

John Donald O'Shea

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BIG DOG PUBLISHING

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*To the kids
who were my casts in both productions
who worked with me
and allowed me to hone my little play.
Thank you.*

*Also to my good friend and helper Mardelle
who has costumed all my shows
at two of the schools where I have produced my plays.
Thanks for all your help in making my plays a success.
And may the Lord give you back your health.*

The Day Black Bart Balderdash and Dangerous Dan McGrew Went to Duelling at Miss Kitty's Golden Nugget Saloon was first presented on April 5, 2007, at Edison Junior High School, Rock Island, IL.

BLACK BART BALDERDASH: Donte Nesbitt

DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW: Austin Ochsner

DOC PATCH: Jacobe Julien

MAXIMILLIAN MACABRE: Wes Julien

MISS KITTY: Teigan Andrews

CHARLIE: Xavier Collins

FIONA FOGBOUND: Brittnee Williams

MAYOR: Paris Roberts

CONCERNED CITIZEN: Amanda Manary

SAMMY SLUICE: Nick Lee

DEUCE SLUICE: Kevin Hunter

MRS. ABIGAIL CROPKILLER: Abigail Calder

WIDOW BRIDGET O'HARA: Bianca Gay

The Day Black Bart Balderdash and Dangerous Dan McGrew Went to Dueling at Miss Kitty's Golden Nugget Saloon

FARCE. When Black Bart accuses Dangerous Dan of cheating at cards, the two decide to duel it out at Miss Kitty's Golden Nugget Saloon. It seems like a simple way to solve a dispute, but navigating the town's bureaucratic red tape makes shooting it out more difficult and confusing than either had anticipated. Not only is Dan unable to count to three, but the townspeople inform the duo that they must apply for a dueling license and purchase a coffin, a will, feed for the hearse horse, and a suit to be buried in before the duel can commence. Dan and Bart, both short on cash, set out to steal the funds needed for the duel only to find out they have to purchase a larceny license first! Hilarious situations and characters abound in this fast-paced farce.

Performance Time: Approximately 60 minutes.

Characters

(4 M, 4 F, 5 flexible, opt. extras)

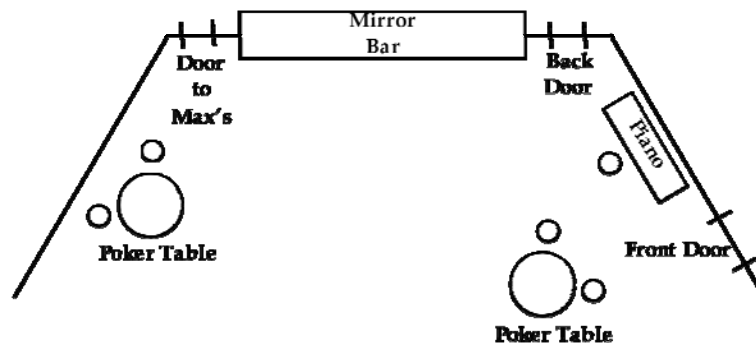
- BLACK BART BALDERDASH:** Gold miner; smaller in stature than Dangerous Dan McGrew.
- DANGEROUS DAN MCGREW:** Gold miner; a large man.
- DOC PATCH:** Town doctor; flexible.
- MAXIMILLIAN/MAXINE MACABRE:** Town undertaker and owner of Max's funeral parlor; flexible.
- MISS KITTY:** Proprietor of the Golden Nugget Saloon.
- CHARLIE:** Bartender of the Golden Nugget Saloon; flexible.
- FIONA FOGBOUND:** Town lawyer; female.
- MAYOR:** Town mayor; flexible.
- CONCERNED CITIZEN:** Town busy body; flexible.
- SAMMY SLUICE:** Gold Miner; male.
- DEUCE SLUICE:** Sammy's big brother and the meanest guy in town.
- MRS. ABIGAIL CROPKILLER:** Cat owner.
- WIDOW BRIDGET O'HARA:** Widow and dog owner.
- EXTRAS (Optional):** As saloon patrons.

