

CORKED

Written by

Nikki Wheeler

FADE IN:

EXT. RURAL TEXAS HIGHWAY - DAY

NEIL (70), steers his RV down a narrow winding highway. His wife, ELOISE (65), sits next to him. She pushes end on her PHONE.

ELOISE

I hope she'll come for Christmas.

A CHEVY SILVERADO zooms past in the left lane, swerves back into the right.

Neil looks over at Eloise. He shakes his head.

NEIL

This is big.

Eloise reaches over. She pushes the button on the radio.

RADIO (V.O.)

In our lives we go through seasons.  
We all have things we're pray'n  
for. In due season, you will reap  
from seeds you did not sow.

Eloise looks over at Neal. She smiles.

ELOISE

Well, there you go.

Neil smiles. He stifles a laugh. They look to the road.

The CHEVY SILVERADO swerves into the left lane, revealing a

**ROLLED TRACTOR TRAILER**

Right in front of them!

INT. CATHERINE'S OFFICE - DAY

CATHERINE ROGERS (35), the picture of cool professionalism in a black suit, her hair in a slick bun, stands behind her desk. She pulls her headset off. ANNA (27), ambitious and intense, clutches a tablet. She walks to Catherine's desk.

As Anna walks, we see a series of framed magazine covers featuring Catherine, U.S. BANKER Rising Stars of Wall Street, AMERICAN BANKER Top 40 Under 40, FORBES Top Investment Bankers to Watch, TIME - The Money Issue.

Anna taps on the tablet.

ANNA

Can I confirm your lunch with  
Bernard?

Catherine, dismissive, looks at her computer.

CATHERINE

No, move Bernard.

ANNA

Is that a good idea?

Anna takes another step closer.

ANNA (CONT'D)

This will be the second time... he  
was rather insistent.

Catherine gives Anna a withering look.

CATHERINE

I'm closing Davis Investment Group  
over lunch. I'm sure Bernard would  
rather I lock in their twelve  
million on the Nagasaki deal than  
chat it up with him over Watercress  
salads.

Anna breaks eye contact. She scrolls on the tablet.

ANNA

Uh -- your mother called to confirm  
you'll be coming for Christmas.

Catherine looks over at Anna. She shakes her head.

CATHERINE

Can you think of anything worse?  
I'm not going to Texas.

ANNA

Do you want me to tell her that?

CATHERINE.

I'll handle it. Take care of this.

Catherine reaches beneath her desk. She pulls out a large box.

CATHERINE

Pay for express shipping.

Anna takes the box. She places her tablet on the box. She looks at Catherine.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Is there something else?

ANNA  
Uh -- My notes... on the Nagasaki term sheet. Did you look at them?

Catherine shuffles papers.

CATHERINE  
Your instincts are good.

Catherine pulls the notes out of a pile.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Your math is sloppy.

Catherine flips through the pages.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Your formula is flawed, which led to mistakes in your valuation.

Catherine extends the marked-up notes to Anna.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
We're investment bankers. People expect us to get the math right.

Anna shuffles forward, balancing the box. Catherine drops the pages on top.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Some advice...

Anna struggles to look over the box at Catherine.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
...mistakes are expensive. Don't make them.

Anna walks away.

Catherine shuffles some papers. She uncovers her phone. Catherine looks down at her phone. The screen shows a string of missed calls from, "512-393-7800, Driftwood, TX."

A text message pops up on the screen.

*NATALIE (TEXT)*  
*Remember, you're meeting me at*  
*Posh? Sad face emoji.*

INT. POSH NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Catherine walks into a stylish club. It isn't crowded.  
NATALIE DAVIS (38), sassy, sophisticated, sits at the bar  
flirting with GREG (40), handsome. Catherine approaches her.

CATHERINE  
What's up, doc?

Catherine hugs Natalie.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Sorry. I've been behind all day.

Natalie jumps off the stool.

NATALIE  
Good night.

GREG  
Are you leaving?

NATALIE  
I'll call you.

Natalie and Catherine walk to a table and sit down.

Greg puts money on the bar. He walks to the door. Stops.

GREG  
Bye, Natalie.

NATALIE  
He's cute, right? Not the smartest.

CATHERINE  
Why do you waste your time with  
meaningless flings?

NATALIE  
Unlike you, I enjoy sleeping with  
something warmer than a laptop.

CATHERINE  
You leave MAC out of this. He's  
more reliable than any man.

Natalie shakes her head. Catherine sets her phone down.

The WAITRESS approaches, she sets down two cocktail napkins.

NATALIE  
I'll have another glass of the Kim  
Crawford, please.

CATHERINE  
That sounds nice. Me too.

The Waitress nods and walks away.

NATALIE  
I'm divorced. I'm having fun. You  
should try it.

CATHERINE  
I'm fun.

Natalie shakes her head.

NATALIE  
If you have to say it...

CATHERINE  
Give me a break. This deal --

NATALIE  
It's always a deal.

CATHERINE  
When I close this deal, I'll be  
made a partner.

NATALIE  
Then what? You're out of balance.  
Someday you're going to wish you'd  
made time for friends and family.

Catherine leans back. She's annoyed. Her phone vibrates.  
Catherine looks at the screen. She picks up the phone.

CATHERINE  
Hello.

CALLER (V.O.)  
Catherine Rogers?

CATHERINE  
Who is this?

CALLER (V.O.)  
Ma'am this is deputy Brady Walker  
with the Driftwood Sheriff's  
Department in Texas.

CATHERINE  
Hello Sheriff, how may I help you?

Natalie stands up. Catherine covers the mouthpiece.

NATALIE  
I'm going to powder my nose.

Catherine nods.

BRADY (V.O.)  
For verification, are you Catherine  
Rogers, the daughter of Neil and  
Eloise Rogers?

CATHERINE  
Yes.

BRADY (V.O.)  
I've left you several messages --

CATHERINE  
I've been busy.

BRADY (V.O.)  
I'm calling to notify you, your  
parents were killed in an accident.

CATHERINE  
What? When did this happen?

BRADY (V.O.)  
A few days ago. We need you to come  
to Texas.

INT. LOS ANGELES OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Catherine steps off the elevator. Her black suit is rumped.  
Her make-up can't conceal the bags under her eyes.

Anna greets her in disbelief.

ANNA  
Uh -- I'm so sorry.

The two walk down the hall.

ANNA (CONT'D)  
Bernard's in your office.

Catherine stops and takes a deep breath. She exhales, adjusts  
her bag on her shoulder and straightens her posture.

ANNA (CONT'D)

I, uh -- tried to put him off, but he insisted. You weren't answering.

CATHERINE

It's fine.

INT. CATHERINE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Catherine walks into her office. She drops her bag by the door.

CATHERINE

Bernard.

BERNARD (60), slick, portly, arrogant, used to being the most important person in the room, stands looking out the window.

BERNARD

It's too damn bad. All these fires.

Bernard gestures with his hand at the fires in the hills. Bernard turns and looks at Catherine.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Christ! You look like shit.

CATHERINE

What can I do for you?

Bernard steps away from the window. He walks to Catherine.

BERNARD

Nothing. I'm letting you go.

CATHERINE

What? I have out performed --

BERNARD

It's not about performance.

CATHERINE

Since when?

BERNARD

We're offering you a nice package.

CATHERINE

I have dedicated my life to this!

BERNARD

We're going in a new direction.

CATHERINE  
One that doesn't involve making  
money?

Bernard walks forward.

BERNARD  
There it is, the attitude.

He points his finger at Catherine.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
You don't have respect for the  
chain of command. How many meetings  
did I request?

CATHERINE  
You hired me to close deals.

BERNARD  
I run things. I ask for a meeting;  
you take it.

CATHERINE  
Well... now I know how you feel --

BERNARD  
The time for that has passed. The  
girl from HR will be down to go  
over things.

Catherine sighs, she shifts on her feet.

CATHERINE  
What about Nagasaki?

Bernard walks to the door. He looks passed Catherine through  
the window to Anna, hovering anxiously outside.

BERNARD  
Anna, she's quite the go-getter.  
She showed me her notes.

CATHERINE  
She can't start a sentence with  
saying "Uh."

Bernard looks at Catherine.

BERNARD  
She can handle it. She's the  
future, young, cheap and  
aggressive.

EXT. PORSCHE CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Catherine, her suit a ruffled mess, glides her hand along the exterior of a sleek Porsche. Natalie follows behind.

NATALIE  
Is this smart?

CATHERINE  
I need something to drive.

NATALIE  
You hate driving.

CATHERINE  
I hate driving in LA.

NATALIE  
Why don't you fly?

CATHERINE  
I feel like I need to do something.

NATALIE  
Let's go shopping. Get you out of that suit.

Catherine looks at her reflection in the window.

CATHERINE  
I like this suit.

JIM, a dapper sales associate, approaches.

JIM  
How are we doing?

CATHERINE  
I'll take this one.

JIM  
Would you like a test drive?

CATHERINE  
It's a Porsche. What's there to test?

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY - MOVING

Catherine speeds down the highway, tapping her hand on the steering wheel, singing and drinking from a water bottle.

CATHERINE

*Gonna be a penthouse pauper (Whoa)  
Gonna be a millionaire (Whoa yeah)*

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT - MOVING

Catherine passes the "Tucson" sign. She pulls into a hotel.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - DAY - MOVING

Catherine speeds down the highway, tapping her hand on the steering wheel, singing and drinking from a water bottle.

CATHERINE

*Woah, we're halfway there  
Woah, livin' on a prayer*

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT - MOVING

Catherine passes the "El Paso" sign. She pulls into a hotel.

CATHERINE

*And here I go again on my own  
Goin' down the only road I've ever  
known...  
(drumming)  
...like a drifter, I was born to  
walk alone...*

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT - MOVING

Catherine passes the sign for "Austin." She drinks from a water bottle. Her bag, open on the passenger seat, reveals little liquor bottles. She stops at a hotel.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Catherine walks through an opulent hotel lobby to the reception desk.

CATHERINE

Reservation for Rogers.

Catherine hands SAMANTHA (20), her license and a credit card.

SAMANTHA

Yes, Ms. Rogers, we have you with us for three nights in our Presidential Suite.

(looks up with a smile)  
That's nice.

Samantha checks the license against the credit card. She swipes the card.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Here you are.

Samantha hands the license and card back to Catherine.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Any bags today?

Catherine shakes her head. Samantha notes Catherine's suit.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
We offer complimentary, same-day  
dry cleaning and laundry to VIP  
guests such as yourself.

Catherine nods. She looks down. She notes her suit.

SAMANTHA (CONT'D)  
Here are your keys. The elevator is  
just over there.

Samantha points as Catherine takes the keys.

CATHERINE  
Thank you.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - MOVING

Catherine speeds down "HWY 290," singing loud and proud.

CATHERINE  
*She needs wide open spaces...*  
*(stumbling over lyrics)*  
Room to make mistakes...

Catherine whips past a patrol car.

The sirens come on. The patrol car gives chase.

Catherine looks in the mirror.

