

The Roughest Toughest Gun-Slinginest Sombrero-wearinest Outlaw in the Whole Wild West - Rex Foley Skits #1

An Honest Deal

Kevin Lee

Performers x 6 (Could use less?).

Outlaw Rex Foley

Bartender

Cowboy 1

Cowboy 2

Cowboy 3

Cowboy 4

Props

Table/Chairs/Glasses/
Etc.

(Three Cowboys are sitting at a table, drinking, with a Bartender standing at the Bar, when another cowboy enters).

Cow 1. (Urgently). "Hey Fellas...The Roughest, Toughest, Gun-Slinginest, Sombrero-Wearinest Outlaw in the Whole Wild West is coming this way!!..."

Cow 2. "You mean....Outlaw Rex Foley?"

Cow 1. "Yep...The Roughest Toughest, Gun-Slinginest Sombrero-Wearinest Outlaw in the Whole Wild West..."

Cow 3. "What do we do?"

Bar. "Just pretend you don't see him...And he might not kill anyone."

Cow 4. "Alright Fellas...We're just having a sociable drink...Nothing out of the ordinary..."

Cow 1. (Looks out the door). "Here he comes!" (Quickly sits down, and all sit still, looking into their glasses).

Rex. (Enters, and looks around, then bangs his fist on a table). "What sort of welcome is this for an Outlaw?"

Bar. "Hello Mister Foley Sir!"

Cow 1. "Good to see you Mister Foley Sir!"

Cow 3. (Doffs his hat). "To you Mister Foley..."

Cow 2. "Are you the Roughenest, Toughenest, Gun-Slinginest Outlaw name of Outlaw Rex Foley?"

Rex. "Sure am...But you can call me by my first name...Outlaw..."

Cow 2. Yes Sir Mister Outlaw..."

Bar. "Can I get you a drink of water Mister Outlaw?"

Rex. "Water?...Water's for horses...I want whiskey..."

Bar. "I...I...mean whiskey.." (Takes a bottle, and begins to pour into a glass). "How...How much do you want?"

Rex. (Swipes the bottle out of his hand). "That much..."

Bar. "Anything else Sir?"

Rex. "Yes." (Grabs another bottle in the other hand). "And this one."

Bar. "Yes Sir...That's two dollars apiece...Makes four dollars..."

Rex. (Looks at cowboy 2). "He's paying for it."

Bar. "Are you?"

Cow 2. "Ummm..."

Rex. "Yes you are."

Cow 2. "Yes, I am..."

Rex. "In fact...I should own this place?"

Bar. "I'll sell it to you..."

Rex. "I got a better idea.."

Bar. "What's that?"

Rex. "You give it to me...?"

Bar. "Give it?..Over my dead body...!"

Rex. "I can arrange that..."

Bar. "No...You're right...You drive a hard bargain...But yes Sir...Yes...It's yours..."

Rex. "Mighty generous of you..."

Bar. "So, who's Bartender now?"

Rex. "You are..."

Bar. "Am I working for you Mister Foley?"

Rex. "Yep!"

Bar. "Alright...So, what do I get if I do it?"

Rex. "Do you want to know what you get if you don't?"

Bar. "No, that won't be necessary..."

Rex. "Good....We're under New Management Boys...So that calls for drinks all round!"

Cow 4. "Yeah!"

Rex. "Give them a bottle each!"

Bar. "Yes Sir." (Gives a bottle to each of the Cowboys).

Cow 2. "That's mighty generous of you, Mister Outlaw!"

Cow 1 and 3. "Yeah Thanks Mister Outlaw!"

Rex. "That'll be four dollars a bottle thanks, Boys..."

Cow 2. "Four dollars?...But it was only two before?"

Rex. "Before it changed hands...Price has gone up now..."

Cow 2. "Can I put it on the slate?"

Rex. "What slate?...We aint got no slate now!"

Cow 2. "Can I just have a half then?"

Rex. "Course you can!...Four dollars..."

Cow 2. "Four dollars for half?...Then I'll have a whole one..."

Rex. "Sure...Eight dollars.."

Cow 2. "Eight dollars for a bottle now?"

Rex. "Yes...Price just went up again...You shouldn't be so greedy..."

Cow 2. "I haven't got eight dollars..."

Rex. "Are those Levi's jeans?"

Cow 2. (Looks down at his jeans). "No Sir...They're mine..."

