

EXT. RIVER BANK - DAY

Moss has climbed the far bank and found a seat on a rock. It is now full day. Moss has taken off his shirt and has his neck craned round and his back upper arm twisted toward him. Where the buckshot hit, his arm is purpled and pinpricked. He meticulously picks shirt fiber out from where buckshot packed it into the flesh.

He finishes. He rips swatches from his shirt. He starts wrapping his bare feet as he gazes off.

His point-of-view: a lot of landscape, a highway in the distance. An eighteen-wheeler shimmies along in the heat.

EXT. GAS STATION/GROCERY - SHEFFIELD - DAY

At an isolated dusty crossroad. It is twilight. The Ford sedan that Chigurh stopped is parked alongside the pump.

INT. GAS STATION/GROCERY - DAY

Chigurh stands at the counter across from the elderly proprietor. He holds up a bag of cashews.

CHIGURH

How much?

PROPRIETOR

Sixty-nine cent.

CHIGURH

This. And the gas.

PROPRIETOR

Y'all getting any rain up your way?

CHIGURH

What way would that be?

PROPRIETOR

I seen you was from Dallas.

Chigurh tears open the bag of cashews and pours a few into his hand.

CHIGURH

What business is it of yours where I'm from, friendo?

PROPRIETOR

I didn't mean nothin' by it.

CHIGURH
Didn't mean nothin'.

PROPRIETOR
I was just passin' the time.

CHIGURH
I guess that passes for manners in
your cracker view of things.

A beat.

PROPRIETOR
Well sir I apologize. If you don't
wanna accept that I don't know what
else I can do for you.

Chigurh stands chewing cashews, staring while the old man
works the register and puts change on the counter.

PROPRIETOR
...Will there be somethin' else?

CHIGURH
I don't know. Will there?

Beat.

The proprietor turns and coughs. Chigurh stares.

PROPRIETOR
Is somethin' wrong?

CHIGURH
With what?

PROPRIETOR
With anything?

CHIGURH
Is that what you're asking me? Is
there something wrong with anything?

The proprietor looks at him, uncomfortable, looks away.

PROPRIETOR
Will there be anything else?

CHIGURH
You already asked me that.

PROPRIETOR
Well... I need to see about closin'.

CHIGURH
See about closing.

PROPRIETOR
Yessir.

CHIGURH
What time do you close?

PROPRIETOR
Now. We close now.

CHIGURH
Now is not a time. What time do you
close.

PROPRIETOR
Generally around dark. At dark.

Chigurh stares, slowly chewing.

CHIGURH
You don't know what you're talking
about, do you?

PROPRIETOR
Sir?

CHIGURH
I said you don't know what you're
talking about.

Chigurh chews.

CHIGURH
...What time do you go to bed.

PROPRIETOR
Sir?

CHIGURH
You're a bit deaf, aren't you? I
said what time do you go to bed.

PROPRIETOR
Well...

A pause.

PROPRIETOR
...I'd say around nine-thirty.
Somewhere around nine-thirty.

CHIGURH

I could come back then.

PROPRIETOR

Why would you be comin' back? We'll be closed.

CHIGURH

You said that.

He continues to stare, chewing.

PROPRIETOR

Well... I need to close now --

CHIGURH

You live in that house behind the store?

PROPRIETOR

Yes I do.

CHIGURH

You've lived here all your life?

A beat.

PROPRIETOR

This was my wife's father's place. Originally.

CHIGURH

You married into it.

PROPRIETOR

We lived in Temple Texas for many years. Raised a family there. In Temple. We come out here about four years ago.

CHIGURH

You married into it.

PROPRIETOR

...If that's the way you wanna put it.

CHIGURH

I don't have some way to put it. That's the way it is.

He finishes the cashews and wads the packet and sets it on the counter where it begins to slowly unkind. The proprietor's eyes have tracked the packet. Chigurh's eyes stay on the proprietor.

CHIGURH

...What's the most you've ever lost on a coin toss?

PROPRIETOR

Sir?

CHIGURH

The most. You ever lost. On a coin toss.

PROPRIETOR

I don't know. I couldn't say.

Chigurh is digging in his pocket. A quarter: he tosses it. He slaps it onto his forearm but keeps it covered.

CHIGURH

Call it.

PROPRIETOR

Call it?

CHIGURH

Yes.

PROPRIETOR

For what?

CHIGURH

Just call it.

PROPRIETOR

Well -- we need to know what it is we're callin' for here.

CHIGURH

You need to call it. I can't call it for you. It wouldn't be fair. It wouldn't even be right.

PROPRIETOR

I didn't put nothin' up.

CHIGURH

Yes you did. You been putting it up your whole life. You just didn't know it. You know what date is on this coin?

PROPRIETOR

No.

CHIGURH

Nineteen fifty-eight. It's been traveling twenty-two years to get here. And now it's here. And it's either heads or tails, and you have to say. Call it.

A long beat.

PROPRIETOR

Look... I got to know what I stand to win.

CHIGURH

Everything.

PROPRIETOR

How's that?

CHIGURH

You stand to win everything. Call it.

PROPRIETOR

All right. Heads then.

Chigurh takes his hand away from the coin and turns his arm to look at it.

CHIGURH

Well done.

He hands it across.

CHIGURH

...Don't put it in your pocket.

PROPRIETOR

Sir?

CHIGURH

Don't put it in your pocket. It's your lucky quarter.

PROPRIETOR

...Where you want me to put it?

CHIGURH

Anywhere not in your pocket. Or it'll
get mixed in with the others and
become just a coin. Which it is.

He turns and goes.

The proprietor watches him.

EXT. DESERT AIRE - NIGHT

It is full night.

Moss is pushing open the door to his trailer. We see Carla
Jean inside.

CARLA JEAN

Llewelyn? What the hell?

Moss enters and the door closes.

INT. MOSS' TRAILER - LATER

Carla Jean is finishing bandaging his arm.

MOSS

Odessa.

CARLA JEAN

Why would we go to Odessa?

MOSS

Not we, you. Stay with your mother.

CARLA JEAN

Well -- how come?

MOSS

Right now it's midnight Sunday. When the courthouse opens
nine hours from now someone's gonna be callin in the vehicle
number off the inspection plate on my truck. And around nine-
thirty they'll show up here.

CARLA JEAN

So... for how long do we have to...

MOSS

Baby, at what point would you quit
botherin' to look for your two million
dollars?

Carla Jean stares, thinking.