

Mechanical Cowboy, a skit for staff

One person is a quickdraw mechanical cowboy. He stands motionless at center stage, facing stage left, looking straight ahead. He always talks in a mechanical, monotone, but very western voice. Note that you must use imaginary guns, sticks or something ridiculous as the gun!

Cowboy: (to no one in particular) Howdy partner, wanna draw?

(A person walks to center stage)

Cowboy: Howdy partner, wanna draw?

Person : Hey, what's this? Wow, a mechanical cowboy - cool!

(pretends to read instructions)

Let's see, 'Deposit 25 cents and see if you can outdraw Black Bart, the fastest gun in the West.'

'WARNING: slow draws may experience mild discomfort.'

Person: All right! I bet I can beat this old heap of scrap metal.

(takes quarter from his pocket and deposits it in mechanical cowboy's shirt pocket.)

Cowboy: So, you think you're fast? Put on the gun and holster at my feet and on the count of 3, Draw!

(person bends down to pick up holster, but its stuck under the cowboy's foot)

Person : Hey, it's stuck!

Cowboy: 1... 2... 3... Draw! BANG!

(he shoots the bending over person in the back who falls down and then jumps up, holding his backside.)

Person : OUCH! What a rip-off! I'll get him this time.

(Person bends down and pries the holster from under the cowboy's foot and puts it on. He then inserts another quarter.)

Cowboy: So, you think you're fast? Put on the gun and holster at my feet and on the count of 3, Draw!

Person : Ha! I'm way ahead of you!

(He puts his hand on the gun, ready to draw.)

Cowboy: 1... 2... 3... Draw!

(On 'Draw', the person tries to pull the gun out of the holster, but it is stuck. He frantically works on it.)

Cowboy: BANG!

(Person flies backward and then gets up rubbing his chest.)

Person : DANG! That hurts! Well, now you're in for it!

(Person works on the gun until he gets it out of the holster. He stands at the side of the mechanical cowboy, inserts a quarter, and holds his gun right up to cowboy's head in anticipation.)

Cowboy: So, you think you're fast? Put on the gun and holster at my feet and on the count of 3, Draw!

Person : Yeah, that's right! Here we go!

Cowboy: 1... 2... 3... 3... 3... 3...

(Person moves around to the front and hits cowboy on the shoulder to jar him back into operation.)

Cowboy: Draw! BANG!

(Person flies backward and then gets up rubbing his chest.)

Person : Man, that's gonna leave a mark!

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(Person stands behind the mechanical cowboy, inserts a quarter, and holds his gun right up to cowboy's head.)

Cowboy: So, you think you're fast? Put on the gun and holster at my feet and on the count of 3, Draw!

Person: Boy, this is gonna be great!

Cowboy: 1... 2...

(He runs out of power on '2', and bends his head down and stops.)

Person : What!? No way! I don't believe it. What a waste of quarters.

(He puts his gun in the holster, takes it off, and places it at the feet of the cowboy. As he turns and walks away, the cowboy comes back to life.)

Cowboy: ... 3 Draw! BANG!

(Person jumps and yelps, holding his backside.)

Person : Dag nab it! Now, I'm really mad! No more horsing around. This here's my last quarter!

(Person picks up the holster, puts it on, and gets into a good gun fighting pose right in front of the cowboy.)

Cowboy: So, you think you're fast? Put on the gun and holster at my feet and on the count of 3, Draw!

Person : Darn right! I'm gonna show you who's fast!

Cowboy: 1 - BANG! 2 - BANG! 3 - BANG! DRAW - BANG!

(He shoots after each number. The scout gets hit in the chest first and spins around, then yelps and jumps grabbing his backside on each 'BANG' as he runs offstage.)