Catherine slows down. She pulls the car over. She turns down the radio and rolls down the window.

Brady approaches.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
What's the trouble, officer?

BRADY  
License and registration.

Catherine reaches over and opens the glove box.

CATHERINE  
Here's the registration.

Catherine hands Brady the registration. She rummages around.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
My wallet is in here somewhere.

Brady looks in the window. He notices little liquor bottles.

BRADY  
Have you been drinking, ma'am?

Catherine whips her head around.

CATHERINE  
No!

Brady steps back.

BRADY  
Please step out of the car.

Catherine hands her license to Brady.

CATHERINE  
Is this really necessary?

BRADY  
Ma'am.

Catherine opens the door. A water bottle falls on the ground.

Brady reaches down to pick it up.

Catherine snatches the bottle, throwing it in the backseat.

CATHERINE  
I wouldn't want to be arrested for  
littering.

BRADY  
It's a fine.

CATHERINE  
Whatever.

Catherine steps out of the car, closing the door behind her.

BRADY  
Step this way for a sobriety test.

CATHERINE  
What? I don't submit.

BRADY  
By law, in Texas, you are required  
to submit. If you refuse, I will  
arrest you --

Brady looks at the license and back up at Catherine.

BRADY (CONT'D)  
Ms. Rogers.

Brady looks at Catherine.

BRADY (CONT'D)  
Are you the Catherine Rogers I  
spoke with last week?

CATHERINE  
I don't know.

BRADY  
What brings you to Texas?

CATHERINE  
My parents.

BRADY  
Neil and Eloise Rogers?

CATHERINE  
Yes. I'm on my way to pick them up.

BRADY  
Ms. Rogers, let me take you to  
Thomson's.

CATHERINE  
Again, is this really necessary?

BRADY  
I'm afraid so. I suspect you're  
intoxicated. Considering the  
circumstances, I can either arrest  
you or drive you.

EXT. THOMSON FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Brady parks in front of a red brick building.

BRADY

Would you like me to come in with you?

CATHERINE

No. Thank you.

BRADY

I'll be here when y'er ready.

CATHERINE

Are all the officers in this town as helpful as you?

BRADY

This is a small town. We believe in being neighborly.

Brady holds up her license.

BRADY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have'ta give you a ticket for speed'n.

Catherine shakes her head. She reaches for the door handle. Brady taps her license on the steering wheel.

BRADY (CONT'D)

I promised her I'd tell you.

Catherine looks over. He has a sympathetic look on his face.

BRADY (CONT'D)

She wanted you to know how much she loved you and how much she and y'er daddy were look'n forward to seeing you. Her last thoughts were of you.

EXT. THOMSON FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Catherine walks, a little wobbly, past a sign, "Thomson Funeral Home, Since 1869." She wipes tears from her eyes.

INT. THOMSON FUNERAL HOME - CONTINUOUS

Catherine walks into a dated sitting room. IMOGENE THOMSON (60), greets her. Imogene looks neat and tidy, but there's an ornery, mischievous twinkle in her eye.

IMOGENE  
Hello, how may I help you?

CATHERINE  
I'm here to pick up my parents.

Imogene gives Catherine a well-practiced expression of sympathy. She walks over and takes Catherine's hand.

IMOGENE  
Honey, if they aren't in a better place, the rest of us don't stand a chance. Now come on in. I'm Imogene Thomson. Please tell me your name.

CATHERINE  
Catherine. Catherine Rogers.

IMOGENE  
May I get you some water?

CATHERINE  
No, no, just the --

IMOGENE  
Of course. If you'll wait here, I'll get your parents' portfolio, which contains their certificates of death. You'll need those and, of course, their ashes. I won't be but a minute.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Catherine stands in an opulent suite, in a bathrobe, looking out the window. Her parents' ashes sit on a table next to a large bouquet of flowers and a bottle of premium tequila.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Catherine walks to the door.

CATHERINE  
Yes, who is it?

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

DEL MASON (40), smart looking, awkward, adjusts his tie.

DEL  
Del Mason, from Kensington, Mason and McCarty, ma'am.

INT. HOTEL LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine opens the door to a smiling Del.

DEL  
Hello. Is this still a good time?

CATHERINE  
Sure. Come in.

DEL  
I don't want ta interrupt y'er  
grieve'n.

CATHERINE  
We all process grief in different  
ways.

Catherine closes the door.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
That's what my shrink would say.

DEL  
I'm glad y'er see'n someone.

Del points to the couch.

DEL (CONT'D)  
May I?

Catherine nods.

Del makes himself comfortable. He rests his briefcase on the ottoman.

DEL (CONT'D)  
I am here as your family attorney.

CATHERINE  
How is that?

DEL  
Excuse me?

CATHERINE  
That you, are my family attorney?

DEL  
Your parents retained our firm in  
LA. Due to the location of the  
accident, the file was transferred  
here to our Austin office.

Del looks up at Catherine standing over him.

DEL (CONT'D)  
Would you like to sit down? We have  
a bit to go through.

Catherine dismisses the suggestion. She walks over to the bar. She refreshes her drink. She gestures toward Del, offering him a drink.

DEL (CONT'D)  
No, ma'am, thank you.

Catherine grabs a slip of paper and her drink. She walks back over to Del and sits across from him. She hands Del the slip of paper.

CATHERINE  
Can you take care of that?

Del takes the slip of paper. He looks it over.

DEL  
I see you've become acquainted with  
local law enforcement.

Del tucks the paper away.

DEL (CONT'D)  
We'll take care of it.

He looks up with a smile.

DEL (CONT'D)  
Bill y'er account.

He opens his briefcase.

DEL (CONT'D)  
As I was saying, the estate  
comprises cash and property.

CATHERINE  
What property? They sold everything  
except my Holmby Hills house and  
donated the art collections. All  
they had was that stupid RV.

DEL  
I am sorry for your loss. Terrible  
thing to have happen to such nice  
people try'n to enjoy their  
retirement.

Del pulls out the will.

DEL (CONT'D)  
Yes, well, let me see here.  
(flipping pages)  
Here it is, Round Rock Winery.  
(looking at Catherine)  
I don't do real estate. One of our  
other lawyers handled the purchase.

CATHERINE  
Winery? What? Where is this winery?

DEL  
Right here in Driftwood.

CATHERINE  
They make wine in Texas?

Del scoots to the edge of his seat, brimming with pride.

DEL  
Yes! Driftwood is in the second  
largest certified viticultural area  
in the U.S. Texas is the site of  
the first vineyards in America,  
established by priests. I'm a bit  
of a local historian.

CATHERINE  
You don't say.

Del clears his throat. He looks down and reads.

DEL  
Round Rock is 442 acres including a  
farmhouse and five parcels which  
make up the vineyards and winery.

CATHERINE  
Is it operational?

Del looks up from the pages.

DEL  
I don't know, but there's a photo  
in here somewhere.

Del shuffles papers around.

DEL (CONT'D)  
Here it is.

Del hands Catherine the photo.

CATHERINE

It's gorgeous. What's it worth?

DEL

Looks like they bought it at auction. Here's the deed, title and bill of sale.

Catherine is surprised, and a little outraged.

CATHERINE

They paid six million?

She drops the papers.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

How much of my inheritance is tied up in this?

Del runs his finger down the page.

DEL

About eighty percent. You of course have your trust.

Del flips the page.

DEL (CONT'D)

Oh, there's a clause.

Catherine edges closer to Del. He reads.

DEL (CONT'D)

Two million dollars, that's nice --

Del looks at Catherine with a smile. She is stone-faced.

DEL (CONT'D)

Will be released at the time of your marriage or your fortieth birthday.

Del looks at Catherine. She takes a big drink.

DEL (CONT'D)

I take it you have no immediate matrimonial plans?

Catherine shakes her head. Del looks down at the papers.

DEL (CONT'D)

It looks like we've got a few years before you hit that birthday so --

Catherine stands up abruptly. She takes another drink.

CATHERINE  
It's all in this winery.

DEL  
There is five-hundred-thousand in  
cash, after expenses.

CATHERINE  
When can I see it?

DEL  
Anytime you'd like, that is, once  
we finish up here.

Del pulls out a little envelope. He hands it to Catherine.

DEL (CONT'D)  
Here are the keys. I would,  
however, recommend go'n tomorrow  
morn'n, at the earliest.

Catherine takes the envelop. She puts it in her robe pocket.

DEL (CONT'D)  
It's get'n late. Those two-lane  
highways can be dangerous, what  
with the wild animals and --

CATHERINE  
Drunk drivers.

DEL  
Well, yes, ma'am.

INT. HOTEL LIVING ROOM - DAY

Catherine in a clean black suit stands talking on the phone.

CATHERINE  
(into the phone)  
Hey.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
How's it going?

Catherine reaches over she pulls the documents off the table.

CATHERINE  
It's been interesting.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
When are you coming home?

CATHERINE  
In a few days, a week at most.

Catherine reaches for the picture of the property.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
What do you mean?

CATHERINE  
There's been a complication.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
What?

CATHERINE  
They put my inheritance into a winery.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - INT. HOTEL LIVING ROOM/INT.  
MEDICAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Natalie sits in a crowded office, behind a desk overrun with paperwork, wearing a LAB COAT, her name stitched on one side, U.C. Davis Medical Center stitched on the other.

NATALIE  
Why would they do that?

CATHERINE  
Oh, it gets worse. What's not tied up in the winery is being held in trust until I, wait for it, get married or turn forty.

Natalie lets out a little giggle.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
This is not funny.

NATALIE  
It's a little funny, you in your Louboutin's tromping around a winery in Texas. I'm laughing just thinking about it.

CATHERINE  
Well, it's just one more thing for me to deal with.

Catherine walks through the living room gathering things, her sunglasses, her water bottle, putting them in her purse.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm going out there now. I'll spend a few days, meet the people, explain the situation... I'll hang a nice for sale sign on the property and be home by Sunday.

NATALIE

Well, good for you. Sounds like you've got a plan. Me, I'm up to my ears in paperwork. Stupid electronic records are supposed to make things easier.

Natalie shifts a file folder to the side.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

I became a doctor to help people not to fill out insurance forms in some shitty little office and click fields on a computer.

CATHERINE

I'm sorry. I've always thought you should open a small community practice. Be among the people.

NATALIE

I think about it every day.

There is a knock on Natalie's office door.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

My last patient is here. I'd better see her before there's a form I have to fill out.

CATHERINE

Thanks for checking in on me. Hang in there.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - MOVING

Catherine races her Porsche down the highway with the top down. She taps the steering wheel and sings along with the radio.

CATHERINE

*After all it was a great big world,  
lots of places to run to...*

BEEP. BEEP. Catherine looks at the GPS directions.

CATHERINE.  
This can't be right.

Catherine pulls over. She looks left, then right.

Catherine pulls the car back on the highway. She inches forward. BEEP. BEEP. Catherine turns right on a dirt road. She accelerates. The car vibrates.

Dust from the road engulfs the car. Catherine coughs.

Catherine crosses a creek bridge. She wipes the dust from her sunglasses.

