

DALLAS

(pilot)

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FIRST DRAFT

October 14, 1977

D A L L A S

SETS

EXTERIORS:

A HIGHWAY IN THE GULF STATES

SERVICE STATION & DINER

SOUTHFORK - THE EWING RANCH

HOUSE WITH PORCH

STABLES & CORRAL

CABIN

RANGE

OILFIELDS

DOWNTOWN DALLAS

DOWNTOWN OFFICE BUILDING

PAMELA'S APARTMENT

MAGGIE WATERS' HOUSE

A BAR

VARIOUS SKID ROW LOCATIONS

INTERIORS:

DINER

J.R.'S OFFICE

SOUTHFORK

LIVING ROOM

BEDROOM I

BEDROOM II

EMPTY BEDROOM

DEN-OFFICE

KITCHEN

STABLES

CABIN

PAMELA'S APARTMENT

MAGGIE'S KITCHEN

A BAR

D A L L A S

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

VERY CLOSE ON THE EMBLEM OF THE DALLAS COWBOYS

Apparently in motion against a fiery red-orange background. As we quickly PULL BACK we see that the emblem is a decal on the windshield of a speeding Cadillac convertible.

EXT. A HIGHWAY IN THE GULF STATES - SUNRISE

(ACT ONE CREDITS SUPERIMPOSED OVER HIGHWAY SEQUENCE)

The Caddy heads west, the rising sun behind it. Only a few other cars and trucks share the highway and the Caddy effortlessly overtakes and passes them. Though we can't see them yet, we HEAR the occupants of the car OVER: A man and a woman, BOBBY EWING and his new bride, PAMELA BARNES EWING. They speak with Texas drawls -- Bobby's a bit softer, the sharpness honed away by education.

PAM (v.o.)

I don't believe you.

BOBBY (v.o.)

Now isn't this a state of affairs?
Married less than twenty-four hours
and already my bride questions my
veracity.

PAM (v.o.)

Indeed I do -- if you're telling
me you're not nervous.

BOBBY (v.o.)

I'm not nervous, Pammy.
(beat)

Well... maybe just one or two
little butterflies.

PAM (v.o.)

I got me a whole nest of hornets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY (v.o.)

How come they weren't there
yesterday?

PAM (v.o.)

I don't know, Bobby. No time,
I guess. It was an awful quick
engagement.

BOBBY (v.o.)

(laughs)

Proposal-to-preacher in twenty
minutes flat.

The Caddy turns off the highway into...

EXT. SERVICE STATION WITH DINER - DAY

When the car pulls up to the pump, we get our first
look at the newlyweds -- an easy sight to take. Pam's
in her late 20's, tan, fit, very sexy, very womanly --
if just the slightest bit rough around the edges.
Bobby, in his early 30's, also tan and fit, is boyish,
a playful grin always at the ready. They make a good
match: their differences compliment more than con-
tradict. Pam's contribution to their collective image
is sex; Bobby's is class.

PAM

Your folks're going to throw me
right off that ranch. You watch.

BOBBY

Relax, Pam honey. You're my
wife now. Family. A Ewing.
Once it sinks in, they'll love
you like I do.

WIDER ANGLE

An ATTENDANT approaches wearily from the garage,
though Pam and Bobby don't see him.

PAM

But before it sinks in... that's
what worries me.

BOBBY

Everything's going to be just
fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks at him, at the new ring on her finger, at him again -- makes herself smile.

PAM

If you say so, Bobby.

They kiss; as the kiss deepens, the Attendant reaches the car, watches them, grins. Pam feels his presence, opens her eyes, ends the kiss.

ATTENDANT

Goin' to be a hot one, ain't it?

Bobby looks around at the Attendant, opens the door.

PAM

Not for everybody.

Bobby gets out -- Pam does too, from her side.

BOBBY

Fill it up with the best, check everything, and pull it to the side. We're going to have us some breakfast. I appreciate it.

The Attendant nods, takes the nozzle from the pump as Bobby puts his arm around Pam and they walk toward the diner. The Attendant watches them go, admiring the way Pam fills and moves in her thin cotton dress. Then he turns back to the pump; we MOVE IN on the pump window as he cranks the meter-settings back to zeroes.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

THE HEAD AND SHOULDERS OF A YOUNG MAN/BEHIND GLASS

The pump window becomes a television screen; the head belongs to CLIFF BARNES, an intense man in his 30's, seated between older men, questioning someone at a legislative hearing.

CLIFF

How long did you work for Ewings Oil, Mr. Bradley?

As we PULL BACK we see that the TV set is in...

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE - DAY

... where Bobby's brother, JOHN EWING, JR., a trim, granite-faced man in his 40's, is standing before the TV set, extremely annoyed by what he's seeing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The office is large, expensive, over-decorated.

BRADLEY (v.o.)

Five years, Senator.

CLIFF (v.o.)

I'm not a senator, Mr. Bradley.
The gentlemen to my left and right
are senators. I'm their counsel
-- counsel to this committee.

BRADLEY (v.o.)

Gotcha.

ANGLE IN THE OFFICE

JULIE, a handsome, well groomed woman in her late 40's,
enters the office with a tray of coffee and sweet rolls.

JULIE

(very Texas, but
quite elegant)

Mornin', J.R.

J.R.

Morning, Julie.

Julie puts the tray on the desk, crosses to the window.

CLIFF (v.o.)

In that period, Mr. Bradley, how
often...

JULIE

J.R., shall I open the blinds or
not? The daylight'll make a
glare -- on the TV

J.R.

Open them. Maybe a glare will
blind the punk.

ANGLE - FAVORING THE WINDOW

Julie opens the blinds and we see that we are high up
in an urban skyscraper, near other skyscrapers.

JULIE

You can see the heat hovering
over the city already. I hate
Dallas on days like this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns back to look at J.R., who's still engrossed in and annoyed at the TV.

BRADLEY (v.o.)
We never did have no money for
nothing like that, Your Honor.

CLIFF (v.o.)
Please, Mr. Bradley. Just address
me as Counselor. I'm merely this
committee's legal adviser...

BRADLEY (v.o.)
Well, that's an honor, ain't it?

LAUGHTER from the TV and the SOUND of a gavel.

Julie crosses to the desk to pour J.R.'s coffee.

JULIE
Looks like old Phil Bradley's
handling that Cliff Barnes just
fine.

CLIFF (v.o.)
Serving the people is indeed an
honor, Mr. Bradley...

She hands J.R. his cup.

J.R.
Old Phil'll be spilling his guts
out by noontime.

CLIFF (v.o.)
In yesterday's testimony...

J.R.
I just hope to hell the old man
ain't watching this.

The phone RINGS. Julie and J.R. exchange a glance;
she picks it up.

JULIE
John Ewing, Jr.'s wire.
(beat)
Just fine, how 'bout yourself?
(beat)
Good. Yes, he's right here...
(covers the mouth-
piece; whispers)
Seems he is watching...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

J.R.
(takes the phone)
Yeah, Dad...

INTERCUT TO:

INT. JOCK'S DEN-OFFICE - CLOSE ON JOCK - DAY

JOHN EWING, SR. -- 'JOCK' -- is close to 70, but he's big, and if he's half as strong as his voice, he's still nobody you'd want to mess with. Now seems to be a good time to stay out of his way. The TV is on in his rustic office-den, tuned to the same hearing.

JOCK
You watching these things?

J.R.
Yeah.

JOCK
Seems to me I see a couple of familiar faces sitting there. Old boys supposed to be on our side. Why ain't they saying anything?

J.R.
I don't know, Dad...

JOCK
Where's Bobby?

J.R.
New Orleans, I think.

JOCK
Well, get him back -- send him down to Austin -- spread some bees around... collect some of our markers...

During this conversation, we've PULLED BACK in the den and found that ELLIE SOUTHWORTH EWING, Jock's wife, is watching the hearings, too. She's not nearly so agitated as her husband and son -- almost finds the whole thing amusing. Jock hangs up, turns to look at the TV, but stands in place.

CLIFF (v.o.)
Calling them gifts doesn't mean they're not bribes, sir.

ELLIE
What a dirty business you Ewings are in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7.

JOCK

That dirty business saved your family's precious ranch... this ranch... don't you forget it, Miss Ellie...

ELLIE

How can I? You remind me every day...

ANGLE TO INCLUDE DOORWAY

... through which we see LUCY EWING slink by; Jock sees her, too.

JOCK

Lucy!

Lucy steps back into the doorway. She's a young-looking 17, all sex -- pouty mouthed and sleepy-eyed, wearing threadbare, skintight jeans and a clingy top that outlines her baby-fat bust.

ELLIE

Lucy... why aren't you in school?

LUCY

I overslept, Grandma.

ELLIE

Not so much you can miss the whole day.

JOCK

You get Ray or one of the hands to drive you, you hear?

