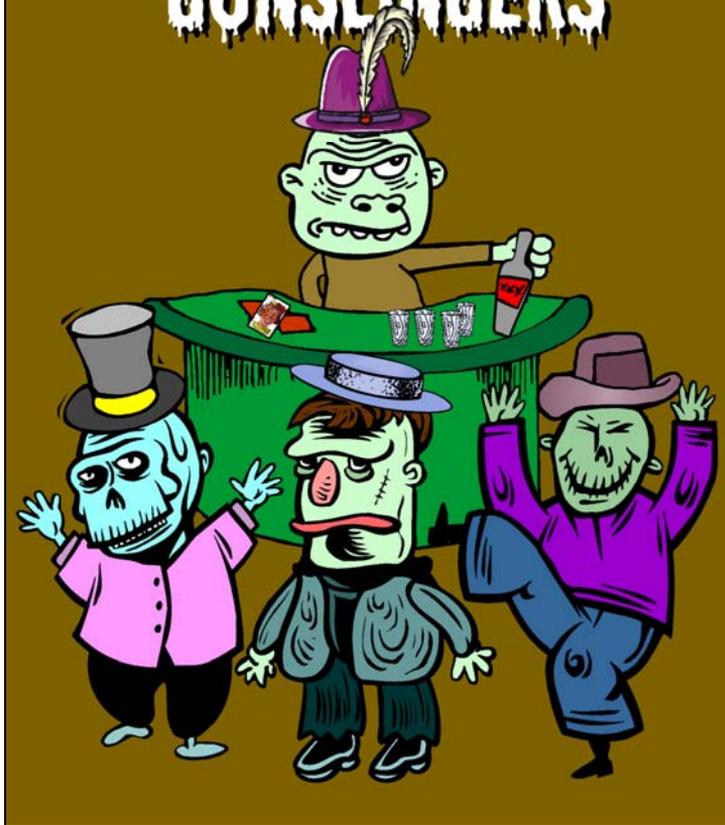


ZOMBIE GUNSLINGERS



Geff Moyer

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ZOMBIE GUNSLINGERS

FARCE/WESTERN WITH SONG. It's as dead as a June bug in January at the Wet Yer Whistle Saloon after the temperance ladies smashed all the bottles of Red Eye, confiscated the bullets, and burned the poker cards. With no customers, the saloon girls have resorted to playing Old Maid, knitting "sweaters," reading dime novels, and counting tumbleweeds while they eagerly await the next stage coach's arrival with a new batch of Red Eye. In the meantime, the girls hear tell that skin-drippin' zombie gunslingers are headed to the saloon and if they don't get their Red Eye, they will crack open the girls' skulls like eggs and scoop out the innards! Not wantin' their brains eaten, the girls find an empty bottle of Red Eye, add a little red nail polish for color, and fill it with the only alcohol they've got...perfume! When the zombies arrive and partake of this "sweet-smelling" elixir, the girls soon realize they "done created a monster out of a monster"!

Performance Time: Approximately 30 minutes.

NOTE: For a full evening, combine this play with Geff Moyer's one-act western "It's a Calamity, Jane!" Both plays use the same set.

CHARACTERS

(2 M, 4 F, 4 flexible)

ROCKY: Owner and bartender of the Wet Yer Whistle Saloon; has a pot belly; male.

CRYSTAL: Saloon girl who likes to play Old Maid.

PEARL: Saloon girl who reads dime novels.

OPAL: Pearl's younger sister, a saloon girl who likes to knit "sweaters."

RUBY: Saloon girl from New Orleans who counts tumbleweeds; female.

SANDSTONE: Dusty, grizzly old codger; has a dirty/dusty beard; male.

ZOMBIE GUNSLINGERS 1-4: Singin' and dancin' zombies; flexible.

SETTING

Wet Yer Whistle Saloon, Broken Jaw, NM, 1882.

SET

Wet Yer Whistle Saloon. A typical western saloon with a bar and a few tables and chairs. A door to a small broom closet is SR. Swinging saloon doors and a window are SL.

