



There Will Be Blood (2007)

by Paul Thomas Anderson

Daniel: Come in, come in.

You prefer to speak to me alone? You can't speak. So why don't you flap your arms about and have what's his name tell me where you've been. Or do you think I don't know?

Your own company? This makes you my competitor. You're making such a misstep. What are you doing? Say it. You've got something to say? Then say it. I'd like to hear you speak instead of your little dog, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof.....

You're killing us with what you're doing. You're killing my image of you as my son. You're not my son. Well it's the truth, you're not my son. You never have been. You're an orphan. Did you ever hear that word? Tell him what I said. You operated here today like one. I should have seen this coming. I should have known that under this, all these years you've been building your hate for me piece by piece. I don't even know who you are because you have none of me in you. You're someone else's. This anger, your maliciousness. Backwards dealings with me. You're an orphan from a basket in the middle of the desert. And I took you for no other reason than I needed a sweet face to buy land. Did you get that? Now you know. Look at me. You're lower than a bastard.

You have none of me in you. You're just a bastard from a basket.