

COWBOY #1
Hey boys, looky there; company.

Cowboy #2 looks over at Cowboy #3.

COWBOY #2
Hey stupid, wake up!

COWBOY #3
Wha.....What?

COWBOY #2
Looky there.

Cowboys #2 and #3 squint their eyes trying to make out the three cowboys now approaching. Jim Kelly rides a black faced sorrel named Chowder; the others are on red sorrel horses.

COWBOY #1
I wonder what they're after?

COWBOY #3
(wiping his eyes)
Hope it ain't us.

COWBOY #2
This here is free range ain't it?

COWBOY #1
Hell, I don't know, since the boss got lost in El Campo I been doin my best to the map he left; Christ, it looks like somethin my kid brother drew up.

Cowboy #1 licks his lips and the three lean forward and squint still trying to make out the approaching riders.

COWBOY #3
Looks like a tejano and a colored fellar.

COWBOY #1
Is that right?

START

Jim, Red and Frankie approach the drovers and stop their horses. Face to face they are motionless, eyes cold as steel and tight lipped. Red leans forward and points his shaky index finger.

RED
This here is Print Olive land.

Cowboy #1 is confrontational. Cowboys #2 and #3 look worried.

COWBOY #1
Is that a fact?

RED
Ya'll is tresspassin'

COWBOY #1
I don't see no signs no wheres.

RED
Did you hear what I said?

COWBOY #1
I heard ya. Did you here that boys?
This here is Print Olive or is that
Print Onion land.

Cowboy #1 makes a facial gesture shaking his head sideways in a defiant manner. Cowboys #2 and #3 shake their heads in affirmation of Red's statement.

COWBOY #2
We hear mister. This here is Print
Olive land, the man burner.

COWBOY #3
We don't want no trouble here, just
waterin and we'll be on our way right
quick.

Cowboy #1 spits, and wipes his mouth with his shirt sleeve; then spits again.

COWBOY #1
You boys work for Print Olive huh?

RED
Looky boys, this *dude* is smarter
than he looks.

Cowboy #1 nods, and looks to his fellow cowboys.

COWBOY #1
(chuckling)
Boys is right. Hey greaser, who's
the yellajacket.

Frankie rubs a silver cross hanging around his neck.

FRANKIE
(just above a whisper)
Santa Maria.

Jim Kelly grits his teeth, and quick as lightning draws his pistol and WHAM, blasts Cowboy #1 out of his saddle. He falls from his horse, dead before he hits the ground, one foot stuck in a stirrup. He hangs lifeless. Gunsmoke slowly reveals clarity. It is dead quiet. Red looks at the dead cowboy, and rubs his chin.

RED

Guess that's the last stupid question he will ask, eh boys? That'll be five a piece; gold if you got it.

COWBOY #2

That's robbery!

RED

Hey Jim, is that robbery or the goin rate for Olive or is that Onion water?

Jim looks to Red smirks, and winks.

RED (CONT'D)

Well, call it whatever the hell you want to; just pay us and be on your way with that maverick herd ya probably rustled down on the Brazos.

The two cowboys fumble through their vest pockets and collectively hand coin to Red.

RED (CONT'D)

Now I only count four; and yes I can count.

COWBOY #3

Mister, it's all we got - swear to Christ.

Red removes his hat and places it over his heart.

RED

Well gents it's your lucky day then by God, Olive water for quarter eagles. Now, who'd believe a story likened to that? Nice doin business with ya boys, sorry about your friend there, and by the by, this here is Jim Kelly; ever heard of 'em?

The two cowboys eyes bug out and they look terrified.

RED (CONT'D)

Where'd your blood go boys, run down to your boots did it? Take your herd and make tracks goddamnitt or you just might meet Mr. Olive face to face; then you'll burn.

Jim holds his pistol on the two cowboys and gestures with his head toward the dead cowboy.

JIM

Take your friend if you want him fixed right; if not - I'll burn him.

STOP