Setting

Wild West. Miss Kitty's Golden Nugget Saloon/Max's Funeral Parlor.

Set

Miss Kitty's Golden Nugget Saloon has a bar USC with a large mirror behind it and a sign over the mirror that reads, "Miss Kitty's Golden Nugget Saloon and Funeral Parlor." USL of the bar is an old piano. There is a poker table DSL and another DSR. The saloon's front door is DSL and the back door is USL. A door USR leads to Max's Funeral Parlor. There is a sign over the USR door that reads "Maximillian [Maxine] Macabre, Undertaker and Beautician" and a sign on the door that reads, "Die Now and Save Money! Tuesdays—Half Price Before 5 p.m." A large potted plant sits DSL and other furniture can be added to enhance the feeling of the Wild West. The set can be as detailed or elaborate as your budget allows.



Props

2 Decks of playing cards	Pouch
4 Guns and holsters	Gold nugget
Bar	Bible
Old piano	Sign that reads, "Miss Kitty's Golden Nugget Saloon and Funeral Parlor."
2 Poker tables	Sign that reads, "Maximillian Macabre, Undertaker and Beautician."
Drink glasses	Sign that reads, "Die Now and Save Money! Tuesdays – Half Price Before 5 p.m."
Whiskey bottles	
Large mirror	
Black medical bag	
Wheelbarrow or cart	
Money	
Broom	
Shotgun	
Large potted plant	
Pocket watch	

Sound Effects

Gunshot
"O Dem Golden Slippers"

"Die now and save money!"

—Max

The Day Black Bart Balderdash and Dangerous Dan McGrew Went to Dueling at Miss Kitty's Golden Nugget Saloon

(AT RISE: Miss Kitty's Golden Nugget Saloon. Charlie the barkeeper is behind the bar. Concerned Citizen is at the bar, having a drink. Doc Patch and Maximillian Macabre are sitting at a poker table DSL quietly playing cards. Black Bart Black Balderdash and Dangerous Dan McGrew are playing poker at a table DSR. Dan and Bart wear a gun and holster. Bart rises from the table and backs up on a line between Dan and the mirror.)

BART: Dan McGrew, I'm a-callin' you a dirty rotten cheating scalawag!

(Dan rises from his seat right of the poker table so if Dan's shot misses Bart, he'll hit the mirror.)

DAN: Them there are fighting words, Black Bart Balderdash.

BART: Well, I ain't a-takin' them back.

(Scared, Concerned Citizen bolts out the front door.)

DAN: Nobody calls Dangerous Dan McGrew a dirty rotten cheating sandwich bag and lives to tell of it.

BART: Nobody addresses puissant threats to really repulsive Black Bart Balderdash and lives to tell about it.

DAN: I'm a-gonna count three, and then I'm gonna draw.

BART: I ain't scared of you, Dan. Everybody in these parts knows you don't know how to count to three.

DAN: I don't, huh? Well, I'm a-startin' now. One. Two—

(Doc rises from the table SL.)

DOC: If you boys will hold up a few minutes, I'll run back to my office and get my medical bag—just in case one of you needs patching up.

(Doc starts to exit.)

DAN: You go right ahead, Doc, but you're wasting your time.

BART: When I gets done, there ain't gonna be nothing to patch up.

DAN: Nevertheless, we appreciate the thought, Doc.

(Doc runs out the front door to get his black medical bag. Macabre rises from the table SL.)

MACABRE: If you're certain you're gonna kill each other, boys, wait a second, and I'll get my cart.

(Macabre exits through USR door.)

BART: Go ahead, Max. He's gonna need it. And bridle up Daisy, too!

DAN: Daisy who?

BART: Daisy, the hearse horse!

DAN: That were real darn nice of old Doc Patch and Max Macabre to worry about your worthless carcass.

BART: They weren't worried about my worthless carcass, you craven carpetbagger. They was worrying about your contemptible cadaver.

DAN: I'm resuming the count, you no-account pile of putrid polecat.

BART: What's "resuming" mean?

DAN: Means one, two—

(Kitty enters from back door SL.)

KITTY: Hold it, boys!