LUCY

Sure, Grandpa, that's just what I was going to do. 'Bye now.

She melts away. Jock and Ellie look at each other.

ELLIE

I didn't see her carrying any school books.

JOCK

Likely she didn't bring any home from school.

CLIFF (v.o.)

Just answer the question, Mr. Bradley!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jock glances at the TV: his anger returns. He takes a couple of giant steps to the set, shuts it off.

JOCK

How'd they get these damned things
on TV anyway?

ELLIE

It's public television.

JOCK

What public? Half the stuff's
for kids, and the other half's
for Englishmen, and all of it
like to put you to sleep.

He sits down at his desk; Ellie leans forward and turns
the television back on.

BRADLEY (v.o.)

I'd pick up some money twice a week...

JOCK

Damn it, where's Bobby?

on Jock's "Bobby", we...

CUT TO:

EXT. SERVICE STATION - CLOSE ON BOBBY - DAY

Bobby is standing by the gas pumps as the Attendant
writes up his gas purchase and takes his credit card.
PULL BACK AND WIDEN to include the parked Caddy. Pam
is sitting on her knees in the front seat, leaning over
the seatback and looking at something in the rear.

ANGLE INTO THE BACK OF THE CAR

Pamela has opened Bobby's attache case on the back seat
and is looking through its contents. There are books of
tickets: Dallas Cowboys, Houston Astros, etc.; gift
certificates to various restaurants and night spots in
several Texas cities, all marked "With the Compliments
of the Ewings".

PAMELA

She sees something interesting, smiles, picks it up.

INSERT - AN ADDRESS BOOK

A rather formidable one. A great many women's names are listed -- with various casually coded notations.

PAMELA

A wry smile as she flips the pages.

PAM

You're not going to need this any more.

She closes the book, leans farther over the seatback, extending her rear end up higher.

ANGLE INTO THE ATTACHE CASE

She tucks the address book away, pulls out a booklet with the state seal on the cover, and the title, "The State Legislature, Austin". She flips through the pages: it's a roster of all the state's legislators. Some names underlined; many have coded notations alongside -- letters, numbers, dates, here and there a question mark.

We HEAR a whack.

PAM

Ow!

SCENE

Bobby has returned to the car, greeting Pamela with an emphatic lovepat on her temptingly extended posterior.

BOBBY

That's what you get for snooping.

She sits down; Bobby goes 'round the car to get in.

PAM

Most men keep work in their briefcases.

He leans into the car, replaces the items in various compartments of the attache case.

BOBBY

I do, too. I told you, Pammy:
I'm in charge of public relations.
Ewing Oil's "good will ambassador".
(he laughs)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM

Well... you got a satchel full
of good will back there.

Bobby closes the case, gets into the car.

BOBBY

My daddy calls them the bees:
broads, booze, booty. They're
what keeps the independent oilmen
independent.

He reaches for the ignition key. Pam grabs his hand,
stops him, kisses his hand.

PAM

We really don't know each other
much at all, do we?

BOBBY

Well enough: We're married, honey.

PAM

Well enough to love each other...
But we don't know... things...
about each other.

BOBBY

Like you didn't know public
relations meant... what's in
that bag.

PAM

I thought you had a hand in running
the business.

BOBBY

I have a hand in keeping the
business running. Same thing.

PAM

No, it isn't.

BOBBY

Pammy -- I have a lot of fun
doing my work -- I like it. It's
people... and laughs... and...

PAM

Broads...

BOBBY

I got what I want now, baby.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY (Cont'd)

That don't mean I can't help some
old boys get a little of what they
can't get on their own.

PAM

Old boys who can do a turn for
Ewing Oil now and again.

BOBBY

You got it.

He kisses her, smiles. Pam -- thoughtful -- forces
herself to return the smile. HOLD on Pam as Bobby
starts the car.

CUT TO:

INT. JOCK'S OFFICE-DEN - DAY

Jock is playing solitaire at his desk. Ellie is
crocheting and still watching the hearing on TV.
Jock throws down the cards, gets up.

JOCK

I can't sit here with that going
on...

(points to TV)

I'm going to Dallas.

He shuts off the TV as he passes, then leaves the room.
Ellie calmly leans forward, turns it on again, resumes
her crocheting.

CLIFF (v.o.)

You do understand what perjury is,
don't you, Mr. Bradley?

BRADLEY (v.o.)

I believe I do.

ELLIE

Phil Bradley... poor Phil...
Cliff Barnes is going to have
you spilling it all out anyway.
Why not do it now...

CUT TO:

EXT. RANCHHOUSE - DAY

Jock steps out of the house, onto the porch. He takes a deep breath, looks around.

HIS POV - SOUTHFORK

The main compound of a modestly proportioned cattle ranch. A small corral with a few horses; a stable, with living quarters above for those wranglers who still prefer to live where they work; a long garage. The garage doors are open; lots of empty spaces now, but we can see a Cadillac Seville inside, and a big station wagon. Jock's Cadillac Fleetwood is parked outside. Beyond the compound we can see stretches of grassy ranchland.

JOCK

He steps off the porch, starts for his Fleetwood, sees a Jeep parked down by the stables; he walks the length of the stables, looking in.

JOCK

Ray?

He calls into every other stable.

INT. STABLE - DAY

A ladder is in the foreground. A figure climbs down -- RAY KREBBS, strong-looking, 35, wearing jeans, no shirt. In the background, Jock is silhouetted in the door, the bright daylight behind him, a sharp contrast to the dark interior.

JOCK

That you, Ray?

RAY

Yes, sir.

Jock steps into the stable.

JOCK

What's up there?

RAY

Been keeping dry goods there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOCK

Seems out of the way to me --
(beat)

Never mind, you're the foreman.
You take Lucy to school this
morning?

RAY

No. Didn't see her.

JOCK

Maybe one of the boys took her.
Do something for me, Ray: You
get her to school -- every day.
Make sure. We get letters saying
she misses more than she goes.

RAY

Sure thing.

Jock gives Ray a grateful slap on the shoulder.

JOCK

I'm counting on you, Ray.

(starts to go)

Oh, Ray...

(turns back)

Can't you do anything to get that
girl of yours to call off her brother?

RAY

No, sir, I can't...

As they continue to talk, we slowly PULL BACK -- up the
ladder -- until the two men are seen from the POV of
someone upstairs.

JOCK

Seems to me I've heard you
bragging how that fine looking
lady can't never say no to you.

RAY

Except when it comes to her
brother. That's the only time.
I can't even criticize Cliff Barnes.

JOCK

Well... give it a try. Trying's
the fun part anyway...

Jock laughs; Ray laughs too, but he's forcing it.
Jock gives Ray another playful shoulder-slap, leaves.
Ray goes back to the foot of the ladder, looks up:

HIS POV - UP THE LADDER

At the top of the ladder, peering down from the loft, is Lucy; she's been watching, listening, finding it all quite funny.

RAY

He looks back toward the stable door -- sees the Fleetwood go by, climbs up the steps.

INT. LOFT OVER THE STABLE - DAY

Lucy's lying prone on the floor, wearing nothing but Ray's shirt. She stands as Ray comes up. She puts her arms around him, presses herself to him.

RAY

You know how close that was...

LUCY

Weren't close at all. He can't climb steps. You know that.

RAY

If he knew, he'd kill me. You know that.

LUCY

You keep being good to me, and he'll never know.

Although Ray towers over Lucy, she's in control and knows it. She puts her hand to the back of his neck, presses; he lowers his head; they kiss. We MOVE IN VERY CLOSE on Ray and Lucy, mouth to mouth.

LUCY

(continuing)

Who's better -- her or me?

RAY

Come on, Lucy...

LUCY

You're right. Ain't a fair question. Anyways we're probably real different, right?

(kiss)

I ain't even jealous. I like it ... sharing you with her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

I got to go, Lucy.

She slowly drops to the floor, pulling Ray with her.
We remain VERY CLOSE on their faces.

LUCY

You ever call her Lucy when...
you're with her? By mistake?

RAY

No.

LUCY

That'd be funny. Perverse, you
know.

(giggles)

Call me her name.

RAY

No.

Lucy does something below FRAME that hurts Ray --
forces a sharp intake of breath.

LUCY

Do it. Call me her name.

RAY

(hurting)

Pam.

She undoes whatever it was she did. He exhales--
they're still mouth-to-mouth.

LUCY

Again.

RAY

Pam.

(kiss)

Pamela...

HOLD ON Ray and Lucy -- and the ever-deepening kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOBBY'S CAR - VERY CLOSE ON PAMELA - DAY

BOBBY (o.s.)

Why, Pamela?

(CONTINUED)

PAM

Because they can hire somebody
to do what you do. You could
be... you should be ... important.

PULL BACK AND WIDEN TO TWO SHOT, Bobby is driving. Pam
is seated close to him, facing his profile, her legs tucked
under her on the seat.

