

Arkansas meets Pete 'n Dud

Version 2 10 Nov 07 Peter Fox

[Enter left: T1 Sits. Idly takes Bowie knife to clean fingernails]

[Enter right T2 Joins T1 seated]

T2 Evenin' Tex

T1 Hello Tex

T2 Fancy a game Tex?

T1 OK first to 5. Shall I start? [Brings on an UV bug zapper]

(From time to time during the rest of the sketch there is a zap and they take it in *alternate* turns to count up. ie 1-0 ,1-1,2-1,2-2...)

T2 [Starts cleaning out ears with car keys] The coyotes are howling out on the prairie. Tex.

T1 Yup... There ain't no trees on the prairie. Tex.

T1 Hey Tex you shouldn't clean out your ears with your pickup truck keys

T2 Why not Tex?

T1 'Cos too much wax on the key blocks up the lock Tex.

T2 Gee thanks for that timely warning Tex, you're so thoughtful looking after your friends like that. Actually this key is from the '57 Chevvy, I keep it special for ear cleaning ... 'n things.

T1 If you ever wanted to take it off the concrete blocks in your front yard then you'd feel a fool wouldn't you Tex?

T2 Shure would Tex. The tailgate 's the only thing holding up the porch.

T1 I don't have your luck in the truck department Tex. I bought a pickup from a guy in Dullsville who then stole my girl. ... It didn't run so I guess that makes us even.

T2 If I may say so Tex your philosophy makes you the John Paul Starter of Arkansas. How come you know so much?

T1 I ask questions Tex. I don't let the grass grow under my feet and keep my ear to the ground.

T2 [Puzzled trying to imagine contortions] How Tex?

T1 For instance, did you know Tex, that when a couple get divorced in Arkansas they can still legally be brother and sister.

T2 I agree with that Tex. You gotta keep incest in the family.

T1 The other day Tex, I was driving past a farm up Grotsvill way when I saw

this pig with a wooden leg. Strange I thought, it isn't every day you see a pig with a wooden leg.

T2 Or a cow Tex.

T1 On that matter of bovine observation I am unable to fault you Tex. I see you have been paying attention to the animals God has given us roaming in the fields and noticed that deficiencies in the leg department are not at all common. In fact I would go as far as to say that tridexter ruminants are statistically insignificant.

T2 Yes that's right Tex.

T1 *Nevertheless* I saw the farmer and asked him about it. And you're not going to believe this Tex, do you know what he said?

T2 No Tex please enlighten me.

T1 That pig could recognize dozens of different commands, work out mathematical equations in the dirt and speak more than 50 words Tex.

T2 So what's with the wooden leg Tex?

T1 You took the question from my lips Tex. I asked the farmer that very question and do you know what he said?

T2 No.

T1 He said "When a pig is that special you just don't eat him all at once."

T2 Tex?

T1 Yup go ahead Tex. Something on your mind?

T2 I've been thinking Tex. Wonderin' you might say.

T1 That's what I like about you Tex always - *wondering*.

T2 I've been wondering - just casual. Why is everyone called Tex?

T1 Good question Tex. This great country of ours needs wondering people like you and I'm proud to be counted as one of your buddies Tex.

T2 Well?

T1 If we weren't called Tex we'd be called Gordon ... or Gavin.

T2 And that would lead to confusion.

T1 Exactly - You have put your finger on the very heart of the matter there Tex when you say it would lead to confusion.

T2 Why do we have to wear these tartan shirts Tex?

T1 Keep the flies off I reckon Tex.

T2 No I mean *tartan*. ... how about a [whispers] *not-tartan* shirt?

T1 [long pause] Are you trying to tell me something here Tex? You don't like tartan. Please tell me you're not going to work in an office? You're not *gray* are you?

T2 Yes - I think so. I have decided to plunge into the closet and pick formal clothes Tex.

T1 How long has this been going on Tex?

T2 Ever since I was standing outside the Silver Shotgun diner last November watching this old fashioned funeral go past. With a beautiful floral tribute in the shape of a chainsaw Tex. They didn't put the coffin on a pickup but had one of them shiny black trucks with windows so you could see the coffin.

T1 An hearse [pronounced an nurse]

T2 A *nurse* Tex?

T1 Yes Tex. That 'ud been Billy-Bob. Struck dead by lightening. Died with a big smile on his face.

T2 Why was he smiling if he got struck by lightening Tex?

T1 Thought he was having his photo taken.

T2 Anyway Tex, there were guys with (whispers) ties and (more confident) creases in their pants - not even jeans! So I thought I might just try on a shirt with a collar... and then cufflinks...and a waistcoat.

T1 [Awe]No Tex.

T2 And another thing. Call me Gerald Tex.

T1 OK Gerald Tex if that's what you want.

T2 No just "Ger-old" Tex

T1 "Ger-Old Tex"

T2 Leave out the "Tex" Tex

T1 [Puzzled] Ger-Old

(At this point T1 reaches five zaps)

T2 You do well at this game Tex. That's the 12th time you've beaten me.

T1 Well it was neck and neck most of the way. Shall we go for a Beer *Gerold?*

(They get up and walk off happily **hand in hand**.)