conference room opens. Out comes a cloud of smoke and a dozen men in suits, laughing, slapping backs. Lots of cowboy boots, Stetsons, and gold jewelry.

(CONTINUED)

TOM
(to Rick)
It's the board. Showtime.

RICK
What?

TOM
We'll get 'em back in. Introduce
you. You give 'em a little taste.

RICK
Taste of what?

The crowd of men part as Pink walks through them. He takes a starlight mint from the dish on Dolly's desk.

PINK
(to Dolly)
Did Clyde call?

Tom rushes up to Pink.

PINK
Hey, Tommy-boy! We were just
talking about you. Didn't you used
to umpire Little League out there
in Del City?

TOM
\$20 a game. Listen Pink, I want you
to meet someone. This is Rick
Darnell. Back at OU we called him
the Preacher.

Pink gives Rick a warm smile and they shake hands.

PINK
Hell, son! I've heard a lot about
you. Yessir. Let's get you in here.
(whistles)
Hey y'all! This here is the fella
Tom's been tellin' us about. How
about we go back inside and say hi?

The men agree and begin to laugh and mosey their way back into the conference room.

PINK
(to Dolly)
Bring us another bottle of Dewar's,
will ya? And some ice.

(CONTINUED)

RICK

Hold it. Hold on a sec. I'm not really prepared for this.

PINK

Aw, shoot. Just some ol' boys. They're so drunk they couldn't hit the floor with their hats.

RICK

But I don't have a speech ready or a presentation or anything.

Pink takes a second, scratches his chin.

PINK

Did you play football, Rick?

RICK

Yes, sir. I did. Quarterback.

PINK

(a wink and a smile)
Start there.

Pink takes Rick by the arm and leads him into the conference room. Tom follows.

INT. BELLE ISLE BANK -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The board members are well-lubed, kicked back, feet on the table. They are all enjoying Rick's story. He uses an empty J&B bottle as the ball. He acts out the moves as he tells the story.

RICK

I scramble to the right, big 79 is bearing down on me. I launch the ball, then BAM, my dick is in the dirt. When I come to, the whole team is running to me. Everyone is jumping up and down. Except for one person: Coach Daniels. Stares me down. He says, "What the hell were you thinking? We were playing it safe for overtime." I said, "I don't know. Took a chance. Seemed like the only thing to do." He said, "Come an hour early to practice on Monday. You're runnin' laps." I couldn't believe it. I won the game. Then he got in real close, looked me in the eye, and

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RICK (cont'd)
said, "but tonight, enjoy that
pussy. You earned it."

They all laugh. BUD HOLLINGSWORTH, a slightly older version of Pink, puts out his cigarette and smiles from ear to ear.

BUD
Pink, I think we got our man.

Tom jumps up and massages Rick's shoulders.

TOM
What'd I tell you, fellas?

Pink looks Rick over and sees that he's wearing a suit that's way too small.

PINK
Tom. Take Rick over to Patrick at
Bostic's. Get a coupla new suits.

TOM
Yes, sir.

RICK
This is awful nice, but I can't--

PINK
Now, son, don't let the Capitol
dome and all the statues and marble
and glorified shit, don't let that
get to you. They're just people
like us. Relax. Have a drink. Be
yourself. And enjoy that pussy.

Pink, Bud and the rest of the board offer words of encouragement as they file out of the room. Rick is humble, smiles, says thanks, but he's nervous about something.

RICK
(whisper-yells)
Tom. The hell was that? I tell a
football story and now I'm going to
DC as some kind of spokesman or
something?

TOM
I knew they'd love you.

RICK
I didn't get to tell them about the
basin. The oil and gas.

TOM

Later.

RICK

Tom. Damnit Tom! I can't leave the state.

TOM

Don't worry. It's all paid for--

RICK

No. I'm grounded by a court order. Some bail bond thing. It's fucked up. Shit, man. All's I know is I gotta get the judge to sign a release so I can leave the state.

TOM

Tell you what. Let's go get that new suit and we'll talk about it on the way.

RICK

Tom. You're not listening. There's nothing to talk about--

TOM

Shh! Stop. Stop. You hear that?

Rick is puzzled. Tom makes the faint sound of a phone ringing. He gets louder as he searches around the room for a phone.

TOM

Brrrrnng! I think it's over here.

He picks up the receiver on an actual phone.

TOM

(into phone)

This is Tom Droste. Hm? Oh! Well hello, God.

Rick shakes his head.

TOM

(into phone)

Yes, he's right here. Uh huh. Yeah. Okay, I'll tell him.

