

THE STRANGER walks into town.

He wears an Arizona Ranger badge on his chest and a long cowboy-style coat. On his hip, in a holster clearly built for a pistol but is a TIRE IRON. It is enormous, gleaming and impractical. He walks slowly. His spurs clink. He stares through windows as he passes. Citizens scramble out of his way.

NARRATOR

(leaping back into the spotlight, delighted)
Hardly spoke to folks around him didn't have..."

THE STRANGER stops walking. Turns slowly toward the NARRATOR.

NARRATOR

(losing confidence)
"...too much to say..."

THE STRANGER stares.

NARRATOR

(very quietly)
"...big iron on his hip."

A long pause.

THE STRANGER

(to the NARRATOR)

Stop. I will handle this. Go a way. Thank you.

THE STRANGER continues walking. The NARRATOR exits.

CITIZEN 1 peers out from behind a barrel.