

URBAN COWBOY

"Pilot"

Written by

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Based on the 1980 Paramount motion picture

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TEASER

OVER BLACK

A teenage girl sings *in Spanish*. No accompaniment or orchestration, just a simple, beautiful voice.

VOICE

*Esta corazon, que aun te quiere
Ya esta muriendo, tarde con tarde.*

INT. SANTOS HOME - ANA SOFIA'S ROOM - DAY

The voice belongs to ANA SOFIA SANTOS (16, Mexican). She's pretty without trying. A normal teenage girl, her walls are covered with LATIN POP STARS as well as AMERICAN: *Luis Coronel, Shakira, Bruno Mars, Selena*, etc...

REVEAL Ana Sofia sits at a piano. She stops playing, picks up a pen and scribbles down some lyrics. Once again she puts her fingers to the keys and sings the new words with passion.

Mid verse, Ana Sofia startles at A SOUND coming from outside - RAISED VOICES. She gets up, pushes into --

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She walks to a window and we REVEAL MILES OF FARMLAND. This isn't a typical American home... Ana Sofia lives on a PRODUCE FARM IN MEXICO.

ANA SOFIA'S POV -- FARMERS in the fields shout, point to a plume of dust in the distance. A PICK UP TRUCK careens up the road, SKIDS to a stop and A MAN jumps out, racing toward the house. It's her brother, JUAN MIGUEL (27, Mexican, black hair and a beard frame piercing eyes). Good looking with a compassionate face, but right now... he's terrified.

Juan Miguel bursts through the front door of the house (*Spanish is in Italics*) --

JUAN MIGUEL

Come with me! We have to go!

Juan Miguel has BLOOD on his hands, shirt, and on his jeans. The look of terror in his eyes is chilling.

ANA SOFIA

You're bleeding!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUAN MIGUEL

*It's not my blood. We don't have
time to...*

Outside the window two BLACK SUVs screech to a stop. Armed CARTEL GUARDS step out with AR-15 RIFLES. A FARMER cautiously approaches. Ana Sofia can't look away.

JUAN MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Ana Sofia... please...

The CARTEL GUARDS MOW THE FARMER DOWN in a SPRAY OF BULLETS. Ana Sofia chokes back a scream. Juan Miguel grabs her, pulls her away. They scramble through the house as Cartel Guards BUST THROUGH the front door. The siblings race out the back just as one of the guards fires: *BRAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!*

EXT. SANTOS HOME - CONTINUOUS

Splinters and shards of glass shower them as they run for their lives toward the HORSE CORRAL --

INT. SANTOS HOME - HORSE CORRAL/STABLE - CONTINUOUS

A stable of horses flinch as the two bust through the door.

JUAN MIGUEL

Saddle up Pancho! Hurry!

Ana Sofia throws a saddle on a BLACK STALLION. She buckles the final strap and Juan Miguel leaps on, extends his hand... Ana Sofia resists.

ANA SOFIA

What did you do?

Juan Miguel pulls her into the saddle behind him. Guards rush in just as he SPURS the Stallion out the back of the corral --

EXT. SANTOS FARM - CORN FIELD - CONTINUOUS

REVEALING A FENCE stands in the way --

JUAN MIGUEL

HANG ON!

The stallion JUMPS the fence, gallops into the field. Juan Miguel rides hard, Ana Sofia clinging to his torso. He steers the stallion to an elevated bank along an irrigation reservoir. Two SUVs trample corn stalks as they tail him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One guns the gas, JUMPS onto the bank a few feet behind them. A guard inside the SUV cocks his rifle, leans out the window. Ahead, the bank is about to end -- it's a big jump to the other side. *Can the horse make it?*

JUAN MIGUEL (CONT'D)
DON'T LET GO!

Ana Sofia tightens her grip --

The guard aims his rifle --

TIGHT ON JUAN MIGUEL, determined to survive. They reach the end of the bank. Juan Miguel SPURS the stallion to jump --

ANA SOFIA SCREAMS. THE HORSE LEAPS. GUN SHOTS. SMASH CUT TO:

URBAN COWBOY

INT. RENTAL CAR/ EXT. GILLEY'S BACK LOT - DAY

A rental Mustang pulls into the BACK LOT of GILLEY'S. At the wheel -- GABRIELLA "Gaby" ALONZO (27, half Mexican, half Caucasian). She looks down at an ENGAGEMENT RING...takes it off, drops it in the empty ash tray in the dash. She gets out and walks over to a SMALL HORSE CORRAL, whistles to a horse --

GABY
 What's up, old man?

The OLD HORSE kisses on Gaby as the door to an OLD TRAILER on the side of the lot swings open and a woman in a barely there jean skirt and Gilley's tank steps out. A HAND grabs her ass, pulls her in for a kiss. Meet WES MAHONE (30, tough, sexy, and shirtless). Last night's conquest heads to a car, drives off. Gaby shakes her head. Wes stands in the doorway drinking a beer and enjoying the view. Gaby's hard not to look at.

WES
 Well look at you. Big city girl's come to pay us a visit.

GABY
 Hey, Wes. Mami and Pop around?

WES
 Haven't seen 'em yet. Come over here and share a beer with me?

GABY
 Better not. I got this thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WES

You mean like a headache?

GABY

No. Self respect.

Gaby smiles. They've been sparring for years. She crosses to the back door of Gilley's, pushes inside. OFF WES, charmed like we are CUT TO --

INT. RUNDOWN CAMPER - DAY

A COWBOY HAT pulled low over a face. The brim lifts revealing Juan Miguel, sweaty and spent. He's crammed between FOUR MEXICAN MEN in a windowless camper. He makes eye contact with his sister sitting across from him, but Ana Sofia's eyes are filled with anger, fear. She's not at peace with her brother.

The camper suddenly stops. VOICES outside. Play the tension (*Spanish in italics*) --

IMMIGRANT

I have nothing left to give. The coyotes took all I had.

IMMIGRANT WOMAN

Money is not the only thing they want.

The IMMIGRANT WOMAN looks at Ana Sofia who pulls her shirt protectively around herself. Juan Miguel takes off his belt, wraps it around his fist.

JUAN MIGUEL

Get behind me. NOW!

Juan Miguel yanks Ana Sofia behind him. He readies his defense as the camper door is unlocked and SWINGS OPEN. The DRIVER (white, Texan) sticks his head in.

DRIVER

Vamos. Ándale!

Relief. The group exits, shielding their eyes from the sun. Juan Miguel pulls a crumpled map of Houston from his pocket as Anita looks around, so far from home.

JUAN MIGUEL

Where he said to meet - it's not far. Hey. We'll be safe here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANA SOFIA
We'll never be safe.

She starts to walk away but Juan Miguel takes her arm, looks her in the eyes and says the only thing that matters:

JUAN MIGUEL
I'm your brother.

She pulls her arm away. Holds his gaze.

ANA SOFIA
*I'm not a kid anymore. And we both
know what we had to do to get here.*

OFF JUAN MIGUEL, her words ringing in his ears...

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOUSTON - DAY

The Houston MetroRail passes through a reflecting pool in the Downtown Square. ALFONZO "AL" ROBLES (50s, Mexican-American) is on his cellphone. He's a working class husband and father with a daddy gut and a handsome mug.

AL (INTO PHONE)
Over an hour ago... I know Patty,
but I can't be sure they even made
it across the...

Then he sees them -- Juan Miguel and Ana Sofia lock eyes with Al across the reflecting pool. They look tired, beat down.

AL (CONT'D)
Hey, now. They're here.

INT. DOWNTOWN PARK - PICNIC TABLE - LATER

Ana Sofia and Juan Miguel sit opposite Al at a picnic table. An awkward silence... They are family, but strangers.

AL
You got big.

JUAN MIGUEL
So did you.

AL
(touching his gut)
They call it a sedentary lifestyle
because I sit at a desk. But... I
also like ice cream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL (CONT'D)

(smiles, but gets nothing)
 You'll have documentation and I.D.s soon, but we have to get our story straight. Patricia, my wife, she knows everything about me. I don't keep secrets from her... But my daughter, Veronica? She doesn't. And she can't. Understood?