DAN: Don't be interrupting us, Miss Kitty. This here is an affair of honor.

BART: Don't get between us, ma'am. I was just about to exterminate this varmint.

DAN: Unless I plugs him first.

KITTY: I don't give a darn about who plugs who first—even second. I just don't want either of you to miss...might ruin my fancy mirror. *(She indicates mirror.)*

DAN: *(Points.)* That one, ma'am?

KITTY: That's the one. It's imported all the way from St. Louis. So I'd appreciate it, boys, if the two of you would scoot over a bit.

(She indicates a new line for them.)

DAN: Anything to accommodate a lady, Miss Kitty. *(He moves a bit USR on a line just above the front door DSL leading into the saloon. He will now be firing straight into the SL wing.)* This okay, ma'am?

(Bart moves SL on a line parallel with Dan. Dan and Bart are now on a line parallel to the front of the stage. Dan is SR shooting into the SL wing. Bart is SL and will shoot into the SR wing.)

BART: Is this good enough, Miss Kitty?

KITTY: That's just fine, boys. One more thing...

DAN: What's that, ma'am?

KITTY: Winner cleans up the mess.

BART: That don't hardly seem right, ma'am. If I'm gonna to have to labor to haul away his wretched remains, there's hardly any point in winning.

DAN: Why don't the loser have to?

KITTY: Winner cleans up. It's a house rule, boys. I run a clean place.

BART: I still don't see why.

KITTY: My customers don't like tripping over dead bodies, boys.
BART: Might add a little atmosphere.
KITTY: It's bad for business. Do we have an understanding?
DAN: *(Dejectedly.)* Yes, ma'am.
BART: Yes, ma'am.
KITTY: All right, go ahead, boys.
DAN: *(To Bart.)* All right, you sorry son of a mule, I'm a-gonna resume counting.
BART: Hold on! Where are you resuming from?
DAN: *(Indicating the spot where he is standing.)* From right here. Where else would I resume from?
BART: I wasn't referring to *where* you was at!
DAN: I can't count from where I wasn't at, you darn fool.
BART: That's not what I meant!
DAN: That's because you never mean what you say, or say what you mean, you chiseling coyote.
BART: I meant exactly what I said, you putrid prairie dog.
DAN: Hogwash!
BART: My clarion words simply did not ingress your concrete cranium, you beef-headed galoot.
DAN: Then restate your clarion words, so that I can understand them.
BART: I was meaning, are you starting from "two," or is you going all the way back to "one"? It might make a difference.
DAN: I's a-startin' from "one," and here I goes...one...two—

(Max enters from USR door, pushing a wheelbarrow.)

MAX: Excuse me, gentlemen...
DAN: What do you want, Max?
BART: You're interrupting us, Mr. Macabre.
MAX: I was simply wondering who's paying?
DAN: Paying for what?
MAX: For making the necessary arrangements. You know, carting off the body, embalming it, glamorizing it—to the

extent possible—feeding the hearse horse. We don't want any loose ends, now, do we?

BART: (*Indicating Dan.*) He won the last pot. Look to him.

DAN: How much is it gonna cost?

MAX: Ten dollars for pine. Twelve-fifty for cedar.

DAN: Pine's plenty good for him.

MAX: What about for you?

BART: Pine's good enough for him, too!

DAN: Who's paying here, anyway?

BART: I thought you were.

DAN: In that case, make mine cedar.

MAX: I know it's most improbable, but do either of you boys own a Sunday suit?

BART: Who wears their Sunday best to a duel?

DAN: Why would I need a Sunday suit?

MAX: So I can glamorize you...for the wake.

DAN: I've got a blue one.

BART: (*To Max.*) Mine's black.

DAN: You look awful in black.

BART: And you don't look any too good in blue.

KITTY: If Bart looks awful in black, and Dan looks terrible in blue, maybe the boys could exchange suits.

DAN: He ain't man enough to fill my britches!

BART: He'd burst mine out!

MAX: In that case, I'm afraid each of you boys will have to be buried in your own suits.

DAN: If that's settled, can we get on with our duel?

MAX: Certainly, gentlemen, and may the best man win.

KITTY: What if there's a tie?

(*Charlie crosses to Max.*)

CHARLIE: That would solve the suit problem!

MAX: Huh?

CHARLIE: You'll be able to bury Dan in black and Bart in blue.

MAX: If I switch the suits, the suits won't fit.

CHARLIE: Bury 'em in their own suits...just switch their heads!

MAX: It'll still cost 'em \$22.50.

BART: *(Indicating.)* There's \$25 on the table.

MAX: That being the case, I wish you both the best of luck.
(As if giving them his blessing.) And may the good lord grant each of you a steady shooting hand, so that both of you may shoot truly and hit his target dead on.

BART: Thank you, Max, for your heartfelt sentiments.

DAN: Your time has come, Bart Balderdash!

BART: Prepare to meet you maker, Dan McGrew!

DAN: *(Starting the count.)* One, two. Two, two...? *(Pause. Thinks. To himself.)* What comes after two?

(Fiona enters and is followed by Concerned Citizen.)

FIONA: Stop!

DAN: Oh, for heaven sakes! Now what?

BART: What do *you* want, Miss Fogbound?

FIONA: *(Indicating.)* This concerned citizen, here, just told me you boys were fixing to shoot it out.

DAN: Yes, ma'am.

BART: Yes, ma'am.

FIONA: I was wondering if both you boys had up-to-date wills.

DAN: Of course I've got a will. My will's to shoot him dead here and now.

BART: And I've got a will to do unto him before he can do unto me.

(Fiona crosses to Bart.)

FIONA: I meant a testamentary will.

DAN: What's a testamentary will?

BART: Why would I need that kind of thing for?

FIONA: *(Throws up her hands.)* It's a legal document that allows you to specify who will succeed to your estate in the event of your untimely demise.

BART: Could you use smaller words?

DAN: I ain't planning on demising.

BART: And I don't own no states.

FIONA: Not "states." "Estates."

BART: What's an estate?

FIONA: Your money.

BART: I ain't got no money. He just stole it. That's why we're shooting it out.

FIONA: How about you, Daniel?

DAN: Only the 25 dollars, what's there on the table there.

MAX: And \$22.50 of that is pledged to me for funeral-related services.

BART: That leaves \$2.50. What's a will cost?

FIONA: I could let you have one for \$2.50.

DAN: He can't afford one. I'm a-countin' again. One, two –

(From the front door, Mayor enters in a hurry.)

MAYOR: Stop! You're breaking the law.

DAN: No, I ain't.

BART: I ain't shot him yet.

MAYOR: Unlicensed dueling is a grave offense in this town...carries heavy penalties.

KITTY: Losing carries heavier ones.

BART: How come?

MAYOR: 'Cause you don't have a license!

KITTY: 'Cause they bury you on Boot Hill.

DAN: A license for what?

MAYOR: Dueling.

BART: I don't get it.

MAYOR: To duel in this town, you need a dueling license!

BART: I never heard of such a thing!

DAN: Me, neither.

MAYOR: Whether you heard of it or not, you still need a license. Ignorance of the law is no excuse.

KITTY: What about just plain ignorance?

MAYOR: No exceptions. Without a license, the winner gets charged with murder.

BART: What about the loser?

DAN: *(To Mayor.)* I wouldn't want to be charged with murder. What's a license cost?

MAYOR: Two-fifty.

BART: Do I need a license, too?

MAYOR: Nope. One license...one duel.

DAN: You'll find your \$2.50 over there on the table.

(Mayor crosses to the table to get the license fee.)

MAYOR: Thank you, boys. Have a nice day.

DAN: *(Resuming the count.)* One, two...two, two... *(He gets stuck again.)*

BART: *(To crowd.)* See! I told you he couldn't count to three.

(As Dan is about to say "three," Sammy Sluice, a gold miner, runs in through the front door and directly into the line of fire.)

EVERYBODY: *(Except Dan, Bart.)* Three!

DAN: Three!

(Bart and Dan both draw and shoot.)