(to Rick)

Listen. Our heavenly father wants you to get a new suit. And God says to fuck the judge and/or his

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)
 secretary, Deuteronomy-style...He
 may have said "plunder" too, my
 Hebrew is a little rusty...Get the
 release...Get on a plane, first
 class...Then go make some friends
 in Congress so we can get rid of
 these commie bullshit regulations
 on our business and get this
 country back on the right goddamn
 track!

Tom slams down the receiver. He's unhinged and fervent,
 breathing heavily. Rick is alarmed.

RICK
 Okay. Okay. Have a drink.

Rick hands Tom a bottle of Tanqueray and he takes a big
 swig. Tom then pours some of it on his hands, rubs them
 together, and "freshens up" his face like it's after shave.

TOM
 Where's my keys?

EXT. PECKS' HOME -- BACKYARD -- DAY

Jimmy is in a t-shirt and ball cap. He's pitching. He begins
 his windup. He launches a taped-over Wiffle ball. At the
 plate, his 6-year-old son Trent swings and misses.

CATCHER
 Strike three. You're outta here!

The yard is full of about six boys playing backyard
 baseball. The kids celebrate the strikeout. Trent remains at
 the plate.

JIMMY
 Trent. You're out.

TRENT
 I don't wanna be out.

JIMMY
 Son, that's the rules. Strike
 three. You're out.

Tony razzes his little brother from out in the field.

TONY
 Trent, you pee too close to the
 ground to play with us.

(CONTINUED)

The kids laugh. It's clear that Trent is the youngest.

JIMMY
Tony. Be nice.

Jimmy looks over to Trent who's going into the house, still carrying the bat.

JIMMY
Trent! Where are you going?

TRENT
(in tears)
You said I was out.

Jimmy runs over to him.

JIMMY
Son, that's one out. You'll have lots more. You don't just leave the game. We'll need you in the field.

TRENT
This is pointless.

Jimmy is taken aback for a moment. Trent continues to go inside. The older kids keep joking and laughing.

JIMMY
Well, you gotta leave us the bat.

Trent drops it, carelessly. Jimmy stands still, watching Trent go inside.

TONY
C'mon, Dad. Brad's up.

Jimmy shrugs it off, then trots back to the mound. Brad, a small black kid, grabs the bat and heads to the plate.

JIMMY
All right, big bad Brad!

INT. TALL OAKS BAPTIST CHURCH -- SANCTUARY -- DAY

The sanctuary is almost full for the funeral of Russell Brannon. Jimmy finishes up the eulogy.

JIMMY
"In my father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you, for I go to prepare a place for you." We don't
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (cont'd)
say goodbye to Russell Brannon
today. Instead, we say, "We'll see
you Russ, one day, in our father's
kingdom."

Jimmy has a solemn, thoughtful pause. He smiles warmly and sincerely, bows his head, then walks down to Russ's widow, Jeanie, and takes her hand.

JIMMY
(whispers)
Russ loved you very much. And I
know you were in his heart until
the moment he died.

JEANIE
(sobbing)
Thank you, Brother Jimmy.

He exits to the back of the sanctuary. The room is silent, but for a few scattered sniffles. The casket is alone on stage.

After a moment, the real emotional gut punch kicks in: marching band drums, punctuated with "Go!"s then after 20 seconds, the horns fire up. It's "Boomer Sooner", the University of Oklahoma fight song. Jeanie loses it and falls to the floor sobbing. As the song plays, members of the congregation start to break down.

FUNERAL MEMBER
(quietly, weeping)
Boomer Sooner, Russ.

INT. FELLOWSHIP HALL -- LATER

The congregation has moved to Fellowship Hall, the old part of the church now used for gatherings. Everyone mills about, shaking hands, laughing, enjoying refreshments. Pink is at the food table, adding to his small plate. Dave, a fellow banker, sidles up behind him.

DAVE
What do you say there, Pink?

PINK
Dave, I tell you what, that new
Vietnamese family that come here?
That little woman can fry up an egg
roll something fierce.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

What's the plan now?

PINK

Eat these egg rolls. Bury Russ.
Probably go home, hit a few balls
into the creek.

DAVE

I mean Tom's guy. He's going to DC
for us?

PINK

Sounds like it. Why do you think
they call this duck sauce?

Wally from the bank joins Pink and Dave grazing over the
hors d'oeuvres.

WALLY

So. Tom's boy.

PINK

Rick Darnell.

WALLY

He's charming and all, but--

Clyde, R.F., and Ed, from the poker game, join in.

CLYDE

Pink!