BOBBY

What am I now -- a bowl of chili?

PAM

Come on, Bobby, you know you're
important. The most important
thing there is to me.

BOBBY

But you don't like the smell of
what I do.

EXT. APPROACH TO SOUTHFORK - DAY

Bobby's car speeds down a narrow, paved road toward
the entrance to Southfork.

PAM (v.o.)

It's not that, honey. It's...
well... you can be important to
more than me. You're a son in a
big, powerful oil family.

BOBBY (v.o.)

And cattle. If you're going to
make a good impression on my Mama,
you'd best remember her side of
the family, too.

PAM (v.o.)

Okay: oil and cattle. And now
that your Daddy's retired, I'm
sure they can use more than one
brain running things.

Bobby turns into the ranch -- the entrance marked by a
timber corbelled arch with iron letters spelling out
"SOUTHFORK RANCH" across the top, and centered over
the letters, the Southfork brand. The car drives down
a smooth but unpaved road.

BOBBY (v.o.)

J.R.'s got quite a brain...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM (v.o.)
So do you, Bobby. You've been
so busy hoopin' it up all these
years, you haven't shut up long
enough to hear how good your
brain ticks...

INT. CAR (DRIVING)

Bobby glances at Pam, sees how earnest she is.

BOBBY
It really means a lot to you,
doesn't it, honey?

PAM
I want it to mean a lot to you.

BOBBY
Okay, then.

PAM
Okay?

BOBBY
I'll tell Daddy and J.R. tonight.
Might as well spring everything at
once.

PAM
A new wife...
 (throws her arms
 around his neck)
... and a new you!
 (kisses him on
 the mouth)

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The car swerves this way and that, off the road and on,
but there are no obstructions, so the only thing stirred
up are Bobby and clouds of red dust.

BOBBY (v.o.)
Hey... hey...

Through the dust we can see, a mile or so down the road,
the Southfork compound.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STABLE LOFT - DAY

Ray is tucking his shirt into his pants -- dressing quickly.

RAY

What're you going to do with the rest of the day?

ANGLE TO INCLUDE LUCY

-- buckling her belt.

LUCY

After you make sure Grandma's eyes are elsewhere -- I'll ride out and meet you at the shack...

RAY

Not today, Lucy. I'm paid help.

LUCY

And you earn every penny.

Ray leans against the wall to pull on his boots. Lucy idly looks out of the window.

LUCY'S POV

Bobby's Caddy pulls up and stops in front of the house. From this POV it is apparent there's a woman in front, but not her identity.

LUCY

Bobby's bringing a lady home to lunch, looks like.

RAY

Must be special. The ladies he usually likes... he don't bring around to meet Miss Ellie.

LUCY'S POV

Bobby and Pam get out. Pam smooths her dress, says something MOS to Bobby -- she's nervous. Bobby puts his hands on her shoulders, talks soothingly to her.

LUCY

-- the surprise of recognition -- then a grin.

LUCY

Hey, uh, Ray... You know this lady. Take a look.

Ray joins Lucy at the window.

THEIR POV

Bobby has the trunk open, is putting suitcases next to the car. Pam is brushing her hair, looking into a compact mirror, nervous.

RAY AND LUCY

He is utterly baffled.

RAY

Why's he bringing Pam here?

LUCY

The last couple barbecues you brought her here to... while you were getting soused, they were getting chummy.

THEIR POV

Pam is talking nervously MOS. Maybe they shouldn't meet his mother yet. Bobby kisses her, holds her by the shoulders, looks into her face and talks. Then he lifts her left hand to the front of her face, twirls her wedding band around and around -- he's probably saying something like -- Look, don't worry, this makes it all okay.

RAY AND LUCY

It's dawning on them -- Lucy first -- she's very amused.

LUCY

They're married!

RAY

Don't be stupid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY
Don't you be blind. Of course
they're married.

She starts laughing.

THEIR POV

Ellie steps out of the house -- Bobby puts his arm
around Pam, steps forward, and presents MOS -- his wife.

RAY AND LUCY

Lucy's still laughing. Ray is anything but.

RAY
Shut up.

LUCY
But it's funny, Ray, it's ...

RAY
Shut up!

The command is so forceful that Lucy does indeed shut up.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT PORCH - CLOSE ON ELLIE - DAY

She's speechless, shocked. PULL BACK to include Pam
and Bobby, standing before her. Pam looks nervous;
Bobby wears a big grin.

ELLIE
I'm sorry... I... I'm caught so
utterly by surprise... I don't
know what to say.

BOBBY
You can start by saying good luck
and welcome...

Pam realizes that Bobby's being too casual, expecting
too much too soon from his mother.

PAM
Miss Ellie, Do you mind if I freshen
up a little?

(CONTINUED)

ELLIE

No, of course not...
(gestures inside)

PAM

I'll find it. Excuse me, Bobby.

She goes into the house.

BOBBY

Well, Mama? Isn't she beautiful?
What do you think?

ELLIE

She is beautiful. She's also
Cliff Barnes' sister and Digger
Barnes' daughter. And if you
want to know what I think, I
think you're in trouble.

BOBBY

Now, Mama...

ELLIE

I don't want to hear any now
mama's. You come on inside.

BOBBY

The luggage...

ELLIE

They'll keep.

She waits for him to open the screen door; he does;
they go in.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - DAY

Ellie leads the way past the living room toward the
door of the den.

ELLIE

(softly)

When did this happen?

BOBBY

Yesterday. In New Orleans.
We didn't plan it.

ELLIE

I wouldn't think you did.

INT. DEN - DAY

They enter. Ellie closes the door behind them.

BOBBY

But Mama... if we had planned it... told everybody first... there would've been a lot of hooping and bad words, and we'd've gotten married anyway.

ELLIE

You think you're not going to hear some bad words now?

BOBBY

A few. But we're married. It's done. Everybody'll come around quicker this way.

Ellie doesn't look convinced.

BOBBY

(continuing)

You'll see. I'm going to call Daddy and J.R. right now. And by the time they get home, they'll be cooled down a bit.

He starts for the phone.

ELLIE

Not so fast, Bobby. They need to be prepared a little. Let me do it...

BOBBY

How?

ELLIE

I don't know. I have to think it out.

The phone RINGS, and Ellie, after shooting a glance at Bobby, answers it.

ELLIE

(continuing)

Hello?

INTERCUT TO J.R.'S OFFICE

Jock is on the phone; J.R. is seated at his desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOCK

Ellie, you heard from Bobby yet?

Ellie looks at Bobby, her expression identifying the caller.

ELLIE

He's here, Jock. Just got in.

JOCK

Well you send him right on. He's got to go to Austin.

ELLIE

I don't think he can go.

JOCK

Why not?

ELLIE

Because he came home... with a wife.

JOCK

What!

J.R. looks up at Jock inquisitively.

ELLIE

A wife.

JOCK

(stunned, to
J.R.)

He... came home... with a wife.

J.R. is as startled as his father, but he recovers more quickly.

J.R.

Who is she -- anybody?

JOCK

J.R. wants to know is she anybody.

ELLIE

(looking at Bobby)

Yeah... she's anybody all right.

(beat)

And you two best come right on home.

She hangs up, looks at Bobby.

BOBBY

He is still grinning, but the former confidence is no longer so prevalent.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTHFORK RANCHHOUSE - ESTABLISHING - SUNSET

A CRANE SHOT of the house -- one story, rambling, with a network of added-on rooms and wings. The sun is going down as we MOVE IN.

BOBBY (v.o.)

So I said I love you, and Pam said I love you. And I said, Are you sure, and Pam said, Of course I'm sure, and I said, okay, then let's get married right here in this beautiful old city of New Orleans. Why, Bobby, Pam said, that just the craziest...

INT. LIVING ROOM

A large, comfortable room, lots of furniture. All the Ewings are present: Jock -- standing by the bar -- Ellie, Bobby, and an uncomfortable Pam on the sofa. J.R. on a chair. On another chair, J.R.'s wife, SUE-ELLEN, a former Miss Texas, Pam's age, voluptuous, but oddly sexless. On the arm of Sue-Allen's chair sits a very amused Lucy, very sloppy. The assembly is tense; conversation is not coming easily. When people do talk, they seem to play to J.R.: It is his reaction they are waiting for; he knows it, hides all clues behind a perfect poker face.

BOBBY

(continuing)

... idea I ever did hear. But twenty minutes later we were standing in front of that Baptist minister, saying I will, I will, and that was that. Quick and painless.

a silent beat.

SUE-ELLEN

I never knew you were such an impulsive person, Bobby.

BOBBY

Neither did I.

He laughs; no one else does. Silent beat.

(CONTINUED)

BOBBY

(continuing)

Once it was done, we came straight on home. I believe I set a record New Orleans-to-Dallas.

