

10 INT./EXT. KATE AND BO'S OLD FARMHOUSE - DAY

10

A tired old farmhouse sits beneath a wide country sky. BO (31), boots kicked up on the porch rail, nurses a beer. The distant RUMBLE of an engine. Bo looks up. A beat-up PICKUP turns onto the dirt drive. Bo doesn't have to see the driver. BO He's here. Behind the screen door, KATE (38) appears. She watches the truck roll across the yard. LOGAN CROSS (44) climbs out. Work boots. Jeans. Worn shirt. A man who looks like he's spent most of his life fixing things with his own two hands. Bo glances back at Kate.

107 BO
You want me to handle it?

107

Kate doesn't answer right away. Her eyes stay on Logan.

108 KATE
No. (beat) Reckon now's as good a time
as any.

108

She takes a breath.

109 KATE (CONT'D)
Besides... there's some things a man
needs to hear from his sister.

109

Kate disappears inside. Logan reaches the porch. Bo takes a sip.

110 LOGAN
Bo.

110

111 BO
Logan.

111

Logan looks through the screen door. Then back at Bo.

112 LOGAN
She's got you sittin' out here
drinkin' in the middle of the day.
(beat) Whatever she's fixin' to tell
me ain't good, is it?

112

Bo looks at his beer.

113 BO
Ain't my place to tell it.

113

That answer tells Logan enough. He stares at Bo.

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Bo doesn't answer. Logan kneels beside his daughter. His entire demeanor changes. Gentle now.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
123 Hey, baby girl. 123

She looks at him.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
124 Go on and wait for Daddy in the truck. 124

She heads toward the truck. Logan watches until she's safely inside. The smile disappears. He turns back to Bo.

LOGAN
125 Now say what you got to say. 125

Bo comes down off the porch.

BO
126 I love that little girl too, Logan. 126

Logan's expression hardens.

BO (CONT'D)
127 Don't look at me like that. I'm not 127
sayin' I'm her daddy. (beat) I'm
sayin' she's family.

Logan says nothing.

BO (CONT'D)
128 I've had a little more time than you 128
to chew on all this.

LOGAN
129 Good for you. 129

BO
130 Dammit, Logan, just hear me out. 130

Bo reaches into his back pocket. Pulls out a folded piece of paper.

BO (CONT'D)
131 I been lookin' for a way. 131

LOGAN
132 A way to what? 132

Bo looks toward the truck. Then back at Logan.

(CONTINUED)

B0
A way through.
He holds out the paper. Logan doesn't take it.

BO (CONT'D)
Just read the damn thing. 134

LOGAN
135 What the hell is this? 135

137 This? LOGAN 137

LOGAN (CONT'D)

138 This is your answer? 138

139 BO 139
I checked into it.

140 Bo— LOGAN 140

	B0	
141	I'm serious.	141

LOGAN
142 Well, that makes one of us. 142

LOGAN (CONT'D)

143 I ain't got time for fairy tales. 143

B0

144 It ain't a fairy tale. 144

(CONTINUED)

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145 BO (CONT'D) 145
I made calls. I checked the people
behind it. It's real.

Logan opens the driver's door.

146 BO (CONT'D) 146
Logan!

Logan stops. Bo takes a few steps into the yard.

147 BO (CONT'D) 147
You know another way... (beat) I'm all
ears.

Silence. Logan looks at him. For a second, all the anger falls away. What's underneath it is worse. Fear. Then it's gone. Logan climbs into the truck. ENGINE ROARS. He backs out hard. As he pulls away— A hand comes out the driver's window. Middle finger. Bo almost smiles. Almost. The truck disappears down the dirt road. Kate steps onto the porch. She stands beside Bo. They watch the dust settle.

148 KATE 148
Give him some time.

Bo doesn't take his eyes off the road.

149 BO 149
Yeah well. (beat) That's the one thing
we ain't got a whole lot of.

Kate looks at him. Bo looks down. The folded paper is still in his hand.

CUT TO: