

(LUZ enters.)

LUZ

When I was a girl my fun was eating son of a bitch stew with the boys on the trail. I wasn't a Four H girl learning the mysteries of canning. I was roping chickens, rabbits, anything that moved till they let me rope calves. By the time I was fourteen I was catching wild mustangs and breaking them in...which I still can do.

(To LESLIE:)

Your spoiled little Eastern filly sure needs some breaking in.

(Referring to Leslie:)

You don't carry the blood of Texas. Vashti's the only one of you who belongs on a ranch. She knows what a rancher needs, knows the way he likes his steak, knows the music he likes. She learned to play the fiddle for Jordan. Play it. Play Old Dunny. He loves that one. Go on, girl, play it!