She looks out. Her disposition changes. Her face drops. Mouth agape.

Catherine hits the brakes. The car skids to a stop.

Catherine reaches into her bag, she snatches out the picture.

She compares the picture to the dilapidated farmhouse in the distance.

Massive shutters hang from rusty hinges and clap against the house in the wind.

Birds fly in and out of holes in the house.

Catherine lifts her foot off the brake.

The car rolls toward the house. She takes it all in:

Grapes fall to the ground.

Fat field mice feast on the spoiled crops.

Deer eat from the vines.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Catherine parks. She gets out of the car. She walks to a rusty sign swinging between weathered posts.

The heel of her shoe gets caught in the dirt. She reaches down. She pulls her shoe out of the dirt and puts it back on. She grabs the sign: Welcome to Round Rock.

She lets the sign go. She pulls out her phone.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - EXT. FARMHOUSE/INT. LAW OFFICE -  
CONTINUOUS

Del sits in an armchair in a comfortable office. He works a Rubik's Cube. His phone rings. He answers with a smile.

DEL  
Hello, Ms. Rogers. It's nice to  
hear from you so soon --

Catherine is deadly calm.

CATHERINE  
Hey Del. What the fuck?

Del drops the Rubik's Cube.

DEL  
Excuse me?

CATHERINE  
This place!

Catherine walks up the stairs. She steps on the porch. Her foot breaks through a floorboard.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
It's a glorified shed, Del!

She touches a pillar for balance. She struggles to get her foot out of the hole. Paint chips fall on her head.

DEL  
Ms. Rogers, I --

CATHERINE  
I need you to unload it.

DEL  
As I said, I don't do --

CATHERINE  
Real estate! You don't do real  
estate, Del, is that what you were  
about to say?

Catherine makes a fist and pounds the pillar with the fat of her hand.

A bird's nest falls from the rafter. It hits her on the head. She picks twigs from her hair.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Del, you may want to get somebody.

She takes a deep breath and kicks the nest off the porch.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I am about to overreact.

DEL

Hold on now... there's no need.  
I'll send a realtor out.

CATHERINE

Today, Del!

DEL

This evening at the latest.

CATHERINE

I just can't thank you for this.

DEL

Good day, Ms. Rogers.

CATHERINE

Good day, Del.

Catherine kicks the pillar. Birds flutter out into the sky dotted with thick, gray rain clouds.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Catherine explores the farmhouse. She wades through tall grass. She fights off bugs. Her shoes get stuck in the dirt.

She stumbles, trips, and falls into a swimming pool.

Catherine's head breaks through the murk and she bolts to the edge. She pulls herself out of the pool. Her shoes float by.

She makes her way to the back door. She tries the knob. It's locked. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a small, wet envelope. Takes out the keys and opens the door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Catherine stumbles over the threshold. She catches herself. She looks up at an expansive great room, with beautiful exposed beams and an oversized fireplace. She shivers.

She closes the door and walks slowly through the house. Wind blows through the cracks and holes in the house, causing the white sheets draping the furniture to flutter like forgotten ghosts.

Catherine walks to the front door. As she unlocks it, she looks back with a smile. The place has potential.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Catherine dashes to the car. She feels rain drops. She climbs in and puts the top up. She snatches her bag and a bottle of premium tequila.

As she leaps out of the car, the sky opens up, and rain pours down. She races back to the house. As she hits the porch, her foot finds the hole. She trips and falls.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Catherine, cuddling her tequila bottle, lies curled up on the floor behind the kitchen counter wrapped in a hotel bathrobe and blanket. Dried blood stains her leg.

Knock. Knock.

The front door opens. Imogene pokes her head in.

IMOGENE

Hello, Catherine, are you here?

Imogene enters with a welcome basket. A handsome man, DECLAN (40), wearing a dark hooded cloak, comes in behind her.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

(to Declan)

Del said she was expecting us.

A harsh, low-pitched sound comes from behind the counter.

Imogene and Declan walk to the kitchen.

Imogene sets the basket on the counter. She picks up the suit skirt and jacket from the floor.

She looks around the counter and down at Catherine on the floor, snoring, drunk and disheveled with leaves in her hair.

Imogene squats down.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

Catherine. Time to wake up, honey.

Catherine opens her eyes.

Declan comes around. He stands next to Imogene. Catherine, disoriented, looks up at him.

CATHERINE

I'm dead... I'm dead. Why, lord?

Imogene stands up and lays the suit on the counter.

IMOGENE

We could feed the entire congregation in this house. It's bigger than Fellowship Hall, but no, honey, y'eh ain't dead.

Catherine sits up.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

Take y'er time, you seem a little worse for wear.

Catherine rolls over on her knees. She uses the tequila bottle to push herself up. Declan helps her.

CATHERINE

Then why are you here with him?

Catherine leans toward Imogene and whispers.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You see him, don't you?

Imogene turns to look at Declan.

IMOGENE

Well, I'll be, you do look like the Grim Reaper in that getup.

DECLAN

My habit? I came from church.

CATHERINE

Jesus!

DECLAN

Exactly. What's your excuse?

Catherine notes the leaves in her hair and her robe.

CATHERINE

Pool.

Declan nods.

IMOGENE

Del sent me.

CATHERINE

I thought you --

IMOGENE

In a small town we wear many hats. This is Declan. Besides appearing as the angel of death, he's a contractor. We're here to help you assess things.

Catherine steps around the counter. She spreads her arms, bottle in hand. The belt of her robe loosens with every move.

CATHERINE

Well, this is it.

She trips over the blanket and stumbles. Declan reaches out and steadies her. Her robe comes close to falling open.

DECLAN

Whoa there. You may want to --

Declan gestures to the robe. Catherine looks down. She pulls her robe together.

IMOGENE

Declan, go ahead, get started while we talk a bit.

Declan watches Imogene steer Catherine toward the couch.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be walk'n around barefoot. It looks like you've already hurt yourself pretty bad.

CATHERINE

I lost my shoes.

IMOGENE

Pool?

Catherine nods. Declan walks to the front door. Imogene motions to Catherine's bottle.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

Let me take that. Get you some water.

Catherine clutches the bottle tighter. She plops down on the couch.

Declan walks out the front door. As it closes, a stained glass pane falls on the floor and shatters.

CATHERINE

This just keeps getting better.

Imogene goes to the welcome basket. She rips it open and takes out a bottle of water and a tea towel. She notices the picture, picks it up and brings it back with her.

IMOGENE

Let's get you cleaned up. You don't want to be around here with an open wound. Doesn't look like you need stitches.

Imogene dabs the cut.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

That's a good thing. Nearest doc is thirty miles away. You up to date on y'er tetanus?

Catherine shrugs.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

Hand me that bottle of yours. We'll use it for a bit of antiseptic.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The sun sets. Declan walks around the house, a pencil and clipboard in hand. He rounds the back of the house.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Declan comes in the back door. He trips over the threshold.

DECLAN

We're gonna need to even that out. I did all I could outside. I'll finish up in here with the plumbing, HVAC and electrical.

CATHERINE

You think this place has any of that?

Declan doesn't answer. Catherine follows him with her eyes as he wanders off through the house. She whispers to Imogene.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What's his deal?

Catherine lets the towel fall from her leg.

IMOGENE

Keep that on there.

Catherine picks the towel up and holds it on her leg.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

He was a hard dog to keep on the porch. Marriage didn't settle him any. Lost his wife and son in a fire a few years back while he was passed out drunk in his truck.

CATHERINE

That's terrible.

Catherine snatches the bottle of tequila and takes a swig.

IMOGENE

He made his peace with it, got sober, put his energy into the Lord. There's something to be said for sober liv'n.

Imogene glances at the bottle in Catherine's hand.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

I pray the Lord will give him a second chance at love, a family --

Catherine sways a bit on the couch.

CATHERINE

To be clear... I'm not a drunk. I'm going through some things.

IMOGENE

Aren't we all?

Catherine opens her mouth. Imogene holds up her hand.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

That's your business. I'm here 'cause Del says you want to sell this place. Is that right?

CATHERINE

Yes. I'd like to get what my parents paid. More if I can.

IMOGENE

Breaks my heart, see'n it like this. It was a beautiful property.

CATHERINE

When?

Imogene hands the picture to Catherine.

IMOGENE

1687, when Robert La Salle built  
the house and joined vine to soil.

CATHERINE

So, it has been a while.

IMOGENE

Five generations cared for this  
house and tended those vines.  
Produce'n some fine wine.

Catherine looks at the picture.

CATHERINE

How did it go from this? To this?

Imogene stands up and walks around the great room.

IMOGENE

Noth'n kills someth'n beautiful  
faster than neglect.

Imogene shakes her head.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

This place changed hands many  
times. The last owner put the pool  
in, but couldn't make a go of it.  
Left in a hurry. Now it's down to  
you.

CATHERINE

Oh no, I'm not the one.

IMOGENE

Y'er parents saw someth'n special  
in Round Rock, and in you. You  
should've heard how they talked  
about you and celebrate'n Christmas  
in this house.

A tear runs down Catherine's cheek.

CATHERINE

This isn't me.

IMOGENE

Let me see y'er hands.

Catherine drops the picture in her lap.

CATHERINE

Why?

IMOGENE

Come on.

Catherine extends her hands. Imogene takes them and turns them over. She studies her palms.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

Oh, I see. You've never known  
struggle, or by the looks of it,  
done hard work.

Catherine snatches her hands back.

CATHERINE

I've worked hard, built a career,  
fought for everything --

IMOGENE

Then what are you afraid of?

CATHERINE

Look at this place.

IMOGENE

It's you that needs to look...  
Beyond what's here, to what's  
possible. I see a beautiful house.  
A family --

CATHERINE

I can't have --

Imogene waves her off.

IMOGENE

Honey, I got blood that ain't  
family and family that ain't blood.  
Family, home, it's what you make  
it... what you put into it.

Declan enters the room. He brushes cobwebs out of his hair.

DECLAN

You are all set on infestations.  
You've got quite a few, including a  
family of barn owls in that back  
bedroom.

Declan points to a room behind the kitchen.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
 And quite a few lizards and  
 spiders. Lots of spiders.

Declan brushes his hand through his hair again. Catherine covers her eyes. She reaches for her tequila. Imogene stops her.

IMOGENE  
 Keep it or sell it, it's going to  
 be the same amount of work. Declan,  
 what does she need to focus on?

Declan taps his pencil against his leg. He reads his notes.

DECLAN  
 The roof is long past due. The  
 plumbing, you need a new septic  
 tank and lines. Electrical not up  
 to code. Windows, single pane, and  
 well, we covered the infestations.

IMOGENE  
 Rough estimate?

DECLAN  
 Septic tank system, \$4,500. Roof,  
 \$30,000. Electrical rewire,  
 \$15,000. Infestation, \$2,000...

Catherine's head sways. Declan goes on.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
 ...flooring, paint, fixtures. About  
 \$250,000 to start.

Catherine takes a long drink. She wipes her mouth with the back of her hand.

CATHERINE  
 Ah, \$250,000 to start. Whoa!

DECLAN  
 I can have a crew out tomorrow. We  
 can tackle some basics before  
 Christmas.

CATHERINE  
 Let's do it.

Catherine gets up from the couch, a little unsteady.

IMOGENE

You sure? In my experience, whiskey mixes well with everything except decision make'n.

CATHERINE

You said it yourself. As is, I can't sell it.

Catherine looks at Declan. She gives him a wink and a nod.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Is leveling it an option?

Declan shakes his head.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Okay then. I'm putting what money I have into this disaster.

Catherine staggers to the front door.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I feel good about this. It's been one helluva day. I checked out of the hotel, but I can get a room.

IMOGENE

In the state you're in I wouldn't --

CATHERINE

You're right. You take me. Drop me off. I can wear this. It's fine.

Catherine pulls her robe together, tightens the belt.

IMOGENE

Hold on now. There isn't a room to be had this time of year. They're booked with festivals and events through the new year.

CATHERINE

I can stay with one of you --

DECLAN

I live in a monastery.

CATHERINE

Of course you do. What about you?

IMOGENE

Full up with folks for the holidays.

Catherine staggers to the kitchen and snatches up her blanket.

CATHERINE  
It's fine. I can camp out here,  
like a pioneer person.

DECLAN  
I'll have the crew out first thing.

Catherine walks toward one of the bedrooms.

CATHERINE  
Wait. No. Not that one. Barn owls.

DECLAN  
There's a bed in this room.

Declan points to the room behind the great room.

CATHERINE  
Thank you. I've had all I can take  
for one day. I'm going to bed.

Catherine drags her blanket. She waves her hand in the air.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Show yourselves out.

IMOGENE  
You want to lock up?

CATHERINE  
Why? What's the point?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine walks into a spacious bedroom with an antique bed. She slams the door. It won't close. It swings back open.

CATHERINE  
I have nothing and let's face it;  
I'm not lucky enough to get  
murdered in my sleep so --

Catherine pushes the door again. She watches as it swings back open. She drops her head in frustration.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Good night.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

THUNDER and LIGHTING fill the sky.

Rain BATTERS the house.

The wind WHIPS. The shutters KNOCK against the house. One breaks free. It CRASHES to the ground.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Catherine bolts up in bed. The wind rises through the door, it CREAKS, opening wider. Catherine hears a MAN'S VOICE.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Accept what life offers.

CATHERINE  
What? Who's there? Imogene? Declan?

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)  
Make wine.

Through the window, Catherine sees LIGHTING strike a tree. A SHADOWY FIGURE stands on the porch.

Catherine jumps up and races to the door. She slides down to the floor, forcing the door closed.

She presses her back against the door, pulls her blanket around her head to hide, and shuts her eyes tight.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

The sun shines through the bedroom window. RED (20 lbs.), a Jersey Giant Rooster, crows loud and proud. Catherine is curled up behind the door. Red struts toward her. She sits up.

CATHERINE  
What fresh hell is this? Shoo, shoo, go on you, shoo. NO! STOP!

Knock. Knock.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Help!

Declan, in a button-down shirt, jeans and boots, flings the door open. He hits Catherine in the leg. Her cut bleeds.

DECLAN

What are you doing down there? You okay? That doesn't look good.

Catherine looks down at the cut. She dabs it with her robe.

CATHERINE

It's fine. This, however --

Red crows. Declan looks over at him with a smile.

DECLAN

Excuse me, ma'am, I didn't know you had company.

CATHERINE

Can you just -- I don't know what to do with it.

Declan picks Red up.

DECLAN

Remember those infestations? This place is a buffet for Ol' Red.

Catherine stands up. Her foot is asleep. She shakes it out. Her back is stiff from sleeping on the floor.

CATHERINE

You know this chicken?

DECLAN

Rooster.

Declan walks to the door with Red.

INT. GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Declan talks over his shoulder. Catherine limps behind him.

DECLAN

Everybody knows Red. He's a legend. The winningest cock in the county.

Declan opens the front door.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Watch out for the glass.

Catherine looks down. She sidesteps the glass.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
 Red's retired.  
 (setting Red down)  
 He gets to do as he pleases.

Red struts off. Declan closes the door.

CATHERINE  
 I'm sorry, yesterday is fuzzy, but  
 weren't you wearing a robe?

DECLAN  
 No need to apologize, we've all  
 been there. My habit isn't  
 practical for this kind of work.

CATHERINE  
 I thought I was hallucinating. Then  
 I had the strangest dream. At least  
 I think it was a dream, but I woke  
 up on the floor so maybe it wasn't.

DECLAN  
 You okay?

CATHERINE  
 The mold must be getting to me.

DECLAN  
 Mold used to get to me like that.

CATHERINE  
 What did you do?

DECLAN  
 Quit drink'n.

Catherine ignores the comment. She looks out the window. MEN  
 and WOMEN get out of pickup trucks with tools.

CATHERINE  
 So we're really doing this?

DECLAN  
 Yes, ma'am. Let me grab the plans.

Declan walks out the front door.

Catherine walks to the kitchen. She turns on the tap. The  
 pipes rumble and grumble. No water. She opens cabinets.  
 They're sparse, a few random dusty plates and glasses.

Declan comes in with the plans, some clothes, and a pair of  
 boots.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
Imogene sent these along.

Declan hands the clothes and boots to Catherine. She holds up a pair of overalls and a flannel shirt.

CATHERINE  
This will be a new look for me.

DECLAN  
You didn't bring any clothes with you?

CATHERINE  
I thought I'd be back in LA.

Catherine takes the clothes. She sets them on the counter. She drops the boots on the floor. She squirms a bit, the pee-pee dance.

DECLAN  
There's a Port-O-John set up outside. You want to --

Catherine pulls on the boots. She races out the front door.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Declan spreads the plans out on the kitchen counter as Catherine comes back in.

CATHERINE  
Yet another humbling experience.

DECLAN  
With any luck that'll be your last trip to the John. Take a look.

CATHERINE  
You work fast.

DECLAN  
I drew these up for the previous owner. Not much has changed.

CATHERINE  
I like it. Simple. Clean.

DECLAN  
Take a look at this. Solar panels can power the house and the winery.

CATHERINE

That figure is double last night's estimate.

DECLAN

I'm surprised you remember.

CATHERINE

I have a head for numbers.

DECLAN

The first approach...

(flipping the page back)

...is basic, what you need to sell.

(flipping the page)

This is for someone intending to stay and work the property.

(flipping back and forth)

Choose your own adventure.

CATHERINE

You really are a contractor.

DECLAN

I'm just providing options.

CATHERINE

I get the feeling I should accept what life has to offer.

DECLAN

What makes you say that?

CATHERINE

I heard it on the wind. Let's stick with the basics, what I need to sell.

Catherine points at the first design.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You can get this done at this cost?

Declan nods.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What's the timeline?

Declan opens his mouth to speak.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Please say two weeks.

Declan smiles. He shakes his head.

DECLAN

About 90 days, depending on permits, weather and materials.

CATHERINE

That puts us at the end of March. A little longer than I was hoping for.

DECLAN

With Christmas and the new year, I'd say closer to mid-May.

CATHERINE

I've got to get back to LA. So can you take care of everything?

DECLAN

Yes ma'am, I can.

A bird flies through the broken window. Catherine and Declan watch it land on a shelf. The shelf collapses.

CATHERINE

Great... I'll get my checkbook.

Catherine grabs the clothes and walks to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Catherine calls back to Declan.

CATHERINE

I really appreciate your help with this. What a mess.

Her phone RINGS.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hey.

Catherine puts the phone on speaker and drops it on the bed.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You won't believe what I'm putting on.

NATALIE (V.O.)

Country chic?

CATHERINE

That's one characterization.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
So what's the verdict?

CATHERINE  
It's a disaster.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
You have got to be kidding.

CATHERINE  
This place is a total shit show.

Catherine kicks off the boots and pulls on the overalls. She walks over to her bag and takes out her checkbook. She walks out of the bedroom and into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She stops and stares at the windowsill.

CATHERINE  
Are those mushrooms?

NATALIE (V.O.)  
What?

CATHERINE  
It looks like mushrooms are growing on the windowsill. I've got to get out of here.

Catherine walks back into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Declan is making a list at the counter.

CATHERINE  
(into the phone)  
Hey, hold on.  
(to Declan)  
Mushrooms are growing on the window sill.

DECLAN  
Windows weren't properly sealed.

Catherine sets the phone on the counter. She writes out a check. She tears it from the book and hands it to Declan.

CATHERINE  
Two hundred and fifty thousand.

Declan takes the check. He walks to the front door. Catherine calls after him.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
I'm heading out tonight. You have my cell, we can connect on the project by phone.

Declan opens the front door. He smiles and waves.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

The door closes.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Catherine picks up her phone.  
Where were we?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - INT. FARMHOUSE/INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Natalie stands in a well-appointed kitchen. Greg walks naked out a set of glass doors. Natalie watches him with a smile.

NATALIE  
Who you pay'n off?

CATHERINE  
My new contractor.

Another bird flies through Catherine's broken window.

NATALIE  
I hope you got multiple bids.

Catherine looks at the birds.

CATHERINE  
That is a luxury I don't have.

She walks to the front door.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
I'm living with wildlife. This morning I woke up with a rooster.

NATALIE  
Isn't that normal country living?

CATHERINE  
No. Not to the sound of a rooster.  
An actual rooster in my bedroom.

Catherine opens the front door slowly.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Some champion cock that gets to  
roam around and do as he pleases.

Natalie watches Greg dive into the pool.

NATALIE  
Oh, I woke up to my own champion --

CATHERINE  
Don't. Don't you say it.

Catherine lunges at the birds. They flutter around the room.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
I'm chasing birds right now. It  
doesn't matter, I'm out of here  
tonight.

BEEP. BEEP. Catherine looks at the screen.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Hey Nat, I need to take this. It  
could be about the position at  
Wilkie. I'll call you from the  
road. Bye.

Catherine hits the button. She stands up, tall and confident.  
She puts the phone on speaker and sets it on the counter.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Hello, Catherine Rogers.

She reaches for a PEN and PAPER

CALLER (V.O.)  
Ms. Rogers, this is Fire Chief Mel  
Banks with the Beverly Hills Fire  
Department, is your residence 545  
Mapleton Drive?

CATHERINE  
Yes, what seems to be the trouble?

BANKS (V.O.)  
Ms. Rogers, you are aware of the  
wildfires we've been battling. The  
winds shifted. Your home was  
destroyed.

Catherine drops the pen.

CATHERINE  
What are you telling me?

BANKS  
I'm sorry, Ms. Rogers. Our office  
will be in touch with additional  
information and a formal report for  
your insurance adjuster.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Catherine sits on the couch. A bottle of Tequila in hand. The front door opens. Declan walks in.

DECLAN  
I came to lock up. I thought you'd  
be gone by now.

Catherine takes a drink. She throws her head back.

CATHERINE  
Ha! Nowhere to go.