JUAN MIGUEL

So what...we have to lie?

AL

You're illegals now. One mistake, someone finds out... it's over. You'll be arrested, sent back. And all of this will have been for nothing. So you gotta stay out of trouble, keep a low profile... And yes, lie.

(to Ana Sofia)

Your name is Anita now. Anita Robles. You'll be from the same town I grew up in: Spur, Texas.

JUAN MIGUEL

You didn't grow up in Texas.

AL

My real name isn't Alfonso Robles, either. You see how this works? We'll say your parents were killed in a tragic car crash...

ANITA

(In Spanish/angry)

That's not what happened to them.

AL

(touches her hand)

I know what happened. And I'm sorry.

(in English)

I see your mother in you. She was very kind. And strong.

Anita's eyes well with tears. Not Juan Miguel... cold --

JUAN MIGUEL

What about my father? Was *he* kind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A loaded beat and the first hint at a mystery that will reveal itself soon... Al takes the hit, doesn't bite.

AL
Your name's Kyle.

KYLE
Kyle? Why can't I be Carlos? Or
Hernando?

AL
You get the name you get. Fake
documentation isn't easy to
arrange. Neither was your journey.

KYLE
Two weeks of hell and starvation.
Hey thanks, Uncle.

AL
You want to go back? We're going to
need to work together for our own
safety, okay? We're family.

Kyle holds Al's stare a beat... Nods and we CUT TO --

INT. ROBLES HOME - DINNER TABLE - EARLY EVENING

PATTY ROBLES (50s, down to Earth) watches as Kyle dishes an outrageous helping of enchiladas onto his plate.

KYLE
(mouthful)
Gracias.

PATTY
He eats. I like him.

Table is normally set for three, with two more chairs it's a crammed, cozy fit. Kyle and Anita (showered and changed) do their best to keep up with the rapid fire family dynamics --

PATTY (CONT'D)
Veronica? I won't ask you twice.

Patty eyes her daughter VERONICA (16). Quintessential teen, a cellphone attached to her hand.

VERONICA
I'm expecting an important text.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL

This is important. Unplug. Now.

PATTY

Veronica and I spent last night cleaning out her closet to make room for you, Anita.

AL

Did you wear a hazmat suit? I don't know where it got started that girls are cleaner than boys.

PATTY

Because it's true. Except a girl's closet. That's different. *Pavoroso*.

VERONICA

Oh my God... Can I live?

(to Anita)

It's clean and there's totally room for your stuff.

ANITA

It's okay. I don't have anything anyway.

(looking at Kyle)

I used to have a house. Friends. My piano... But we left it all behind when our parents died in a car crash. In Spur.

An uncomfortable quiet hangs over the table. Anita's words like daggers, and Kyle knows full well he's the target...

INT. ROBLES HOME - GARAGE/OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Al turns on the light in the garage. Space has been converted into a simple OFFICE. Kyle looks around at his new home.

AL

Couch folds out. There's a space heater. Only a few spiders...

KYLE

You got wifi?

AL

Papers first. And even then you gotta be careful. No reaching out to old friends. People can track you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kyle nods, an awkward moment before...

KYLE

Hey, I appreciate all you've done for us, but you need to know I'm not here for handouts.

AL

I think I can swing you a gig over at Lockwood Oil. I'll have to call in a favor...

KYLE

What about the rodeo circuit? Seriously, there's real money to be made. Back in Mexico I had cars, spending cash, respect.

AL

You were a puppet for the Cartel.

KYLE

I was a legend.

AL

Listen to you. Selfish, like a child. Your days at the rodeo are over.

(words like a smack)

If one person recognizes you as Juan Miguel Santos, or El Tornado, just one...

ANGLE OUTSIDE THE DOOR, Anita is listening.

AL (CONT'D)

I know what you left behind. But for your safety... you're gonna have to find new dreams.

OFF ANITA, heartbroken --

EXT. GILLEY'S - SUNSET

A truck pulls in under the fluorescent Gilley's Sign. Out climb MARSHALL STOVAL (60s, a tough old gringo) and JOSEFINA ALONZO (50, Mexican, feisty/sexy) who's ill with worry.

MARSHALL

I don't want anyone to know what the Doc had to say. *Comprende?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSEFINA

Let's get you inside. Get you fed.

She kisses him gently. Marshall may be tough, but he's helpless without this woman. They start inside when PABLO (30s, Mexican, shy and respectful) approaches in a panic --

PABLO

There's an immigration lawyer in the kitchen asking questions. I didn't know what to say...

Shit. Josefina looks to Marshall, wide-eyed as we CUT TO --

INT. GILLEY'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marshall busts in loaded for bear, followed by Josefina and Pablo.

MARSHALL

Nobody say nothing till I talk to this *payaso*!

A group of KITCHEN STAFF separate REVEALING --

GABY

You callin' me a clown?

JOSEFINA

AHHHHHH! MY BABY'S HOME!

Josefina throws her arms around Gaby as the kitchen staff laughs and cheers. Marshall smacks Pablo on the back.

GABY

Okay, Mami. You can let go now.

Gaby crosses to Marshall and gives him a big hug but his eyes are on Josefina, suspicious when he asks --

MARSHALL

You flew in from Dallas? What's wrong?

GABY

Nothing. I just wanted to come home, relax, get drunk, and make my mom's famous posole recipe.

Cheers from the staff as they sit down to a boisterous family dinner around the COUNTER. Gaby pours posole into bowls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TUCKER enters, Gaby's half brother (34, white). A man that has completely embraced a cocky Texas attitude.

GABY (CONT'D)

Hey, Tucker. Bring your half-sis some tequila.

TUCKER

(loaded)

Bar's not open yet. Why don't you get it yourself?

MARSHALL

(with a grin)

Son, get the tequila before I whip yer ass.

GABY

I have some big news.

JOSEFINA

Big news "bad" or big news "good?"
I could use some big news good.

Tucker returns with a bottle of tequila and shot glasses.

GABY

A major law firm that specializes in immigration law...

EVERYONE

(joking)
IMMIGRATION! RUN!

JOSEFINA

Silencio! My daughter is speaking. Go on, *mi hija*.

GABY (CONT'D)

Has offered me a job in D.C..

JOSEFINA

Our nation's Capital?! My baby?

MARSHALL

She's my baby, too. I contributed.

Josefina holds her heart. Tucker looks uncomfortable as everyone congratulates his half sister. Shots are passed.

GABY

Let's do this right.

Gaby turns to THE WALL -- a living and breathing connection to home for the Mexican kitchen staff, it's literally covered from floor to ceiling with PICTURES, POLAROIDs, and FADED POSTERS. Everyone calls out their favorites --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GABY (CONT'D)
A shout out to Miss Wanda,
right there, in her curly red
wig.

KITCHEN STAFF
Senior Rumero with the glass
eye... to Archie and his
parakeet...

*

MARSHALL
And to my daughter. You do us all
proud, gal. Salud!

EVERYONE
Salud!

Everyone takes the shot and slams their glass down.

GABY
(hesitates)
So, uh... one more thing. Guess you
could say it's 'big news good'...

Suddenly Marshall COUGHS. It's a bad one. A deep rattle, he
hacks and hacks. He can't make it stop.

JOSEFINA
Let's go to your office.

The hacking continues as Josefina leads Marshall out. Tucker
and Gaby exchange a glance. Their daddy is getting worse.

INT. ROBLES HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Patty walk the hall in her robe. Passing a window, she slows.
ANGLE OUTSIDE where Anita sits on the porch step, alone.

EXT. ROBLES HOME - OUT BACK - NIGHT

Anita studies the stars in the vast night. Same stars at
home, yet somehow foreign, further away... Patty steps out
and Anita's eyes find the ground.

PATTY
Want company?

ANITA
(doesn't turn)
No.

