

**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.)*

**DAUGHTER:** Mama, can I have some more please?

**MOTHER:** Absolutely not. This meat has to last!

**DAUGHTER:** But I'm still hungry. (*Mother hands Daughter a plate of meat*) Here.

**DAUGHTER:** Oh, thank you, Mama!

**MOTHER:** No, stupid! And this is not for you. It's for your poor, tiny brother. Take it to him.

**DAUGHTER:** Aw, man. I never get anything I want.

**MOTHER:** Never get anything you want? Why do you think we're here, starving in the middle of the god-forsaken desert? Cuz we're trying to get *you* to Oregon! *That's* what you want!

**DAUGHTER:** No. That's what *you* and Daddy want!

**MOTHER:** Same difference!

**DAUGHTER:** You don't listen to anything I say, do you? Argh! Sometimes you're so... so...

**MOTHER:** What?! Goddammit! Sometimes I'm so what? (*Mother has clearly had it up to here; Daughter cowers*)

**DAUGHTER:** Uh... nothing.

**MOTHER:** Go ahead. What was you gonna say?

**DAUGHTER:** Uh...

**FATHER:** Honey, maybe it's best if we just drop it...

**MOTHER:** No. My daughter thinks I never listen. Well, now I'm all ears. What?!

**DAUGHTER:** I was just gonna say... that *sometimes*... you can be a little bit... overbearing.

**MOTHER:** *Gasp.* You cut me quick to the core, (*insert Daughter's name*). (*a beat*) But, you know, maybe you're right.

**DAUGHTER:** I am?

**MOTHER:** You're a big girl now. Why, you're practically a grown woman. Maybe you *can* take care of yourself!

**DAUGHTER:** Yeah...

**MOTHER:** Maybe you can start looking after your brother too. And your Grandpa! Cause you don't need me anymore! My sole purpose in life was raising you, but my work is done. (*looks up to the sky*) You hear that, Lord? I did it! Now I can finally lay down and die. (*to Daughter*) Goodbye, (*insert Daughter's name*). Best of luck to ya'. (*to Grandpa*) Goodbye Grandpa, I'm going to heaven now.

**GRANDPA:** Have some fun for me.

**MOTHER:** Here I go... (*she lays down and pretends to die*) Ech... Ech... Eh...

**DAUGHTER:** Mama, this trick used to work when I was little girl, but now I know you're foolin'. *(a beat)* Right, Mama? *(Mother doesn't respond)* Mama? *(Daughter becomes worried and starts shaking her mother)* Mama, wake up! No! Mama! Mama! NO! She actually did it! She died! *(she breaks down crying and begins to cradle Mother in her arms)* Why, God? Why didn't you take Daddy instead?! Please, Mama, come back to me! I can't live without you! *(suddenly, Mother gasps and springs back to life, as if by magic)*

**MOTHER:** Oh, the Lord sent me back. There I was at the pearly gates, and St. Peter said to me, "*(insert Mother's name)*, your work on Earth is not done. There is a fool child down there who is lost without you." And I said, "Please let me in! You don't know how she treats me!"

**DAUGHTER:** *(not amused)* That ain't funny, you know. It's cruel, manipulating a sensitive young girl like that. My heart's too big for my own good. Sometimes I wish I didn't have a family to care for! I wish the Bandit King would just come and take me away!