Declan walks over to the couch.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
This is it for me... unemployed,  
homeless, orphan.

Catherine takes another drink.

DECLAN  
Maybe you should slow down.

Declan walks up to Catherine. He reached for her bottle.

CATHERINE  
Please... don't. Let me have this.

Catherine stands up from the couch.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
I'm all alone. No friends, no  
family, no...

She looks around the farmhouse.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Change of plans. I'm going to make  
this place amazing.

Catherine stumbles off to the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Catherine lies sprawled out on the bed. Red struts around the room. He crows loud and proud. Catherine opens her eyes, she stares at Red.

CATHERINE

So it begins.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Catherine pulls her Porsche into the mall parking lot.

INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Catherine walks into a computer store.

INT. COUNTRY FARMHOUSE - DAY

Catherine stands at the kitchen counter, the laptop open in front of her, she scrolls through articles.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: "There's a saying: If you want to make a small fortune in the wine business, start with a large one."

Catherine takes a drink. She clicks another link.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: "A successful winery requires a long-term capital investment."

Catherine takes a drink. She clicks another link.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: "The wine business, a charming but money-losing hobby."

Catherine takes a drink. She clicks another link.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: "Wealth in wine, the Sauvignon startup."

Catherine perks up. She leans forward. She puts her glass down. She reads aloud.

CATHERINE

Treat wine making like a startup.

Catherine's phone vibrates. She looks down; she picks it up, puts it on speaker and sets it on the counter.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Hey.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
How are you holding up?

CATHERINE  
I think I'm still in shock, but I'm  
leaning in to where I am.

Catherine sighs.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
I'm going to renovate this place  
and make wine.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
What do you know about making wine?

CATHERINE  
Nothing. I don't have to. Texas is  
the second largest wine making  
region in the country.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
Come home. Stay with me.

CATHERINE  
I can't. I have millions of reasons  
to see this through.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
You know nothing about renovation.  
You called a service to change a  
light bulb.

CATHERINE  
Hey, the ceiling was very high.  
This is different. I've watched  
HGTV. I can totally do this.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
Those shows aren't real.

CATHERINE  
Sure they are like documentaries.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
No, nothing like a documentary.

CATHERINE  
What are you saying?

NATALIE (V.O.)  
I binged an entire season of Fixer  
Upper --

CATHERINE  
Oh, I love Chip and Joanna.

NATALIE (V.O.)  
Everyone gets a farm sink. Chip  
does something stupid. They need  
extra money. Joanna has to be alone  
in the space. It's not real.

There's a knock on the door. Declan comes in with plans.

CATHERINE  
Listen, my contractor is here. I'll  
talk to you later.

Catherine hit end.

DECLAN  
I didn't mean to rush you off the  
phone.

CATHERINE  
No, it's fine. I need a vintner.

DECLAN  
What?

CATHERINE  
I'm bringing this place back. I  
need a good vintner.

Declan walks to the counter.

DECLAN  
I know someone. He's a little  
unorthodox.

CATHERINE  
Considering what I'm working with.

DECLAN  
I'll bring Father Dahl by this  
afternoon.

Declan sets the plans on the kitchen counter. He rolls them  
out.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
We're all set on the needs for the  
house. What do you want to do with  
the out buildings?

Catherine looks down at the plans.

CATHERINE

Well, according to what I'm reading, we need to do more with this place than wine.

EXT. COUNTRY FARMHOUSE - DAY

Catherine walks among the vines with Declan and FATHER DAHL (80), wearing a brown sackcloth robe. Father Dahl is warm and energetic and just the slightest bit senile.

FATHER DAHL

Il est presque temps de planter.

CATHERINE

I don't know what you're saying.

DECLAN

He says it's almost time to plant.

CATHERINE

Of course you speak French.

DECLAN

Father Dahl knows this land.

Catherine looks at Father Dahl. His hands are outstretched. They graze the tops of the vines. He rubs the leaves between his fingers, picks a few grapes. He pops one or two in his mouth. He squats down and scoops a handful of dirt.

FATHER DAHL

Man does not make wine.

Father Dahl pauses. He lets the dirt sift through his fingers and watches it blow in the breeze. He points to the heavens.

FATHER DAHL (CONT'D)

God does. We kneel and pray, work and wait. Pray with me.

He pulls startled Catherine to her knees.

FATHER DAHL (CONT'D)

Almighty God, we beseech thee, pour down Thy blessings on these vines.

Catherine looks at Father Dahl, his eyes closed in somber reflection. Declan comes up behind them.

DECLAN

Here Father, let me help you up.

Declan helps Father Dahl to stand. Catherine stands with him. Father Dahl takes Catherine's hands in his.

FATHER DAHL

I have been waiting for you. You will reap from vines you did not plant. Accept, with faith, what life offers.

CATHERINE

It was you, the voice I heard.

Father Dahl smiles, his eyes wild with excitement.

FATHER DAHL

We'll start small.

SERIES OF SHOTS - CATHERINE FIXES THE FARMHOUSE

Catherine turns on the tap. Water comes out.

Catherine and the crew clean out the house.

Hill Country Critter Control arrives; two MEN enter and come out with a variety of critters.

The pool is drained and cleaned.

The road is scraped and resurfaced to prepare for paving.

Catherine climbs up a ladder and paints the barn.

Catherine inventories equipment and cleans out the winery.

Catherine walks the land with Father Dahl.

Catherine does research and creates a business plan.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Catherine stands behind the kitchen counter. She looks out over the great room at various paint swatches on the walls. Catherine adjusts her headset, her laptop open, a spreadsheet of names printed out. Many are crossed off. The phone rings. Catherine looks at the screen and answers.

CATHERINE

Hello, Del.

DEL MASON (V.O.)

Merry Christmas. How are you?

CATHERINE

Merry Christmas! Things are moving along. Today I'm buying a tractor. Words I never thought I'd say.

DEL (V.O.)

I'm glad I caught you then.

Catherine looks out the window. Men clear rows in the vineyard and tend vines.

DEL (V.O.)

We need to discuss your finances.

CATHERINE

What about them?

DEL (V.O.)

Respectfully, I don't think I have seen anyone spend money as fast as you have in the last fifteen days.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - INT. FARMHOUSE/INT. LAW FRIM - CONTINUOUS

Del sits at his desk. He moves his Rubik's Cube off a file folder and opens it. He picks up a pile of invoices.

DEL

The work you've done on the house, the expensive add-ons --

CATHERINE

What expensive add-ons?

Del holds up an invoice.

DEL

Well, the paving for one --

CATHERINE

Dirt roads are dangerous.

Del holds up another invoice.

DEL

Uh-huh, then there's the pool --

CATHERINE

The pool was already here.

DEL

Yes, but the Italian tile --

CATHERINE

Avicci is an artist. The tile is essential to achieving his vision.

DEL

I see, and the SpaceX solar panels?

CATHERINE

Elon says those will pay for themselves.

DEL

Well, Elon would know.

Del continues looking over the invoices.

DEL (CONT'D)

Ms. Rogers, I'm looking at invoices for equipment and supplies totally in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. What's a titrator, and why does it cost fifteen thousand dollars?

CATHERINE

Del, do you know why the previous owners of this place failed?

DEL

I can't --

CATHERINE

No business sense and outmoded operations. We're going to make wine, the old-fashioned way, but we're going to use technology to do it, which comes with some upfront costs.

DEL

That's the thing. You're down to your severance.

CATHERINE

I'm putting together an investor plan.

Catherine looks at her spreadsheet.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What about the insurance money on my house?

DEL  
It hasn't come through yet.

CATHERINE  
So you're saying I'm broke?

DEL  
It's a fine line. You are brush'n  
up against it.

CATHERINE  
I need a tractor.

DEL  
There are things you can liquidate.

CATHERINE  
Such as?

DEL  
You paid cash for the car.

CATHERINE  
I love that car! What are you  
costing me? Maybe I can liquidate  
you.

DEL  
Ms. Rogers, you are funny.

CATHERINE  
I get it. Stop spending. Bye, Del.

Catherine hangs up. She pulls her spreadsheet over. She punches in a number.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Ansel, it's Catherine Rogers,  
thanks for taking my call.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - INT. FARMHOUSE/INT. LAMBERT OIL  
AND GAS - CONTINUOUS

ANSEL LAMBERT (60), a typical wealthy Texas oilman, reclines in a chair that sits behind an oversized desk. His cowboy boots on the desk. He tosses little basketballs into a hoop hanging on the back of the door as he shouts at his speaker phone.

ANSEL  
You used to make me money.

CATHERINE  
I've got a proposal. I'm close to  
Austin. I could come by the office  
this week --

Ansel tosses three little basketballs in a row. He sinks  
them.

ANSEL  
YES!

CATHERINE  
Great, what day and time?

Ansel drops his feet to the floor. He grabs the receiver.

ANSEL  
No, not this week. Take'n the wife  
to Europe. Just send me an e-mail.

Catherine clicks open her calendar.

CATHERINE  
Okay. How about January fifth?

ANSEL  
I'll have my girl set it up.

CATHERINE  
Thank you, Ansel, I'll --

CLICK. The line goes dead.

Knock. Knock.

Imogene comes in carrying a bundle of flowers and a package.  
She glances out the window.

IMOGENE  
Is that Father Dahl out there?

Catherine takes off her headset and looks out the window.

CATHERINE  
He's very helpful. We've already  
cleaned up the fallen vines and  
gotten the plots organized.

IMOGENE  
That old coot ain't all there, but  
he knows his wine.

Imogene walks over to the window and looks out.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)  
Might want to get the boys to clear  
that brush away from the barn.  
Lighting strikes, it'll go up just  
like that.

Catherine nods.

Imogene walks over to the counter.

                  IMOGENE (CONT'D)  
You've made quite a bit of  
progress. Looks like you've got  
some fight in you after all.

                  CATHERINE  
Things weren't as bad as they  
looked.

                  IMOGENE  
Never are. Sometimes you just need  
a fresh perspective.

                  CATHERINE  
What brings you out?

                  IMOGENE  
Maynard down at the post office  
asked me to deliver this.

Imogene hands Catherine the package. Red pushes in through a  
dog door.

                  IMOGENE (CONT'D)  
Well, I'll be. When did you put  
that in?

Catherine sets the package down.

                  CATHERINE  
A few days ago.

They watch him strut off toward the bedroom.

                  IMOGENE  
Look at him. He thinks the sun  
comes up just to hear him crow.

                  CATHERINE  
At least now I feel like I'm  
deciding to invite him in.

IMOGENE

I'm glad to see the two of you  
get'n along so well. I thought you  
might like these.

CATHERINE

They're beautiful.

IMOGENE

Left over from a funeral. Waste  
not, want not. That's what I say.

Catherine takes the flowers and puts them in a paint can.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

What's that y'er work'n on?

CATHERINE

Investors.

Catherine turns the water on and fills the can.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

An equity group to fund the winery.  
Wine is good business. I've got a  
plan to make this place profitable.

Imogene pulls the list to herself.