Patty turns to go --

ANITA (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Patty comes to sit beside Anita. ANGLE ON ANITA'S arm - a deep GASH only just starting to heal. Anita feels Patty's gaze, pulls her borrowed sweatshirt sleeve down. Patty knows better than to pry. The two sit side by side, the night sounds the only conversation. Anita starts to cry. It's quiet but it's fueled by loss, by fear. Patty takes Anita in her arms and rocks her. Anita lets her...

INT. EMILIO'S OFF TRACK BETTING - NIGHT

Al walks by DRUNK GAMBLERS who sit at shabby booths facing TVs. No horse racing, just an old *Columbo* episode. Al finds EMILIO (50s, sleazy) seated at his desk. Nods and we CUT TO --

INT. EMILIO'S OFF TRACK BETTING - BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Al trails Emilio who places a massive lock over the door. Security screens blink images of the front betting floor.

EMILIO

I'll need ten grand.

AL

You said five.

EMILIO

Five now. Five on delivery. These won't be as easy as the one I did for you 20 years ago.

AL

(hands over an envelope)
I'll see what I can do about the rest. Money's tight.

EMILIO

There's another option... Your nephew, the one in the photo you texted me? The Castillio family, they put a price on his head. And judging from the amount they're offering, I'd say he did something pretty bad. You sure you want to risk everything for him?

PUSH IN ON AL. This is news to him. Bad news.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HIGH END HOTEL SUITE - MEXICO - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Juan Miguel (Kyle) stands shirtless at a marble sink, splashes water on his face, stares at his reflection. REVEAL SCARS ON HIS BACK as he pulls on a DIAMOND STUDED BELT and BUCKLE. Behind him, a woman's voice (*Spanish in Italics*) -

ROMINA (O.C.)

*The one on your shoulder is from
that bull back on the farm. Yes?*

He turns to ROMINA (25, Mexican, stunning -- trouble but worth it). She sits on the bed in a black form fitted skirt.

JUAN MIGUEL

*Hugo. Yeah, he stomped me good. But
I got up.*

The two lock eyes. A burning connection. BAM! The door swings open and LAUTURO CASTILLIO (30, Mexican) pushes in carrying a MEXICAN RODEO POSTER. Lauturo is slick, brash, and loud.

LAUTURO

Have you seen it?

Lauturo holds THE POSTER up. Above the names and dates is a COWBOY IN BLACK wearing a RED MASK. Underneath him are the words: EL TORNADO. Juan Miguel smiles. They clap hands.

LAUTURO (CONT'D)

*I was right. Everyone loves the
mask.*

Lauturo kisses Romina (clearly she's his woman).

LAUTURO (CONT'D)

It's time. Put it on him.

He pours tequila shots as Romina ties a RED MASK over Juan Miguel's eyes, surreptitiously touches his bare chest...

LAUTURO (CONT'D)

*If you're going to represent the
Castillio family, you must stand
out from the rest. You will be a
mystery...like luchadores.*

Juan Miguel puts on his BLACK and DIAMOND STUDED SHIRT. His BACK NUMBER is already pinned on. Lauturo hands out shots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUTURO (CONT'D)
*You've earned this, Juan Miguel.
 Now it's time for greatness. It's
 time for El Tornado!*

The three drink. Lauturo HURLS THE SHOT GLASS into the mirror, it SHATTERS and we SMASH CUT TO --

INT. CORRIDOR - RODEO ARENA - MEXICO - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Juan Miguel walks down a corridor. Lauturo beside him, Romina on his arm. A dozen GUARDS with platinum-plated DESERT EAGLES march behind them. CROWD NOISES INTENSIFY. Two guards swing open the wooden gate to the MEXICAN RODEO ARENA. Juan Miguel is bathed in light. The crowd cheers as he marches forward...

EXT. OUTDOOR RODEO ARENA - MEXICO - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

The CROWD CHEERS Juan Miguel/El Tornado. He stays focused on what's ahead of him -- A MASSIVE SNORTING BULL IN THE CATTLE SHOOT. From the crowd's hero we SMASH CUT TO --

INT. ROBLES HOME - GARAGE - EARLY MORNING (PRESENT)

Kyle stands over a utility sink looking at his reflection in a smudged mirror. A beat before he takes scissors, begins cutting off his beard. CHOP THE EDIT as he applies shaving cream, runs a razor across his face. There is no more El Tornado. No more Juan Miguel...

REVEAL ANITA standing in the doorway behind him. Kyle sees her in the mirror but when he turns... she's already gone. OFF KYLE, fresh and clean shaven we SMASH CUT TO --

Kyle covered in sweat and mud. Just another cog in the wheel. PULL BACK TO REVEAL we're --

EXT. DRILLING RIG - DAY

His face contorts as he moves a DRILL BIT into place. You have to shout to be heard. He's assisted by THE ROUGHNECKS, a small crew but tough-as-nails. There's ROLO (short for Roland, 20s, black), TANQUE (big guy, 20s, Mexican), and JASPER (20s, white, joker of the group). They work the temporary rig surrounded by vast land and big Texas sky.

ROLO
 Put your legs into it! I ain't
 gonna lift this all by myself!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JASPER

If you worked your back like you
run your mouth, I bet you could.

(to Kyle)

Let me help. When you hear
hoofbeats... think horses.

Jasper removes a latch. Kyle moves the pipe with ease.

ROLO

Everybody talking 'bout Mexicans
taking all our jobs. You want this
job, *amigo*? Tanque! Show your boy
how it's done.

TANQUE

Is he my boy cuz he's Mexican or
cuz I can bounce him on my knee?

(to Kyle)

You and me - if we weren't so busy
raping and killin', we could make
something of ourselves.

KYLE

(dripping irony)

Trump for President.

They fist bump. CLANK-CLANK. The bits in place.

JASPER

You made love to a woman yet? Cuz
let me tell you, before the in and
out starts, you gotta lube it down.

Jasper pours lubricant over the drill clamp.

ROLO

We gotta get on the north tower and
clean the reserve tanks 'fore noon.
You roll with the Roughnecks, boy,
you gonna hump all day. Ya feel me?

JASPER

(singing)

Hump until the day is done.

KYLE

I'm gonna need more lube.

Jasper busts up laughing. Kyle's got balls.

CONTINUED:

JASPER (CONT'D)

Come watch me "rock out with my..."

(re: Tanque's crotch)

Well, what Tanque's got going on.
You know, there's beer. And babes.
And babes who drink beer and boogie
and bounce. The whole nine.

KYLE

My kind of place. I'm in.

Al shoots Kyle a warning look that he ignores. HOLD ON Kyle as music kicks in, and a new version of Jimmy Buffet's *Hello Texas* carries us to --

EXT. GILLEY'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Roughnecks clean up good. They weave through the crowded front parking lot in wranglers and HARD TOPS. Kyle's impressed -- Mexican-Americans mix with Texas whites and blacks... AND THE WOMEN! MY LORD! Jeans so tight you can see every curve. Kyle lets out a slow whistle as one walks past.

Jasper is an equal opportunity horn-dog. He stares at the asses of two black ladies walking side by side.

JASPER

Remind me again what I'm into?

TANQUE

That'd be booty.

JASPER

BOOT-TAY! There's a difference.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS LEAN AGAINST THEIR CRUISER. Kyle TENSES.

ROLO

Yo. They're not the ones to be
worried about.

BAM! WES tosses a DRUNK COWBOY out into the lot. He lands a punch to Wes's jaw. CRACK! Wes elbows his nose.

ROLO (CONT'D)

That's Wes Mahone. Thinks he's a
real cowboy for riding bulls down
at Rodeo Houston. Don't get on his
bad side. You won't see him coming.

Wes kicks the drunk one more time. Rolo nods to Wes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WES
(spits blood)
You boys enjoy your night.

WES AND KYLE LOCK EYES as they pass. Something about Kyle looks familiar... STAY WITH Kyle as they push inside and he gets his first real look at --

INT. GILLEY'S - CONTINUOUS

50,000 square feet of Houston, Texas honky-tonk. One MAIN BAR, two SATELLITE BARS, and a DINING AREA. Gilley's is packed! On STAGE a COUNTRY MUSIC BAND with a fair share of Latinos playing instruments. On the DANCE FLOOR, couples two step. Tucker takes orders from an unending crowd at the BAR.

