

MARSHAL. The man who attacked you is Liberty Valance.

Valance and a couple of his boys. Just what's your complaint now? They rob you?

FOSTER. No. They didn't search me.

MARSHAL. Take your gun?

FOSTER. I didn't have one.

MARSHAL. Steal your horse?

FOSTER. They gave him a crack with a quirt and he ran off.

MARSHAL. So they didn't take anything from you? Nothing at all? Well in that case I can't see you've got any legal complaint. Where was this?

FOSTER. I don't know.

HALLIE. North. Bert found him just north of the territory.

MARSHAL. So you don't even know what jurisdiction it was in. They knocked you around, that could happen to anyone. Man gets in a fight, maybe he speaks out of line, gets in a fight – could happen to anybody. Did he draw his weapon?

FOSTER. He struck me with his quirt.

MARSHAL. But he didn't draw his gun?

FOSTER. Why would he? I was unarmed.

MARSHAL. Sounds to me like a fair fight.

FOSTER. Three against one, how is that 'fair'?

MARSHAL. Well perhaps you best learn to weigh up the odds before getting yourself into trouble.

FOSTER. Well, Jesus! Thanks a lot!

HALLIE. Alright, Marshal. You've had your whiskey, best be getting along now – I don't want any more blood on my floor.

MARSHAL. Right you are, Miss Jackson. Thanks for the drink, much obliged.

*(He goes to leave but stops at the door.)*

You know, son. There's a reward out for Valance.

FOSTER. Yeah?

HALLIE. He don't need to hear about it, Marshal.

**FOSTER.** Reward for what?

**MARSHAL.** Just a small bounty.

**HALLIE.** Don't fill your head with these ideas, Foster. Won't nothin' good come of it – mark my words.

*(The MARSHAL again goes to leave.)*

**MARSHAL.** Miss Jackson.

**FOSTER.** Does he come here often? Valance?

**MARSHAL.** Into Twotrees? Nope. Nothing much for a man like Valance to want in Twotrees.

*(Silence.)*

You want him to come looking for you? He won't come after you here. Beat you up once pretty good, he won't come again for that.

**HALLIE.** And you'd be a certified fool to ride out there looking for him. Though I wouldn't put it past you.

**MARSHAL.** What's your name, son?

**FOSTER.** Ransome Foster.

**MARSHAL.** Listen, Foster. I have a fair collection of confiscated items – revolvers. *(He pulls his gun from his side and holsters it with skilful flair.)* Now the good ones I keep for myself, but I wouldn't mind giving you one of the older models. For a small fee of course. Even a pea-shooter'd be better than your bare hands if you come across trouble again. Why don't you drop by my office when you're feeling up to it? I'll sort you out.

**FOSTER.** Thank you, Marshal.

*(The MARSHAL leaves. JIM has entered from the back with a bowl of food. HALLIE takes it from him.)*

And thank you, Miss... Jackson?

*(HALLIE brings him the bowl.)*

**HALLIE.** Hallie. Now get this down you and see if that don't give you some strength.

*(He eats.)*

Listen, Mr Foster. I don't do boardin'. If you intend to stay the night in Twotrees, and I wouldn't advise