

# STORYLINES:

## STAGE 1

“I know your reputation, Cole,” he said. “And I know that you ran the town, ‘fore I got here. And I want you both to understand that you don’t run it now.”

“That would be you,” Virgil said.

“And I’ve got a dozen officers to back me,” Callico said.

Virgil didn’t say anything.

“On the other hand, none of them are like you,” Callico said. “I could use couple of gun hands like you.”

**LINE: “I could use a couple of gun hands like you.”**

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## STAGE 2

“What are you boys gonna do here?” Stringer said.

“We’re posturing that,” Virgil said.

“Or pondering,” I said.

“Pondering,” Virgil said. “That’s what we’re doing. Everett went to the Military Academy.”

“Could speak to the sheriff for you,” Stringer said.

“Foraged up some money in Brimstone,” Virgil said. “We figure to take some time and look around.”

“You boys good at anything but gun work?” Stringer said.

“Might be,” Virgil said.

“Like what?” Stringer said.

“We’re ponderin’ that, too,” Virgil said.

**LINE: “You boys good at anything but gun work?”**

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## STAGE 3

“The police keep a sharp eye in Appaloosa”, I said.

“We run our own show,” Virgil said. “Post a list of rules, people obey them or they leave. People give us trouble, we shoot them.”

“Shoot?”

“You think people gonna obey the rules ‘cause they like us?” Virgil said.

**LINE: “People give us trouble, we shoot them.”**

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## STAGE 4

“We’ll come by in the morning,” Virgil said. “Give a list of our rules. You agree to post them. We’ll start work.”

Speck stood and put out his hand. Virgil ignored it.

“Virgil don’t shake hands,” I said. “Nothing personal.”

**LINE: “Virgil don’t shake hands.”**

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## STAGE 5

The Golden Palace wasn’t much on the outside, but inside it was a fancy, fussy little place with murals painted on the walls and ornate plaster moldings. There were eight cowboys in there, drinking whiskey from the bottle. A couple were sitting on the bar, the rest at a pair of tables. The spittoons had been tipped over. There was broken glass on the floor, and someone had shot holes, kind of strategically, in the mural of a wood nymph.

Behind us, Posner said, “My God,” and backed out the door. Virgil and I went in without him.

One of the cowboys looked at us as we pushed into the saloon and said, “Who the hell are you?”

“Name’s Virgil Cole,” Virgil said. “Big fella with the siege gun is Everett Hitch.”

**LINE: “Name’s Virgil Cole.”**

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## STAGE 6

“That’s it,” Virgil said. “I think the chief is trying to intimidate us.”

As quietly as I could, I cocked both hammers on the eight-gauge.

“I’m telling you plain what I want,” Callico said.

“Amos,” Virgil said. “Me ‘n Everett don’t much care what you want.”

“You defying me?” Callico said.

“By God,” Virgil said. “I believe we are.”

“There’s five armed men in here,” Callico said.

Virgil said nothing.

“You’re willing to die rather than let me run you off?” Callico said.

Virgil shook his head.

“Don’t expect to die,” he said.

**LINE: “Don’t expect to die.”**

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## STAGE 7

“Coffee ain’t much.”

“Gotta put a lot of sugar in it,” Virgil said.

“Whiskey might help.”

“Suspicion it would,” Virgil said. “You got the jug over by you?”

“I do.”

Virgil held his cup out toward me.

“Whyn’t your pour a little into this coffee for me,” Virgil said...

Allie and Laurel came out of the house with coffee and sat down with us.

“You drinking whiskey in that coffee?” Allie said.

“We are,” Virgil said. “Hard to drink it without some.”

**LINE: “You drinking whiskey in that coffee?”**

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## STAGE 8

The riders pulled up and sat their horses in front of the Boston House.

“Pony,” Virgil said.

Pony nodded at him. His Stetson was tipped forward, shading his face.

“Thought you was going to live Chiricahua for a spell,” I said.

Pony shrugged and tipped his head toward the rider beside him.

“My brother,” he said, “Kha-to-nay.”

We said, “Hello”.

Kha-to-nay had no reaction.

“He speak English?” Virgil said.

“Can,” Pony said. “Won’t”

“Don’t like English?” Virgil said.

“He raised Chiricahua,” Pony said. “Don’t like white men.”

**LINE: “He raised Chiricahua, don’t like white men.”**

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## STAGE 9

“A group of cowboys are causing trouble in my place,” Posner said. “They’ve run off my lookout, and Lamar tells me you’ve been successful with this sort of thing in the past.”

“Why not the police?” Virgil said.

“Like Lamar, I am not on good terms with the police,” Posner said. “I will pay you of course.”

“Be a favor to me, Virgil,” Speck said.

Virgil looked at me.

“Everett?”

“Why not,” I said.

“They say they are going to destroy my saloon,” Posner said.

“Then we better hurry,” Virgil said. “Everett, bring your eight-gauge.”

**LINE: “Everett, bring your eight-gauge.”**

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## **STAGE 10**

“How is Chiquita?” Pony said

“She’s fine,” Virgil said.

“She talk yet?” Pony said.

“Just to me,” Virgil said.

Pony nodded.

“Kah-to-nay has gone to fight Blue-Eyed Devil,” he said.

**LINE: “Kah-to-nay has gone to fight Blue-Eyed Devil.”**