The Gilley's WAITRESSES are a sight. Sweet as sugar plums and dressed to turn heads: Boots, bare legs, daisy-dukes, and crop tops with Gilley's stretched across their tits.

KYLE
Dios mío!

JASPER
Some of the best country artists got their start on that stage right yonder. Once they get a taste of *Jasper and the Texas Tomcats*, they'll be putting my name up on the marquee with Mickey Gilley.

ROLO
Let's brave the line, Roughnecks.

The Roughnecks head for the crowded bar as Kyle looks around at the passing WAITRESSES. People punch an old-school PUNCHING BAG GAME. And then, from out of the crowd, looking sexy as all get out and holding a bottle of tequila, emerges Gaby. Her gaze lands on Kyle, she smiles...

GABY
So... are you a real cowboy?

Kyle holds his own. THIS GIRL LOOKS GOOD.

KYLE
Depends on what you think a real cowboy is.

GABY
For most people it's a Western shirt, boots and a hard top.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

Where I come from, it's a way of
life... not a shirt.

Nice. Gaby moves in closer.

GABY

Where you from?

KYLE

(tries the lie)

Spur. I'm from Spur. Texas.

She studies him, then...

GABY

I've been to Spur. You seen a movie
at the Palace Theater downtown?

KYLE

The Palace...yeah. Been going since
I was a kid.

GABY

So you in town visiting?

KYLE

Just moved here, actually.

Gaby likes that more than she should. The electricity is
undeniable, though neither would admit it.

GABY

Welcome to big-ass Houston. I'm
Gabriella. Everyone calls me Gaby.

KYLE

I'm Kyle. Kyle Robles.

The two look at each other. A beat that lasts long enough for
us to know this is going to matter.

GABY

Follow me, Kyle.

The Roughnecks spot Kyle and Gaby. Jasper calls out --

JASPER

Gaby Alonzo as I live and breathe.
What're you doing in Houston?

Gaby lays a friendly kiss on Jasper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GABY

Visiting... And drinking... What's up, Rolo! Tanque! Best part of my daddy owning the joint is I don't have to wait in line. Shots on me!

THE BAR -- Gaby spills tequila over five shot-glasses. Tucker leans past her to grab some lemon wedges.

TUCKER

You here to help or just get drunk?

GABY

Both. To my old friends, the Roughnecks ... And my new friend Kyle. Salud!

(they all take a shot)

Y'all suck at taking shots. Let's do it again. And do it right this time!

As she pours we CUT TO --

EXT. GILLEY'S - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

VROOM! A WHITE CONVERTIBLE CORVETTE STINGRAY rolls up. Wes moves an orange cone allowing it to park right up front. The drop-dead gorgeous driver, PAM (29), rocks the western style: tight jeans, a caramel suede vest with fringe, and a WHITE WIDE-BRIMMED COWBOY HAT WITH FEATHERS on the front. Boom!

She checks her face in the vanity mirror, coats her lips in red lipstick. She talks to herself with a smile...

PAM

And then God created you, baby. And he saw that it was good.

Flips up the mirror visor. SMACK!

INT. GILLEY'S - NIGHT

Marshall, up in his stoop, tips his hat to Pam --

PAM

What're they biting on tonight, Marshall?

MARSHALL

Whatever bait you got in your tackle box, darlin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pam twirls a well manicured finger in the air. Marshall announces over the loud speaker --

MARSHALL (CONT'D)
Round of drinks for the house!

CHEERS AND HOOTS. The crowd parts for Pam as she makes her way to the main bar.

GABY
Pam!

Pam leans over the bar to give Gaby an air kiss.

PAM
Been too long, girl. How ya livin'?

GABY
I'm trying to show these lugnuts
how to take a proper shot.

JASPER
I've been drinking since I was
baptized. What am I doing wrong?

ALL EYES LAND ON KYLE as he steps through the gang, reaches for the bottle and pours himself and Gaby a shot.

KYLE
It's like this - you gotta connect.
You're making a bond... Don't look
away. Look right into their eyes.

GABY AND KYLE LOCK EYES, connected as they throw back the shot. It's hot. Pam watches. A girl who's used to getting what she wants, she can't be outdone. She pounces.

PAM
I'm Pam. And you are?

KYLE
Kyle.

GABY
From Spur.

PAM
So, Kyle from Spur. You wanna shot
with me?

Watching from behind the bar, Gaby feels an odd tingle of jealousy she'd never cop to. Josefina calls to her and we PUSH WITH Gaby INTO -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE KITCHEN. The belly of the beast. Heat is thick.

JOSEFINA

I told you no work tonight.

SISSY

I'm not. Promise...

(can't help it)

Luciana! Potatoes are boiling over.

JOSEFINA

Stop! You don't work here anymore.

Go get drunk. You don't got your

man around so go out there and

dance with one! No harm, no foul.

Josefina returns to her work and Gaby peeks through the window in the kitchen door... Kyle is perfectly framed.

GABY

(in her mother's accent)

No harm. No foul.

Gaby opens the door, heads towards Kyle to ask him to dance JUST AS PAM LEANS IN AND WHISPERS IN HIS EAR. Gaby deflates. She grabs two beers from the cooler and says to Tucker --

GABY (CONT'D)

I've had enough of this country.

Music, I mean.

She marches up to the stage just as the band finishes a song. CHEERS from the crowd. Gaby calls up to the FRONT MAN.

GABY (CONT'D)

Put down the pedal steel and pick up the accordion. *Por favor, amigo!*

FRONT MAN

(off mic)

Cumbia sobre el Rio. If you help.

The Front Man nods to the PEDAL STEEL PLAYER who switches to an accordion. The rhythm changes -- less twang, more salsa. Gaby climbs on the stage, hands the Front Man a beer and begins SINGING THE SONG ALONG WITH HIM.

FRONT MAN & GABY

Mira emocionada y suena,

Si ya agua ritmo lleva...

Like a shift in gravity, the change is electric. CHEERS FROM THE FLOOR, especially Tanque who joins in with the song.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TANQUE

*Ella como gira y vuela
Mientras aquel se menea
Aquel se menea...*

Not everyone is pleased. Tucker shakes his head.

TUCKER

This is a honkytonk, not a Mexican wedding.

Kyle downs another shot, turns to Pam. TIME TO LET LOOSE.

KYLE

Can you dance, Pamela?

PAM

To this? Can you two step to it?

The Roughnecks watch in awe as Kyle leads Pam to the dance floor. He holds her firmly, one arm around her waist another holding her hand.

KYLE

Now let me move you.

Pam's pulse quickens as Kyle stares into her eyes.

KYLE (CONT'D)

No - don't look at your feet. In the eyes. Just like the shot.

The beat kicks in... Kyle moves. AND GOOD GOD HOW THIS BOY MOVES! The Roughnecks' jaws drop as Kyle confidently leads Pam. Gaby shouts into the mic (*Spanish in italics*).

GABY

Everyone on the floor! ¡Viva Mexico!

MARSHALL watches his daughter hype the crowd. The kitchen staff has started a line dance.

Over Pam's shoulder, Kyle looks at Gaby singing, moving to the music. Their eyes meet. She smiles back as Kyle mouths the lyrics along with her. It's not just sparks, THESE TWO HAVE A CULTURAL CONNECTION.

Entering the back of the bar with four of his BUSINESS BUDDIES is BOBBY (35). A suit, he's good looking, polished, and cold. He and his buddies look out of place in ties and sport jackets. But Bobby enters like he owns the joint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

BOBBY

I don't know what it's like up in North Dakota, but here in Texas the two most precious resources are crude oil and crazy women. I'm sure you all can find a sweet honey to saddle up with.

BUSINESS BUDDY

I'll take that bouncing ass right over there.

Smiling, Bobby turns... Smile fading when he sees Pam pressed against Kyle. Bobby approaches, PULLS Pam away --

BOBBY

You knew I'd be here.

PAM

So?

KYLE

Hey. Hands off.

*
*

BOBBY (CONT'D)

So tonight may not be the best time to act like a slut.

KYLE

What did you just call her?

BOBBY

I'll call her whatever I damn well please, you dirty field rat.

CRACK! Kyle CONNECTS with Bobby's face. Bobby FALLS BACK, blood gushing from his nose. Pam's eyes go wide. THE BUSINESS BUDDIES JUMP IN, two GRAB KYLE while a third PUNCHES HIM IN THE GUT. Kyle holds his own, but he's outnumbered.

ANGLE ON THE BAR -- The Roughnecks stand by, arms folded.

JASPER

Shall we?

THE ROUGHNECKS come in arms swinging. MARSHALL sees the fight from his stoop and grabs the wood-grain CB mic.

MARSHALL (INTO MIC)

Wes. Put your spurs on.

WES and his team RACE into the melee. The line dancing doesn't miss a beat. Music blares as Gilley's regulars join in 'cause why not? It's Friday. One Guy gets PUNCHED by Kyle, STUMBLES INTO PAM. She holds him up, concerned...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

PAM
You okay, darlin'?

He nods and she KNEES him in the nuts --

PAM (CONT'D)
How 'bout now?

He drops and Pam grabs Kyle by the hand.

PAM (CONT'D)
Always know when to leave a party.

They run, busting out into the night. Gaby watches them go --

ANGLE ON MARSHALL who catches Gaby's eye. Bottles SMASH, bodies FLY. Marshall raises a beer. Gaby does the same.

EXT. GILLEY'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pam leads Kyle toward her car. A POLICE CAR rolls up. TWO OFFICERS hop out. Kyle tenses but Pam smiles as they pass --

PAM
Crack heads, boys! It's not safe in there for a respectable girl.

Pam and Kyle hop into her Corvette. She GUNS it and they PEEL OUT in a cloud of dust --

EXT. STREET/ INT. PAM'S CORVETTE - NIGHT

High rises and a full moon, Pam drives through the city like a formula one racer. She totally gets off on this.

PAM
I swear, all that fightin's got me sweatin' like a whore in church.

KYLE
I could have handled him myself if it wasn't four to one. Stupid *Pendejo!* Who the hell was that guy?

PAM
My brother.

Pam tilts her head back, lets out a WHOOP as they speed off into the Houston night --

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PAM'S DOWNTOWN PENTHOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Kyle's eyes open. Room is in shadow. He's naked and alone...

PAM (O.S.)
Morning, cowboy.

Kyle turns to see Pam wearing his blue shirt and nothing else. She's drinking a cup of tea, sitting in a nearby chair. Pam taps a remote...a hum. The shades lift on her towering windows, revealing a sweeping view of downtown Houston. Pam reaches down, lifts Kyle's black hat... puts it on.

PAM (CONT'D)
Oooo. That's bright.

KYLE
Been awhile since I drank that much.

PAM
It didn't slow you down, I can tell you that...
(crosses to the bed)
So... Who's Romina?

The name gives Kyle a chill. Pam clocks it...

PAM (CONT'D)
You said her name just now while you were sleeping... Don't worry. I'm not one of those possessive bitches itching for a fight. Is she someone special?

KYLE
She was... And you?

PAM
I don't see a ring on this finger. Although Mother's set me up with some polished turd I gotta meet this Sunday. Probably some mouth breather that smells like soap.

Kyle touches her neck, brings her in for a slow kiss.

KYLE
What do I smell like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They kiss again...

PAM

Me.

She climbs on top of Kyle, unbuttons her shirt but keeps his cowboy hat on...

KYLE

Should we shut the shades?

PAM

Why? Let the world watch.

As they dissolve into each other we CUT TO --

INT. MARSHALL AND JOSEFINA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Gaby sleeps on an old patched-up couch. A far cry from Pam's high end digs, there's clutter, mismatched furniture, but there's character.

MARSHALL

Rise and shine, *bebita*.

Gaby holds her head as he tears open a packet of BC powder.

GABY

Papi, I can do it myself...

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

Take your medicine.

He pours it in her mouth. She takes the coffee he holds out.

GABY

Last night was fun. Like old times.

MARSHALL

'Cause you were there. You make it a family party. Like it used to be ... How come you didn't bring your fancy lawyer down?

GABY

His name's Roger.

MARSHALL

I know his name. Daddy's get to be pricks about their daughter's boyfriends. It's our job.

GABY

...He wants to marry me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pulls out the ENGAGEMENT RING. Stares at it in her hand.

MARSHALL

That's quite a rock. Why aren't you wearing it?

She doesn't answer the question.

GABY

All I ever wanted to do was help people. My people. Is that with Roger in D.C.? Could be.

MARSHALL

You shouldn't be afraid to live your own life. With or without a ring on your finger.

(loaded)

We don't have much time as it is.

GABY

Is everything okay? You okay?

KEEPING HIS SECRET, Marshall holds Gaby's hand. Smiles...

MARSHALL

I'm glad you're home.

EXT. ROBLES HOME - MORNING

Pam pulls up at the curb, Kyle rides shot gun. They kiss...

PAM

Thanks, cowboy.

KYLE

For...?

PAM

Sticking up for me.

Not often that Pam lets her guard down. Surprises even herself. Kyle tips his hat, smiles and starts for the house.

INT. ROBLES HOME - MORNING

Just through the door and Al's in Kyle's face, raging --

AL

You loco or something? You think it's okay starting a fight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

In the kitchen, Patty doesn't look up from the eggs she scrambles --

PATTY

Easy, Al. You'll give yourself an aneurism.

KYLE

I didn't know he was her brother.

AL

Did you know he's YOUR BOSS! Huh? His family owns the refinery. Hell, they own half of Houston! Did you know that when you were screwing his sister?

Shit. Color drains from Kyle's face.

PATTY

Told you he didn't know.

AL

I put my neck out to get you a job... Come Monday morning, I may not have one myself.

Al starts out, Kyle follows on his heels.

KYLE

Come on Al, I didn't mean to --

Al pulls him out of Patty's ear shot. Enraged whisper --

AL

I'm breaking the law for you! My wife, my family... We're in danger because of what you --

KYLE

Me? Does Bobby Lockwood know about what you and my father were doing back in Mexico? The deal you struck with the Cartel... the Castillios? Remember that, Tio Mateo?

THE NAME stops Al. He hasn't heard it in a long time.

AL

Don't call me that. Not here.

KYLE

Thought you told Patty everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AL

I did it to save our farm.

KYLE

Now who's being selfish, huh?
Everything you did was for
yourself. And now you want me to
give up who I am? Don't sleep with
women...take a punch and say thank
you. Be a little *panocha*.

(moves in close)

The cartel gave me a fake name just
like you. But at least they let me
be a man.

Kyle walks away leaving Al, words ringing in his ears...

INT. WES'S TRAILER/ EXT. GILLEY'S BACK LOT - DAY

Wes drinks a beer, looks out at a PRODUCE TRUCK backed up to
Gilley's kitchen. Truck has a unique logo on its side: A
RISING SUN OVER CORN STALKS. Pablo helps the DELIVERY MAN
unload BOXES. As the truck drives away, Pablo turns to Wes's
trailer... Nods. Wes grabs a DUFFLE BAG and heads out...

INT. GILLEY'S KITCHEN - DAY

No one's at Gilley's. It's not open for business just yet.

WES

He was late.

PABLO

There was an accident on I-45.

The two work quickly to open produce crates. Carrots, corn,
celery, tomatoes... Then we see it... bags of WHITE POWDER.

GABY (O.C.)

Hey, Wes.

Wes and Pablo SNAP AROUND -- Gaby stands in the doorway. Has
she seen? Pablo's nervous but Wes keeps his cool. She comes
closer, holds out a LEDGER, concerned.

GABY (CONT'D)

Who's been handling the books since
I've been gone?

WES

Marshall wears the hat around here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABY
(shows him the ledger)
These your initials?

WES
Sometimes I sign for inventory.
What are you doing going through
the books? That's not your business
no more.

