

BAD DAY AT TATUM

SMITH

(grins boyishly)

My name is Smith. I own the Triple-Bar ranch.

*(holds out his hand;
Macreeedy shakes it)*

I want to apologize for some of the
folks in town.

MACREEEDY

They act like they're sitting on a keg of gunpowder.

SMITH

(disarmingly)

No. Nothing like that. We're a little suspicious of strangers is all.
Hangover from the old days. The old West.

MACREEEDY

I thought the tradition of the old West was hospitality.

SMITH

(with a sincere smile)

I'm trying to be hospitable, Mr. Macreeedy.

*(boyishly pushes his dusty
cap back on his head)*

You're not from around here. Up Tucson way -- Phoenix? Mesa? You ain't
sellin' cattle or seed or nothing like that, are ya?

MACREEEDY

No.

*(sighs, then distinctly
as to a child)*

All I want from you is a little information. I've got to get to a
place called Adobe Flat.

SMITH

(reacts; then, tight-lipped)

This ain't no information bureau.

(They frown, then exit)