BICK

The desert's an indifferent place. Doesn't give a damn if I'm here or not here. Makes no sense but knowing that gives me a feeling of peace. Can see it doesn't for you.

(HE picks up his crate.)

BICK

I've been coming here since I'm 17 looking for the desert to tell me things, give me answers, You go to enough Sunday School you expect that. What I found was deserts ask more questions than they answer. Figuring that out made me able to lose myself, get loose of myself for a while here.

[redacted]

BICK

Maybe it's how I say things. You never understand me.

BICK

I've changed. God damn changed too much and I don't like what I see in myself. What I'm telling you, what I'm saying is, you've a right to look for something new.

BICK

Leslie...

(The sunrise places long shadows on the mountains. It's an amazing mixture of colors. BICK's thoughts don't come out easily:)

(BICK has never said this before:)

When I die, my land's going to be a park, protected, not dug up for more oil or turned into golf courses. Hell, Palm Springs used to be a wide spot in the road a couple of years ago. Money's going to do anything it takes to stop me. It'll be the fight of my life for oil's going to call the shots for a long time. And you're what I need to make all that happen. That's my daydream.

BICK

The morning light makes that weed look like a flower. We're making love in this light. Do you know that?