

*JOEY runs back out on stage. He is looking in the distance as if watching something.*

JOEY: *(pointing to distance)* Why there they are now! Hey everyone! They're here!

*MISS CRABTREE enters looking in distance also.*

CRABTREE: What is it Joseph?

JOEY: Why, hello Miss Crabtree. You sure look lovely today.

CRABTREE: Why thank you Joseph. So, who are those people?

JOEY: Why yonder is the Sheriff and the bunch from Peckinpah County.

CRABTREE: Oh. Yes, I see our Sheriff but... I not familiar with those other men.

JOEY: Well, the tall feller in the group is the Marshall. And the rest is his posse.

CRABTREE: Marshall?

JOEY: Yes mam. Marshall Tucker.

CRABTREE: I see. What are the Marshall and those men doing here?

JOEY: Well, you see that there feller they have bound up on that horse? That's none other than the outlaw Sergio Van Cleef. Ol' Ornerly Eyes. Most notorious six gun in the land! *(a few beats as he watches)* I thought he'd be taller. Well, he looked taller on the wanted poster.

CRABTREE: So tell me Joseph, why are they bringing him here?

JOEY: The Sheriff's lettin' them keep him at the jail for a spell. Just till they catch the train outta town.

*DOC WATSON wanders in.*

DOC: Well, greetings and salutations to our cherished School madam and young Joseph. *(looks in distance where their attention is directed)* Say, what commotion carries on over there?

JOEY: It's a posse from Peckinpaugh County.

DOC: Peckinpaugh County? I must say that's a wild bunch! They must be the contingent that's transporting the marauder Van Cleef!

CRABTREE: Yes, Doctor. That's what Joseph was just telling me. I must say, keeping a person like *that* in our town who is so.. deplorable, villainous and wicked! It's rather exciting isn't it? *(beat)* I mean, as a *learning* experience, of course. *(to Joey)* You see what happens to men like that Joseph? No good will ever come from leaning outside of the law.

JOEY: I know Miss Crabtree but.. they don't write down no good adventure stories about people leaning inside the law!

DOC: I heard he shot a man in Fort Smith just to witness the demise. I remembered him being taller.

JOEY: Remembered him? You mean to say you know Ornery Eyes?

DOC: For a moment. Back in Abilene when I was first practicing the medical arts. Treated him for a green mesquite thorn he acquired in his posterior region. Never did render to me the currency owed. Took off in the dead of night with two bottles of my finest medicinal tonic and three silver spoons.

CRABTREE: The nerve of some people.

DOC: Oh and.. the wife. I almost forgot. Took my wife as well.

CRABTREE: Your wife? He stole your wife?

DOC: Stoic woman. Full of spirit and determination. Or should I say *irritation*. I had but one nerve remaining and she treaded upon it daily. Glad to see her go actually. I sorely missed those spoons though. Had to eat soup with a ladle for week.

*MRS PEACOCK enters - with her hearing horn*

PEACOCK: Which one is the no count skunk?

DOC: Take your pick Peacock. But I assure you, I bathed this morning.

PEACOCK: Mind your puns and quips Doctor, I'm talking about the men over there.

JOEY: You mean Ornery Eyes? They're takin' him through the door now! He's the man in black.

PEACOCK: The man in *back*? The tall one?

JOEY: No, that's the Marshall. The man in BLACK!

PEACOCK: Naturally. Black is the shade of evil!

DOC: Black came be very slimming.

CRABTREE: And it goes well with most anything.

DOC: Well I must say, that was exciting. And quite uneventful.

JOEY: I thought for sure there'd be shootin! Like in that one story where they tried to lock up Joe Burdette! They was all kinds of shootin'.

CRABTREE: Joseph Alan Starrett! Such talk for a lad! You shouldn't be filling your mind with such adventure stories! You should be reading decent stories... like Jules Verne or something light, like Dostoevsky! Better yet, brushing up on your addition skills.

JOEY: Aw Miss Crabtree, I know how to cipher real good.

PEACOCK: Cider? I could go for some good cider myself.

DOC: Yes, being a busybody certainly makes one a tad parched. Think I'll go fill up on some more of that fine..uh... sarsaparilla. Yes sir.