ELLIE

Pamela, you settled into your room all right?

PAM

Yes, ma'am. 'Course I only have the one bag. I'll go into Dallas tomorrow and get my things.

Ellie smiles, nods.

JOCK

Young lady -- when's your brother going to give up his crusade against us Ewings?

Pam's face drains of expression.

BOBBY

Daddy, I don't think this is an appropriate time to discuss that, do you?

JOCK

Hell, I don't know why not.

ELLIE

We don't talk business at this hour, Jock.

Jock makes a gesture acknowledging his culpability.

JOCK

Anybody need a refill?

Mumbled no's from everyone except Bobby, who gets up, joins his father at the bar. Jock pours him a new drink. Quiet AD LIBS.

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY

Ray Krebbs steps into the doorway, holding a ledger.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Everyone present notices Ray, looks from Ray to Pamela.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

Excuse me, Mr. Ewing...

JOCK

Come in, Ray: drink?

Jock approaches Ray, takes the ledger.

RAY

No, thanks.

Silence.

J.R.

Ray... you know Pamela.

RAY

Yes. Pam...

PAM

Hello, Ray..

LUCY

(cheerfully)

Ray Krebbs, have you heard that
our Bobby has up and married
Pam Barnes?

RAY

I heard, yes. Good luck to you...
both...

LUCY

Now where are your manners?
You're going to kiss the bride,
aren't you?

All eyes are on Ray. He tentatively steps forward. Pam moves to the edge of the chair, not sure whether to get up or stay down: she's suspended in the middle when Ray leans over; she turns her head; she and Ray touch cheeks, kiss air. Bobby is uncomfortable, but goes for the gesture.

BOBBY

You sure you won't have a drink...

RAY

Some other time, Bobby; I do
wish you luck, though.

Ray and Bobby shake hands; then Jock initials the page in the ledger, hands it back to Ray.

JOCK

Thanks, Ray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAY

Yes, sir. Well, goodnight...
everybody.

AD LIBBED farewells and Ray leaves. After another
silent beat, J.R. gets up.

J.R.

While we still got a little light,
I'd like to show Pamela our end of
the house. That okay with everybody?

No one responds with more than a casual shrug -- except
Bobby, who doesn't like it.

BOBBY

We've got plenty of time for
that, J.R. Let's just sit a
while and get to know each other.

J.R.

I get to know people best, little
brother, one-to-one. You'll excuse
us?

He waits for Pam. Pam looks at Bobby, then at J.R.,
then around the room. The others are watching. She
gets up; J.R. takes her arm, and they leave the room.

LUCY

I think this is all so exciting,
don't you Sue-Ellen?

SUE-ELLEN

Weddings always are, aren't they?
One way or another.

HOLD ON LUCY AND SUE-ELLEN'S TWO SHOT

Lucy enjoying herself no end -- Sue-Ellen bewildered.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE PORCH - NIGHT

J.R. and Pam step out of the house onto the porch.

THEIR POV

PAN to reveal the ranch under a sky still streaked
slightly gold and red from the just-departed sun.

SCENE - PAM AND J.R.

J.R.
Fine country, isn't it?

PAM
Beautiful.

J.R. steps down off the porch; Pam goes with him.

EXT. THE HOUSE - NIGHT

They walk along the front side of the house. J.R. knows what he's doing where he's going. Pam just goes along.

J.R.
I apologize for my father. A different generation. Speak their minds. He doesn't really expect you to reveal anything about your brother's political activities.

PAM
I wouldn't anyway. I don't know anything to reveal.

J.R.
Of course. I'd hoped there'd be more light left; I wanted to show you Mother's gardens.

PAM
I can see them tomorrow.

J.R.
Yes.

They've come to another entrance -- to a wing of the house. J.R. opens the door.

INT. SITTING ROOM - DAY

J.R. and Pam enter. It is a sterile, unlived-in sitting room with a couple of doors and a hidden kitchenette.

J.R.
This is our sitting room. Our own wing. Sue-Ellen's and mine.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.R. (cont'd)
(opens shuttered
built-ins)
See? A little kitchen...and
(opens another door)
Our bedroom.

Pam looks in.

J.R.
(continuing)
Comfortable. You and Bobby will
have your own wing too. Right
here. We Ewings like to be to-
gether.

PAM
Bobby told me.

J.R. opens another door, stands back for Pam to enter.

INT. EMPTY ROOM - DAY

They enter; Pam looks at it, at J.R.

J.R.
It's going to be the baby's room.

PAM
Oh, is Sue-Ellen...

J.R.
Not yet. A matter of time. We do
want an heir. Head of the family
... the business...for the next
generation.

He looks Pam square in the eye.

PAM
Bobby and I want kids, too.

J.R.
Yes.
(beat)
Did your brother put you up to this,
Miss Barnes?

Pam's expression hardens. She turns, tries to go around
him and leave the room. He steps in front of the doorway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

31.

J.R.

(continuing)

It's not an unreasonable question,
Miss Barnes.

PAM

Mrs. Ewing. Excuse me, please.

J.R.

All right -- I was out of line.
My apologies. Perhaps it would
be better to ask you what sort
of settlement you'd require...
to annul this farce.

PAM

Let me out of here.

J.R.

I'm willing to spend some money
now to avoid inconvenience. But
if you insist on being driven
away -- as you will be -- you'll
come out with nothing.

PAM

(a beat)

You haven't thought this out.
If I'm here as a spy, then your
money won't buy me off. And if
it's Ewing money I'm after, no
measly settlement can match what
I'm going to have just being
married to Bobby. Now, let me
out of here.

She skirts around J.R. and out of the room.

HOLD on J.R.; now we can see how truly angry he is.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With J.R. and Pam out of the room, the tension is less
-- except for Bobby, who's understandably wondering
what's happening. Even so, he remains animated, wired.
He's addressing himself mostly to Jock and Ellie.

BOBBY

Anyway, I thought I'd come in
tomorrow... and we can get started...

JOCK

Sure thing. I'll see about that office
... and a secretary...

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY

Pamela comes in, followed a step or two later by J.R.

ELLIE

Ah -- supper's ready.

They all start toward the dining room.

SUE-ELLEN

J.R., Bobby's been telling us
how he's going to be coming in
off the road.

J.R.

Pardon me?

ELLIE

Getting out of public relations
and becoming a proper Ewing
executive.

J.R.

You are a proper executive, Bobby.

BOBBY

I want... I'm going to participate
in... running the business.

J.R.

The business has been running pretty
smoothly as it is.

BOBBY

New blood never hurts.

(puts his arm
around J.R.)

And mine is good Ewing blood.

ANGLE ON DINING ROOM ENTRANCE

They all file in, Bobby and J.R. last. Just after
Pam enters with Lucy, Pam turns back and makes
quick eye contact with J.R.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pam is in her robe, brushing her hair. Bobby is in
the bathroom, brushing his teeth.

PAM

Bobby... I don't want to live
here at the ranch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

I told you up front, honey... We all live here.

PAM

But I can't.

BOBBY

We'll get a place in Dallas, too. But at first...

PAM

I can't, Bobby... Really...

BOBBY

Sure you can, Pam honey: this was just one day, remember. No sinking-in time at all.

Bobby comes out of the bathroom.

PAM

But J.R...

BOBBY

J.R.'s more bark than bite.

PAM

Yeah? He accused me of being a spy sent by my brother.

BOBBY

He wasn't serious.

PAM

No? And when I wouldn't answer him, he asked me how much I wanted to get out. Money. To annul the marriage.

BOBBY

Pam!

(long beat)

I'm sorry, honey, but... that's J.R. Take my word -- he was just testing you. He feels he has to. Now that you've passed, the worst is over.

Pam doesn't respond, looks forlorn. Bobby goes to her, lifts her chin, kisses her. She still looks forlorn. He surreptitiously tickles her in the ribs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAM
(laughs)
No... Bobby... you know I'm
ticklish there...

He kisses and tickles her down to the bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - NIGHT

J.R. and Jock are seated on the porch; Jock lights a
cigarette.

J.R.
Thought you weren't allowed to
smoke them things.

JOCK
(takes a drag)
Smoke what things?

J.R. doesn't contradict Jock.

J.R.
I asked her how much she'd take.

JOCK
You did what?

J.R.
Tried to pay her off.

JOCK
You jackass!

J.R. tenses: he can't take reprimands from Jock.

J.R.
What else? You don't want him
married to a Barnes, do you?

JOCK
I ain't saying I do -- but you'd
better learn the art of subtlety,
boy!

J.R.
How can I be subtle when...

JOCK
Because from what I've seen...
your lack of it turns our
competitors into enemies...
and our enemies into fanatics...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.R.

I don't notice a decline in profits.

JOCK

Give yourself time. I've only been retired a year... watching ... keeping my mouth shut, expecting you'd learn a lesson one of these days... make some stupid mistake...

The SOUNDS of Bobby and Pam's laughing and giggling drift down to the porch.

JOCK

(continuing;
smiles)

Anyway, I ain't so sure it's a bad thing.

J.R.

You're not! You saw it already -- Bobby wanting to come in off the road... be an "executive"...

JOCK

What's wrong with that?

J.R.

P.R.'s important... it...

JOCK

P.R. Jeeezz... pimping's what it is. I got nothing against him settling down, taking on a little responsibility.

J.R.

You put me in your chair.

JOCK

Sure... stay there. But I got more than one son -- and nobody says you got to run things alone.

The bedroom SOUNDS again. Jock smiles, flips his cigarette, stands up.

JOCK

(continuing)

Go see your wife, Junior. They get too much head start, my first grandson's going to be theirs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He goes into the house. J.R. is shaken: today's events are already eroding his position. He sits for a beat, then gets up, leaves the porch, gets into his Corvette, drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUNKHOUSE - NIGHT

Ray Krebbs is lying in a hammock outside the bunkhouse, listening to a portable radio. He HEARS the Corvette engine, gets himself out of the hammock. The Corvette roars up in a cloud of red dust and stops. J.R. gets out.

J.R.
How the hell'd this happen?

RAY
You asking me? I brought her to a couple barbecues here. Never knew they were getting to know each other that well.

Ray is obviously hurt as well as angry.

J.R.
I don't know about you, Ray, but I'm not sitting still for it.

RAY
I don't want to sit still for it either, but... they're married.

J.R.
So were those two fine women we spent that memorable weekend up to Waco last year.

The recollection breaks Ray's gloom -- he smiles.

RAY
And they couldn't never go back to their husbands after that...
(laughs)

J.R.
Remember when the tall one...

RAY
Remember? Whoo-ee... those images have been etched in my mind for all time...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Both of them laugh; then grow more serious again.

RAY

(continuing)

So what're you going to do?

J.R.

Not me. Us. You and me. We're
going to bust them up -- what
else?

HOLD on Ray -- thoughtful. Then the smile returns.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Dark except for the light by the front door. We HEAR
Pam and Bobby's weary, satisfied post-love making
whispers.

BOBBY (v.o.)

You okay?

PAM (v.o.)

Sure. You?

BOBBY (v.o.)

Couldn't be better.

Mutual sighs, rustle of bedlinens.

PAM (v.o.)

Bobby, honey... they ain't never
going to get me out of here...
or away from you. We're going
to be just fine...

BOBBY (v.o.)

Never any doubt about it.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTHFORK HOUSE - DAY

Pam and Bobby come out of the house, head for Bobby's car. They're dressed for contrast -- she in jeans and workshirt, he in a sharp business suit -- but again, they seem to match. Their late-night confidence seems to have carried over to this morning: they're hanging all over each other, very affectionate, laughing. They get to the car; Pam starts to go around to the passenger side, but Bobby takes her arm, leads her to the driver's door, opens it for her, shoos her in. She's going to drive. She's not accustomed to anything so big, but she's got to start sometime -- now, in fact. Bobby gets into the front passenger seat, and they're off.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NARROW ROAD - DAY

The Caddy creeps along; a line of cars forming behind it; HORNS; occasional attempts at passing. We MOVE IN close enough to see Bobby admonishing Pam. She shrugs, then, as we PULL BACK, the Caddy shoots away from the pack.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUPER HIGHWAY - DAY

The Caddy tearing along, passing everything in sight, weaving in and out. The Dallas skyline looms ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DOWNTOWN DALLAS - DAY

The Caddy pulls up to the curb; we see Bobby holding his hands over his eyes until the car stops. Pam is beaming. He shakes his head, then smiles, then kisses her, gets out, goes 'round to the curb, kisses her again. They say a few words MOS, and then Pam pulls away into traffic like a pro maniac. Bobby looks after her, grinning.

DISSOLVE TO:

VARIOUS SHOTS/VARIOUS NEIGHBORHOODS

The Caddy leaves the new commercial district, passes through an older district, then others, the tone of each steadily diminishing. Tracks are crossed; rail-yards passed; the flashy car more and more incongruous.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Not a full-fledged slum, but a conspicuously poor neighborhood, small homes, small lots, little sign of parks or street maintenance. Pam pulls up in front of one small house and stops, gets out.

EXT. MAGGIE'S HOUSE - DAY

One among many identical houses -- needing paint, needing lots of things, but clean. Pam runs up the pavement, around the side of the house, enters a side door without knocking.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Pam sticks her head in, looks, enters, calling:

PAM

Aunt Maggie!
(beat)
Aunt Mag...

MAGGIE (o.s.)

Pamela?

As Pam closes the kitchen door, Maggie enters from an interior doorway. She's a small, stout woman, late 60's. She looks like her house -- almost worn out from the sheer effort of not wearing out. She's delighted to see Pam; they hug.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

Everything all right? I thought you were still vacationing.

PAM

I cut my vacation short.

MAGGIE

Why? Was something wrong?

PAM

No -- something was right. Look...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pam holds up her left hand. Maggie sees the wedding band. All at once, she's astonished... curious... ready to become extremely sentimental.

MAGGIE

God bless you, Pammy. When? Who?

PAM

In New Orleans. Day before yesterday. Why, we even made sure we found a Baptist preacher. See? I was thinking of you.

MAGGIE

I didn't do such a bad job at all. Raising you, I mean.

PAM

'Course not. Anyway... we'd been seeing each other for a time, and then we went to New Orleans and it was so pretty and we kept falling more and more in love every minute and...

MAGGIE

Pamela! "Let your speech be Always with Grace."

Pam realizes she's been ranting... stops. But Aunt Maggie smiles.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

But it's good to see you so happy. Even if you didn't tell me who.

PAM

Bobby Ewing.

Maggie freezes on the spot -- numb. Pam doesn't quite know what to say next -- shrugs -- as if to confirm the name.

MAGGIE

(eventually)

John Ewing's boy?

PAM

The youngest.

(beat; then fast)

I know, Aunt Maggie --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAGGIE

(quietly)

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."

PAM

Pardon me?

MAGGIE

(louder)

Reminding myself, dear -- not you.

(kisses Pam)

I guess you and the Lord know what you're doing.

(beat)

Because your brother and father sure won't.

PAM

(nods, agrees)

Have you seen Daddy?

MAGGIE

Not for a week, two maybe.

PAM

Sure sign of a bender.

MAGGIE

Pamela, you be charitable. I might have raised you and Cliff, but your daddy was always... nearby. Don't underestimate his love for you. Digger loved you always.

PAM

Oh, I know that.

The telephone RINGS: Maggie answers.

MAGGIE

Hello?

(beat)

Oh Lord, Clifford... How...

Pam signals: she's not here; she's not here.

MAGGIE

(continuing)

She certainly is.

(beat)

She certainly is. Yes, indeed.

Maggie hands the phone to Pam -- who doesn't want it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PAM
(very meekly)
Cliff?

Cliff's response drives the phone -- suddenly -- from her ear. He's quite worked up.

PAM
(continuing)
Cliff?
(beats)
Cliff... okay... I know, Cliff,
I know that, too...
(beats)
Shut up!
(it worked)
Now: Are you in Austin or...
good, here in Dallas. Okay:
I'm going up to my place to pack
a few things. If you want to...
(beat)
STOP!
(sweetly)
Now: If you would like to talk,
meet me there in...
(interrupted)
CLIFF!
(worked again)
... but you have to be nice.

She looks to Maggie.

MAGGIE
(whispered hint)
"A word spoken in due season, how
good is it."

PAM
(into phone)
"A word spoken in good season,
how good it is... but a word
screamed at a sister before she
gets a chance to say beans is
cruddy." Ten minutes -- 'bye.
(hangs up)

MAGGIE
"A soft answer turneth away wrath."

PAM
I'll let you know how that one
works out.

She smiles; she and Maggie hug.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. APARTMENT LANDING - CLOSE ON CLIFF BARNES - DAY

The same guy we saw on TV -- dressed in jeans and work-shirt today -- like Pam, in fact -- and sitting on the floor of the landing, chin on his knees, in front of a door. He hears a door opening from outside, looks up as we PULL BACK and Pam enters the frame, keys in hand, goes toward the door. She looks down at her brother.

PAM

(unlocking)

You getting up... or are you going to just roll in when I open this door.

She pushes the door open; he gets up, his eyes glued to hers. They go in.

INT. PAM'S OLD APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A modest apartment, simple, tastefully done -- not a trace of artiness. One large room and kitchen area. Pam and Cliff enter.

PAM

How come you're up from Austin?

CLIFF

Committee chairman got sick; the hearings are postponed 'till next week. So when I heard about you...

Pam gets down a couple of large suitcases from the closet, opens one on the bed, the other on a nearby bench. As they talk, she begins taking clothing from her dresser and closets, packing them neatly.