IMOGENE

This doesn't seem to reflect that  
sentiment.

CATHERINE

It's a unique sell.

She set the flowers down.

IMOGENE

There are close to 400 wine  
producers in Texas. What's going to  
make Round Rock stand out?

CATHERINE

History and a unique customer  
experience. You said it yourself,  
some fine wine came out of that  
vineyard. Round Rock will not only  
be a winery, it'll be an  
experience.

Catherine clicks on her computer, opens a presentation.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

To win market share, I am creating opportunities for interactive, sharable experiences that will bring people to the winery and keep them coming back.

Catherine slides a prospectus toward Imogene.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

At Round Rock you can rent a plot and work the land like they did in the 1800s.

(clicks the next slide)

You can create your own custom vintage and be part of the process from start to finish.

(clicks the next slide)

Here, you are the wine maker.

IMOGENE

You're going to charge people to make their own wine?

CATHERINE

People pay to have unique experiences that seem exclusive.

Imogene picks up the prospectus and looks through the pages.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

In phase one, I'm hosting crush parties to give people a feel for the experience.

Imogene nods.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

In phase two, if this place is finished on time, visitors can plant their own vines. Now for the pièce de résistance, phase three, an immersive experience. Look out there.

Imogene walks to the window. She watches as a crane places a giant wine barrel on a platform.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm converting ten wine barrels into 270 square foot, five-star spa-grade rooms.

IMOGENE

Ain't that the berries!

CATHERINE

Yes? Once the barrels are finished, guests can stay on the property, use the pool, tend the vines, pick grapes, crush grapes, take classes.

IMOGENE

At the rate you're going, this will be a regular Knots Berry Farm.

CATHERINE

I think of it as accessible luxury for wine lovers at every level.

IMOGENE

So, no hats and T-shirts?

CATHERINE

Oh no, we'll have plenty of sustainably sourced merchandise.

Catherine points to a grain silo.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

That's the Round Rock General Store. I've ordered this amazing vintage lighted marquee for it.

IMOGENE

How much capital do you need?

CATHERINE

About one point five to finish the barrels and get the winery operational.

IMOGENE

You got that kind of money?

CATHERINE

Not quite. I'm not liquid. My personal assets are tied up in long term investments. I can tap into my 401 K, liquidate my savings, but it's not going to be enough. That's why I'm meeting with investors.

Catherine pulls the list back.

IMOGENE

I see. How many are bought in?

CATHERINE  
None, but I'm lining up meetings.

IMOGENE  
You think these men are gonna  
invest?

Catherine nods with confidence.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)  
Don't be surprised if the creek  
don't rise.

CATHERINE  
My investment strategies for luxury  
goods have made a lot of money for  
the people on this list.

IMOGENE  
I'm sure, but men, God love'em,  
don't want you sit'n at the table.  
They want you on yer knees.

CATHERINE  
Imogene, that's not --

IMOGENE  
I know, down in LA, y'all wouldn't  
call that PC, but it's true. Have  
yer meetings. Then come see me.

Imogene holds up the prospectus.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)  
Can I keep this?

Catherine nods. She picks up her headset.

Imogene walks out the front door.

EXT. AUSTIN AUTO PAWN - DAY

Catherine pulls her Porsche into the lot and walks inside.  
After some time she comes out with a check and walks across  
the street.

EXT. BOB'S TRACTOR AND FARM EQUIPMENT - DAY

Catherine tours the lot with BOB (65), a jolly man in  
suspenders. She notices an old Jeep Wagoneer for sale.

CATHERINE  
I need a small tractor.

Catherine scrolls through the list on her phone.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
An ATV with a sprayer.

Bob runs his thumbs up and down his suspenders.

BOB  
I've got just what you need.

Bob walks and talks.

BOB (CONT'D)  
This is the John Deere 100F. She's  
a new model, good for small plots.

CATHERINE  
What about the ATV?

BOB  
Right this way.

Bob leads Catherine down another aisle.

BOB (CONT'D)  
This is just what you need; it even  
has the sprayer hitch.

CATHERINE  
I'll take it, the tractor, the ATV  
and the Jeep you have for sale.

BOB  
All in, little lady, that puts you  
at thirty thousand.

CATHERINE  
Delivery included?

BOB  
Yes, ma'am.

CATHERINE  
Write it up.

BOB  
Well now, Merry Christmas to me.

EXT. AUSTIN HIGHWAY - NIGHT - MOVING

Catherine bounces down the road in her Jeep. She smiles, turns up the radio and sings along with the Christmas carols, tapping the steering wheel.

CATHERINE  
*Jingle bell, jingle bell, jingle  
 bell rock, jingle bell swing --*

The Jeep JERKS. Catherine struggles for control.

Catherine steers the Jeep to the side of the road. She gets out and surveys the damage. She pulls out her phone.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
 How do you change a tire on a Jeep  
 Wagoneer?

The phone's robotic voice responds.

PHONE (V.O.)  
 My web search turned up something  
 on how do you change a tire on a  
 Jeep Wagoneer. Take a look.

Catherine looks at the screen and taps on the video.

Catherine walks to the back of the jeep. She rummages through the back.

A patrol car pulls up behind the Jeep. Brady gets out and walks toward her.

BRADY  
 You need some help?

Catherine jumps, a little startled.

CATHERINE  
 Sheriff Walker. Nice to see you.

BRADY  
 Ma'am, didn't mean to startle you.  
 (tipping his hat)  
 Is this your car?

CATHERINE  
 I just bought it.

BRADY  
 Let me help you with that.

Brady takes the jack to the front of the car.

BRADY (CONT'D)  
Can you pull the spare?

Catherine nods. She walks to the back of the car.

BRADY (CONT'D)  
It should be under a cover in back.

Catherine lifts the cover. She pulls the tire. Her hand slips.

CATHERINE  
Shit!

BRADY  
Everything okay?

CATHERINE  
It's under control.

Catherine tugs at the tire. Brady comes up behind her.

BRADY  
Here, let me get that.

Brady pulls the tire out with ease. He bounces it on the ground and rolls it to the front of the car. He puts the tire on, fastens the lug nuts, and lowers the jack.

BRADY (CONT'D)  
There you go.

Brady picks up the flat and tosses it in the back of the car.

CATHERINE  
Wow, that was fast. Thank you so much for everything.

BRADY  
I'm glad you're doing better.

CATHERINE  
I am. I really am.

BRADY  
Good to hear. I'll leave you to enjoy your Christmas Eve.

Catherine leans against the Jeep, flirtatious.

CATHERINE  
If you have time, I'd love to show you my tasting room.

BRADY  
My partner, CHAD, and I would like  
that. He loves wine.

CATHERINE  
You're married?

BRADY  
Going on seven years.

CATHERINE  
You don't wear a ring.

BRADY  
I take it off when I'm work'n.

CATHERINE  
I look forward to meeting Chad.

Brady tips his hat. He smiles and walks to his car. Catherine  
watches him drive away. She gets in the Jeep.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Gay? He's gay?

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Catherine sits at the kitchen counter in her robe.

The broken family picture rests against a half-empty tequila  
bottle. Next to it an open package reveals a nativity set.

Catherine holds up the note: Dear Mom and Dad, sorry I can't  
be there. Saw this and thought of you. Love, C.

Red clucks through the dog door. Catherine wipes a tear and  
raises her glass.

CATHERINE  
Merry Christmas, Red.

Red crows.

INT. LAMBERT OIL AND GAS - LOBBY - DAY

Catherine waits in her black suit. She's confident, eager,  
ready to close. Ansel greets her with a firm handshake.

ANSEL  
I tried to call you.

CATHERINE

Ansel, happy new year, thank you  
for seeing me.

Ansel touches her arm.

ANSEL

Let's sit right here.

They sit in lobby chairs.

Catherine extends a prospectus. Ansel holds up his hand.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Save it. Twelve-hour plane ride.  
Plenty of time for read'n.

Catherine pulls the prospects back.

CATHERINE

Ansel, you like small operations  
where you can roll up your sleeves,  
get your hands dirty. Round Rock --

ANSEL

I'm not interested in wine.

CATHERINE

It's a thirteen billion dollar  
industry.

ANSEL

I know all that, I just don't --

CATHERINE

Ansel, ten million, ten years --

ANSEL

After Nagasaki --

CATHERINE

I'm sorry about Nagasaki. Please  
know, I would never --

ANSEL

Between you and me, Bernard didn't  
do you any favors on that deal.

Ansel stands up.

ANSEL (CONT'D)

Happy new year. You'll find the  
right investor.

Ansel extends his hand. Catherine shakes it. He walks to the interoffice doors, leaving Catherine in the lobby.

SERIES OF SHOTS - CATHERINE PITCHES THE WINE BUSINESS

Catherine takes a room of BUSINESSMEN, in suits, through her proposal. The men shake their heads.

Catherine walks into an office building. She talks to a BUSINESSMAN at the reception desk. He shakes his head.

Catherine sits across from another BUSINESSMAN in a hotel bar. He shakes his head, gets up and leaves.

EXT. AUSTIN HOTEL - DAY

Catherine walks to the Jeep. She gets in, puts the Jeep in gear and drives away.

EXT. IMOGENE'S LAKE TRAVIS ESTATE - DAY

Catherine pulls into Imogene's impressive estate. She parks, checks her makeup, and takes a pastry box off the passenger seat. She gets out of the car.

INT. IMOGENE'S LAKE TRAVIS ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

Imogene greets Catherine at the door.

IMOGENE

Hello. Happy new year.

CATHERINE

Thank you for having me.

Catherine looks around. The house is opulent.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

So, that first night, when I was desperate for a clean, dry, safe place to sleep, you were full up?

IMOGENE

You caught me. I could have found room for you.

CATHERINE

Could have found room for me? Look at this place.

IMOGENE

Come on now. I didn't know you from Adam. You were act'n all crazy.

CATHERINE

It's fine. I get it. Here, I got this for you at that German bakery.

IMOGENE

I'm sure it's delicious. Olga has been run'n that bakery for come'n on forty years. She's here.

Imogene points to OLGA (60), standing in a smart suit.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

You go on in the living room while I take this to the kitchen.

Imogene calls out to CELESTE (60), tall, striking.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

Celeste, come meet Catherine.

Imogene whispers to Catherine.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

She's president of the Women's Investing Group. She has twenty billion dollars under management.

Catherine extends her hand to greet Celeste.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

Celeste, this is the young woman I was tellin' you about.

CELESTE

We've heard a lot about Round Rock.

IMOGENE

Introduce her around. Make sure she meets Penny and Teresa.

Imogene leans over and whispers to Catherine again.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

Penny heads Texas AgriLife Services, and Teresa oversees permitting and licensing. Good women to know.

SERIES OF SHOTS - CATHERINE MEETS THE INVESTMENT COMMUNITY

Catherine meeting women.

Catherine shaking hands.

The women drink wine, have dessert, laugh.

INT. IMOGENE THOMSON'S LAKE TRAVIS ESTATE - LATER

Imogene says goodbye to her friends. Catherine lingers.