Rex. "Are you being smart to me?"

Cow 2. "No Sir, they're mine...I paid ten dollars for them..."

Rex. "They're mine now...Take them off, and we're even..."

Cow 2. (Takes jeans off, and gives them to Rex). "Alright."

Rex. (To Cowboy 4). "That'll be four bucks for the whiskey..."

Cow 4. "But, I thought it was on the house?"

Rex. "You thought wrong...Only Outlaws get things for free...Now cough up..."

Cow 4. "I haven't got it..."

Rex. "What are you lot doing in my Saloon, if you can't pay for your drinks?"

Cow 4. "We uses the slate...."

Bar. "We like to keep our customers satisfied Sir!"

Rex. "Satisfied?...If I wanted satisfied customers I'd run a Whorehouse...Not a Saloon."

Bar. "Yes, Mister Foley!"

Rex. (To Cow 3). "Alright then...Your friend here's going to pay for you...That'll be eight dollars each please..."

Cow 3. "I aint paying for his whiskey..."

Rex. "It's my Saloon now...And I make the rules...So, yes you are...Now cough up...Sixteen dollars..."

Cow 3. "Sixteen dollars..." (Hands the money to Rex).

Rex. "Thankyou...You're a gentleman..."

Cow 1. (Hands over eight dollars).

Rex. "A pleasure doing business with you boys...And while I'm in a generous mood...Does anyone want a room for the night?"

Cow 2. "No thanks..."

Cow 1,3,4, "No thanks Mister Outlaw..."

Rex. "Were you listening to me?" (Bangs his fist on the table, and yells). "Does anyone want a room for the night?"

Cow 1. "I do!"

Cow 3. "I need one!"

Cow 4. "Yes I do too."

Cow 2. "And me!"

Rex. "That's better....How much are the rooms?"

Bar. "Two dollars apiece."

Rex. "Two dollars?...Are you trying to rob me?...They're five dollars now."

Bar. "Yes Sir Mister Outlaw!"

Rex. (To Cowboy 4). "A fiver...Cough it up..."

Cow 4. "I haven't got a fiver...?"

Rex. "This isn't an Orphanage....Is that your pony outside?"

Cow 4. "Yes Mister Outlaw..."

Rex. "What's it worth?"

Cow 4. "I paid twenty for it..."

Rex. "Twenty dollars?...Out East maybe...But this is the West...You take what you get out here...I'll give you ten..."

Cow 4. "Ten?...Can I have a bottle of whisky with the other five?"

Rex. "Half a bottle...Price has gone up...It's ten dollars a bottle now..."

Cow 4. "Ten dollars?"

Rex. "Yes!...Oh,..Forgive me?...I'm not being a very good host am I?...You boys must be hungry too...Who wants a meal?"

Cow 1. "I'm not hungry..."

Cow 2. "Nah...Me either..."

Rex. (Bangs his fist on the table). "I'm not going to repeat myself!"

Cow 1. "I'm starving!"

Cow 2. "I could eat a horse..."

Cow 3 and 4. "Me too!"

Rex. "I thought so..." (To Bartender). "Are you the Cook?"

Bar. "No...I'm the Bartender!"

Rex. "I said...Are you the Cook?"

Bar. "Yes...I am,...Sir."

Rex. "Good...What do you want boys?...You can have anything, long as it's burned steaks, and burned potatoes?"

Cow 1. "Perfect!"

Cow 2,3,4. "Yes good."

Rex. "Thought so!...So, how have I done?" (Empties his pockets). "Hmmm...One pony and saddle...One pair of Levis...And sixteen, eighteen, twenty four, twenty eight, thirty six...Forty seven dollars cash....Hmmm...That's better than robbing the Stagecoach...Who said having an honest job doesn't pay?...Bartender?"

Bar. "Yes Mister Outlaw?"

Rex. "Another round for our guests please?"

Bar. "Yes Sir!"

Rex. "I never thought I'd say it...But I like doing an honest days work...I think I'll give up thieving and robbery, and be a Saloon keeper....How's the whiskey boys?"

Cow 4. "Yes great Mister Outlaw."

Cow 2. "Never been better!"

Cow 1, and 3. "No complaints!"

Rex. "That's what a like to hear!...I mean what can be better at the end of a day, than having satisfied customers like these?" (Turns and walks off).

End.