SAMMY: The drinks are on me! I've struck it... *(Hearing the gunshots, Sammy halts and looks about.)* ...rich! *(Sammy collapses CS, appearing to have been shot dead.)*

BART: Oops!

DAN: That goes for me, too!

BART: *(To Dan.)* I think we done shot the wrong person.

DAN: 'Fraid so. *(The Mayor, Fiona, and Kitty kneel over Sluice. Fiona puts Sammy's head in her lap.)* Is he dead?

KITTY: Sure looks dead.

CHARLIE: Sure ain't moving.

MAYOR: He can't die. He ain't got no license.

MAX: *(Delighted with the unexpected prospect of a fee.)* What a horrible tragedy!

FIONA: Somebody fetch Doc, quick.

(Concerned Citizen exits in search of Doc.)

MAX: Somebody help me toss him in a coffin.

KITTY: I think we should make sure he's dead first.

DAN: You want I should make sure?

(Dan points his gun at Sammy, ready to finish Sammy off. Sammy sits up.)

SAMMY: Am I dead?

BART: Don't look dead.

SAMMY: Maybe I ain't dead.

DAN: Could be he ain't dead.

FIONA: He don't look dead.

MAX: That's debatable.

KITTY: *(To Sammy.)* Where'd they get you, old-timer?

SAMMY: Right here...in the saloon.

FIONA: She means where did you get shot?

SAMMY: I just told you, in the—

KITTY: There ain't much blood. How are you feeling?

SAMMY: Not so good.

(Charlie approaches.)

CHARLIE: He don't look too good.

MAYOR: He never looked too good.

SAMMY: I think I'm going fast.

FIONA: Before you go, do you need a will?

SAMMY: I'd prefer a drink.

(Kitty turns to Charlie.)

KITTY: Charlie, get him a whiskey.

(Charlie goes to get the drink at the bar.)

SAMMY: Could you make it a double?

KITTY: Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

SAMMY: Just in case it's a long trip...

(Kitty gives Sammy a disapproving look.)

KITTY: *(Calls.)* Use the cheap stuff, Charlie.

CHARLIE: One "Old Rot Gut" double coming up.

(Charlie crosses to Sammy.)

CHARLIE: Here ya go, Sammy.

(Charlie hands Sammy the drink. Sammy gulps it down.)

SAMMY: Can I have another?

KITTY: Wait a minute!

SAMMY: Just to replace any missing blood...

KITTY: All right, Sammy. Charlie, get him another.

CHARLIE: You want I should water it down?

SAMMY: No!

KITTY: Yes!

(Charlie crosses to bar.)

DAN: *(To Sammy.)* I'm real sorry, old-timer.

BART: Me, too.

SAMMY: Aw, it ain't so bad.

(Charlie approaches, carrying a drink.)

CHARLIE: Here ya go, Sammy.

(Charlie hands Sammy a drink. Mayor rises.)

MAYOR: Not half as sorry as you're gonna be!

BART: How come?

DAN: We had our license.

FIONA: Your license doesn't cover this.

BART: How come?

MAYOR: The people of this here metropolis only licensed you
to exterminate each other.

FIONA: Not the substantial folk of this here town. *(Pats
Sammy on the back.)*

KITTY: You boys had better get out of town, pronto.

BART: Why's that?

KITTY: 'Cause Sammy's got two big brothers, Deuce Sluice
and Moose Sluice...and they ain't gonna like this.

DAN: Deuce Sluice and Moose Juice? I never heard of them.

(Mayor crosses to Dan.)

MAYOR: You've never heard of Two-Gun Sluice?

DAN: Nope.

BART: Me, neither.

(Max crosses to Bart.)

MAX: When Deuce comes in, I'll be delighted to introduce
you.

BART: Hold on a second. Which one is Two-Gun Sluice?

FIONA: Boy, is that a dumb question.

DAN: You wouldn't think so, if he were after you.

KITTY: Deuce means two.

BART: Just like in poker!

FIONA: They call him "Deuce" because he carries two guns.