PROPS

Deck of Old Maid cards

Several shot glasses

One empty bottle of "Red Eye"

Ned Buntline dime novel

Knitting needles

Yarn

Knitted monstrosity that is supposed to be a sweater

Four bottles of perfume filled with water

Nail polish bottle filled with water and red food coloring

Shotgun (toy)

Pitcher of water

**"WE DONE CREATED A MONSTER
OUT OF A MONSTER!"**

—CRYSTAL

ZOMBIE GUNSLINGERS

(AT RISE: *The Wet Yer Whistle Saloon, Broken Jaw, NM. High noon, summer, 1882. Rocky and Crystal are sitting at a table playing the card game Old Maid. Pearl is sitting at another table reading a Ned Buntline dime novel. Opal and Ruby are sitting across from each other at the table closest to the door or window, allowing Ruby a view of the street. Opal is struggling to knit and Ruby is holding the yarn.*)

CRYSTAL: (To Rocky.) Oh! Oh! I gotta pair! (Lays down two cards.)

OPAL: (To herself, knitting.) Knit one, purl two...

ROCKY: That ain't no pair, Crystal! A Chihuahua and a mouse ain't the same!

CRYSTAL: They look the same!

RUBY: (To herself.) Three-hundred and nineteen!

ROCKY: (To Crystal, irritated.) But they ain't!

OPAL: (To herself.) Knit one, purl two...knit one, purl two...

PEARL: (Without looking up from her novel.) Huh?

CRYSTAL: (To Rocky.) I think yer cheatin' little ol' me like ya did with the chicken and duck!

ROCKY: They weren't the same teether!

CRYSTAL: They're both birds!

OPAL: (To herself.) Or is it knit two, purl one?

PEARL: (Without looking up from her novel.) Me one what?

ROCKY: (To Crystal, irritated.) They ain't the same kind of birds!

RUBY: (To herself.) Three hundred and twenty.

CRYSTAL: (To Rocky.) Can ya eat a chicken?

ROCKY: Of course you can!

OPAL: (To herself.) No, it's knit one, purl two. Yeah, knit one, purl two...

PEARL: (Without looking up from her novel.) Me too, what?

CRYSTAL: (To Rocky.) Can ya eat a duck?

ROCKY: Yeah, but—

CRYSTAL: Then ya cheated me outta that pair! You are no gentleman!

(Rocky grumbles, shuffles, and deals the cards.)

OPAL: *(To herself.)* Knit one, purl two...

(Pearl lowers her novel.)

PEARL: *(Annoyed, shouts.)* Me too, what? Durn it!

RUBY: She ain't talkin' to you, Pearl. It's this boooooooring knittin' she's doin'! *(Mimicking.)* "Knit one, purl two, knit one, purl two..."

OPAL: Idle hands play with the devil's tools! *(Holds up a knitted monstrosity.)* Does this look like a sweater?

RUBY: Fer what?

OPAL: Fer Rusty!

RUBY: Opal, he stopped comin' around after the Red Eye got smashed. Don't that tell ya somethun'?

OPAL: He ain't thirsty?

PEARL: Don't burst her bubble, Ruby!

OPAL: Rusty ain't no bubble, Pearl!

PEARL: Like Louie in Silver City, Charlie in Purgatory, Willie in Tucson, Harry in—

RUBY: *(Shouts.)* Hey! Did ya hear that?!

PEARL: What?!

RUBY: Sounded like a bubble burstin'!

PEARL: I'm her sister! I'm allowed!

CRYSTAL: *(To Rocky.)* You now owe me 27 dollars!

ROCKY: Yeah, yeah...

CRYSTAL: Ya gonna try to cheat me outta that, too, ya sneakin' Yankee!

ROCKY: I'm from Texas! Pick up yer cards!

CRYSTAL: Ya cheat like a Yankee!

OPAL: *(To herself.)* Knit one, purl two, knit...

PEARL: These Ned Buntline ten-cent novels are always the same...the good guy always wins. That just ain't so.

RUBY: *(To herself.)* Three hundred and twenty-one! *(To Pearl.)*
Stop readin' 'em then!

PEARL: And do what?! Count the bullet holes in the ceiling?

OPAL: Seventy-three! *(Points.)* That one right thar is Rusty's!

PEARL: This place is as dead as a June bug in January!

RUBY: Ain't even had a good shootout in weeks.

CRYSTAL: Cain't have a shootout with no bullets. Them temperance ladies took 'em all.

RUBY: Last two brawlers went out in the street and threw horse apples at each other.

OPAL: Things will pick up. Today's stage'll have that batch of Red Eye. *(To herself.)* Knit one...

ROCKY: It better! I paid in advance.

RUBY: You?! Mr. Stitch My Pockets Shut?

ROCKY: My till is as empty as a drunkard's stomach! Good thing you gals get paid by the customer.

RUBY: Oh, yeah! Real good! 'Specially since thar ain't none! Know what I had for supper last night? Somethun' I dug outta the trashcan behind the Chinese restaurant.

CRYSTAL: You, too?! I had lo mein. I think it was lo mein. It was long and skinny. But does lo mein always wiggle around so much?

PEARL: If we didn't have such a cheap boss!

RUBY: Yeah, he ain't starvin'. He can live off that beer gut for a month.

ROCKY: *(Annoyed.)* I'm right here!

OPAL: *(To herself.)* Knit one, purl...I think I lost count...

PEARL: I came here to Broken Jaw on the promise of room and board! The only "board" I got is the one under what no one in thar right mind would dare to call a mattress!

RUBY: My room's so small, when I turn around, I bump into myself!

OPAL: Rusty has a nice mattress. *(They give her a look. Realizes. Sheepishly.)* So he says...

CRYSTAL: My bed in Savannah had a canopy!

OPAL: Why would ya have a can of peas in yer bed?

ROCKY: Gripe, gripe, gripe! You gals make me feel like I got four wives! Ain't my fault them temperance hags wrecked everything!

PEARL: (*Indicating book.*) Oh, fer the love of pete! This Buntline fool just had Custer win!

OPAL: Mmm, custard! Lemon!

RUBY: Vanilla!

CRYSTAL: Peach!

PEARL: We wouldn't be starvin' ifin our boss 'twern't such a penny-pinchin' polecat!

ROCKY: (*Annoyed.*) I'm still here!

RUBY: Three hundred and twenty-two. If that Red Eye ain't on that stage today—

ROCKY: (*Shouts.*) I told ya, I paid in advance to guarantee it bein' here! (*Pause.*) Tell ya what...tonight supper's on me!

RUBY: Not Chinese!

ROCKY: And not steak! I ain't that generous. (*Throws down one remaining card on the table.*) Dad blast them pelican-necked ol' biddies! Gotta spoil everybody's fun. Smashed all our Red Eye, busted up my beer kegs, burned all our poker decks.

RUBY: (*Chuckles.*) You got the Old Maid agin, didn't ya, Rocky?

ROCKY: Only 'cause Crystal cheats!

OPAL: (*To herself.*) Knit one, purl two...

CRYSTAL: (*To Rocky.*) Sir, a lady never cheats. Why, if my brother Beauregard were here—Lord rest his soul—he would punch that potbelly of yers flat, but one of yer *Yankee* mini-balls struck him down in the prime of life.

ROCKY: Look at yer pairs! A donkey ain't no horse! An armadillo ain't no turtle!

CRYSTAL: Can ya ride a donkey?

ROCKY: Uh, yeah, I suppose, but—

CRYSTAL: Can ya ride a horse?

ROCKY: Of course ya—

CRYSTAL: Do an armadillo have a shell?

ROCKY: Yeah.

CRYSTAL: Do a turtle have a shell?

ROCKY: Yeah, but that don't mean—

CRYSTAL: Then I ain't cheatin'. Yer just a poor loser. Damn Yankee! Pardon my French.

ROCKY: (*Shouts.*) I told ya, I'm from Texas, dad blast it!
(*Frustrated, goes behind bar.*)

PEARL: He needs his beer or a shot of Red Eye! Heck, I need a shot of Red Eye!

OPAL: (*To herself.*) Knit one, purl two, knit one, purl—

PEARL: (*Shouts.*) Ain't thar anything you can say 'ceptin' my name?!

RUBY: Calm down, Pearl!

PEARL: (*Shouts.*) I am calm!

RUBY: All of us got our nerves frazzled right now. We all need a shot of Red Eye. Two weeks on the wagon is long enough to put blisters on anyone's fanny.

PEARL: We need some action!

CRYSTAL: We need some customers!

ROCKY: The stage *will* bring the Red Eye! *And* a keg of beer!

CRYSTAL: And some poker cards! I'm growin' right tired of winnin' Old Maid. I just win, win, win—

RUBY: And some bullets! Git some life 'round chere. I'm sick of countin' tumbleweeds.

OPAL: Ladies, patience is a virgin. (*Proudly holds up the knit "sweater."*) Do ya think Rusty will like it?

RUBY: If he don't, his horse will.

ROCKY: Should've used my shotgun on them crazy ol' coots. That's what I shoulda done!

PEARL: Thirty-three mean, ol'-lookin' hags with fire in thar eyes and carryin' axes and clubs, Rocky? Shoot, that 'ol double-barrel wouldn't have made a dent.

CRYSTAL: I just bet they sweat like the dickens under all that black they wear. Black is not flattering, and a lady should never sweat.

RUBY: They ain't no ladies! They was pro'bly hatched and raised in some buzzard's nest 'cause all they do is swoop down and peck at people who are tryin' to have fun!

CRYSTAL: (*Gasps.*) What if they come back after the stage gets in?

ROCKY: They're marchin' on down to Fractured Nose.

CRYSTAL: How do ya know?

ROCKY: Sandstone trailed 'em a ways to make sure. Guess they plan on wreckin' things there like they did here in Broken Jaw. Somewheres 'tween here and thar, let's hope they run into an Apache war party!

RUBY: Rocky, them ol' buzzards would send Geronimo hisself into hidin'!

OPAL: Where is Sandstone? He's usually here by now.

RUBY: Sleepin' in! Said since there ain't no Red Eye, there ain't no use in him gettin' up too early.

OPAL: Well, the early bird *does* get worms! I should know! Remember, Pearl, when we was little and I got the tummy worms? Grandma put a garlic glove in each of my shoes. The oil from the garlic was supposed to soak into my feet and kill the worms. Don't know how it was supposed to get from my feet to my tummy, though.

CRYSTAL: Did it work?

OPAL: Guess so. I ain't dead. Made my feet hurt, though!

PEARL: Ggrrr! I hate Ned Buntline! Now he's done got Wyatt Earp shootin' it out with Billy the Kid at the Alright Corral! Durn idiot's got his head so far up his own—

(A dusty, exhausted Sandstone bursts through the doors.)

SANDSTONE: (*Shouts.*) They's a comin'!

(All the Girls, except Opal, jump up.)

RUBY: *(Shouts.)* What?!

CRYSTAL: *(Shouts.)* Who?!

OPAL: *(Shouts.)* Ruby, you dropped my yarn!

ROCKY: *(Shouts.)* Them temperance ladies?

SANDSTONE: *(Winded.)* Gimme a shot of water!

(Sandstone shakes some dust/dirt out of his beard. Rocky pours a shot glass of water from a pitcher and Sandstone downs it.)

OPAL: *(Trying to organize her yarn. To herself.)* Now it's all mixed up.

CRYSTAL: Thar ain't nothun' left here fer 'em to smash up.

PEARL: *(Knocking dust off of Sandstone's clothes.)* What happened, Sandstone? Yer horse drag ya here?

SANDSTONE: *(Trying to calm down and catch his breath.)*
Gimme a tuther!

(Rocky fills the shot glass with water and Sandstone downs it.)

RUBY: Easy thar, Sandstone. Ya ain't used to drinkin' water.

PEARL: Is them temperance women comin' back?!

(Rocky pulls his shotgun out from under the bar.)

ROCKY: Not agin! No, sirree! This here place ain't called The Wet Yer Whistle Saloon fer nothun', dad blast it!

SANDSTONE: That scatter gun... *(Panting.)* ...'tain't gonna do ya no good!

ROCKY: Them hags and their axes done ruined my bizness fer two weeks now, and I ain't gonna let 'em—

SANDSTONE: *(Shouts.)* It ain't them temperance ladies!

ROCKY: Huh?

CRYSTAL: What?

PEARL: It ain't?

RUBY: Then who?

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(Sandstone looks at the others.)

SANDSTONE: *(Shouts.)* The Zombie Gunslingers!

[END OF FREEVIEW]