

AN OUTLAW'S TALE

A STORY ABOUT THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE DOWN-RIGHT LAZY

By Stephen Frankenfield

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By Stephen Frankenfield

SYNOPSIS: Once upon a time the sheriff of New Town - the oldest town in the ole west - was a man the citizens admired. He was brave, strong and...well, awake. But now, ever since he ran all the outlaws out of town, he's become bored and down-right lazy. All he does is sleep. So, the townspeople come together to devise a plan. They'll send a brave few out into the wild desert to ask the three most notorious outlaws to come back to town to cause a raucous. Joined by the meanest, fastest narrators in the ole west, there's no way the travelers could fail—or could they? Will they find the notorious outlaws? If they do, will they convince them to help? And, most importantly, will the sheriff ever wake up and do something?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(3 females, 17 either; gender flexible)

JOE/JOSEPHINE (f/m).....	A proud narrator of the ole west. <i>(27 lines)</i>
JACK/ JANE (f/m).....	A proud narrator of the ole west. <i>(30 lines)</i>
JERRY/JERI (f/m).....	A proud narrator of the ole west. <i>(27 lines)</i>
ONE-EYED BART (f/m).....	An outlaw with a patch over one eye. <i>(46 lines)</i>
TWO-EYED BART (f/m).....	An outlaw with no patch over either eye. <i>(43 lines)</i>
NO-EYED BART (f/m).....	An outlaw with two patches, one over each eye. <i>(25 lines)</i>
DUSTY BOTTOMS (f/m).....	Proprietor of the Dusty Bottoms Saloon. <i>(26 lines)</i>
SHERIFF (f/m)	Once greatly admired, now just down-right lazy <i>(24 lines)</i>
MAYOR LUCKY (f/m).....	The town's mayor, who doesn't really do much. <i>(17 lines)</i>

- NED THE NEWSPAPER KID (f/m)..... Keeps the town up-to-date with all the latest news. *(16 lines)*
- FLOYD (f/m)..... Town citizen. *(10 lines)*
- PAULINE (f) Town citizen. *(9 lines)*
- BUCKY (f/m) Town citizen. *(9 lines)*
- JESSE DIAH (f/m)..... Town citizen. *(11 lines)*
- WYATT (f/m)..... Town citizen. *(9 lines)*
- CLARA BELL (f)..... Town citizen. *(6 lines)*
- CLEMENTINE (f)..... Town citizen. *(9 lines)*
- BILLY THE BOY (f/m) The most notorious, ruthless outlaw in the ole west. *(24 lines)*
- JESSIE THE JAMES (f/m)..... A famous outlaw, and a member of Billy's gang. *(15 lines)*
- BONNIE THE CLYDE (f/m) A famous outlaw, and a member of Billy's gang. *(14 lines)*

ALL LINE COUNTS ARE APPROXIMATE

DURATION: 30 minutes

TIME: The ole west.

PLACE: New Town, the oldest town in the ole west.

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- SCENE 1: Bare stage
- SCENE 2: Dusty Bottoms Saloon
- SCENE 3: A campfire in the middle of the desert
- SCENE 4: Dusty Bottoms Saloon

PROPS

- Harmonica
- Tumbler glass
- Bar towel
- Juice box with straw
- Alarm clock
- Newspaper
- Guitar
- Knitting needles (3 sets)
- Yarn (3 balls)

PRODUCTION NOTES

Feel free to assign the roles whichever way works best for your production, regardless of the indicated names and genders. As indicated in the script, the outlaws use their hands as guns (pointer-pistols). The more committed the actors are to playing as if they have “real” guns – including using holsters – the more believable and funny those moments will be on stage. In the original production, NO-EYED BART simply wore two patches, one over each eye, with minimal movement on stage. If the actor playing that role does not feel comfortable doing so, feel free to come up with a variation. For example: small holes in the patches or using see through material. A piano was used on stage, with a live piano player to help set the mood for the saloon and to give it a more authentic feel. The campfire was created by using a plastic cauldron, which lit up and simulated flames. Logs were placed to hide the cauldron and to give it a more authentic look.

PRODUCTION HISTORY

An Outlaw's Tale: A Story About the Good, the Bad, and the Down-right Lazy premiered on January 1, 2016 at Live Theatre Workshop in Tucson, AZ.

DEDICATION

To my wife, Stephanie, and my two boys, Nathan and Matthew. Thank you for your constant inspiration.