BART: Now I get it. They call him Two-Gun Sluice because he carries two guns.
DAN: Right. But why do they call him Deuce?
MAYOR/FIONA: Because he carries two guns.
DAN: Don't that make four?
KITTY: No, it's Moose that carries four.
BART: Four?
MAYOR: Two revolvers –
FIONA: And two shotguns.
BART: Are they any good with them?
MAYOR: Ask Max.
MAX: They ain't missed yet.
DAN: That's not what I wanted to hear.
BART: Are they mean?
MAX: Ol' Deuce is a real gentleman.
DAN: How'd you know that?
MAX: He never shoots ladies.
BART: That makes him a gentleman?
MAX: And he always tips the undertaker.
BART: Tips the undertaker?
MAX: Fifteen percent. Twenty on Sundays and holidays.
DAN: Why's he do that?
KITTY: To insure proper service, boys.
MAX: And he takes real pride in having me bodaciously glamorize his corpses.

(Concerned Citizen races in.)

CONCERNED CITIZEN: Mr. Mayor, you've got to do something! Deuce Sluice is just a-ridin' into town. *(He exits and stands just outside the door.)*
MAX: I have a public service announcement to make. Max's mortuary is officially open for business.
KITTY: You boys have got to get out of here quick before Deuce Sluice finds you here.
DAN: I ain't afeared of no Goose Moose.

MAX: He's the fastest gun in the territory.

CHARLIE: He's killed 15 men!

MAX: But no women!

DAN: Fifteen?

BART: And he's tipped you every time?

MAX: Yup. And when he plugs the two of you, it will make
an even 17.

DAN: *(To Bart.)* Quick, partner, the back door!

(Bart and Dan head for the back door. Kitty bars their way.)

KITTY: Sorry, boys, you can't use the back door.

BART: Why not?

KITTY: It's reserved for emergencies.

DAN: This *is* an emergency!

BART: He's gonna kill us!

KITTY: Sorry, boys. Egress via the back door is permitted
only in the case of fire, flood, or tornado. House rule. You'll
have to use the front door.

BART: *(Starting to panic.)* But Loose Goose is out there!

(Concerned Citizen enters.)

CONCERNED CITIZEN: Deuce Sluice just kicked Pastor
Cropkiller's wife's cat and is heading this way. *(He quickly
exits to look and then immediately pops in again.)* Mrs.
Cropkiller's right behind him. *(He quickly exits to look again.
Shouts.)* She's got her broom!

MAYOR: You boys better hide.

DAN: Where?

FIONA: How about behind the bar?

MAYOR: Under the tables!

SAMMY: In the ladies' room!

(A gunshot is heard. Concerned Citizen enters.)

CONCERNED CITIZEN: Deuce Sluice just shot Widow
O'Hara's dog.

CHARLIE: What did the dog do to him?

CONCERNED CITIZEN: Didn't bark its respects.

*(Concerned Citizen exits. Doc enters from the front door with his
medical bag.)*

DOC: I heard gunshots. Who got it?

FIONA: Sammy, here.

DOC: Sammy?

MAYOR: Sammy.

DOC: But Sammy weren't even in the duel?

DAN: We missed.

BART: Each other, that is.

FIONA: They shot Sammy instead.

SAMMY: Shot me instead!

DOC: Where'd they get you, Sammy?

(Doc crosses to examine Sammy.)

SAMMY: Right here in the saloon, Doc.

DOC: I don't see any blood.

SAMMY: I ain't complaining.

KITTY: Max, cart him back to your office.

DOC: I'll examine him there.

MAX: We can lay him on the pool table.

(Max and Doc exit to get cart.)

SAMMY: I don't want to go to Max's parlor. I ain't dead yet.

DAN: And we don't want to be.

BART: If Two-Gun Deuce doesn't know we shot Sammy,
here, he won't have to shoot us. Help me get him out of
here, Dan.

DAN: Sure thing, partner. *(To others.)* Mum's the word.

SAMMY: But I ain't dead.

DAN: Shut up, or you're gonna be!

(Fiona backs off toward Kitty. Max and Doc enter pushing a wheelbarrow. Bart and Dan load Sammy into the wheelbarrow and begin to push him toward Max's door.)

DOC: *(To Sammy as they are about to exit.)* Are you in any pain?

SAMMY: *(Slightly intoxicated.)* Can't feel a thing, Doc.

DOC: My preliminary diagnosis is spinal cord injury.

CHARLIE: Mine's too much rot gut.

DOC: *(Outraged, believing Charlie is referring to him.)* I resent your slander, sir! I have yet to touch a drop!

CHARLIE: *(To Doc.)* Not you, Doc... *(Indicating Sammy.)* ...him!

DOC: I beg your pardon, sir. How much did he have?

SAMMY: Not nearly enough!

(Max, Doc, and Sammy exit. Concerned Citizen enters.)

CONCERNED CITIZEN: Two-Gun is just outside! *(Deuce enters, wearing two gun holsters.)* Now he's inside.

DEUCE: I've got a powerful thirst for whiskey, and I'm the meanest critter in these parts. So anyone who so much as casts a shadow 'cross my path to the bar, better be prepared to meet his maker.

CHARLIE: What'll it be, Mr. Sluice? A bottle? A jug? A washtub?

(Deuce crosses to bar.)

CONCERNED CITIZEN: Mr. Sluice, before you get too busy, I think you should know that those two gentlemen... *(Indicating Dan and Bart.)* ...just shot your brother.

(Deuce turns to Concerned Citizen.)

DEUCE: *(Growing furious.)* They what?!

CONCERNED CITIZEN: They shot your brother. I think he's dead.

DEUCE: *(To Dan and Bart.)* You two coyotes shot Moose?

DAN: There's been a terrible mistake!

BART: There's been an awful accident!

DEUCE: You two runts shot Moose?

CONCERNED CITIZEN: They shot him down like a dog.

DAN: Not exactly like a dog.

BART: Maybe more like a rabbit.

DAN/BART: We like dogs!

(Deuce levels his pistols at Dan and Bart.)

DEUCE: You better not have back shot Moose.

DAN: *(Scared stiff.)* Me no back shot Moose!

BART: *(Scared stiff.)* Me no back shot Moose, no neither!

CONCERNED CITIZEN: Not Moose, sir. Your other brother...Sammy.

DEUCE: Sammy? You shot Sammy?

DAN: It were a horrible accident.

BART: We were really trying to shoot each other.

DAN: We missed.

BART: Each other, that is.

CHARLIE: And they hit dear ol' Sammy.

DEUCE: *(No longer angry.)* Well, if you had to shoot anybody, Sammy's as good as any.

BART: Then you're not angry?

DEUCE: Of course not. He was the most worthless individual whoever walked the face of the earth. *(He crosses to the bar to get his drink.)*

DAN: You're really not angry?

DEUCE: On the contrary. Why, I think this calls for a celebration. *(He draws both of his guns.)* Maybe even a dance! *(Indicates with his guns where they should dance.)*

DAN: A dance?

DEUCE: Charlie, get over there on that piano and play "O,
Dem Golden Slippers."

CHARLIE: I can't play the piano, Deuce.

(Deuce fires one shot past Charlie's ear.)

DEUCE: *(Growls.)* I said, play! *(Charlie scurries to the piano SL, sits, and plays the song perfectly. Note: If Charlie can't play the piano, he can mime playing. To Dan and Bart.)* Now let's see you two ladies dance. *(He fires a shot from each gun near their feet.)* I said, dance! *(Dan and Bart begin to do a separate clog-type dance to avoid the bullets hitting their feet.)* Not alone...with each other!

DAN: Huh?

BART: *(In utter disbelief.)* With him?

DEUCE: Dance! *(Bart and Dan cautiously join together.)* I said, dance! *(Deuce again fires in the direction of their feet. They dance. Deuce turns to Charlie.)* Pick up the tempo!

(Deuce fires once in Charlie's direction. Charlie complies. Max enters URC.)

MAX: They don't dance so good. Why don't you just shoot them now?

DEUCE: Not yet.

MAX: I could lay 'em out real nice.

MAYOR: The town hasn't had a first-class funeral for a couple weeks.

