INT. SALOON. AFTERNOON

A MAN (36) sits at the bar. He is drinking a glass of whiskey. He wears a poncho and a sombrero de charro hat. He wears a holstered revolver attached to his belt. The room is empty.

At the entrance, directly opposite the bar, the batwing doors are shoved open. VINNY (40) walks in. He wears a dark suit and bowler hat. He has a shining marshal badge pinned to his suit jacket. He too wears a holstered revolver. Vinny stares at the man.

MAN
One last time, Vinny? I'll be out in a minute.

Turning on his heel, Vinny walks back through the batwing doors. The man sits there for a moment before grabbing his glass and finishing his whiskey.

EXT. SALOON. AFTERNOON

Vinny stands in the middle of the empty road directly ahead of the saloon. The man emerges from the batwing doors.

Vinny begins to walk ahead, away from the saloon. The man walks into the road and in the opposite direction from Vinny. They both stop in their tracks and turn to face each other.

They each slowly raise their hands to hover above their revolvers. The man smiles nervously. Vinny remains straight-faced and unnerved. He doesn't even blink. Sweat drips down the man's face. His hand shivers.

A moment of silence passes. Both men suddenly draw their guns. They both fire their shots simultaneously. The man's hits Vinny in the gut, while Vinny's hits the man in the middle of the forehead.

The man drops to the ground, unmoving. A pool of blood leaks from his forehead. Vinny, clutching his stomach, slowly marches over to the man's body.

He stares down at his face. Aiming his gun, Vinny fires multiple shots into the lifeless body. After a few shots, the gun clicks. All out.

Vinny looks at his revolver. Holstering the weapon, he turns on his heel and walks away.