PINK

(happy to see him)
Clyde, you old so-and-so. Try one
of these with the duck sauce.

He gives Clyde an egg roll and he takes a bite.

ED

Y'all going to the cemetery? I
figure we could ride together and
talk about what we're going to do
with the congressman.

DAVE

(half-convinced)
We've got a man on it.

CLYDE

Is that true?

(CONTINUED)

Bob, from the bank, bulldozes in, followed by Lionel, who's clearly cocktailed.

BOB

Pink! My goddamn--(catches himself)-- my God who loves us and looks after us and sent his son to die, our best bet for DC is Tom's guy?

Tom's name is like a record scratch to the group of oil guys who weren't at the bank meeting.

CLYDE

Tom's guy?

R.F.

Tom Droste is involved in this?

LIONEL

(to anyone listening)
Where's the little driller's room in this joint?

ED

So Tom Droste is our savior on this thing? What did Bud say?

CLYDE

Tom's a little bit crazy, isn't he?

BOB

I heard someone saw him dressed like a girl down on 39th.

LIONEL

He was in a play, you idiot! He's creative! I gotta piss.

WALLY

Not too long ago, Tom Droste wanted Belle Isle Bank to invest in some kind of gorilla playland at the zoo.

CLYDE

Gorilla play land?

WALLY

Yeah! Waterfalls and plants and you could walk right through the damn thing. He spent three months on it.

(CONTINUED)

LIONEL
I kinda liked that.

CLYDE
Where's Bud Hollingsworth on this?

DAVE
Did you know that Tom taught
kindergarten? As a grown man?

BOB
Jesus Christ-- (catches himself)
Who died for our sins. And loves
us.

Clyde grabs Pink by the arm.

CLYDE
Pink. We need some leadership here.

Pink is angered. He rips his arm out of Clyde's grip.

PINK
Damn it! Tom and Rick Darnell are
going to DC. You're welcome to take
it up with Bud if you like, but I
don't want to hear another goddamn
word on the matter!

Pink slams the egg rolls down on a table and storms off. The
guys are frozen, slightly stunned. There's a pause, then
Lionel stumbles forward.

LIONEL
Welp, there's your leadership,
boys. You know what they say. The
problem with being the monkey at
the top of the tree is that
everyone below you can see your
ass.

A boy passes by. Lionel grabs his shoulder.

LIONEL
'Scuse me, governor. Where's the
wazzer? I'm not kidding around.

INT. WASHITA COUNTY COURTHOUSE -- DAY

The court clerk-- a stern, older woman, think Eve Arden in "Grease"-- stands behind a window, eyeglasses at the end of her nose. Rick is in line. He's stunning in his new suit.

CLERK

Next.

Rick approaches, smiles. He effortlessly oozes charm.

RICK

Hello. The name is Darnell. Rick
Darnell.

INT. WASHITA COUNTY COURTHOUSE -- STOCK ROOM -- MOMENTS
LATER

Rick is fucking the clerk on a stack of office supplies and she's loving it.

CLERK

Oh! Oh! Fuck me! Yes! Oh! Yes! You!
Have! Permission!

RICK

(without stopping)
To leave the state?

CLERK

Oh God yes!

INT. PECKS' HOME -- EVENING

Jimmy sits at the kitchen table writing, deep in thought. His bible is open next to him and he refers to it occasionally. Under the table, Trent is in his pajamas, quietly playing with his Hot Wheels. After a moment, Sherri enters carrying a grocery bag and begins putting the groceries away.

JIMMY

Late night groceries?

SHERRI

There's no one there this late.

JIMMY

(trying to get her attention)
That's...good thinking.

(CONTINUED)

SHERRI

Yeah.

JIMMY

Sherri, why don't you--

SHERRI

Stop talking to me, Jim. Just stop.

She turns around to face him and sees he's pointing under the table, signaling to her that Trent is present. She abruptly changes her tone to friendly, but a little tired.

SHERRI

(yawn and stretch)

Think I'll call it a night.

(fake kiss on the cheek)

Come to bed soon.

JIMMY

I will. Just finishing up Sunday's sermon.

SHERRI

Trust in the Lord. Always works.

JIMMY

Goodnight.

She grabs a plastic yellow sack from inside the grocery bag. It's a record from Sound Warehouse. She exits. After a moment, Trent crawls up from under the table and sits next to Jimmy.

TRENT

Dad? Are we rich?

JIMMY

Why do you ask?

TRENT

Brad said we're rich and he's poor.

JIMMY

Big bad Brad said that?

TRENT

He said we're rich and I go to a white school, and he's poor and goes to a black school.