SCENE 1

AT RISE: *NARRATOR JOE, NARRATOR JACK, and NARRATOR JERRY sit center stage. They're relaxed. NARRATOR JOE is playing a sad tune on a harmonica. NARRATOR JACK notices the audience and taps NARRATOR JOE to get his attention.*

JOE: Well, hello there, folks. We didn't know you were there.

JACK: Sneaking up on us, huh?

JERRY: C'mon over. There's always room for one...or *(Quickly does a rough count of the audience.)* ...uh, 95 more *[Insert the count of your theatre].*

JOE: Yup, always room for 95 more.

JACK: Welcome to New Town, the oldest town in the ole west.

JERRY: Where cowboys don't fail, and outlaws end up in jail.

JOE: Oh, wow! That was some good rhyming, Narrator Jerry.

JERRY: Thanks, Narrator Joe. Been working on that one all month.

JACK: Can I try one?

JERRY and JOE: Go for it.

JACK: Welcome to the oldest town in the west. Where cowboys always lay down the law, and outlaws always lose... 'cause they're bad guys and cowboys are good guys.

JOE: *(Pause.)* Maybe you should just stick with narrating, Narrator Jack. You know, without the rhyming.

JACK: Yeah, I reckon you're right, Narrator Joe.

JERRY: *(To audience.)* As we were saying, you've entered New Town, the oldest town in the ole west.

JOE: Now, once upon a time New Town was a town full of outlaws.

ONE-EYED BART and TWO-EYED BART enter.

JACK: The worst kind of smelliest, foulest, outlaws you done ever seen.

JERRY: The ugliest, filthiest outlaws you could imagine.

JOE: Yeah! Imagine the ugliest, smelliest, filthiest outlaws in your head. Go ahead, folks—imagine that for a moment. *(Closes eyes.)*

JACK: (*Closes eyes.*) Wooweee! Outlaws are the ugliest creatures in the ole west.

JERRY: (*Eyes closed.*) You said it, Narrator Jack. You wanna know who I'm picturing right now? I'm picturing One-Eyed Bart and his brother, Two-Eyed Bart.

JOE: Now those two outlaws make *The Ugly* from that movie, *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*, look beautiful!

They laugh as they open their eyes. ONE-EYED BART and TWO-EYED BART stand in front of them with their pointer-pistols (meaning they're just using their hands as guns) drawn.

ONE-EYED BART: Don't move or we'll shoot!

TWO-EYED BART: Yeah, don't move or we'll shoot!

ONE-EYED BART: I already said that.

TWO-EYED BART: I know, I just thought I'd emphasize it by saying it again right after you.

ONE-EYED BART: Oh. Good idea! Don't move or we'll shoot.

TWO-EYED BART: Yeah, you're outnumbered.

JACK: No we're not. There's two of you and three of us.

ONE-EYED BART: Oh. (*Looks around.*) Well, you ain't met our other brother, No-Eyed Bart. He's running a bit behind.

TWO-EYED BART: He has trouble keeping up. But he'll be here!

JERRY: Hey fellas, I think there may be a mistake—

ONE-EYED BART: I said don't talk.

JOE: No you didn't. You said, don't move.

TWO-EYED BART: Same thing!

JACK: No, it's not.

ONE-EYED BART: You have to move your mouth to talk, don't cha?

JERRY: He's got a point there.

JOE: Can we move our eyes?

TWO-EYED BART: I'd rather you not.

JACK: What if I got an itch? Can I scratch it?

ONE-EYED BART: I guess, but real quick-like.

JERRY: What if I gotta sneeze?

TWO-EYED BART: Well, yeah, if you gotta sneeze, then sneeze.

ONE-EYED BART: Yeah, you can't help it if you gotta sneeze. *(To TWO-EYED BART.)* You ever tried to hold in a sneeze? Feels like your head's about to explode!

TWO-EYED BART: Yeah, then sometimes it comes outta your nose. It's really gross!

JACK starts to take a step towards them.

ONE-EYED BART: Hey! Are you about to sneeze?

JOE: No.

ONE-EYED BART: Then why are you moving?

JOE: I just wanna talk to you fellas.

TWO-EYED BART: We already said no talking. Remember that? We *just* went over that!

ONE-EYED BART: So unless you're about to scratch your nose or sneeze or both, sit down!

TWO-EYED BART: Now give us all your gold.

JACK: We ain't got no gold.

ONE-EYED BART: Well, then hand over your silver.

JERRY: We ain't got no silver.

TWO-EYED BART: What? Seriously? What about copper? You got some copper?

JOE: Sorry, fellas, but we ain't got no copper either.

ONE-EYED BART: You gotta be kidding me! You're trying to tell us that you ain't got nothing on you worth anything?

JACK: That's right. Absolutely nothing.

ONE-EYED BART: I can't believe this!

JERRY: Listen, fellas. We're just minding our own business here.

JOE: Yeah. Just narrating a story to our lovely audience here. *(Points to audience.)*

TWO-EYED BART: *(Sees audience for the first time.)* Ahh! Where did they come from?

ONE-EYED BART: *(To audience.)* Are you trying to sneak up on us?

TWO-EYED BART: *(Draws pointer-pistol.)* Give us all your gold!

JACK: Listen, fellas. The audience just came to see a show. They ain't got no gold or silver or even copper, so let us get on with our narration.

ONE-EYED BART: Well, I ain't leaving here 'till I get something.

TWO-EYED BART: I know! I wanna narrate.

JERRY: What? No way!

ONE-EYED BART: Yes way. Both of you, give us your narrating jobs or we'll shoot!

NO-EYED BART: *(Off-stage.)* Hey guys. You over here?

TWO-EYED BART: There he is. Our brother, No-Eyed Bart.

ONE-EYED BART: Now you're officially outnumbered.

JOE: No, now it's even.

ONE-EYED BART: *(To audience.)* Not very smart, are they?

TWO-EYED BART: Over here, No-Eyed Bart.

NO-EYED BART enters. He is wearing two eye-patches, one over each eye, so his entrance is slow going. His brothers rush over to help.

ONE-EYED BART: We got these two narrators over here, No-Eyed.

NO-EYED BART: Good job, boys. *(Facing away from JACK, JOE, and JERRY.)* Give us all your gold or we'll shoot.

TWO-EYED BART: *(Turning him around to face JACK, JOE, and JERRY.)* Okay, say it again.

NO-EYED BART: Give us all your gold or we'll shoot.

ONE-EYED BART: They ain't got no gold or silver or copper, No-Eyed.

NO-EYED BART: What? Then why you making me look like a fool, by asking twice?

ONE-EYED BART and TWO-EYED BART: Sorry.

NO-EYED BART: Well, what do they got?

TWO-EYED BART: They got narrating jobs we were about to steal from them.

NO-EYED BART: I like that! Give us your narrating jobs or we'll shoot.

JACK: Okay, okay! Here. *(Steps aside.)*

JERRY: *(Steps aside.)* Take it. Just don't shoot.

TWO-EYED BART: Now you run! You run and tell everyone, One-Eyed Bart, Two-Eyed Bart and No-Eyed Bart are back!

ONE-EYED BART: And you tell 'em we're the meanest, fastest narrators in the ole west!!

JOE: *(To audience.)* Sorry folks! *(Runs off.)*

JACK: *(To audience.)* You're on your own! *(Runs off.)*

JERRY: *(To audience.)* Good luck! *(Runs off.)*

NO-EYED BART: *(Still facing where JACK, JOE, and JERRY were.)*

Go on. You heard us. Get outta here. Now!

TWO-EYED BART: No-Eyed. They ain't there anymore. They already done left.

NO-EYED BART: Then why you making me look like a fool in front of these people in the audience?! *(He's facing up stage.)*

ONE-EYED BART goes to turn him around, but TWO-EYED BART clears his throat to get his attention. He silently tells him not to worry about it — they don't want him getting mad again. For the rest of the scene, NO-EYED'S back is to the audience.

TWO-EYED BART: So, what do we do now?

ONE-EYED BART: Well, we could narrate.

NO-EYED BART: What story are we gonna narrate?

TWO-EYED BART: I know! We could tell them the story of the most famous, ruthless outlaws in the 'ole west: Billy the Boy, Jessie the James, and Bonnie the Clyde.

ONE-EYED BART: That's a real good story.

TWO-EYED BART: Okay, I'll start. *(Clears throat.)* Once upon a time...

NO-EYED BART: In a galaxy far, far away...

ONE-EYED BART: In the oldest town in the ole west...

TWO-EYED BART: An old town simply known as New Town.

NO-EYED BART: Lived the roughest and toughest outlaws ever to set foot in the west. This is, *An Outlaws Tale*.

