

GENERAL STORE OWNER: So you're going to Oregon! I can fix you up with what you need: food, clothes. We got a sale on wagon tongues, whatever those are...

FATHER: Actually, sir, we're kinda doing this trip on a budget.

SON: We're poor.

DAUGHTER: Our farm burned down.

SON: God did it to us, damn him to hell.

FATHER: But we're farmers, you see? So we don't need things like food. We can live off the land. All we're looking to buy is the bare essentials: boxes and boxes of bullets... and, you know, a wagon.

GENERAL STORE OWNER: No food? Suit yourself, if you wanna end up like the Donner Party.

FATHER: Did you hear that, gang? The Donner Party? They knew how to have a good time. We're gonna be just like them!

GENERAL STORE OWNER: You know, there are other general store owners that might try to sheist a newbie like you with some fast-talking to turn a quick buck. But I like you. So I'm gonna sell you one wagon for the price of two, not a penny less, and for an additional 50 bucks, I'm gonna throw in an ox for free!

MCDOON: My, my, my. What a sweet little number. And I guess the song was alright too. Hyuck hyuck hyuck.

DAUGHTER: *Gasp.* Why, howdy, stranger. Ain't you forward?

MCDOON: Forgive me, Miss. I couldn't help but notice you from across the square, and I just had to let you know that you are mighty pretty, if I do say so myself. And I do say so myself.

DAUGHTER: Oh my! And whom do I have to thank for the compliment? **MCDOON:** Name's McDoon. I make the ladies Mc-swoon.

DAUGHTER: You are a poet! And I'm charmed. *(she offers her hand to McDoon, he leans in to kiss it)*

MCDOON: So, you headed down the trail? Gotta be careful, a good-looking girl like you. Lots of disreputable characters out there. Like that mysterious out-law... The Bandit King.

DAUGHTER: The Bandit King? He sounds bad. If I saw him, I scream.

MCDOON: Yup. No one knows who he really is, but he's out there, stealing kisses... and all kinds of other shit. His only companion, the infamous Cletus Jones. *(CLETUS JONES enters, carrying a barrel of supplies, and heads toward McDoon.)*

CLETUS: That's my name!

MCDOON: Shhh!

CLETUS: McDoon, don't you shush me after I picked up all *your* supplies: ether, firearms, bandit masks... *(Cletus opens the barrel to reveal all sorts of scary looking stuff.)*

MCDOON: Shut your mouth. *(Foreboding music.)*

DAUGHTER: Well, Mr. McDoon, I better be off. Mama says I ain't s'pose to talk to strangers.

MCDOON: Well maybe you need to start living a little more dangerously... *(Mother re-enters, sees McDoon talking with Daughter and rushes over.)*

MCDOON: Well, well, well. Look at what we got here, Cletus Jones. That wagon family from a few months back. The family that insulted the honor of... the Bandit King. Look at 'em. Having a old-fashioned family road-trip. It looks so... fun. *Sigh*...

CLETUS: What's wrong, McDoon? I haven't seen you this pensive in weeks.

MCDOON: It's just... When we're robbing wagons and killing families, do you ever feel... envious? Like maybe you'd like to have a family of your own, one you didn't rob and kill? I mean, sure I'm known far and wide as... the Bandit King, but I ain't got no one to love.

CLETUS: We make love on occasion.

MCDOON: Yeah, but we're just messing around, right? No strings attached.

CLETUS: Yeah... You're right, McDoon. Just... messing around. (cries a single tear)

MCDOON: What I need is wife of my own!

CLETUS: Well, making a marriage is hard work. And what we got going on here is a good thing.

MCDOON: Yeah, but I gotta be free to my own mistakes, Cletus. Find that out for myself.

CLETUS: You're right. If I loved you, I'd let you go.

MCDOON: So I'm giving up my bandit ways! I ain't gonna steal nothing from this family. All I'm gonna take is that sweet, sweet daughter of theirs.

CLETUS: Hey, daughters are things.

MCDOON: Cletus, the way you talk about women is reprehensible. Now hand me my cloth soaked in ether so as I can knock that girl out and drag her ass to Mexico, where I'll make her my child-bride! A bride fit for... the Bandit King! (

GENERAL STORE OWNER: ... And then what I says to this sap is, “if you’re going down the trail to Oregon, *this* is the wagon you wanna be in!” And he bought it! What a bird-brain!

GIRL: Oh, General Store guy, you’re such a shyster!

GENERAL STORE OWNER: Yep, but I’d never lie to you doll-face! (*Father notices the General Store Owner and points him out to Grandpa*)

FATHER: Hey, it’s the guy from the General Store. The one that sold me that lousy Wago-9000. If I were any kind of *real* husband or father, I’d march over there... and register a complaint. Or maybe even ask for a refund.

GRANDPA: Oh, don’t bother him. (*points to the girl*) Look, he’s with a friend.

FATHER: No. I have to do this, for my family. (*he marches over to the General Store Owner and shoves his shoulder*) Hey you! You sold me a bad wagon! Look, that wagon you sold me kept falling apart on us, and it almost got my whole family killed and if it weren’t for you we’d be in Oregon by now! So I think you owe me a refund or something!

GENERAL STORE OWNER: Bad wagon? Me? Sell you? A bad wagon? Well, in your opinion it was a bad wagon, but are you a carpenter, sir?

FATHER: No.

GENERAL STORE OWNER: Then what do you know about wagons anyway, you stupid idiot? No offense.

FATHER: None taken.

GENERAL STORE OWNER: Alright, I’ll tell you what I’m gonna do. Since I’m such a nice guy (*winks at his lady-friend*), I’m gonna fix you up with a new wagon. And have I got the model for you. It is a brand new unit! Just picked it up on the way into town. Now, it was on fire when I found it, so I’m gonna give it to you for half price! (*he points out the window at the burnt wagon*) See it out there in the lot? Ain’t it a beaut?

FATHER: No. That’s the same Wago-9000 we abandoned a month ago!

GENERAL STORE OWNER: Yeah, but I’m giving it to you for half price.