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY

Hmm. Well. Some people are more fortunate than others, Trent. And Jesus says it's the job of the fortunate ones to help the ones who don't have as much.

TRENT

Brad's funny. He says funny stuff at church. But I'm not supposed to tell you that.

JIMMY

He's quite a character.

Trent is thinking this over.

TRENT

Dad? Can I give Brad my baseball glove? He doesn't have one.

JIMMY

Then you won't have one.

TRENT

Brad's really good at baseball. Better than me.

JIMMY

It'll take a long time for you to save up for a new one.

TRENT

Yeah. But I think Jesus would give Brad his baseball glove.

JIMMY

(chuckles and hugs Trent)
I think you might be right.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- EVENING

Rick, shirtless, sits up in bed, resting against the headboard. He looks over to his left and whispers to Tom.

RICK

I'm just scared is all. I've never done anything like this.

Tom, shirtless, sits up in bed, resting against the headboard. He looks over to his right and whispers to Rick.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

What about in college? You did this sort of thing all the time.

RICK

Not like this though.

TOM

True. Once we're done, you can't go back. It'll never be the same.

RICK

Maybe I shouldn't.

TOM

Listen. If you get nervous or scared, just look at me, in my eyes. I'll be your strength.

RICK

I worry about the little things, the details.

TOM

Shh. Relax. You'll do fine.

A wide shot reveals that they are each in separate beds, each getting a blowjob from a woman under the covers.

RICK

But this is the U.S. Congress.

TOM

Nah. It's just a bunch old white men in suits. They'll love you. They all do. You own the place. Act like it.

Rick reflects on this as the blowjobs continue.

INT. PECKS' HOME -- BEDROOM

Sherri enters the bedroom and locks the door behind her. She takes a Valium and changes into her nightgown. She snuggles up in a "nest" made of pillows next to the stereo. She takes out the new record, puts it on the turntable and drops the needle. She puts on the headphones and curls up on the floor. She stares at her violin case that's propped up in the corner, then closes her eyes.

She listens to Mozart's "Violin Concerto No. 2 In D, K.211:I. Allegro Moderato," which plays underneath the following sequence.

INSERT SERIES OF SHOTS -- JIMMY'S SERMON AND RICK'S MEETING WITH A CONGRESSMAN:

INT. TALL OAKS CHURCH -- SANCTUARY -- DAY

The sanctuary is full. Jimmy stands at the pulpit. Choir behind him, organist on his left, pianist on his right. He reads from the bible.

JIMMY

"And turning His gaze toward His disciples, He began to say, 'Blessed are you who are poor, for yours is the kingdom of God.'" We all know this verse. We've heard it many times, no doubt. But how many of us really know what it means? Who are the poor? Poor of wealth? Poor of love? Poor of spirit? How can we know?

CUT TO:

INT. CONGRESSMAN'S OFFICE -- DAY

Rick, looking polished and slick in a sharp suit, puts out his cigarette and rises.

RICK

I don't want to take up your valuable time, so I'll be brief. Gentlemen, we live in the wealthiest country on God's green Earth. From sea to shining sea, as the song says, lies abundant wealth. So why, in Jesus' name, does my little grandmother have to wait in line for two hours to put a tank of gas in her car?

CUT TO:

JIMMY'S SERMON CONTINUES

JIMMY

And how are we to recognize the poor? By the clothes they wear, the car they drive? Maybe by how well they play golf. Clearly that's a wealthy man's game, as I know some of you can tell by the mud caked on my 9 iron. But maybe that's not a hard and fast rule to guide us.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

RICK'S MEETING CONTINUES

RICK

Gas stations are closed on Sundays. People are being told they can't put up Christmas lights. Why is that? Because we lack courage. We lack faith and conviction. Because we're scared.

CUT TO:

JIMMY'S SERMON CONTINUES

JIMMY

What I think is that we've heard the word "poor" so many times that we don't even know what it means. We're deaf, we're immune to it. Perhaps some of us have chosen to become blind and have turned away from the poor and the desperate. But I tell you, the poverty is all around us.

CUT TO:

RICK'S MEETING CONTINUES

RICK

I'm talking independence. Two hundred years ago God gave our founders the strength to break the bond with the British. And now, our oppressors are wanderers in the desert, who seek God but do not find him. They laugh at us and think they can dictate to our country how we use our fuel, how much we pay, how much we can have. It breaks my heart.

