

**Dialogue Samples from PECOS BILL**

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**Sample #1**

*[ZEEK meets his long lost brother BILL on the trail. BILL has been raised by coyotes and thinks he is one.]*

**ZEEK**

What's that growlin'? Dagnabbit! I think it's coyotes! Come on!  
This ain't no stoppin' place for us!

(BILL climbs on top of boulder. HE is on  
all fours, growling.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

Hold up, Paint. That ain't no coyote! It's a feller!  
(ZEEK gets off "horse" and crosses downstage  
of boulder.)

Why, he must be delirious! Will you look at that? Thinks himself  
to be a coyote.

(To BILL, coaxing)

Hey there, feller. How 'bout a little sip from my canteen? I  
ain't no mirage. I'm a feller, too ... like you.

(BILL approaches on all fours and sniffs around  
ZEEK.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

This feller has definitely been out in the sun too long.  
(To BILL)

How 'bout a plug of jerky meat, pardner?

(ZEEK takes jerky from his pocket. BILL jumps  
up like a begging dog.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

It's worse than I thought. Down, boy, down!

(ZEEK looks BILL right in the eye.)

Those eyes ... that nose ... those ears ... that mouth!

(HE suddenly realizes.)

Holy cow!!! I'll be a monkey's uncle!

(Grabbing BILL by his shoulders.)

You're my long lost baby brother Bill, bounced out and left behind  
when we crossed the Pecos!

(Growing emotional)  
Our Ma and Pa searched everywhere for ya, cryin' and callin'. Oh, brother ... brother Bill! It's me ... Zeek! It's your big brother Zeek!

(BILL licks ZEEK happily.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

Hey now, what's the matter with you? You ain't no dog, no coyote. Stop it now, Bill!

(BILL reverts, putting thumb in his mouth and his head on ZEEK's shoulder.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

That's better.

(Realizing BILL has his thumb in his mouth)  
Well, no, that ain't no better! You're a growed-up man, Bill. Snap out of it!

(BILL takes his thumb out of his mouth.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

A growed-up half-naked-man ...

(Looking closely at BILL)  
... more like three-fourths-naked! Ooh wee! My work's cut out for me. We'll fix you up, brother Bill. Put you in touch with civil-lie-zation. Why, you must've been roamin' all by your lonesome nigh on twenty years! Come on, Bill, we're goin' to town. Mount up!

(ZEEK motions BILL to get on "horse" with him. BILL, confused, runs on all fours downstage of boulder.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

Dadburnit, man, stand up like a man! And put this here saddle blanket on, you jaybird!

(ZEEK "rides" and BILL, wearing the blanket, imitates him.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

Now listen here, brother Bill, and listen good. You're a man, same as me. You ain't no coyote. You're not to howl or bark or growl no how no more.

(Pointing off in the distance)  
Now, see that there speck over yonder - that's where we're headed. That's a town with people just like me. People, Bill, people.

(HE gets off "horse" and joins BILL.)

Now let me lay this out fer ya. Let's say you meet up with a feller you don't know. Well, a 'course you don't know no one but me, so I'll introduce you like.

(Indicating imaginary person by his side)

"Brother Bill, this here is Mr. Smelt, the blacksmith."

(BILL looks around, tilting his head back and forth like a coyote, and whimpers in confusion.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

Well, no, he ain't here now, Bill. I'm just sayin' if he was here what we'd be doin'. But of course we know he ain't and it's just us. But say if I was a strange feller, who you don't know, which of course you don't ... say I was this Mr. Smelt, the blacksmith, fer example, and what would it be that a civilized, well-mannered feller like you would do if he met me, who you don't know - I bein' Mr. Smelt, the blacksmith?

(BILL thinks a moment and suddenly gets the idea. BILL vigorously sniffs around ZEEK, checking him out.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

(Angrily throwing his hat on the ground and stomping on it)

I'll be a racoon's cousin! I'm not gittin' through to you.

(ZEEK picks up his hat, dusts it off and puts it back on.)

Stand up. You are not a varmit! You take off your hat when you meet a feller!

(ZEEK takes off his hat. BILL is watching carefully, wanting to please.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

(Still irritated)

And say these words: "Howdy do. Fine day, ain't it?!" Now you!

(ZEEK gives BILL his hat. BILL throws it on the ground, steps on it, picks it up, dusts it off, puts it on, takes it off again and speaks angrily like ZEEK.)

**BILL**

Howdy do! Fine day, ain't it?!

**ZEEK**

(Grabbing his hat back)  
I'll be an armadillo's aunt! This is gonna be harder than I thought.

(Discouraged, ZEEK starts for his "horse," shaking his head.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

(Returning and grabbing BILL by shoulders.)  
Hey, wait a ding dong minute! I'll be a mountain lion's mama! You talked! You spoke! Why, you can do it, Bill! You can talk like a man! A human bein'! Now, Bill ...

(Pointing to BILL to start him talking)  
... say what I say.

**BILL**

Say what I say.

**ZEEK**

Well, don't say everythin' I say.

**BILL**

Well, don't say everythin' I say.

**ZEEK**

What I mean is, just say what a man would say.

**BILL**

What I mean is, just say what a man would say.

**ZEEK**

Dadburnit! Will you stop it?!

**BILL**

Dadburnit! Will you --

(Before BILL can finish, ZEEK puts his hand over BILL's mouth.)

**ZEEK**

(Controlling himself)  
Now, listen carefully, brother Bill. When we get to town, you will pay attention and say what I say only when I ... only when

I ...

(Searching for a sign)

... when I pull my ear like this.

(ZEEK pulls his ear.)

Got it?

**BILL**

Got it!

**ZEEK**

Now, hit the trail!

(BILL falls abruptly to ground on all fours.)

**ZEEK (Continued)**

I swear I'll be a salamander's sister if I'm not done near the end of my rope! Civilizin' you, my baby brother Bill, is more bothersome than breakin' a buckin' bronco!

**Sample #2**

*[BILL, pursuing his "destiny," comes upon a pack of FELLERS on the trail. BILL is riding a cougar and roping with a rattlesnake.]*

**BILL**

Say now, who's mayor here?

**XAVIER**

(Slapping his thigh with laughter)

Mayor? Mayor?! That's a good one!

(FELLERS snicker.)

**ED**

You ain't in no town, greenhorn.

**UNK**

What's your name, son?

**BILL**

Pecos Bill.

**NED**

Oh, my. "Pecos Bill." Now ain't that a fancy handle.

(FELLERS snicker.)

**UNK**

(Seriously)

I wouldn't insult a feller what's ridin' a cougar and ropin' with a rattlesnake!

(FELLERS cough and shuffle nervously.)

**NED**

(Hat in hand)

Well ... ah, what we mean is we ain't got no mayor, sir.

**BILL**

Well, who's boss here?

**FELLERS**

You are!

**UNK**

It's uni-animous.

**BILL**

Boss? Of what? Who are you fellers.?

**UNK**

I'm Unk. That's Ern, Ed, Ned, Slim and Xavier. We're a bunch of no-count, no-fit, no-way galoots passin' our days on the prairie.

**SLIM**

The trail stops here.

**XAVIER**

We're the end of the line.

**NED**

The caboose of civilization.

**UNK**

Out here, it's just us and the varmints, critters, snakes, vultures and these here longhorns.

(Longhorns "moo" and horns appear over boulders.)

**BILL**

What do you do with 'em - those longhorns? Do you ride 'em?

**ED**

Why, we don't do nothin' with 'em.

**UNK**

We don't ride 'em and we don't rile 'em, what with them horns they got. When we get really desperate, we all sneak up on one --

**ERN**

And the next thing you know ... we have a barbecue!

**FELLERS**

Yee hah!

**UNK**

But they're mighty dangerous.

**NED**

And stubborn too.

**BILL**

I cut my teeth in a coyote pack. I reckon I could handle a bunch of ornery longhorns.

**XAVIER**

Darn things are takin' over the whole wide West. Herdin' up and hornin' in.

**BILL**

That gets me to thinkin'. That gets me to figurin' - puttin' two plus two. Well, tell me somethin', fellers. What is your ... destiny?

**FELLERS**

Destiny?

**BILL**

Ain't you fellers got no destiny?

**NED**

You're gettin' too personal.

**ED**

Who do you think you are, ridin' in here and nosin' about my destiny?

**UNK**

(Taking charge)

Hold on. Don't git all riled up. He don't mean no harm. Now let's git a few things straight, son. Now ... uh, just exactly what is a destiny?

**BILL**

Why, it's somethin' we're all supposed to have.

**XAVIER**

(Overwrought)

I can't help not havin' one. I lost everything when the Rio Grande flooded me out!

**ED**

And me, I'm an orphan!

**BILL**

No, no. It's a purpose - a direction. Destiny gives meanin' to your life.

**UNK**

This is soundin' more and more serious.

**BILL**

I mean it's a good thing. And everyone can git one.

**NED**

Do we have to go to town?

**XAVIER**

I ain't got a red cent.

**ED**

I'm doin' just fine without spendin' my money on some high falootin' destiny!

**ERN**

Maybe I ain't the brightest feller in the world but I ain't caught on to what this destiny is.

**BILL**

Destiny? Destiny is ... a feelin'.

**NED**

Like a toothache?

**ERN**

Like snakebite?

**BILL**

Destiny's like a knowin' deep inside you ... of what you're supposed to be - what you're supposed to do.

**FELLERS**

Huh?

**BILL**

What the good Lord meant for you - what life is about.

**ERN**

(Overcome)

Golly. Well, I ain't got no idea of my DENsity.

**UNK**

(Hitting ERN with hat)

That's DEstiny!

**ERN**

Well, I still ain't got no idea!

**BILL**

Well, I do! For all of us.

(Cows moo.)

**BILL (Continued)**

I think we're destined to be ... cowboys!

**FELLERS**

Cowboys?

**UNK**

Cowboys? Cow ... boys? What the heck does that mean?

**BILL**

Why, we're destined to make somethin' of this Wild West. We'll take these here cows - these wild longhorns - and give them and us a purpose.

**FELLERS**

Cow ... boys?!

**BILL**

We'll herd up these longhorns and head 'em up to where that blue norther blows from. Way up there - up Kansas way. Why, we'll

have us a cattle drive! Those folks ain't never seen nothin' like that. They'll take a real interest in these longhorns. Why, they'd make nice pets ... and keep their fancy grass cut ... and if times was hard them Kansas folks could sneak up on one and ... have a barbecue!

**FELLERS**

Yee hah!

**UNK**

Now I'm beginnin' to grasp this destiny idea!

**ERN**

Can we dress up for our destiny, like you, Pecos Bill?

**BILL**

Sure thing, Ern. We'll git you a hat and a bandana, too. Yes, we'll have us a cattle drive! Head 'em up and move 'em out! It won't be pleasant. It won't be easy. There's likely to be hardships, disasters and inclement weather.

(COWBOYS shudder.)

**BILL (Continued)**

But we're cowboys, fellers! Cowboys! It's our destiny!!!