

EXT-A CAMP SOMEWHERE IN THE DESERT-NIGHT

*BLAKE, HENRY, CHUCK, and SAM sit around the fire. All are dressed in cowboy garb. CHUCK and SAM quietly drink their coffee.*

BLAKE

This is some good coffee Henry.

HENRY

Thanks Blake. It's been a long run tonight.

BLAKE

Sure has.

*Pause.*

BLAKE

I've been reading some poetry.

*Everyone around the campfire turns towards BLAKE.*

BLAKE

Fellas...?!

HENRY

Well, what kind of poetry Blake? You can't just come out and say you've been reading poetry and not tell us who.

BLAKE

An Irish poet named Yeats, I like him.

HENRY

Don't you find his use of allusive imagery and symbolic structures tedious?

BLAKE

No, I like the fact that he is a master of conventional verse. That free verse just sounds like hootin' and hollerin' to me, but when he speaks he speaks directly to my soul.

CHUCK

Well then, how do you feel about Rites of Spring?

BLAKE

What are you fellas trying to say about me?

CHUCK

We just think it's rather womanly of you to enjoy conventional verse instead of free verse. What do you think of Rites of Spring, Blake?

BLAKE

It's okay?! Blake what in tarnation are you trying to pull here?

*SAM looking at BLAKE.*

SAM

Yeah, Blake...why?!

CHUCK

If you ask me it's untrustworthy.

HENRY

Pretty much everything about Rites of Spring could be considered the Russians' gift to Americans.

BLAKE

Look, I like what I like okay.

CHUCK

Sure, Blake.

SAM

Blake, what do you think about "The Persistence of Memory" by Salvador Dali?

CHUCK

Yeah, Blake.

HENRY

Yeah.

BLAKE

I just don't care for it.

HENRY, CHUCK, SAM

What?!

BLAKE

Yeah, sorry.

HENRY

You've got to be a well rounded bandit if you want to ride with this gang Blake. C'mon, let's go boys.

*HENRY, SAM and CHUCK exit.*