

BOSS

I'll tell you what's wrong with him. You two been rustlin, drivin Olive beef, and were in on the Round Rock stage job; and I know it. Now they can't hang you any higher for killin and rustlin, but I want you off this ranch and outta town. And I know somethin else; Olive's boys are gainin on ya, and I ain't standin in their way. ...And for what it's worth Will Walker was Jim Kelly's brother, and I'm fixin to tell him so, if he don't already know.

Deke looks at Dan and shrugs.

DAN

So.

BOSS

So?

Boss stands and points to the door.

BOSS (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Get outta my sight!

The brothers leave the office slowly, with no emotion.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Sam!

Sam steps in sliding past Dan.

SAM

Yessir?

BOSS

Hell's full of folks wonderin how they got there; two of 'em just passed ya. I want you to make sure those two never set foot on this ranch again. Kill 'em if they do.

Sam smiles and pats his revolver.

SAM

I'll introduce 'em to Mr. Smith and Mr. Wesson.

START

Sam then heads out the door. Boss sits back down in his chair with his head in his hands. An aged woman wearing an apron enters and stands before Boss him holding a wooden spoon. Boss looks up.

BOSS

Yes ma?

MA NEWKIRK

(shaking her wooden
spoon at Boss)

I heard the whole damned thing!
I've tried like hell over the years
to take the shine off'n their
britches! Looks like you had the
same luck I did. ...None!

Boss looks down and releases a long breath.

MA NEWKIRK (CONT'D)

Yer goddamned supper is ready, and
gettin cold; so git off that big
behind of yorn, and git to it.

BOSS

Yeah yeah yeah, ma.

MA NEWKIRK

And don't you sass me Booger or I'll
take this spoon to that big behind
of yorn. ...Ur never too old for
this spoon by God!

STOP

Ma swipes the spoon across the front of her and nods her
head. She then turns and storms out of the room. Boss looks
to the sky shaking his head.

EXT. NEWKIRK RANCH -- MOMENTS LATER

The McCall bothers ride slowly on their way back to town.

DEKE

Never seen Boss so worked up. Have
you?

DAN

Nope. Who cares. We're drivin this
train, it's our turn to make it big.
That cattle ranchin is too much work
anyhow; there's easier ways to make
a livin, and a good one at that.
Ain't there?

Both men shake their heads and begin to laugh out loud, then
spur their horses and pick up speed.

EXT. OLIVE RANCH -- MORNING

Day light breaks over the ranch, Jim, Red and Frankie stand
in front of the barn watching chickens peck.

JIM

Bein a chicken might not be so bad.