

JIM

I heard of him. What's he doin in here?

RED

(above a whisper)

Why gamblin and drinkin, what else. Met him through Mr. Olive, they buck the tiger.

FRANKIE

Heard he's a lunger.

RED

(above a whisper)

I wouldn't tangle with 'em.

JIM

You can have that gamblin. Never done me any good.

Red raises a finger.

RED

Tipple?

START

Jim and Frankie head to the bar with Red. The men approach the bar, and Red holds up three fingers. The BARKEEP approaches the men and looks at Jim like he does not belong in the saloon.

BARKEEP

I can't serve your boy in here.

Jim grits his teeth, Red holds his hand out at gun belt level to calm him.

RED

(loud)

Why you yella bastard, you won't serve this man because he's colored? That don't go in Williamson County! Where the hell you from boy, you new here?

The bar quiets, piano stops and everyone looks at the barkeep.

DOC

(yelling from across the room)

Give him a goddamned drink. Y'all are interruptin my run.

BARKEEP

I didn't think you liked colored fellers.

DOC  
 (yelling from across  
 the room, periodically  
 coughing with a  
 cigarette hanging  
 from his mouth)  
 I didn't, but I got new way of lookin  
 at things.

Jim looks at the barkeep.

JIM  
 Give me a fist full o them sassafras  
 sticks too.

The barkeep gives Jim a look of disgust. Jim smirks at him  
 and throws down a silver dollar. Doc lays his hand face  
 down, and shakes his head.

DOC  
 Damn, I do believe my ass has run  
 out the door. Boys, will you excuse  
 me while I go find it.

The two men playing with Doc look at each other and shake  
 their heads in affirmation. Doc stands, takes his winnings,  
 puts on his coat and tips his hat to the table.

DOC (CONT'D)  
 Good day then.

Doc walks up to Red, Jim and Frankie, and addresses the  
 barkeep.

DOC (CONT'D)  
 I believe these boys were about to  
 buy me a drink.

Red gestures to the barkeep.

RED  
 Mr. Holliday, Red Murray, Mr. Olive  
 introduced us some time ago.

Doc extends his hand out to shake Red's hand. They shake.

DOC  
 Call me Doc. I'm quite fond of Mr.  
 Olive, he has contributed to my over  
 indulgence on several occasions.

RED  
 This here is Frankie Vega, and Jim  
 Kelly, a couple of Mr. Olive's men.

DOC  
 Killin Jim Kelly?

Doc tips his hat and smiles.

The barkeep throws his towel over his shoulder and slinks away with an uncomfortable countenance.

STOP

RED

Doc, you been in town long?

Doc turns and looks close behind him.

DOC

Long enough to lose my ass I reckon.

RED

Maybe you heard about the killin of Will Walker.

DOC

Only murmurs.

JIM

Can you keep an ear to the ground?

DOC

The flow of spirits does have a loosening effect.

Doc spies a SALOON GIRL giving him the eye. The boys acknowledge the moment. Doc tips his hat.

DOC (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, will you please excuse me.

EXT. REPUBLIC SALOON -- MOMENTS LATER

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The men stand on the boardwalk, the wind has died down and the streets are busy, wagons, horses, men, women and the occasional child running across the street. A wagon loaded with cowhides passes down the thoroughfare, and two Chinese speaking their native tongue pass the trio.

RED

Goddamned Celestials!

JIM

What's wrong with 'em?

RED

Nothin I guess, just used to sayin it.

Jim looks away, reminiscent.

JIM

My momma used to love the Chinese.  
(MORE)