CUT TO:

JIMMY'S SERMON CONTINUES

JIMMY

How many of you ever visit the northeast part of this city? Dangerous, you may say. And the truth is, Jesus didn't spend time

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (cont'd)
 with the poor. No, he didn't "spend
 time". He LIVED among the poor. The
 spirit of the poor of this world
 rushed in the blood he spilled on
 the cross. He WAS the poor.

CUT TO:

RICK'S MEETING CONTINUES

RICK
 Oh, mine eyes have seen the glory,
 my brothers, and it is a gift from
 God. It is freedom. And it lies
 within. Within your heart, and from
 deep within the ashes and the dust
 from whence we come.

CUT TO:

JIMMY'S SERMON CONTINUES

JIMMY
 Now, you may say, "Brother Jim,
 that's really not practical for me,
 not for my life. I have a job,
 kids, a home, I can't go live among
 the poor." And I understand. But
 here's what you can do:

CUT TO:

RICK'S MEETING CONTINUES

RICK
 Within the Anadarko Basin in
 western Oklahoma lies the freedom
 and the future of our country, but
 our government has yet to
 deregulate the price controls on
 oil and natural gas, or to
 establish an exemption for the
 discovery of deep gas.

CUT TO:

JIMMY'S SERMON CONTINUES

JIMMY
 You can open your eyes, open your
 ears, open your hearts, and for
 once in your life...you can

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIMMY (cont'd)
actually try to give...a fucking
shit about the poor.

The audience shrieks. Men harrumph, women's mouths are agape, napping old men awake, old ladies ask each other, "What did he say?", the teens are shocked and titillated, several people get up to leave.

CUT TO:

RICK'S MEETING CONTINUES

RICK
The heavens are the heavens of the Lord, but the earth he has given to the sons of man. It is your gift, your duty, your blessing, to accept that which our Heavenly Father has provided. Look in your heart and you will find him. What does he say to you?

CUT TO:

JIMMY'S SERMON CONTINUES

Jimmy steps back, looks at the congregation that's in tumult. Then he confidently steps back to the pulpit.

JIMMY
Now. I want you all to ask yourself the following question: What just upset you? That the poor are among you and you don't care, or those two vulgar words I used to wake you up?

CUT TO:

RICK'S MEETING FINISHES

RICK
I'd ask you to pray with me, but I think you need to know what it is you're praying for first.

He turns to leave and Tom, beaming with joy, quickly follows.

CUT TO:

JIMMY'S SERMON FINISHES

(CONTINUED)

Jimmy holds a dramatic pause as the audience wrestles with the question he posed. The audience becomes quiet and still, then at just the right moment, Jimmy says:

JIMMY

Let us bow our heads in prayer.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS.

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

Tom and Rick are in first class, each with a cocktail.

TOM

It's tall cotton from here on out.

RICK

Yeah, I could get used to this.

Tom leans back, closes his eyes. Rick's smile fades away and is replaced by a look of doubt and concern. He gazes out the window at the sunny sky.

RICK

(to himself)

Tall cotton indeed.

EXT. PECKS' BACKYARD -- SUNSET

Sherri sits at the patio table, sunglasses on. The boys are playing in the yard. Jimmy enters from the patio door.

JIMMY

There you are. I thought maybe y'all went to Braum's for ice cream.

Sherri is still for a moment, then shakes her head.

SHERRI

That sermon sure was something.

JIMMY

Yeah. Yeah, I know...I don't know.

Jimmy sits, head in his hands, almost in tears. A baseball rolls over between them. Sherri picks it up and throws it back to the boys. After a moment, she takes off the sunglasses, looks over to Jimmy, and grabs his hand. He looks at her, surprised.

(CONTINUED)

SHERRI

It really was something.

JIMMY

You think so?

SHERRI

I haven't heard anything like that
in a long, long time.

Jimmy stares down at the ground, distraught.

JIMMY

I don't know what I'm going to do.

Sherri flips her sandal, thinking.

SHERRI

Doesn't matter. You'll probably get
killed.

Jimmy laughs softly, then so does Sherri. Gallows humor.

SHERRI

I think I'll take the boys to Nova
Scotia when you're dead. Or
Reykjavik.

JIMMY

It's cold. You'll be so happy. But
there's no good barbecue there.

SHERRI

We'll have to eat lots of pickled
fish. And think of you.

MUSIC: DOLLY PARTON'S "DADDY WAS AN OLD TIME PREACHER MAN"

She stands, looks at him, then puts the sunglasses back on
and goes into the house. Jimmy sits with head in hands. He
gets hit by a baseball. He's annoyed at first, then quickly
shifts to the friendly version of himself, grabs the ball,
and tosses it back.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW