

under his jeans, are scuffed and dusty, and the Stetson on the back of his head is worn and tattered. Over a faded denim shirt he wears a shiny horsehide jacket, and around his neck is tied a bandana.

Virgil is a man in his forties who seems to regard Bo in an almost parental way. A big man, corpulent and slow-moving, he seems almost an adjunct of Bo. Dressed similarly to Bo, perhaps a trifle more tidy, he carries a guitar in a case and keeps a bag of Bull Durham in his shirt pocket, out of which he rolls frequent cigarettes.

Both men are still trying to wake up from their snooze, but Bo is quick to recognize Cherie. Neither cowboy has thought to shut the door behind them and the others begin to shiver.

BO. *(In a full voice accustomed to speaking in an open field.)* Hey! Why din anyone wake us up? Virg'n I mighta froze out there.

GRACE. Hey! Shut the door.

BO. *(Calling across the room.)* Cherry! how come you get off the bus 'thout lettin' me know? That any way to treat the man you're gonna marry?

WILL. *(Lifting his eyes from the paper.)* Shut the door, cowboy!

Bo doesn't even hear Will, but strides across the room to Cherie, who is huddled over the counter as though hoping he might overlook her. Virgil, still rubbing sleep out of his eyes, drifts near the stove.

BO. Thass no way to treat a fella, Cherry, to slip off the bus like ya wanted to get rid of him, maybe. And come in here and eat by yourself. I thought we'd have a li'l snack t'gether. Sometimes I don't understand you, Cherry.

CHERIE. Fer the hunderth time, my name ain't Cherry.

BO. I cain't say it the way you do. What's wrong with Cherry?

CHERIE. It's kinda embarrassin'.

WILL. *(In a firmer, louder voice.)* Cowboy, will you have the decency to shut that door!

Virgil now responds immediately, quickly closes the door as Bo turns to Will.

BO. *(There is nothing to call him for the moment but insolent as he crosses to Will.)* Why, what's the matter with you, Mister? You afraid of a little fresh air?

*Will glowers but Bo is not fazed.*

Why, man, ya oughta breathe real deep and git yor lungs full of it. Thass the trouble with you city people. You git soft.

*Will rises, comes L. of Bo.*

VIRGIL. *(Whispering.)* He's the sheriff, Bo.

BO. *(In full voice, for Will's benefit.)* S'posin' he is the sheriff! What's that matter t' me? That don't give him the right t' insult my manners, does it? No man ever had to tell me what t' do, did he, Virge? Did he?

VIRGIL. No. No. But there allus comes a time, Bo, when...

*Virgil puts his guitar down, Bo puts his hat on top of it.*

BO. *(Ignoring Virgil, speaking out for the benefit of all.)* My name's Bo Decker. I'm twenty-one years old and own me m'own ranch up in Timber Hill, Montana, where I got a herd a fine Hereford cattle and a dozen horses, and the finest sheep and hogs and chickens anywhere in the country. And I jest come back from a rodeo where I won 'bout ev'ry prize there was, din I, Virge?

*Joshingly, he elbows Virgil in the ribs. Will drifts D.S., looking at Bo.*

Yap, I'm the prize bronco-buster, 'n steer-roper, 'n bull-dogger anywhere 'round. I won 'em all. And what's more, had my picture taken by *Life* magazine. *(Confronting Will.)* So I'd appreciate your talkin' to me with a little respect in yor voice, Mister, and not go hollerin' orders to me from across the room like I was some no-count servant.

*Will is flabbergasted.*

CHERIE. *(Privately to Elma.)* Did ya ever see anybody like him?

*Will finally finds his voice and uses it, after a struggle with himself to sound just and impartial.*

WILL. You was the last one in, cowboy, and you left the door open. You shoulda closed it, I don't care *who* y'are. That's all I'm saying.

BO. Door's closed now. What ya arguin' 'bout?

*Leaving a hushed and somewhat awed audience, Bo strides*