GABY
My parents' welfare is always my
business. There's more than a few
things in here that don't add up.

WES
Like I said... Marshall wears the
hat.

Gaby nods and begins walking away, troubled...

GABY
Right. *Te veo luego*, Pablo.

PABLO
Okay, Gabriella. I'll see you
later.

She's gone. Pablo moves the bags into Wes's duffle bag.

PABLO (CONT'D)
That was too close.

Wes takes out a KNIFE, pokes a bag and lifts a pinch of
powder to his nose with the tip of the blade...

PABLO (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

WES
Having breakfast.

He snorts it. Cocaine.

INT./ EXT. MARSHALL AND JOSEFINA'S HOUSE - DAY

Gaby comes in hot, finds Josefina working in her funky garden
- plants and vegetables potted in old painted tires.

GABY
Want to tell me what's goin' on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSEFINA

We have aphids. Your father says there's a soap that works if I --

GABY

I spent the morning going over Gilley's books.

JOSEFINA

We didn't send you to college to sweat our books. Gilley's isn't your headache anymore. Go to D.C. Be a lawyer. That's your job.

GABY

Papi owes \$300,000 in back taxes.

A complete shock. Stunned, Josefina stammers --

JOSEFINA

Three hundred...?

GABY

Thousand. Mama, this is serious. The IRS can seize the property, sell it. You and everyone else would be out of a job, not to mention Papi could go to jail.
(sees her mother's crying)
Mama...?

JOSEFINA

He's sick. It's bad, Gabriella.

OFF Gaby, punched in the gut --

EXT. ROBLES HOME - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Kyle and Al work in the front lawn. Veronica and Anita walk out together.

AL

Hold up. Where you two headed?

VERONICA

The mall. Mom said I could take the car.

Kyle pulls Anita to the side (*Spanish in italics*) --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KYLE

Careful, ok? We don't have our papers yet.

ANITA

So I can ride in rail car across the border with killers, but I should be worried about going to a mall?

Anita walks away, now speaking in English --

ANITA (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I won't be out all night. That would be irresponsible.

Kyle takes the hit like a man and the two girls drive away.

KYLE

She's right. I messed up. Big.

AL

Pam Lockwood's long legs would confuse any man.

Kyle laughs, but his eyes are troubled.

KYLE

Back home... I screwed with the wrong people. They're going to come looking for me.

AL

They already are... There's a price on your head.

Shit. Kyle reels from the threat --

KYLE

I can't put you in any more danger than I already have. I'll go.

AL

Where?

KYLE

Home. Meet them face to face and be done with this. What do I have to lose?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AL

And what do I tell Anita? You gotta start thinking for the both of you now. No... No more running. We make our stand here, in our new home. Together. As a family.

(hand on his shoulder)

You're not alone.

OFF KYLE, knowing that danger is coming --

INT. AL'S FAMILY CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Veronica and Anita SING full volume along to Ariana Grande.
ANITA'S NAILING IT.

VERONICA

Damn... you gotta good voice! Ever think of doing something with it, like cuttin' an album, getting famous and introducing me to Drake?

BYOOO... Red and blue LIGHTS FLASH behind them.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Seriously? I so wasn't speeding...

Veronica pulls over AND TWO OFFICERS (both white) approach. One goes to Veronica's open window (OFFICER PEALE), the other to Anita's (OFFICER RILEY). ANITA'S BLOOD RUNS COLD.

OFFICER PEALE

You familiar with a rolling stop?

VERONICA

I'm pretty sure I stopped and counted to three.

OFFICER PEALE

License and registration.

Veronica hands them over. Riley lets his eyes graze Anita. She looks straight ahead, knowing one false move...

OFFICER RILEY

What about you? Can you count to three? Uno... dos... come on...

Peale walks back to the cruiser while Riley quizzes Anita.

OFFICER RILEY (CONT'D)

Can I see some identification?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANITA

I... I don't have any
identification with me right...

OFFICER RILEY

(overt Mexican accent)
Oy-dentifi-ka-shiown?
(laughs)
They're just not building that wall
fast enough, are they?

Veronica goes to say something but Anita stops her with her eyes, pleading. Officer Peale returns.

OFFICER PEALE

I'm letting you off with a warning.
Next time, count to four.

The officers walk away. ANITA'S SHAKING, her pulse races.

VERONICA

Thank God! One more ticket and
they'd take my license. Can you
imagine? I would die!

HOLD ON ANITA, knowing the threat was far worse than death --

INT. GILLEY'S - EARLY EVENING

There's a decent crowd at Gilley's watching JASPER AND HIS BAND PLAY. Marshall and Josefina sit at a small table near the stage. Gaby enters the bar just as the song concludes...

JASPER

Thank you kindly. Remember, the
more you drink, the better we
sound. This next one here is a
special request from Mr. Marshall
Stoval himself. So we're gonna slow
it down a bit.

The pedal steel sounds the opening chords of Anne Murray's *Can I Have This Dance*. Marshal extends his hand to Josefina.

Gaby watches Marshall take Josefina onto the dance floor and into his arms... She turns to the bar where Tucker's working.

GABY

I need to talk to you.

TUCKER

I'm working.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABY
It's important.

EXT. GILLEY'S BACK LOT - EARLY EVENING

Tucker looks like he just got smacked with a bat --

TUCKER
300K? That can't be right.

GABY
Numbers don't lie.

TUCKER
There's gotta be some reason for
this. I'll just go talk to him.

GABY
Wait! Dad's sick. And I'm not
talking about the emphysema. I mean
lung cancer. It's malignant... and
spreading.

(this hits Tucker hard)
The breathing treatments already
cost an arm and a leg and chemo's
not gonna be cheap. We might have
to sell Gilley's.

TUCKER
Says who? College girl about to run
off and play lawyer? I'm the one
who's gonna fix this. I'm his son.

GABY
And I'm his daughter.

TUCKER
Yeah, but...

GABY
But what? Grow some balls and say
it! I'm the half-breed Mexican love
child? That where you were going?

Tucker storms back into the bar.

GABY (CONT'D)
Wait! Tucker!

She races after him but we HOLD a beat. PAN OVER to a truck
to REVEAL WES smoking a cigarette. He heard everything...

INT. GILLEY'S - DANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Tucker marches onto the dance floor with Gaby on his heels. He GRABS Marshall by the arm, confronts him --

TUCKER

When were you gonna tell me? I had to hear from Gaby about the money you owe -- and the cancer?

It's out there now and it pisses Marshall off. He turns on Josefina --

MARSHALL

Dammit, Josefina! I said...

GABY

Don't you yell at her!

Jasper and the patrons take notice, but Jasper keeps playing.

TUCKER (CONT'D)

This bar's mine just as much as it's yours. Why the hell --

MARSHALL

Watch your mouth, boy. I didn't ask you to be here, you came under your own steam and while I appreciate it, I don't owe you crap. I didn't tell you because I was trying to avoid this... But time's come to admit I can't do it alone.

A beat. Marshall turns to his daughter... To Gaby...

MARSHAL

I need you to wear my hat, Gaby...
I need you take over Gilley's.

OFF GABY, stunned --

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ROBLES HOUSE - VERONICA AND ANITA'S ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Anita makes her bed as Kyle enters. She ignores him.

KYLE

Patty says soon as we get our papers you can start school.

ANITA

(over doing her accent)
Oh, Si. I'm going to learn my English real good.

She tries to walk out, he steps in her way. Shuts the door.

KYLE

You going to stay mad at me forever?

Anger, pain... it all comes pouring out --

ANITA

You knew they were killers. Why didn't you just do what they said?

KYLE

Ana Sofia, listen to --

ANITA

I'm not Ana Sofia, remember? I'm Anita. My parents were killed in a car crash in Spur, Texas. Not gunned down in the dirt in Mexico.

KYLE

(snaps)
You think I want it this way? Living a lie? The only thing that's keeping me sane is knowing what this could be for us. Back there - they owned me but now... now we're free. I can start over clean. Build a life for you and me.

ANITA

What life? Everything I am, I have to forget. Just like you.

(admits)

I heard what Uncle Al said...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Too much, Anita breaks down. As the tears flows she can't keep speaking in English (*Spanish in italics*).

ANITA (CONT'D)

*My music... it's all I ever wanted
but now we have to hide, forget
about who we were...our dreams...*

Kyle takes Anita by the shoulders.

KYLE

*No. Not as long as I'm alive.
Understand me?*

(in English now)

Yeah, I made mistakes and for that,
I'll pay the price. Not you. If
that means I gotta work till my
back breaks, I'll do it so you can
sing your songs here in America.
This is where your dreams will come
true, Anita. Here.

(echoes Al's words)

In this home, with this family.
This is where we make our stand.

He tilts Anita's head up, wipes away a tear.

ANITA

Juan Miguel?... Kyle? Te amo.

KYLE

I love you, too.

OFF Kyle, determination burning in his eyes --

INT. MARSHALL AND JOSEFINA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Gaby sits at the kitchen table surrounded by the Gilley's accounting books, a guide to IRS TAX LAW. She looks up and spots Marshall outside walking towards the garden...

EXT. MARSHALL AND JOSEFINA'S HOUSE - YARD - DAY

Gaby catches up to her father.

MARSHALL

Wanna help your daddy spray
insecticide on these tomato plants?
Thought I'd get a good dose of
poison and start my chemo early.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABY

Do you have any idea what you're asking me to give up?

MARSHALL

Hold on now. Doc said these treatments would only take three months.

GABY

You don't get it. I beat out more than a hundred people for this job. I can't ask them to wait on me. I've worked my ass off for this... Like when you were a long haul trucker -- you can't just slam on the brakes and --

MARSHALL

Then don't do it! Dammit!

He HURLS the spray can against a nearby shed. Gaby STARTLES.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

You think I like having to ask my kids for help? Go on home then! I'm not gonna beg you to stay.

Marshall marches into his shed, SLAMS the door. OFF GABY, stung to the core --

EXT. DRILLING RIG - LATE DAY

Kyle and the Roughnecks are showered and dressed; it's the end of a long ass work day.

JASPER

Later, Kyle.

ROLO

Manana.

*

Al joins Kyle as they walk from the trailers toward their car. REVEAL BOBBY waiting (and sporting a shiner)...

AL

You ever eaten crow..? Don't worry. It tastes just like chicken.

(to Bobby)

Hey, Bobby. I think you've already met my nephew, Kyle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

Briefly. Yeah. Hey, since you and my father are so buddy-buddy, I was thinking - maybe me and Kyle should get to know each other. How 'bout I get him home?

Not a question. Al looks at Kyle who nods, then walks off.

KYLE

Hey, man. The other night, I didn't know who you were... I apologize.

BOBBY

(extends his hand)
Don't sweat it. I was in the wrong.
(Kyle cautiously shakes)
You like cars?

Bobby nods to his convertible Mercedes-Benz AMG GT Coup.

KYLE

AMG? Orale.

BOBBY

Just bought it... Catch. You drive.

Bobby tosses Kyle the keys. OFF his well tended smile CUT TO -

EXT. HOUSTON COUNTRY CLUB - VALET - LATE DAY

Cocktail attire and bling. Party in progress. Kyle pulls up.

BOBBY

My family's hosting a benefit for some ghetto community center. I just need to make an appearance.

KYLE

I'm not dressed for this place.

BOBBY

No worries. My friend Jose will get you a jacket. José!

JOSE (40s, Mexican) approaches wearing a RED VALET JACKET. Another VALET takes the car keys away from Kyle.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

This is Kyle. Set him up, would ya?

Bobby exits. Kyle turns to see Jose holding a VALET JACKET...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOSE
Have you worked valet before?

Kyle's supposed to park cars. So this is eating crow?

KYLE
Son-of-a...

JOSE
Is there a problem?

Kyle burns with rage but swallows it down.

KYLE
No problem. I'll be a good little Mexican.

He puts on the jacket as PAM DRIVES UP in her convertible.

PAM
Kyle? What are you doing here?

KYLE
Working.

PAM
(it hits her)
This smells like Bobby.

She blows past Kyle --

EXT. HOUSTON COUNTRY CLUB - LATE DAY

ALAN CRANSTON (30s, white toast, privileged) smiles at Pam as she passes.

ALAN
There you are. Can I get you a --

PAM
Alan Cranston. Mother tells me you check all the right boxes. Rich, white, your family owns as much land as we do, and might have as much money... And I'm sure with the right amount of alcohol you could fertilize my eggs with your pearly white sperm and we'd make pearly white babies but I'm just not interested. Now, if you'll excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pam walks off leaving Alan gob-smacked... And aroused --

ALAN

Wow.

Pam finds Bobby with his buddies by THE POOL on the LAWN.

PAM

So you've got Kyle working valet
like a good little fence hopper?

BOBBY

Whoa. The bigot here might be you.
It has nothing to do with the fact
he's Mexican. It has everything to
do with him being a grunt who works
for me. Now go get a drink and look
pretty.

EXT. HOUSTON COUNTRY CLUB - VALET - LATE DAY

Pam's over to the VALET KEY BOARD and grabs a set...

KYLE

Hey. What are you doing?

PAM

Helping you park cars.

EXT. HOUSTON COUNTRY CLUB - POOLSIDE - LATE DAY

Bobby and his buddies are laughing it up when... VROOM. Bobby recognizes that growl. He looks across the pool at a fence as his MERCEDES CRASHES THROUGH WITH PAM AT THE WHEEL.

BOBBY

DON'T YOU DO IT! DON'T YOU...

SPLASH. PAM DRIVES IT INTO THE POOL. With grace, she swims to the steps, climbs out dripping wet, looking amazing. She "jupe-jupes" the alarm under water and tosses the keys to Bobby. The crowd divides as she crosses to Kyle.

PAM

Stick up for me, I stick up for you.

INT. EMILIO'S OFF TRACK BETTING - BACK OFFICE - NIGHT

Columbo plays while Emilio counts cash. Al looks at FORGED DOCUMENTS -- Kyle's falsified TEXAS driver's license.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL
So we're done?

EMILIO
Afraid it's not enough.

AL
What do you mean? We had a deal.

EMILIO
One phone call and I could make a million dollars, cash. I'd be willing to split it... But I imagine you want your nephew to keep his head on his shoulders.

AL
What do you want?

EMILIO
I want a million dollars. But I'm a reasonable man who would prefer not to engage with Cartel. So I will accept 50 thousand from a friend.

Beat. Al's back is up against the wall and he knows it.

AL
Can it be done in payments?

EMILIO
Like I said... I'm reasonable. Let me get a folder for the documents.

Emilio crosses to a cabinet. We see Al look at a phone on the cluttered desk. And then: QUICK AS LIGHTNING -- AL GRABS THE PHONE CORD -- WRAPS IT AROUND EMILIO'S NECK FROM BEHIND --

AL
Go to sleep, you dog... Go to sleep.

Emilio struggles, GASPS. Al's face quivers as he pulls hard. Clear this isn't a first time for him. It's ugly. A horrid gurgling sound and then... Emilio stops moving. HE'S DEAD.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

OPEN TIGHT on a PICTURE, faded at the edges by age but there's no doubt who it's of -- seven-year-old Gaby bounces on her father's knee. They're up on stage at Gilley's and Gaby's smile would put the sun to shame. PULL BACK to find we're --

INT. GILLEY'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Alone in the kitchen, Gaby stands at THE WALL, her eyes traveling over a lifetime of memories. CAMERA TRAVELS over newspaper clippings, polaroids. Gaby grows up before our eyes -- from her father's protective arms to taking the mic on stage in her teens to sporting a Gilley's tank and tending bar to pay for college. This place runs through her veins.

LAND on a picture of BUD AND SISSY's wedding (John Travolta and Debra Winger in the original film). Beside it -- a snap shot of BUD RIDING THE MECHANICAL BULL. The crowd CHEERS.

TIGHT ON GABY'S FACE before we CUT TO --

INT. GILLEY'S - MORNING

Kyle enters through the front. The place is empty.

GABY (O.C.)
We're closed.

Kyle turns a corner, nearly trips over Gaby who's half hidden under a tarp. She's got a BOX OF TOOLS next to her and works a socket wrench. She looks up to find Kyle... Brightens...

GABY (CONT'D)
Hey. It's Kyle from Spur.

KYLE
Gabriella. But everyone calls you Gaby, right?

There they are again, those sparks.

GABY
Hand me that locking clamp?

No hesitation, he hands it over. A fact not lost on Gaby.

KYLE
I, uh -- I got a favor to ask. My sister... she misses home.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABY

Needle nose.

Without missing a beat, Kyle hands it to her.

KYLE

She had to leave a lot behind. Like her piano... Here, let me...

Kyle takes the crescent wrench and reaches in to help. He clamps a joint while Gaby works. They're close...

GABY

It's slipping I can't hold both without --

KYLE

Here, I got it... So, I noticed you got a piano and I was thinking...

GABY

(grunting, tightening)
You wanna bring her by? She could practice after school. Bands don't usually start setting up til six.

She's face to face with Kyle. The closeness is electric...

KYLE

Thank you.

GABY

De nada. Help a girl up? I got a plane to catch.

Kyle extends his hand and lifts Gaby.

KYLE

Mind if I ask what we're fixin'?

GABY

You're gonna think I'm nuts but... being back got me thinking...this place, it used to be great -- I mean, back in the day George Jones, Linda Ronstadt, Charlie Daniels...they all came through here. Hell, Mickey Gilley would bounce me on his knee while he played that very piano.

(looks around)

And now...? I thought maybe I'd bring back some of it's old glory.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GABY (CONT'D)

Maybe get this bad boy up and
workin' again before I go.

Gaby PULLS OFF THE TARP revealing an old MECHANICAL BULL.
Kyle smiles from ear to ear, can't help it.

GABY (CONT'D)

You ever seen one of these before?

Kyle's slow to answer. It's the life he's left behind. Lies.

KYLE

No.

GABY

You sure. Maybe even the real thing
down in Mexico?

(Kyle tenses)

You said you saw movies at the
Palace Theater in Spur but they
haven't played any there in 30
years. Roof's all caved in. Your
accent...you just coming to
town...You're illegal, aren't you?

The chill that runs through Kyle is palatable. He stands --

GABY (CONT'D)

It's okay. So's my mother and half
the kitchen staff. I'm studying to
be a lawyer -- Immigration law. I
want to help people like you. Try
to change some laws. Change some
minds.

(touches his hand)

Your secret's safe with me.

Kyle looks in her eyes... somehow knows he can trust her.
There's a spark here. These two are destined to fall in love
even if they don't know it yet...

GABY (CONT'D)

Now let's see if she works.

Gaby takes the JOYSTICK. The mechanical bull MOVES. We PUSH
IN TIGHT on Kyle. Then TIGHT on the MECHANICAL BULL. The
sound of CHEERING carries us as we FLASH BACK TO --

JUAN MIGUEL DRESSED IN BLACK MARCHES OUT INTO THE RODEO
ARENA. STANDS PACKED WITH SCREAMING FANS. HE WAVES, THEN
TURNS TO THE CHUTE... A MASSIVE BULL SNORTS BEHIND THE GATE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

INTERCUT THE FLASHBACK WITH PRESENT DAY GILLEY'S WHERE --
GABY breaks Kyle's memory.

GABY (CONT'D)

Hop on. Let's give it a spin.
(sees his hesitation)
Come on. It's just you and me here.
And... it's Gilley's. In this
place, anything's possible.

Her smile is infectious.

KYLE

Sounds like you're in no hurry to
leave.

GABY

(backpedals)
Me? No, I've got a new job...a
life...a *plane* to catch.

KYLE

Yeah but, you can't run from who
you are...you'll just go in
circles.

The first time of many that Kyle will speak directly to
Gaby's soul. He touches the brim of his hat.

KYLE (CONT'D)

It was good to meet you, Gaby.

GABY

You too, Kyle...

Kyle turns, walks away. Gaby watches him go, her eyes
drifting around the room...filled with memories. She goes
back to the joystick, starts turning the mechanical bull.

TRACK WITH Kyle as he slows... stops. His own words ringing
in his ears. He makes a choice that will change his life
forever. He walks back to Gaby, points inside the bull --

KYLE

See this? It's the level control.
One, two, and the hardest... three.
Put it on two.

Kyle takes off his jean jacket, jumps on top like the pro he
is. Gaby moves the level, watches as he goes through a
familiar routine: pushes his hat down tight, even reaches
into his pants to pull his nut-sack out of the way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GABY

Ok. You mean business.

KYLE

When I nod, start it up.

Gaby waits with the joystick as Kyle GRIPS the saddle.

JUAN MIGUEL LOWERS HIMSELF ONTO THE MASSIVE BULL. LAUTURO AND ROMINA WATCH NEARBY AS HE GRIPS THE SADDLE AND RAISES HIS RIGHT HAND IN THE AIR.

Kyle raises his right hand and nods. Gaby moves the joystick. The mechanical bull springs to life.

THE GATE OPENS. JUAN MIGUEL AND THE BULL LEAP OUT OF THE CHUTE.

GABY

There you go, cowboy! Wooooo!

IN THE KITCHEN: Pablo enters from out back... Hears the cowbell ringing on the mechanical bull. He looks through the small window in the door to the bar and sees Kyle riding...

JUAN MIGUEL HOLDS ON TIGHT AS THE BULL LEAPS. CROWD CHEERS.

The mechanical bull comes to a stop. Gaby applauds but Kyle remains focused, amped --

KYLE

Put it on the third level!

GABY

I don't think our insurance covers -

KYLE (CONT'D)

Gabriella... Please...

*

*

Gaby makes the adjustments... Kyle readies himself... Raises his hand and nods. Gaby moves the joystick. BAM! The mechanical bull violently shakes. Kyle hangs on.

THE BULL LEAPS BUT JUAN MIGUEL STAYS ON. LAUTURO LOOKS AT THE CLOCK COUNTING DOWN THE SECONDS: 2... 3... 4...

Wes enters the kitchen, looks over Pablo's shoulder... Watches Kyle ride the mechanical bull. *Fuck me the boy can ride!* He lets out a low whistle as Pablo moves over to THE WALL (pictures and posters). He begins to scan it, looking for something...

LAUTURO'S ANGER BUILDS AS THE CLOCK COUNTS DOWN: 5... 6... 7...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

A FLASH OF: LAUTURO PUNCHING JUAN MIGUEL -- ROMINA SCREAMS -- LAUTURO AND JUAN MIGUEL WRESTLING ON THE FLOOR, BOTH COVERED IN BLOOD -- JUAN MIGUEL RUNNING. (*Spanish in italics*)

LAUTURO
YOU BETTER RUN!

Kyle holds tight as the mechanical bull BUCKS. Gaby connected to each move through the joystick, it's rhythmic, sensual...

FLASH TO JUAN MIGUEL AND ANA SOFIA RIDING THE HORSE ON THE EMBANKMENT. A CARTEL GUARD AIMS HIS GUN (as in the Teaser).

JUAN MIGUEL
DON'T LET GO!

THE STALLION LEAPS OVER THE GAP IN SLO-MO. THEY MAKE IT ACROSS. THE SUV FALLS, SLAMS INTO THE EMBANKMENT, EXPLODES!

The mechanical bull comes to a stop. Kyle stays frozen on top, panting. He looks over at Gaby, breathless and awe-struck.

IN THE KITCHEN, Wes turns to Pablo.

WES
Who is that guy?

Pablo finds what he was looking for on THE WALL, a RODEO POSTER. The same poster Lauturo had in THE FLASHBACK. The masked cowboy...

PABLO
El Tornado...

From on top of the bull, Kyle looks up from under the brim of his cowboy hat... You can't outrun who you truly are...

END PILOT