CLIFF

(continuing)

You've got a nice flair for decorating.

PAM

Thanks. You better say what you come to say.

CLIFF

What did you think you were doing when you married a Ewing?

PAM

Marrying a man.

CLIFF

Bobby Ewing's not a man.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF (cont'd)

Holy smokes, Pamela, a Ewing!
You know who those people are.

Her packing gets a little more haphazard.

PAM

They're me, now.

CLIFF

We've survived our whole lives
sticking together -- you and me
-- against them -- and the Thems
are mainly the Ewings.

PAM

Not any more.

Pamela packs faster -- if she keeps busy, keeps dodging,
the truth of this won't have time to penetrate.

CLIFF

You used to be worse than I was.
You used to break windows in the
old Ewing building downtown.
You used to devise elaborate
schemes for torturous revenge.

PAM

Maybe marrying one is the best
revenge.

CLIFF

I bet the Ewings think so.

She closes the lid on one suitcase (which does not
appear to be overstuffed; if anything it's not quite
full), presses down, all her weight on her hands, as
if she's trying to crush it.

PAM

I don't care what they think.
I don't care what you think.

She stands up straight, turns to face him.

PAM

(continuing)

I love Bobby Ewing; that's it.

She resumes packing.

CLIFF

I don't believe you.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLIFF (cont'd)

I mean, that you don't care what they think... what I think. I think you care a lot.

She looks in the closet again, can't concentrate; she simply takes as many garments on hangers as she can lift with one hand, drops them into the suitcase, closes the suitcase. She picks up both suitcases, heads for the door.

PAM

I'll send a truck for what's left.
Let's go.

She heads out, ahead of Cliff; Cliff starts to take a bag, but Pam won't let him.

SHORT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A smallish, suburban style garden apartment. Pam -- still carrying both bags -- comes out of the building, walks down the pavement. Cliff has to hurry to keep pace.

CLIFF

You must've been awfully sick of your job.

PAM

No. I've always liked it at the store.

CLIFF

And the overtime... from the fashion shows...

PAM

Right. Assistant buyer of merchandise moonlights as a piece of merchandise...

CLIFF

Was it that bad?

PAM

(stops walking)

No... but you're that bad. As bad as J.R. -- arch-Ewing. What's my job have to do with all this? You think I married him so I could quit?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIFF

No... I'm just saying... what was the rush? You were doing okay... living nicely...

PAM

If we would've waited and planned ... we wouldn't have done it.

CLIFF

But that's it!

PAM

That's nothing. We would've crumbled under pressure -- but we would've been wrong to. What we did was just as much as we had strength to do.

CLIFF

Okay, baby. sister, but how much strength do you have right now? Enough to withstand whatever goodies J.R. Ewing must be cooking up for you?

PAM

I'll take care of it.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE THE CADDY

Pamela charges up to it, puts down the bags. Cliff realizes that the huge car is hers.

CLIFF

I don't believe this.

PAM

You'd better believe it.

She opens the trunk, swings the two suitcases in, closes the trunk.

PAM

(continuing)

I'm going to Gleason's to look for Digger. You coming?

CLIFF

I'm not riding in that...

PAM

Fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She gets in, starts up the engine, puts it in drive. Just as it lurches forward, Cliff lunges for it and gets in too.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GLEASON'S BAR - DAY (BUT DARK)

A workingman's bar. A group of PATRONS are gathered at one end of the bar, around a central figure, DIGGER BARNES -- 70, not a derelict, but clearly not a solid citizen, either. He's telling tales, making the others laugh.

REFOCUS so that the entrance in the background is favored, seen through the circle of drinkers. Cliff comes in, takes a few steps toward the group, recognizes the old man. Cliff looks terribly sad, terribly beaten for a moment; then he turns and leaves.

REFOCUS on Digger.

DIGGER

Prospecting for gold -- no way to make a living let me tell you -- I tried it, tried it and struck one time -- maybe twice, I don't know. But the real gold's black gold. And let me tell you I had the nose for it, the eyes for it, even the ears. Just lead me to it, I'll drill for you, sink those mothers, guarantee something nine times out of ten... nine and a half...

The other drinkers laugh, AD LIB taunts and teases. Digger laughs with them, at himself -- pausing only when his glass is dry.

DRINKER

Give him another, my friend...

The BARTENDER pours Digger another. He drinks, continues.

ANGLE

As he talks, Pam and Cliff come into the bar. They stand apart for a few beats, watching.

DIGGER

Thanks you, sir. Twenty-two was my year.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DIGGER (cont'd)

Twenty-two. Partner and me, we went out... right here in Texas... followed my nose... I'd say here... and we'd stop awhile, and he'd go back to register our claim while I stayed and started drilling. Nine times out of ten we hit and then when we had enough... enough -- ho -- ten times more than we could ever spend... I said that's it... and he agreed. And then that vermin laughed in my face and told me I owned nothing, nothing at all... plus I owed him plenty. I tried to kill him once ... twice maybe... bungled it. I can drill but I can't kill... Owe, but not own...

Laughter, in which Digger joins.

PAM AND CLIFF

They watch, look at each other.

CLIFF

There you have it, Pammy. A victim of Ewing ethics. A drunk pretending to be drunker than he is... for drinks. Courtesy of the family whose name his daughter now bears.

PAM

That's not fair, Cliff.

They move forward, break up the crowd.

CLIFF

Excuse me... excuse me, please...

DRINKER

Hey... we ain't ready to...

But Digger sees Cliff, signals the patrons not to make trouble.

DIGGER

Clifford...

Cliff takes Digger's arm, leads him out of the crowd.

ANGLE ON BOOTH

Pam sits down first; Cliff and Digger follow, slide in.

DIGGER

And Pammy...

PAM

Hi, Daddy. You okay?

DIGGER

Sure.

CLIFF

Pam, maybe you shouldn't...

PAM

(takes Digger's
hands)

Daddy... I came to tell you...
I got married.

DIGGER

What do you think a that...

PAM

Daddy, don't be mad... or hurt.
I love my husband, Daddy, but
he's... Bobby Ewing.

DIGGER

not a whit of understanding.

PAM AND CLIFF

They exchange a glance.

PAM

The boy that I married, Daddy...
He's a Ewing.

CLIFF

Leander Ewing's grandson.

DIGGER

The blankness is replaced by the beginnings of comprehension. He looks at Cliff, letting the name sink in. Then he looks at Pamela -- right into her eyes. A beat or two of that and...

SCENE

Pamela can't take it... gets up... runs outside.

HOLD on Digger.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEEDY BAR - DAY

Pamela hurries out and to her Caddy, gets in, sits with her face in her hands, breathing deeply. When she feels some measure of control, she looks around -- for a phone booth, actually -- but as she looks she finds herself surrounded by the opulent interior of the car. She gets out... looks at it... looks around again... sees a phone booth, goes toward it.

CUT TO:

INT. J.R.'S OFFICE - DAY

Bobby is seated on the couch, looking over various papers and contracts. J.R. is at his desk. Jock enters from the outer office.

JOCK

Bobby, we got an office cleared out for you. Nothing fancy, but temporary.

BOBBY

Anything'll do.

He starts to gather up the papers.

JOCK

You making any sense out of all this malarky yet?

BOBBY

Holding my head above water -- just about.

He gets up, takes his materials, follows Jock out. The BUZZER sounds. J.R. responds.

J.R.

Yes?

JULIE

(intercom)

Mrs. Ewing.

J.R. picks up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hi. J.R.

INTERCUT TO:

EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Where Pamela has placed her call.

PAM
Bobby?

J.R.
(recognizing
the voice)
No, he's... tied up.

PAM
Oh... sorry. I asked... anyway,
can I talk to him?

J.R.
You want an executive husband --
executives get tied up.

PAM
I wanted to know... if he was
going to ride home with me
this afternoon.

J.R.
He mentioned he'd be riding home
with Dad or me. You just go on
back.

PAM
But I... Never mind; thanks.

She hangs up and we STAY in the office. PULL BACK to
reveal Jock standing in the doorway.

JOCK
What're you doing, J.R.?

J.R.
Pardon me?

JOCK
That second button on your nice
white telephone there... connects
with that office... That was
your brother's wife, wasn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.R.

I didn't see the point of her staying around... we're going home anyway...

JOCK

Cut it out, Junior. Right now.

(beat)

I've got to get over to that damned Chamber of Commerce panel. And I want you to stop messing with your brother's ambitions -- personal and professional. You hear?

J.R.

Yes, sir.

Jock leaves. HOLD on J.R. -- steaming.

LONG DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOUTHFORK RANCH HOUSE - DAY

Pamela has just arrived home. She looks pretty well worn down. She removes the two suitcases from the trunk.

ANGLE

Ray Krebbs comes out of the stable, crosses to Pam.

