

## ***FROM "CHOPS"***

WALT

Yeah! (*they dance—clicking, trilling, barking*) Look at me! I'm dancing with an earthquake! The Pistoleros used to come in there. Bang! Bang! "Everybody out! We're having our own party!" The king of the Pistoleros was a personal friend of mine. Delgasso! He once shot a guy for me there. We're at a table. Guy comes up asks my lady to dance. Latins are very bold that way. She declines. He becomes insistent. Delgasso was with us. "Look, amigo, lady doesn't want to dance with you. This gringo is a friend of mine. Dance with somebody else." The guy snaps his fingers, two of his goons walk up behind him, chests sticking out, pistolas showing. Delgasso floats his hand. *Ten* of his pistoleros appear. From all directions! Guns drawn. The goons melt into puddles. Delgasso gets up, pulls out his gun, whips it across the guy's face. Down. Like a ton of bricks. "So, Cabrón, you wanna dance?" He points the gun right at the guy's kneecap.