

He gets up to add some wood to the fire. Katherine pulls a blanket around her naked body.

KATHERINE (CONT'D)

I brought you some soap; take a bath in the river for me.

TATE

You have me doing that all the time. Don't you love me the way I am?

KATHERINE

I like the clean version, better.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Tate and Dusty's entrance has not gone unnoticed. Young pistoleros have been in wait on the porches in hopes of his return. The Sheriff also watches them in hope that they will grow tired of the wait and leave. Upon the appearance of the new arrivals everyone rises up.

X The three gunfighters all dressed in black follow every move that Dusty makes. The tallest one, SLIM, apparently has won the lottery of who will get to fight Tate first. He steps into the street's dirt and follows Dusty. When Tate dismounts he is confronted by Slim from a suitable distance for an enemy.

SLIM

Tate. Tate Butler... I'm faster than you old man.

TATE

I have nothing against you.

SLIM

I say I'm faster than you.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Katherine comes out of the general store and sees that Tate has been confronted by a much younger gunfighter. She returns inside and quickly comes out with a shotgun.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

The Sheriff goes into and comes out of his office with his Deputy to watch the show; both have their guns drawn.

This is not their first gunfight and find the best way to handle it; is to not get involved and clean up the aftermath.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Tate just can't get away from Slim.

TATE

Nothing good can come from this, Buddy.

SLIM

I ain't your Buddy, and I say I'm faster than you.

TATE

You probably are; lets not fight about it.

SLIM

You're yellow and I'm a'going to prove to everyone here that I is faster.

TATE

Who cares who's faster. I don't.

SLIM

I do.

He looks over at his so called friends.

SLIM (CONT'D)

We all care... Now you get away from that horse and get ready.

TATE

Now be careful.

He moves away from Dusty and into the street. Resolved that something is going to happen if he likes it or not; Tate warms up his arthritic hands.

SLIM

You want a countdown?

TATE

I don't want to have to do this.

SLIM

One.



His arms get ready. He spreads them out far from his body.