RAY

Hey,

PAM

Hi, Ray.

RAY

(beat)

Pam -- I want to tell you... Oh, what the hell... I mean, I was hurt. I really was. But look... I don't want things to be... any harder for you than they are.

PAM

What do you mean?

RAY

I mean... I'm not one to cry over spilt milk.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY (cont'd)
(extends his hand)
I wish it could've been me...
but... good luck.

Pam shakes his hand: this is the first pleasant encounter with a human being in hours.

PAM
Thanks. Thanks, Ray.

RAY
I'll just get these in.

He picks up both suitcases, takes them in the house. Pam closes the trunk of the Caddy, sees Lucy coming out of the stable. Pam tries to make it two in a row, waves. Lucy doesn't wave back, but approaches, smiling.

PAM
Hey, Lucy... What've you been up to?

LUCY
Applying myself to my studies, of course.

PAM
Hot afternoon like this... I never could study in the heat.
(beat)
Tell the truth, I couldn't much study any time.

LUCY
I'm okay at it. Only it makes me real horny.

Pam doesn't flinch.

PAM
'Course. Like peanuts make you thirsty. They go hand in hand.

Lucy's out to shock. She and Pam walk toward the house -- as we LOSE the specific dialogue.

LUCY
I know. There was this one just terribly hot day last summer...
(lowers her voice)

As they go up onto the porch, Pam laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM
Oh sure, that... 'Course, I
stopped doing that when I was
thirteen...

They go in.

CUT TO:

INT. J.R.'S OFFICE - DAY

Bobby enters with some sheafs of papers, drops them
on J.R.'s desk.

BOBBY
I did a little pencil editing on
the reports that haven't been
mimeoed yet -- tightened them
up.

No response.

BOBBY
(continuing)
You don't know if Pam called,
do you?

J.R.
Oh, yeah, she did...
(looks at papers
on desk)
I wrote it somewhere. She said
she was going on home, and you
should come with me or Dad.

BOBBY
She did?

J.R.
What do you expect, little brother?
Her to wait... so you two could
keep each other company? She's
got company at the ranch. I mean,
she and Ray Krebbs know each other
right well, don't they?

Bobby starts to reply but doesn't; leaves the office.

CUT TO:

INT. SOUTHFORK - DEN-STUDY - DAY

Sue-Ellen is working an addressograph machine and Ellie
is stuffing envelopes.

ANGLE ON THE DOORWAY

Pam, looking lost and alone, wanders by, sees Sue-Ellen at work, enters.

PAM

Hi... somebody's got you working.

SUE-ELLEN

Ladies' League.

PAM

Need some help?

SUE-ELLEN

I don't think so, Pam. You sort of have to know the names of the families... know what to put in each packet... things like that.

Pam looks to Ellie for support; Ellie stuffs on. Pam leaves.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Lucy is leaning against a doorjamb, smiling.

LUCY

You ain't got a chance.

PAM

What?

LUCY

When they don't want somebody -- that somebody ain't got a chance.

Pam continues on, goes outside. Lucy follows.

EXT. PORCH - DAY

It's late afternoon now. Pam sits on the step, and Lucy sits beside her.

LUCY

You ever hear the story of how I come to be here?

PAM

No.

LUCY

My Daddy's the third brother...

PAM

I know that -- Greg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

The black sheep. A drunk -- like your daddy.

(beat)

Anyways, once upon a time, he went off and got some lovely fifteen year old pregnant. My Mommy. And he brought her home. But he couldn't do nothing right, and started drinking all the time, and disappearing for weeks and months, and coming back, and hitting my Mom. So she up and left. Her and me. When J.R. found out he called some nice old boys in Dallas, and they went after her -- caught up with her all the way over to Virginia or someplace. And they took back the baby -- me -- and they told her if she ever came near Texas again they'd kill her. One time I heard she tried to get me back with the law, but it didn't amount to anything. It was all J.R. Strong leader. I never did see my Mommy again -- and I think I've seen my daddy twice. Neither time a pretty sight.

(she gets up)

You ain't got a chance, lady.

She goes into the house. HOLD on Pam.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

PAM (v.o.)

Bobby, you said... it'd get better. It's getting worse. Nobody said ten words at dinner.

INT. PAM AND BOBBY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Getting ready for bed.

BOBBY

Maybe I was too optimistic. In my old position, optimism was a virtue... It may take me a while to adjust.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A KNOCK on the door.

BOBBY
(continuing)

Come in.

The door opens. J.R. steps in. He addresses Bobby, never looking at Pam.

J.R.
Those hearings are going to be over some time tomorrow. You've got to be in Austin the next couple of days.

BOBBY
I thought this was decided...

J.R.
This is the last time, but it has to be done. There're boys down there who owe us. You've got to remind them. Those that don't owe us... see if you can rearrange that...

PAMELA

She looks at Bobby -- waiting for resistance. Bobby catches her eye, looks away.

SCENE

BOBBY
(already beaten)
I said I was through with this kind of work.

J.R.
You'll be through when this business is through. You leave tomorrow morning. Shouldn't take more than three, four days.

He leaves, shuts the door.

BOBBY
(long beat)
It's the last time, I promise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM

You promised the last time was
the last time.

She takes her robe off, gets into bed.

BOBBY

You saw -- you heard. What
could I have said?

PAM

No.

Bobby gets into bed, too, turns off the lamp.

PAM

(continuing)

It's okay, Bobby...

But it's not okay. They lie back to back, their eyes
wide open as we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTHFORK RANCH - STABLES - DAY

Early the next morning. Ray Krebbs sits in his jeep at the far end of the stables. J.R., in a business suit, is talking with him. Ray nods agreement, drives off. J.R. walks back toward the house and cars.

ANGLE ON THE HOUSE

Pamela comes outside, carrying Bobby's briefcase and a brown paper sack with a lunch. She takes them to J.R.'s Corvette, leans the case against the rear bumper, puts the lunch on top. She's wearing her most faded jeans, threadbare and skintight, and a workshirt straining at the buttons.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE J.R.

He sees Pamela, approaches.

J.R.
(holding his
car key)

Here we go...

She turns... looks at him deadpan. He opens the trunk, puts the briefcase inside, looks at the sack.

J.R.
(continuing)
A little lunch for the groom?

Pam says nothing. J.R. puts the sack in the trunk, too; leaves the lid open. He looks at his watch.

PAM
He'll just be a minute.

J.R. nods, looks at Pamela -- leers is a better word.

PAM
(continuing)
You look like you expect me to
say something. I got nothing
to say.

J.R.
I don't want you to say a thing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She obliges.

J.R.

(continuing)

I just want you to add me to that list.

She doesn't ask what list.

J.R.

(continuing)

That long, long list you have, of men who've done to you... what I just did.

She starts to turn away.

PAM

Mister... they had it right... and they had fun...

She walks away from the cars and the house. As she goes:

J.R.

Not more than I have... Not one bit more fun than I have...

She disappears behind a structure.

J.R.

All smiles, he starts back toward the house. A beat later, Bobby comes out with his suitcase.

BOBBY

You see Pam?

J.R.

Yeah, she went... uh... I don't know. For a walk, I guess.

SCENE

Bobby is disappointed... doesn't really want to leave while he's on bad terms with Pam. But it's getting late.

BOBBY

I guess... she's angry about this trip. I don't blame her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.R.

Come on, brother. Stop feeling
sorry for yourself.

He takes Bobby's suitcase, puts it in the trunk, closes
the lid.

BOBBY

Wait -- I forgot my briefcase.

J.R.

It's in the trunk. Brother takes
care of everything, see?

BOBBY

Thanks.

He gets in; so does J.R., and they drive away.

SHORT DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CORRAL - DAY

Pam sits on the fence, halfheartedly handcombing the
mane of a horse. From the deep b.g., we can see Ray's
Jeep coming closer and closer. When she HEARS it,
she turns, watches as Ray pulls up alongside. He
gets out.

RAY

Hi.

PAM

Hi, Ray.

RAY

Why the long face?

She smiles.

PAM

I don't mean it to be. Guess I'm
just not ready to spend the day
with Miss Ellie and Sue-Ellen in
the house.

(caresses the
horse)

Lord, how I wish I could ride.

RAY

At your service. Not today,
though. Got to take the chopper
up for rounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM
I'll hold you to the offer some
other day.

She hops down from the fence.

RAY
See you, then...

PAM
Sure.

He starts into the stable; she toward the house; he
stops, calls after her.

RAY
Pam?
(she turns)
Come along with me -- up there --
(points to the sky)
Show you just what you married into.

She starts to say no, then looks at the house, then:

PAM
When do we go?

RAY
Just as soon as I get some line.
Two minutes.

He goes into the stable. Pam goes to the Jeep, looks
at it, then climbs in.