ONE-EYED BART: A story about the good—

TWO-EYED BART: The bad—

ONE-EYED BART, TWO-EYED BART, and NO-EYED BART: —and the down-right lazy.

Lights out. ONE-EYED BART and TWO-EYED BART begin to exit. NO-EYED BART stays, still facing up stage.

NO-EYED BART: Are the lights out yet?

ONE-EYED BART: *(Both returning to help.)* Yeah, they've been out for a few seconds.

NO-EYED BART: *(As they're leading him out.)* Then why are you making me look like a fool in front of all these people? Standing there like I ain't got no sense.

SCENE 2

AT RISE: *Lights up on the Dusty Bottoms Saloon. MAYOR LUCKY is sitting at a table. Town citizens are all frozen in mid-argument. ONE-EYED BART, TWO-EYED BART, and NO-EYED BART enter.*

ONE-EYED BART: We start our story in the Dusty Bottoms Saloon.

TWO-EYED BART: That's Dusty behind the bar over there.

DUSTY: Hey there fellas. I don't want any trouble.

NO-EYED BART: We ain't here to cause any trouble. We ain't in the outlawing business anymore. We're narrators now.

DUSTY: Oh yeah? What story are you narrating?

ONE-EYED BART: We're telling the story of Billy the Boy, Jessie the James and Bonnie the Clyde.

DUSTY: Oh, no wonder you're here at the Dusty Bottoms Saloon. The big climax of that story happens right here.

TWO-EYED BART: And the story *starts* here too.

DUSTY: That's also true. You boys want a drink before you begin the story? I got some fresh orange juice and apple juice back here.

ONE-EYED BART: We can't, Dusty. We're on the job right now. Narrating and juice don't mix too well.

DUSTY: I understand. Hey, you better hurry up and start your story. These town folks are probably getting tired of being frozen.

TWO-EYED BART: He's right. Let's begin. Once upon a time—

Everyone unfreezes. They begin to argue.

MAYOR LUCKY: Folks! Folks!

Everyone stops arguing.

MAYOR LUCKY: *(Continued.)* I can't hear myself think in here. Now, please explain to me what everyone is so worked up about?

They all begin talking at the same time.

Please!

Everyone quiets down.

One at a time.

FLOYD: Mayor, we need new leadership in this town.

MAYOR LUCKY: What's wrong with me?

PAULINE: You're just the mayor. You don't do anything.

MAYOR LUCKY: Yeah, that's true. And I'm very close to retirement.

Well, what's wrong with the sheriff?

BUCKY: He's always sleeping.

BUCKY points to the SHERIFF, who has his head down on a table in the corner, snoring.

CLEMENTINE: He's bored here in New Town.

CLARA BELL: Ever since the outlaws left he's been so lazy.

WYATT: He ain't got nothing to do.

MAYOR LUCKY: So, what you're saying is that he ain't got nothing to do since there ain't no more outlaws committing crimes anymore?

JESSE DIAH: Exactly!

MAYOR LUCKY: What's the problem with that? That's a good thing, isn't it?

CLEMENTINE: Well, yeah, I guess. But we're just worried about him.

All the citizens voice their agreement.

SHERIFF: *(Pops up, gives a loud yawn. He walks up to the bar, as everyone watches.)* Hey Dusty. Get me a juice. Prune.

Everyone gasps.

FLOYD: Sheriff, you think it's really a good idea to be hittin' the strong stuff while you got that badge on?

SHERIFF: *(Looks at badge, then looks back up.)* Juice. Prune.

DUSTY: Okay. *(Pulls out a glass from behind the bar and sets it on the counter.)*

SHERIFF: No glass, Dusty. I'll take the box.

"Ooohs" from everyone.

DUSTY: Straight from the box? I'm worried about you, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: No need to worry about me. *(Taps bar.)*

DUSTY pulls out a juice box and sets it on the bar. SHERIFF takes it, faces the citizens and pops the straw into the box. He drinks the entire box, then slams it down on the bar. He looks as if he's about to say something, but instead lets out another loud yawn. He walks back over to the corner table and sits down. He looks at everyone for a moment, smiles, then plops his head on the table and falls back asleep.

PAULINE: See, Mayor?

JESSE DIAH: He's hopeless.

SFX: Alarm goes off on MAYOR LUCKY'S desk.

MAYOR LUCKY: Well, folks, I'd love to help but that's my alarm clock telling me I'm officially retired. Good luck! *(Exits.)*

BUCKY: Well, great! We already lost our barber, our blacksmith and our dance instructor.

WYATT: I can't ride my horse into town without a blacksmith to shoe 'em.

CLEMENTINE: Barber? Who's gonna cut and highlight my hair?

CLARA BELL: We lost our dance instructor?

JESSE DIAH: Now who we gonna get to direct the annual Christmas pageant this year?

NED: *(Entering with a newspaper.)* Extra, extra, read all about it! No haircuts, shoeless horses, and the annual Christmas pageant is a total failure this year!

CLEMENTINE: What are you doing?

NED: Reporting the news.

CLARA BELL: And that's the most exciting news you got?

NED: Well, yeah. Ain't nothing else going on in this town since all the outlaws left.

WYATT: That's it! We have to get the outlaws back in town. That way the sheriff will have something to do.

FLOYD: How are we going to do that?

JESSE DIAH: They ain't set foot in New Town since the Sheriff drove 'em out.

BUCKY: And that was a long time ago.

PAULINE: Yeah, that was when the Sheriff actually enjoyed his job.

CLEMENTINE: He was *too* good at his job. No outlaw would ever step foot in New Town again.

WYATT: How would we even find 'em?

JESSE DIAH: I heard The Tres Outlaws live not too far from here.

BUCKY: What? The Tres Outlaws? You expect us to just go up to Billy the Boy, Jessie the James, and Bonnie the Clyde and say, 'Hey, I know our sheriff ran you out of town, but now he's real bored and you gotta come back and pretend to cause trouble'?

DUSTY: *(Pause.)* Sounds good to me.

PAULINE: I think it'll work.

MAYOR LUCKY: *(Entering.)* That sounds great! Count me in.

FLOYD: What? I thought you were retired?

MAYOR LUCKY: No, I just didn't want to have to come up with an idea. Plus, retirement has proven to be a lonely existence. These last few minutes have been some of the worst few minutes of my life. So, I'm in! *(Quickly.)* As long as I don't have to do anything.

DUSTY: The Mayor and myself are going to find The Tres Outlaws. Anyone else wanna come along?

Everyone turns away.

Alright, looks like it's just the two of us.

MAYOR LUCKY: Really, it's only you. I'll go, but remember, I ain't gonna do nothing.

NED: I'll go. I ain't got no news to give anyway.

DUSTY: Perfect. We leave tomorrow at sunrise.

ONE-EYED BART: So, the three of them set out the next morning at sunrise to find The Tres Outlaws.

DUSTY: I just said that.

TWO-EYED BART: Yeah, but it don't really mean anything until one of us narrators says it.

PAULINE: Wait. You three don't look like our usual narrators.

NO-EYED BART: (*Facing upstage, almost right against the wall.*) That's cause we ain't. We're the new narrators. And from now on, nothing happens in this town until we narrate it. (*Points a threatening finger to the wall.*) And if any of you have a problem with that, you'll be dealing with me personally!

BUCKY: (*To NO-EYED BART, noticing his back is turned.*) Excuse me, but—

ONE-EYED BART: (*Quickly.*) But we need to get on with the story, so these folks will stop staring at us and get on with their day.

TWO-EYED BART: (*Walks over to ONE-EYED BART.*) Why are they staring anyway? They ain't got nothing better to do?

ONE-EYED BART: Guess not.

TWO-EYED BART: That's just sad.

ONE-EYED BART: Real sad.

NO-EYED BART: (*Still facing the wall.*) They look like fools, if you ask me!

DUSTY: Now fellas, I ain't gonna have you disrespecting the audience in my establishment, you hear?

TWO-EYED BART: Alright, fine. We'll move along with the story. (*Quickly, to the audience.*) But we still don't believe you ain't got no gold!

ONE-EYED BART: So, they set out the next morning at sunrise...and LIGHTS OUT!!

FLOYD: You don't have to say that. The stage manager knows when to bring down the lights.

TWO-EYED BART: Well, obviously not. They're still up.

Lights quickly go out.

Ha, ha, very funny!

ONE-EYED BART: (*Ushering everyone out.*) And the townspeople began to exit.

JESSE DIAH: We know when to exit. You don't need to tell us.

Everyone voices their agreement as they all shuffle out.

NO-EYED BART: *(An uncomfortable pause. He is now facing the audience — maybe.)* I'm the only one out here, huh? Well, great. *(Shouts off stage.)* No need to worry about ole No-Eyed, fellas!

TWO-EYED BART enters and helps him off.

NO-EYED BART: *(Continued.)* You know, you look like a fool, leaving me out there like that.

NO-EYED BART and TWO-EYED BART exit.

SCENE 3

AT RISE: *BILLY THE BOY, JESSIE THE JAMES, and BONNIE THE CLYDE are sitting around a campfire. BILLY THE BOY is strumming on a guitar. JOE, JACK and JERRY slowly enter, cautiously looking around.*

JOE: Do you see them anywhere?

JACK: No. *(To JERRY.)* What about you?

JERRY: Nope.

When they are satisfied that ONE-EYED BART, TWO-EYED BART, and NO-EYED BART are nowhere around, they proceed with more confidence.

JOE: They better not come back, if they know what's good for them.

JACK taps JOE on the shoulder. JOE jumps, "AH!"

JACK: It's just me, Narrator Joe. No need to be scared.

JOE: I ain't scared. I was just, uh....making sure these people were still awake. They haven't had a few good narrators around to keep them interested, but now we're back!

JERRY: *(To audience.)* Hello there. Welcome to the home of The Tres Outlaws.

JACK: The meanest, scariest, outlaws in the ole west.

BILLY THE BOY, JESSIE THE JAMES, and BONNIE THE CLYDE pull out their knitting needles and some yarn and begin to go to work.

BILLY THE BOY: Now remember - knit one, pearl two.

JESSIE THE JAMES: Pearl one, knit two?

BONNIE THE CLYDE: No, it's pearl two, knit three.

BILLY THE BOY: It's knit one, pearl two.

JESSIE THE JAMES: Oh, okay! I got it! Knit one...uh, knit one...what was it again?

BONNIE THE CLYDE: Let's face it, Billy, we ain't got the artistic talent you got.

JESSIE THE JAMES: Yeah, you're so crafty.

BILLY THE BOY: Well, thank you. But all it takes is practice. You both will get it.

JOE: Okay, so apparently the meanest, scariest outlaws have taken up knitting since we last saw them.

JERRY: Yeah, apparently. I was always more for crocheting. I just don't get the knit two, pearl one stuff.

BILLY THE BOY: *(To JERRY.)* Knit one, pearl two.

JERRY: Yep, too much to remember, if you ask me.

JACK: So, anyway, back to our story. The group arrived on the outskirts of The Tres Outlaws' camp.

DUSTY, MAYOR LUCKY, and NED quietly enter, unnoticed.

DUSTY: There they are.

MAYOR LUCKY: They look mean, alright.

BILLY THE BOY, JESSIE THE JAMES, and BONNIE THE CLYDE are still knitting.

NED: So, what now, Dusty?

DUSTY: I'm gonna get over there on the other side and make sure it's all clear. I don't want to get ambushed by other ruthless outlaws.

NED: Wait. How will we know it's all clear?

DUSTY: I'll let out a call. A signal. Just listen and be ready.

DUSTY crosses to the opposite side of the stage, looks around, and sees it's all clear. He looks over at the other two, who are now back-to-back, pointer-pistols drawn, patiently waiting for the signal. DUSTY does his best owl hoot.

Hoo.

BILLY THE BOY, JESSIE THE JAMES, and BONNIE THE CLYDE don't respond.

DUSTY: *(Continued.)* Hoo. *(Nothing. Modifying it a bit, but still close to an owl.)* Yhoouu. *(Nothing. A little louder now.)* Yhoouu. Yhoouuu. Yhoouuuuu.

BILLY THE BOY, JESSIE THE JAMES, and BONNIE THE CLYDE are looking around, oblivious.

Yhoouu twoouu. *(Again, changing it up a bit, perhaps like a different bird.)* Khey. Khey!. Khey you! *(His impatience is growing.)* Khey, yhou two! Khey! *(His bird is starting to sound less and less like a bird.)* Here! Over here! Here! LOOK OVER HERE, LOOK OVER HERE! *(Finally.)* HEY YOU GUYS!!

They look over, surprised to see him. They holster their pointer-pistols, and wave. They all slowly begin to sneak up behind BILLY THE BOY, JESSIE THE JAMES, and BONNIE THE CLYDE.

BONNIE THE CLYDE: Did you guys here something?

JESSIE THE JAMES: Just the quiet, soothing sounds of the desert.

JACK: So, the three of them snuck up behind The Tres Outlaws.

JOE: They were so quiet, The Tres Outlaws never saw them coming.

BILLY THE BOY: We see you sneaking up behind us.

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