

CITIZEN 1
(whispering)
He's been here for six days.

CITIZEN 2
(whispering)
Six whole days.

CITIZEN 1
He ate my horse.

CITIZEN 2
He ate both your horses.

CITIZEN 1
I only had one horse.

CITIZEN 2
(nodding)
Both of them.

*TEXAS RED slams his fist on the bar. THE BARTENDER does not
flinch.*

TEXAS RED
Bartender! Another whiskey! And count them notches!
Count 'em loud so everyone can hear!

THE BARTENDER
(flatly)
Twenty notches, Texas Red.

TEXAS RED
TWENTY! That's right! TWENTY notches!
(Pointing at an audience member)
You hear that?!

TEXAS RED
Good.
(beat)
Count 'em again.

THE BARTENDER
(without blinking)

Twenty notches, Texas Red.

TEXAS RED

(hand over heart, genuinely moved)

Beautiful.

NARRATOR

*(stepping into a spotlight at the edge of the stage,
strumming a guitar, full country sincerity)*

"To the town of Agua Fria rode a stranger one fine day"

TEXAS RED

(annoyed, without looking over)

Not now.

NARRATOR

Sorry.

(retreats back into the dark)