HOLD ON PAM

miserable.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNPAVED ROAD - DAY

J.R.'s Corvette cruises along the dusty road. Bobby
looks as miserable as Pam.

BOBBY
I hate doing this -- leaving
before we could make it right.

J.R.
And I hate to see you make an
ass of yourself.

(CONTINUED)

C CONTINUED:

BOBBY

What're you talking about?

J.R.

Your wife.

BOBBY

Do you have to keep...

J.R.

I only keep at it because it's the way it is... and keeping at it is the only thing that's going get through to you.

BOBBY

This isn't about any of the things you're worried about.

J.R.

Yes, it is. When I was loading the trunk this morning, I saw her... heading for the smokehouse.

BOBBY

What for?

J.R.

Ray Krebbs' jeep was parked outside.

BOBBY

Drop it.

J.R.

I don't understand you, Bobby. It's not like she's got some spotless reputation that needs defending.

BOBBY

Drop it.

HOLD ON BOBBY

wishing he could.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE SKY - SOUTHFORK BELOW - FROM HELICOPTER - DAY

Ray at the controls, Pam alongside, looking down at the ranch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A peculiar sight. A narrow river. Grazing lands to one side, oil wells to the other. Ray is giving some history -- yelling over the SOUND of the chopper.

RAY

There's oil under the ranchland, too, I expect. But old man Southworth -- Miss Ellie's dad -- left his land to the Ewings with the provision it had to remain a working ranch. It doesn't bring in much -- nothing to what it could bring in oil -- but Jock's gotten to love it -- the cattle part. He likes to think of himself as a rancher.

PAM

studying the landscape -- the cattle on one side, the wells on the other.

PAM

Who was I kidding?

RAY

What?

PAM

Nothing..

EXT. RANCLAND - DAY

The chopper comes down. Ray and Pam get out.

RAY

Come on up to the shack -- I'll fix us some lunch.

They start walking toward a shack; Pam looks back at the landscape every few steps. There are mixed SOUNDS -- cattle, wells pumping.

RAY

(continuing)

The sound really carries in this valley -- don't it?

She nods, looks distracted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY
(continuing)
It's not working, is it?

PAM
(beat)
I don't know if I can buck them.

RAY
There's something to be said for
like sticking to like.

PAM
I never believed that -- before.

They walk awhile in silence.

RAY
We were like nitro, weren't we --
but we had us some good times.

PAM
I feel like the lining's been
torn away from my innards.

RAY
Don't talk about it. I mean,
it's good you're not kidding
yourself... throwing good
money after bad.

He looks at him, back at the landscape, then straight
ahead as they near the cabin.

CUT TO:

1. CORVETTE - DRIVING - DAY

2. and Bobby.

J.R.
You could've had any woman in
Texas.

BOBBY
I already have.

J.R.
So she was special -- why?
Because of the way she make
you feel? Hell, Bobby, Ray
Krebbs been telling me for
years about her...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

J.R. (cont'd)
How she made him feel like a million -- every time. 'Course she makes you feel good; she knows how; she's had enough practice.

BOBBY
That's enough, J.R.

J.R.
I don't think it is.

Long beat; J.R. slows the car.

J.R.
(continuing)
We need you in Austin, Bobby. What's happening down there is important. It can mean a difference of millions to us. But... it ain't as important as your peace of mind.

The car makes a sharp, dusty U-turn.

BOBBY
What're you doing?

J.R.
Something distasteful... but necessary.

The Corvette roars across the range.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN - DAY

A supply shack with provisions, a rudimentary table, chair, hotplate, a couple of bunks. Pam sits on one, looking gloomy, while Ray opens a beer, hands it to her.

RAY
What're you going to do?

PAM
I don't know.

She drinks; he drinks from his, sits down beside her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

Maybe this ain't the time, but
... I'm here. I mean... we
should've got hitched long ago.
I guess I needed to lose you to
realize that.

PAM

That's sweet, Ray. I just can't
think straight now... but you've
been sweet right along.

RAY

Maybe, it ain't too late?

He looks at her, she at him; he leans forward and
plants a brief, chaste kiss on her lips.

PAM

I just don't know.

Another kiss; this one a bit more serious. Pam breaks
it, stands.

PAM

(continuing)

Not now, Ray. I don't want to
add adultery to my sins.

RAY

Anything you say. This ain't
the last time he'll be down to
Austin.

PAM

I guess not.

(thoughtful beat)

Austin...

Ray stands, looks in the small refrigerator.

RAY

You want a sandwich? There's
some ham in here.

PAM

I'm not hungry. Thanks. Hey,
Ray...

RAY

(removing some
ham and bread)

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAM

J.R. sent Bobby to Austin because that committee -- the one my brother advises? -- was ready to vote.

RAY

I don't know anything about it.

PAM

That's what J.R. said. But my brother told me... the chairman was sick. And the meetings were postponed a week. So how can they be voting?

Ray just shrugs and begins to fix his sandwich. Pam thinks; then, from the distance, comes the SOUND of a car engine. Pam hears it, goes to the window.

HER POV

J.R.'s car approaching.

PAM

She whirls around, confronts Ray.

PAM

This is a setup, isn't it?

RAY

What?

PAM

He set me up -- and you helped.

RAY

Why, Pam...

PAM

You haven't changed. You...

(glances back
out the window)

Now you listen: you're going to back me up.

RAY

What're you talking about?

PAM

Nothing's happened here... and you're going to tell them that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

I can't help it what conclusions
your husband's going to draw...

PAM

Yes you can... You're going to
tell him this was a a setup --
that J.R. told you to get me up
here.

RAY

I couldn't do that.

PAM

You tell them... or else I'm
telling J.R. about you and Lucy.

Ray's reaction gives away his shock -- and fear.

RAY

Me and Lucy?

PAM

Sure... I saw her come out of the
stable right after you yesterday.

RAY

So that don't mean nothin'...

PAM

No... except I asked her... and
she told me... and we compared
notes..

Ray doesn't know if Pam's bluffing or not, but he
can't take the chance: the car engine SOUND is
almost on top of them.

RAY

You tell J.R. and he'll kill me.

PAM

I won't... but you back me up.

ANGLE

The door is thrown open; J.R. appears; then Bobby.

PAM

(continuing)

Hi, J.R.

(goes to Bobby;
kisses him)

Hi, honey, glad to see you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM (cont'd)
I'm glad J.R. knew exactly where
we'd be.

J.R.
You seem mighty casual about the
compromising...

PAM
What's compromising? Foreman
of my husband's ranch showing
me around?

J.R.
(to Ray)
What's been happening here, Ray?

RAY
Nothing. We had a beer; we was
just ready to start back on
rounds.
(to Bobby)
I showed the missus the ranch.

J.R.
Bobby, if I was you...

PAM
You'd what? Get on to Austin?
Those hearings have been post-
poned a week. You never had to
go to Austin, honey.

BOBBY
That true, J.R.?

J.R.
No, she's bluffing. Can't you
see...

Pam takes Bobby's hand, starts for the door.

PAM
I don't have to bluff...
(looks at Ray)
... this time...
(looks at J.R.)
Why should I bluff? I got a
brother in the business.
Remember?

She smiles brightly, then goes out the door, pulling
Bobby behind her. J.R. glares at Ray.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAY

You came up too soon, J.R.
Another ten minutes...

J.R.

Yeah.

He goes out the door.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

Pam and Bobby are walking down the hill when J.R. exits.

J.R.

(calling)

You still got a lot of explaining
to do, Lady...

Bobby stops, takes his hand from Pam's, goes back. As he speaks he jabs J.R. in the shoulder -- hard.

BOBBY

(to J.R.)

If she does -- and I don't think
she does -- she'll explain to me.
She's my wife, J.R., and you're
going to treat her with courtesy
and respect.

J.R.

And if...

BOBBY

(interrupts)

Courtesy! Respect!

He turns away, rejoins Pam, and they walk down toward the helicopter. HOLD on J.R. - furious.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RANCH - DAY

The helicopter, piloted by Bobby, comes down for a landing near Ray's Jeep.

BOBBY (v.o.)

You figured all that out from
the start? Why didn't you tell
me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM (v.o.)
Would've spoiled the fun. Soon
as J.R. told you you had to go
to Austin, I knew something was
up. So I figured I'd go along
with it -- show him up.

The chopper lands, and they get out.

BOBBY
You got a lot of guts, lady.

PAM
Couldn't have done it without...
without your trust, Bobby. Knowing
you trust me -- that's the most
important thing.

They kiss; the kiss deepens. Both of them are reluc-
tant to separate.

BOBBY
Come on... Let's hurry back home.

PAM
Do we have to? Wait that long,
I mean?

BOBBY
Pammy... this is open range...

She looks at the helicopter. So does Bobby. They
look at each other.

PAM
It'll be a first... even for me.

Bobby smiles; so does Pam; they climb back into the
chopper.

FADE OUT.

THE END