CATHERINE

That was amazing. I had no idea --

IMOGENE

What a strong network we have.

Catherine follows Imogene.

INT. STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Catherine follows Imogene through the study. The walls are lined with photos showing just how successful a business woman Imogene is. The bookcases contain family photos and various awards. Imogene goes to a simple desk.

IMOGENE

We advance our interests by investing in each other. How were your meetings in Austin?

CATHERINE

Not great. Awful, in fact.

IMOGENE

You're smart and aggressive. That may not sit well with some.

Imogene pulls open a desk drawer.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

I'd rather be someone's shot of whiskey than everyone's cup of tea.

Catherine nods.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

We read your proposal and voted before you got here.

Imogene hands Catherine a check.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)  
 We'd like to invest in Round Rock.  
 We'll start with two million.

Overwhelmed at first, Catherine steps forward. She takes the check with confidence.

CATHERINE  
 You won't regret this.

SERIES OF SHOTS - CATHERINE LAUNCHES A BUSINESS

Catherine raises a new sign: ROUND ROCK UNLIMITED.

Catherine creates a website featuring Red the Rooster, Round Rock, and the tag line, COME AWAKEN YOUR SENSES.

PEOPLE come to the winery and take pictures with Red.

We see PEOPLE stomping grapes, picking grapes, taking classes in the tasting room.

INSET SOCIAL MEDIA IMAGES: GUESTS with Red, #CAYS.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Catherine battles with a large CHERRY TREE STUMP near the barn. He picks up an AXE and hammers away at the stump.

She drops the axe. She blows the blister on her hand.

Declan comes around the corner.

DECLAN  
 You know, you can attach a chain to that and pull it out with the tractor.

Catherine nods. She walks over to the tractor.

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
 You need some help with that?

CATHERINE  
 How hard can it be? You attach a chain and drive the tractor.

DECLAN  
 Well --

CATHERINE  
 It's okay. I got this.

Catherine attaches the chain to the stump, jumps in the tractor, turns on the ignition and hits the gas. The tractor lurches. Catherine is jerked to the ground.

Catherine lie flat on her back. The wind knocked out of her.

Declan runs over. He turns the tractor off.

DECLAN

I was going to say you need a chain, basket, rigging and pulley system to remove a stump this size with a tractor.

Declan extends Catherine a hand. He helps her up.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Sometimes it's worth the time to listen to what others have to say.

Catherine brushes the dirt from her clothes.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Let's fix this rig and pull this stump out.

Declan and Catherine attach a mechanical rigging to the stump, with a chain in a basket, a choker and a double snatch block.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Now we're ready. Go ahead, get in and take it slow.

Catherine gets in the tractor. She starts the engine and drags the stump out.

Catherine turns the tractor off. She jumps out and celebrates.

CATHERINE

Yes!

Declan smiles.

DECLAN

Now you can cut it and spilt it and add it to the firewood pile.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Catherine stands in the kitchen looking at the computer. Her hand bandaged.

Imogene comes in with a huge bouquet of roses.

IMOGENE  
What you look'n at?

CATHERINE  
Red's Instagram page. He has some  
passionate followers.

IMOGENE  
Here, these are for you.

CATHERINE  
Who died?

IMOGENE  
Old Mrs. Jones.

Catherine looks up. She takes the flowers and sets them down.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)  
What happened to your hand?

CATHERINE  
Disagreement with a stump.

DING. DING.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
We just booked another group. Oh,  
here, I have something for you. Hot  
off the presses.

Catherine holds up a Round Rock T-shirt featuring Red.

IMOGENE  
Well, will you look at that?

CATHERINE  
Didn't they turn out great? The  
inventory's in the silo.

Catherine claps her hands with excitement.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
We'll be setting up the store  
tomorrow.

DING. DING.

Catherine brings up the reservations.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)  
Look, the barrel rooms are booked  
through Thanksgiving.

Imogene glances out the window.

IMOGENE  
What are they set'n up for?

CATHERINE  
They're packing up. Red and I just  
finished an interview. We're  
getting a cover!

IMOGENE  
That's great news.

CATHERINE  
I've been pitching all the major  
trade and travel magazines. The  
buzz on Round Rock is hot!

IMOGENE  
Well, it's a good thing you wrapped  
up, a storm's blowin' in.

Catherine looks out the window.

CATHERINE  
What storm? It's beautiful.

IMOGENE  
Don't be fooled. It's the end of  
March in Texas. Storms come up in a  
blink of an eye. This area floods.

A THUNDER BOOM ricochets through the house.

Declan comes in the back door carrying an overnight bag.

Natalie follows him in with a roller bag.

DECLAN  
I found this young lady down the  
road.

Declan sets the overnight bag down.

Natalie peeks around Declan and smiles.

NATALIE  
Surprise!

Catherine races over to hug Natalie.

CATHERINE  
Natalie! This is incredible.

NATALIE  
I quit my job.

THUNDER BOOMS. Natalie is startled. She jumps.

DECLAN  
You okay?

Natalie releases Catherine's embrace. She nods at Declan.

NATALIE  
Is it safe for us to be out here?  
Maybe I should come with you.

DECLAN  
Well now, while I'd love the  
company, you're safe here.

A THUNDER BOOM rips through the house. Natalie jumps into Declan's arms. He holds her close.

NATALIE  
Are you sure about that?

Imogene walks over to Declan. She takes his arm.

IMOGENE  
Okay, we'd better get go'n.  
Natalie, is it? You'll be fine.

Imogene pulls Declan to the door.

CATHERINE  
Thank you for checking on me.

IMOGENE  
You're welcome. Thank you for the  
shirt. Looks like your crew is  
getting out just in time.

Declan stands next to Imogene. They watch the crew speed off.  
Declan and Imogene walk out the front door.

Catherine turns to Natalie.

CATHERINE  
I think we're in for a wild night.  
I'm so glad you're here.

NATALIE  
I think I'm in love.

CATHERINE

Declan? What happened to Greg?

NATALIE

He was fun. Declan, I could see myself being serious about.

CATHERINE

He lives in a monastery.

NATALIE

That's nothing! Remember the week I dated that homeless guy?

CATHERINE

Who could forget the homeless or hipster conundrum?

NATALIE

Solved when he took me to his house in the park. A monastery, easy.

CATHERINE

Let me show you around.

NATALIE

What's this you're wearing?

Catherine models her overalls.

CATHERINE

You like?

A THUNDER BOOM ricochets through the house. Natalie jumps and looks out the window.

NATALIE

Wow, suddenly it looks so ominous.

Catherine looks out the window.

CATHERINE

Get a towel!

NATALIE

Where?

CATHERINE

In the bathroom behind the kitchen.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Catherine races outside. She frees Red from mud and orange construction netting.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Catherine comes in with Red. Natalie brings the towel over.

NATALIE

What the --

CATHERINE

This is Red. He lives here.

Catherine towels Red off.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

There you go, buddy.

Red struts off toward Catherine's bedroom.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

It would be bad if anything happened to Red. He's our mascot. You should see his Insta. It's crazy.

NATALIE

You wearing this... a chicken with an Instagram account --

CATHERINE

He's a rooster.

NATALIE

Are you okay?

CATHERINE

I'm great. This is country liv'n. Later we'll go to the gas station for the best tacos.

NATALIE

Gas station tacos. Pass.

Catherine wraps her arm around Natalie's shoulders.

CATHERINE

You don't know what you're missing. Now that Red is settled, let me show you your room. I think you'll be comfortable in Barn Owl.

NATALIE

Barn Owl?

CATHERINE

I named the rooms after the critters I found living in them. Fun! Right?

Catherine points.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

That's Tarantula. I'm in Rooster.

INT. BARN OWL BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Natalie enters a French provincial style bedroom.

NATALIE

This is gorgeous.

CATHERINE

Thank you! I decorated it with you in mind. I'm pleased to say, you have a fully functional bathroom.

Natalie walks around. She takes the room in.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What happened?

Natalie plops down on the bed.

NATALIE

A patient, forty-seven, presented with pain radiating from the top of her head. She came to the office twice. The wrong paperwork was sent to the lab. She never got the head scan that could have saved her life. A glitch in the system. She died from a brain aneurysm.

Catherine walks over and sits next to Natalie.

CATHERINE

I'm so sorry. You are welcome here. Take as much time as you need.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

A FLASH OF LIGHTING! A CRACK OF THUNDER! The wind HOWLS.

INT. ROOSTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

A THUNDER BOOM ricochets through the house. Catherine bolts up in bed. Drowsily, she walks to the window. A flicker of light catches her attention.

CATHERINE

Oh shit.

Catherine grabs her overalls and boots.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Catherine pulls a hose from the side of the house. She runs to the barn which is engulfed in flames. She sprays the barn. Embers whip into the night. They drift to the ground.

In the distance, SIRENS can be heard.

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Catherine sits on the couch wrapped in a blanket. Soot and dirt on her face. A bottle of tequila in front of her.

Natalie sits next to her.

A FIREMAN tears a copy of form from his clipboard. He hands it to Catherine. She's in a catatonic state, a waking coma.

Natalie takes the form.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The FIREMEN wrap up their HOSES. The barn is scorched, but still standing.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Natalie is standing at the kitchen counter making coffee.

NATALIE

Hey there... did you sleep?

Catherine shakes her head. She looks out the window.

CATHERINE

Months of work. This is unbelievable. Every time I make progress... WHAM! Another blow.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

NATALIE

Get some coffee. I'll get that.

Natalie opens the door.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Well, hello.

She leans against the door frame, flirtatious.

DECLAN

Everyone all right?

Natalie lets Declan in. She closes the door behind him.

Declan surveys the room. He notes the tequila bottle on the table. He looks at Catherine.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Don't let the mold get to you.

He walks to the kitchen counter.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

The fire is a setback. Life is full of them. Father Dahl is outside. Let's get things back on track.

Catherine puts down her cup. She takes a deep breath and exhales.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

Catherine lifts debris off the porch. She shakes her head at downed trees blocking the winery's entrance.

Rain has eroded the grounds into mud pits. Catherine walks with caution. She greets Father Dahl.

Father Dahl holds up a bundle of grapes. He seems oblivious to the big-picture disaster around him.

FATHER DAHL

The grapes have had too much water.

Catherine is angry, tired, and annoyed.

CATHERINE

You don't say. Look around you, everything has had too much water.

Watery grapes are the least of my concerns.

FATHER DAHL

But the flavor, the wine, we must start pruning right away.

CATHERINE

Won't that affect the harvest?  
We've rented plots, booked rooms.

Father Dahl reaches out to her. He attempts to console her.

FATHER DAHL

We will clean up. Have faith in the strength of the vines and the goodness of the soil.

CATHERINE

We need more than faith right now.

Catherine turns away. She walks to the silo. Her boots sink into a mud-hole. She looks up to the heavens, pleading.

FATHER DAHL

Dieu n'aime pas laide.

CATHERINE

Let me guess. God doesn't like ugly.

Catherine struggles, pulls out of the mud, shakes it from her boots. She continues to the silo.

