**NO COUNTRY FOR OLD MEN (GAS STATION SCENE)**

Chigurh: How much? *(Has a package of M & M’s which he is already eating)*

Proprietor: 68 cents

Chigurh: And the gas?

Proprietor: *(adding it up)* Y’all getting any rain up your way?

Chigurh: What way would that be?

Proprietor: Well, I seen you was from Dallas.

Chigurh: What business is it of yours where I’m from…friendo?

Proprietor: *[confused]* I didn't mean nothin’ by it.

Chigurh: You didn't mean nothin’.

Proprietor: *[calm]* I was just passin’ the time. If you don't wanna accept that I don't know what else I can do for you. *[Chigurh stands chewing M & M’s, staring while the Proprietor works the register]* ...Will there be somethin' else?

Chigurh: I don't know. Will there?

Proprietor: *[Pause; he nervously clears his throat]* Is somethin' wrong?

Chigurh: With what?

Proprietor: With anything?

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

Proprietor: Will there be anything else?

Chigurh: You already asked me that.

Proprietor: *[uncomfortably looks away]* Well... I need to see about closin’.
Chigurh: See about closing?

Proprietor: Yes sir.

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] 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: ...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: Oh...somewhere around 9:30. I’d say around 9:30.

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 got to close now --

Chigurh: You live in that house out back?

Proprietor: Yes I do.

Chigurh: You've lived here all your life?
Proprietor: [pause] Well, 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: Well, I don't have some way to put it. That's the way it is.

[He finishes the M & M's 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.]

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: Oh, I don't know, I couldn't say.

[Chigurh digs in his pocket and pulls out a quarter, he tosses it and slaps it onto the counter]

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. Or it wouldn't be fair.

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: 1958. It's been traveling 22 years to get here. And now it's here. And it's either heads or tails, you have to say. Call it.

Proprietor: [pause] 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: [Chigurh takes his hand away from the coin; it's heads] Well done.

[The proprietor reaches across and grabs the coin to put it away]

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 do 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]