(Fiona crosses to Deuce.)

FIONA: Since you shot the sheriff.

MAX: Business has been kinda slow.

CONCERNED CITIZEN: Mr. Deuce, sir, what did Sammy mean when he said he struck it rich just before the boys, there, shot him?

DEUCE: Must have meant something!

CHARLIE: He must have meant something good.

MAX: I recall he said the drinks were on him.

DAN: That were good!

BART: That were real good!

KITTY: I forgot that.

CHARLIE: Me, too. Should I start a tab for him?

KITTY: Darn right! And put those two doubles he mooched on it.

DEUCE: Sammy struck it rich?

KITTY: I wonder what he struck?

FIONA: Maybe he struck silver.

CHARLIE: Maybe it were gold.

DAN: *(Still dancing.)* Maybe it were pirate treasure.

EVERYBODY: *(Except Dan.)* Huh?

FIONA: *(To Deuce.)* If he did, you're his heir.

CHARLIE: You could be rich.

DEUCE: Where did say he made the strike?

MAYOR: He didn't.

(Note: Dan and Bart are still dancing.)

CONCERNED CITIZEN: Dan and Bart, there, shot him before he could.

(Deuce crosses Dan and Bart.)

DEUCE: Now I am getting angry.

DAN: But you said you weren't.

DEUCE: I just changed my mind.

BART: Does that mean we can quit dancing?

DEUCE: Only if you want to quit living.

DAN: Bart, here, don't smell so good.

(Bart smells Dan.)

BART: *I don't smell so good?*

DAN: *That's what I said.*

BART: *That's you you're smelling.*

(Dan smells his own armpits.)

DAN: *No, it ain't. (Dan raises his arm.) Darned if he ain't right!*

DEUCE: *Ain't ever shot a critter for perspiring before...*

(Deuce levels his guns on Bart and Dan.)

MAX: *(Excited.) Then this'll be a first. I'll get my things ready. (He exits into his parlor.)*

BART: *Mr. Deuce, I just want you to know I ain't perspiring.*

CONCERNED CITIZEN: *What's that coming out your pants' leg?*

BART: *It ain't perspiration. (Frantic.) It ain't perspiration.*

DEUCE: *(Getting a whiff.) It sure ain't. I'd appreciate it if'n you boys would do your dancing a ways over there.*

(Deuce points to DSR. Dan and Bart dance over to DSR. Kitty crosses to Deuce.)

KITTY: *Hold on there, Deuce. I'd appreciate if you'd shoot them outside.*

DEUCE: *Don't worry about your mirror, Kitty, girl. I ain't gonna miss either of them.*

KITTY: *I wasn't worried you would, but they got hard heads. I'm worrying about ricochets.*

DEUCE: *(Aiming a good deal lower.) I uses non-bouncing bullets.*

KITTY: Nevertheless, house rule, Deuce. Any shooting that might damage the mirror is strictly prohibited. No exceptions.

(Deuce repositions himself.)

DEUCE: This okay, Kitty, girl?

KITTY: Just about perfect, Deuce, honey.

DEUCE: *(To Dan and Bart.)* Then, gentlemen, say your prayers.

DAN: I don't know any.

BART: Can I say a long one?

DEUCE: How long?

BART: Real long.

(Mayor crosses to Deuce.)

MAYOR: Hold on, Deuce. If you shoot them down, it will be cold-blooded murder.

DEUCE: Never was before.

MAYOR: After you shot the sheriff, the town council passed a new ordinance. You need a license before you can shoot 'em now.

DEUCE: I've got a hunting license already. Ain't that good enough?

MAYOR: 'Fraid not.

DEUCE: What kind of license do I need?

MAYOR: A special Combination Public Nuisance Elimination License.

(Fiona crosses to Deuce.)

FIONA: It authorizes you to exterminate one perfectly worthless individual—

MAYOR: At any time during the next 30-day period.

DEUCE: What's the combination part?

MAYOR: Lets you to do the job by way of murder,
manslaughter, or mayhem, or any combination thereof.

[END OF FREEVIEW]