The Round Rock General Store sign is swinging from one hook.

CRASH.

The vintage sign shatters on the ground.

Catherine drops her head. She continues forward. Water comes from beneath the door. Catherine charges forward.

She grabs the door, yanks it open. Water pours out.

She looks inside. Boxes of shirts, hats, water bottles and bags are soaked. Water drips from the ceiling.

Natalie calls to Catherine from the house.

NATALIE

Catherine, phone.

Catherine stomps past Father Dahl who is down on his knees, his head and his hands turned toward heaven in prayer.

FATHER DAHL  
 Heavenly Father, give us the  
 strength to rise each day and fight  
 against the struggles which seek to  
 weigh us down.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Natalie stands by the pool waiting for Catherine.

NATALIE  
 What happened to you?

CATHERINE  
 God is testing me.

Natalie hands Catherine the phone.

NATALIE  
 Okay. Here. It was back to back. I  
 thought it might be important.

Natalie goes back into the house. Catherine takes the phone.

CATHERINE  
 Hello.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION - EXT. FARMHOUSE/INT. OFFICE  
 BUILDING - DAY

Bernard sits behind a desk, covered in magazines featuring Catherine and Red.

BERNARD  
 Catherine, it's Bernard. You have a  
 minute to talk?

CATHERINE  
 This is a surprise.

BERNARD  
 I won't beat around the bush.  
 Nagasaki wants to buy your winery.

Catherine watches Father Dahl pick up bundles of grapes. He talks to the bundles, holds them up to the sky.

Bernard picks up a magazine.

BERNARD (CONT'D)  
Will you take a meeting?

Catherine watches WORKERS arrive. A CRANE sinks in the mud.  
DUCKS swim in a flooded culvert. Red pecks at fresh worms.

CATHERINE  
Sure. Of course.

BERNARD  
We'll send the plane.

INT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Catherine takes off her boots. Natalie walks over.

NATALIE  
Who was on the phone?

CATHERINE  
Bernard.

NATALIE  
What did he want?

CATHERINE  
Nagasaki wants to buy Round Rock.

NATALIE  
You wouldn't...

Imogene and Father Dahl come in the back door.

NATALIE (CONT'D)  
...consider Bernard's offer?

IMOGENE  
Who is Bernard?

NATALIE  
Catherine's ex-boss.

CATHERINE  
They want to buy Round Rock.

DECLAN  
Who does?

CATHERINE  
Nagasaki.

DECLAN  
Is it for sale?

CATHERINE

I'm obligated to evaluate the offer.

FATHER DAHL

Those blessed by the land shall inherit the land. You, Catherine, have been blessed. Don't turn your back on this gift.

CATHERINE

Gift? You've been outside.

IMOGENE

Every thang ain't like slide'n off a greasy log backward. Sometimes it's hard. You work through it and yer better for the struggle.

CATHERINE

I'm taking the meeting. Natalie, will you come with me?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The elevator doors open. Catherine is greeted by Anna.

ANNA

Uh -- Texas agrees with you.

Catherine smiles. Bernard comes huffing forward.

BERNARD

There she is. Congratulations!

Bernard extends his hand to Catherine. She takes it.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

A little rough.

Catherine studies her hands for a second and smiles.

Bernard walks ahead, directs Catherine and Anna.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I'm glad this is a meeting with me you agreed to take. We're in here.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The conference room is anchored by an oversized table. The men from Nagasaki stand as Catherine enters the room.

BERNARD

You know the Nagasaki team.

Each of the men, HARUTO SATO (35), ASAHI ITO (50), KAITO YAMAMATO (50), bow.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

Let's sit. Look over the deal.

Anna hands Catherine a deal book. Everyone sits.

ANNA

Uh -- With Round Rock, you've discovered a niche in the luxury goods market.

Catherine taps the cover of the proposal with her pen.

BERNARD

However, you've really taken this as far as you can on your own. What we'd like to do... what Nagasaki would like to do is build on what you've started.

Catherine's leg bounces beneath the table.

BERNARD (CONT'D)

I recognize you may harbor some ill will. But you're smart, you won't let the past keep you from an amazing future.

Catherine opens the proposal and looks through the pages. She circles a few things. She flips the pages back and forth. Circles a few more things.

ANNA

Nagasaki will acquire Round Rock for two million per acre.

Haruto Sato leans forward.

HARUTO SATO

We would like to retain your services as innovation officer.

Catherine's leg bounces faster. The water glasses shake.

BERNARD

What the hell is that? A tremor?

Catherine stops her leg. The table is still.

ANNA

...at a base salary of \$1.5 million per year, with a bonus tied to earnings of up to 150%.

BERNARD

You're looking at over \$2 million in salary alone.

ANNA

Nagasaki will syndicate the brand using the rooster.

Haruto leans forward.

HARUTO

Your rooster is not a white cockerel, an auspicious symbol of courage. We will change that.

CATHERINE

Red's an icon. He can't be changed. He's already on all the T-shirts.

Bernard tosses his head back with a fake laugh.

BERNARD

We can address that later.

ANNA

Nagasaki will purchase a residence of your choice.

HARUTO SATO

We were sorry to hear about the loss of your home.

CATHERINE

Thank you.

ANNA

Uh -- you'll have six-weeks of vacation, access to the jet, and a generous pension.

Anna closes her proposal. Everyone looks at Catherine.

CATHERINE

So, that's it?

BERNARD

That's it. It's a great deal.

Catherine taps the page. She looks at the Nagasaki team.

CATHERINE

It is a very nice offer. Thank you.  
I have enjoyed working with you in  
the past. I appreciate your  
consideration.

Catherine looks down at the proposal and back at Bernard.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Once I gave Anna some advice. It's  
too bad she didn't take it.

Catherine slides the proposal toward Bernard. He looks at  
what Catherine has circled. The businessmen look confused.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

The math is wrong. Cheap, young and  
aggressive just got expensive.

Catherine pushes back from the table, shaking her head. She  
stands up. She puts her hands on the back of the chair.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

My hands, a year ago, they were  
soft and perfect. I never missed a  
manicure.

Catherine looks down at her hands.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Today, they are calloused, scared  
and bruised.

Catherine looks at Bernard.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

They tell the story of a year spent  
chopping wood, pulling vines...  
building something.

Catherine shakes her head.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Round Rock is not for sale.  
Bernard, you may believe I've gone  
as far as I can, but I'm just  
getting started.

Catherine pushes her chair in. She walks to the door. Bernard  
slides the proposal over to Anna. He stands up.

BERNARD

It's a lot of money. I saw the storm on the news. It's going to be tough to come back from.

CATHERINE

It's not going to be as easy as sliding off a greasy log backward, but with a little faith and the strength of the community, we'll get through it and be stronger for it.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Natalie pulls up. Catherine gets in the car.

EXT. WESTWOOD VILLAGE MEMORIAL PARK - DAY

Natalie drives through the cemetery. She parks the car. Natalie and Catherine get out. Catherine opens the door to the backseat and takes out the urns. Natalie and Catherine walk across a lush lawn to an above ground inurnment in a columbarium. They sit on a bench.

NATALIE

This is nice.

CATHERINE

When my dad retired, I went to the house for brunch. They told me about the RV, driving across country, and this place.

Catherine looks around the beautiful private garden. Water trickles from the fountain, birds sing in the distance.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

They begged me to take some time off. To come with them, "just a couple of weeks" my mom said.

NATALIE

They were good people who loved you, but you've got to remember, retired people have no sense of time. They're just tool'n around in their socks and sandals, offering kids hard candy.

Catherine laughs. She fights back tears. Paul, the funeral director, comes up.

PAUL

Ms. Rogers. I'll take those.  
(reaching for the urns)  
Your guests are waiting.

Catherine and Natalie walk across the lawn. Catherine steps up to a podium.

CATHERINE

Thank you for coming to celebrate  
the life of my parents.

The GUESTS take their seats.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Let me apologize for my  
selfishness. When my parents died,  
I hid them away. I busied myself  
with everything I could to suppress  
my guilt for not being the daughter  
they deserved.

Catherine looks over at a portrait of Neil and Eloise.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Guilt kept me from giving them the  
one thing they wanted from me, my  
time.

Catherine looks back at the Guests. She smiles.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

In honor of my parents, a reminder  
to remember. Your time is your  
life. It is the greatest gift you  
can give someone.

Catherine wipes away tears.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

It is not enough to say a  
relationship is important or to  
profess our love. We must prove  
ourselves by investing our time in  
one another.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

The sun is shining. Catherine drives down her paved road. She crosses the creek bridge.

She stops to look at her beautifully restored farmhouse. She creeps forward, watching workers tend neat rows of vines. A sanitation crew loads up the Port-O-John.

Catherine parks the Jeep next to Declan's truck and gets out.

DECLAN

I won't ask how your meeting went.  
I'll just say we're done.

CATHERINE

What? I've only been gone a week.

DECLAN

Once we got things cleaned up --

CATHERINE

It wasn't as bad as it looked?

DECLAN

The inspector came out and signed  
off on everything.

Declan hands Catherine the final invoices and the permits.

CATHERINE

Del won't be happy to see these.

DECLAN

At the rate yer go'n, pay'n bills  
won't be a problem. Father Dahl  
says you'll have enough to harvest.  
Everyone who rented a plot will be  
able to plant.

CATHERINE

What about the barrels, the barn?

DECLAN

All hooked up and ready to go. The  
barn has a solid foundation. Folks  
from the church came to help out.  
We got it cleaned up, restored and  
repainted.

CATHERINE

It's all happening. Thank you.

DECLAN

You are welcome.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Six Months Later"

INT. FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Brady and his partner CHAD (45), handsome, string lights on a Christmas tree. Catherine watches Natalie hold mistletoe over Declan's head.

The front door opens. Imogene and AMY (6), her granddaughter, come in. Amy charges Natalie.

AMY

Dr. Natalie, I hurt myself, see  
look.

The little girl shows Natalie a tiny cut on her knee. Natalie squats down, dutifully examining the cut.

AMY (CONT'D)

Should I come to your office?

NATALIE

I can take care of this outpatient.

Natalie stands up. She takes the little girl's hand.

Imogene watches them leave. She looks at Catherine with happiness.

IMOGENE

It's nice to have a doctor in Hill  
Country again, to see a family in  
this house, to hear laughter, and  
watch the joy new love brings to  
people's hearts.

Imogene smiles as she walks away.

Catherine looks around the room. Celeste and Olga put ornaments on the tree. Imogene's granddaughter runs over to help. Imogene laughs with Del.

Catherine walks over to a little table by the window. She looks down at the nativity set. She rearranges the pieces, moves the wise men a little closer. Del walks over.

DEL

Merry Christmas, Ms. Rogers.

CATHERINE

Merry Christmas, Del.

IMOGENE

Who's up for some Christmas carols?

Del walks over. He joins the group. Catherine moves to join the group.

Out the window, in the distance, a vintage lighted marquee sign comes on, "Round Rock Unlimited, Come, Awaken Your Senses."

FADE OUT.