

GUERRA

(Joins her sister, taking off gloves and banging out dust.) It'll be the green one Bob, pretty bottle most likely.

BOB

Oh, pardon ma'am, I ain't no bartender, I'm a ...

MORA

You killed the bartender Bob.

BOB

Yeah, but I don't know the first thing about...

GUERRA

We've been on the trail a long time Bob, so if you'd please...

BOB

Alright, ab..ab..I'm sorry ladies, I'm not really good at...

MORA

Jesus. No one takes responsibility for their actions anymore. (Waves her hand toward Alvin.)

ALVIN

(Sits up with a start.) Mommy!

GUERRA

It's always mommy with the men.

MORA

Always. (Beat.) Alvin, take deep breaths and try to relax, you are alright.

BOB

Oh sweet Jesus! (At the sight of Alvin he moves to partially cower behind the bar.)

ALVIN

(Stands up nervously.) I was...I was...(To BOB:) You shot me!?

BOB

This ain't natural! Yer dead.

MORA

(To BOB:) Dunno Bob, guess it wasn't that good a shot after all. (To ALVIN:) You are alright Alvin, try to relax.

GUERRA

And get us some damn Absinthe.

ALVIN

(Thinks.) I...I'm sorry ladies, all I got is whiskey and bourbon. (To BOB:) I can't believe you shot me...on a Sund'y!

MORA

Rye whiskey then please Alvin, 2 glasses.

ALVIN

Yes ma'am. (Goes to the bar, gets a bottle and two glasses, glaring at BOB the whole time. Takes them to the sisters.)

GUERRA

(As Alvin pours.) That must chap your hide eh Alvin? Gettin' shot and all?

MORA

Guerra, don't.

GUERRA

The nerve of that bushwhacker!

MORA

Guerra please!

ALVIN

Yeah (visibly agitated.)

GUERRA

Leave the bottle Alvin.

ALVIN

Yeah. (Walks back to the bar eyeing the scared BOB all the way.)