

GAS STATION/GROCERY SHEFFIELD

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

INSIDE

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.

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

... 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.

...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 unkink. The proprietor's eyes have tracked the packet. Chigurh's eyes stay on the proprietor.

...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.

...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.