

# CAMP OUTLAW

by Ken Bradbury



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*Cast (4m): Pecos, a rough and tough, ornery, spitting and scratching old outlaw; Wilfred, a well-bred somewhat delicate wannabe rustler; Myron, mostly an idiot; Zippy, a hyper little bundle of spastic enthusiasm.*

**PECOS:** Alright, you worthless no-good greenhorns! Drag your tails out here and fall in line! So! You think you're gonna be cattle rustlers, huh? You think you got what it takes to me a low-down sneak thief? A train robber? An outlaw? (*he looks at them*) Well? Do ya?

**WILFRED:** I'm sorry. Could you repeat that?

**PECOS:** No.

**MYRON:** What'd he say?

**ZIPPY:** Oh, I do! I wanna be an outlaw! I wanna be a bad guy! Wanna see me shoot? Huh? Wanna see me shoot? I can shoot real good! You wanna see me?

**PECOS:** Zip it! You are one spastic steer, son. What the heck's your name?

**ZIPPY:** Zippy! My name's Zippy! But you can call me Dirty Dan because Dan's a dirtier name than Zippy 'cause Zippy's not dirty, but I think Zippy's pretty dangerous too, don't you, Mr. Pecos?

**PECOS:** (*right in his face*) You must of sucked up the bottom of the coffee pot, kid. (*to Wilfred*) And just what sort of dude are you?

**WILFRED:** Wilfred VanDyke Seymour the Third. Perhaps you'd like to call me Will. It sounds more cowboyish, don't you think?

**PECOS:** I think you're pretty strange, son. (*to Myron*) How 'bout you?

**MYRON:** Me what?

**PECOS:** Your name, son.

**MYRON:** Uh ... (*thinking*) ... Could you start with somethin' simpler?

**PECOS:** Oh, dear me, ain't you somethin'? I'll call you Myron. That okay with you, Myron?

**MYRON:** Who's he talkin' to?

**PECOS:** Forget it. (*strolling in front of the three*) You tenderfoots are now at Pecos Cody's Wild-West Shoot-em-Up Really Bad Guy Outlaw Camp. This is where we take worthless, no-good greenhorns and turn 'em into worthless, no-good bank robbers, horse thieves, and outlaws.

**ZIPPY:** Ooooo, I'm ready! I'm ready Mr. Pecos! I'm really, really ready to be a bad guy! Wanna see me shoot?

**PECOS:** (*a pause, then*) No. I wanna see you shut up so I can teach you to become an outlaw.

**ZIPPY:** I'm shuttin', Mr. Pecos! I'm shuttin' right up! You ain't gonna hear another peep outta me! No, sir! My lips are sealed, you betcha. I'm ...

**PECOS:** Hey!

**ZIPPY:** Huh?

**PECOS:** Zip it, Zippy! (*to Wilfred*) What about you? You ever ride a horse?

**WILFRED:** Well, when I was very young. I mean, we all start out very young, don't we? I mean, it wasn't my fault, I was born that way. Young, I mean.

**PECOS:** Come on!

**WILFRED:** Oh. Well, my father ... a dear, dear man. My father bought me this tiny rocking horse and ...

**PECOS:** Rockin' horse?!

**WILFRED:** Red ... mostly. Of course it had a little yellow and blue around the legs, but it was mostly red. Oh, how I loved my little Poppy. That's the name I gave him ... Poppy the Pony. Isn't that darling?

**PECOS:** (*a pause, then*) Yeah. Darling. A red rocking horse. (*to Myron*) What about you, Cowboy Myron?

**MYRON:** My what?

**PECOS:** Horse! You ever ride a horse?

**MYRON:** I don't remember. Why? You missin' one? I never touched it, mister.

**PECOS:** Ride! Ride! You know! (*demonstrates mounting horse and riding*) Giddy up! Giddy up! (*he dismounts*)

**MYRON:** That looks like fun! Can I go for a ride? (*pats imaginary horse on the head*)

**PECOS:** Leave my horse alone! (*Myron returns to the line*)  
How 'bout you, Zippy? You ride horses or do you just talk 'em to death?

**ZIPPY:** Ooooo ... I can ride! I can really ride, Mr. Pecos! You ought see me ride! And I can shoot my six-shooter while I'm ridin'! Ain't that somethin'? Ride then shoot then ride then shoot then ...

**PECOS:** Zip it! (*he does*) I think I may retire. Okay, you mealy-mouthed misfits, listen up! The first thing you gotta do is mount your horse. It's almost impossible to ride up to a movin' train, outrun the sheriff's posse, then high tail it forty miles into the sagebrush unless you use a horse. You all know what a horse is, right?

**MYRON:** Huh?

**PECOS:** I wasn't talkin' to you, Myron. Wilfred?

**WILFRED:** Yes, yes, of course. Red with a little blue and yellow and ...

**PECOS:** Forget it. Zippy?

**ZIPPY:** Oooooo! I know my horses! Oh boy, do I know my horses!

**PECOS:** Okay! Zip it! Just to review. (*he moves to one side, grabs a pair of imaginary reins, and leads his horse to a position in front of them*) This is a horse. I call him Ned because that's his name. Come on up and talk to Ned. (*Wilfred and Zippy go to the horse's front while Myron inspects the other end.*) Now, notice that Ned has two ends, the front and the back. We call them "front" and "back." (*seeing Myron at the other end.*) Myron, if you talk to that end you won't like the answer you get. Get your tail over here. (*Myron joins the others.*) Gentlemen, this horse is your friend. He could very well be the difference between life or death when bein' pursued by a lawman in the desert.

**WILFRED:** Excuse me.

**PECOS:** Yes, Wilfred?

**WILFRED:** The starter.

**PECOS:** The what?



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