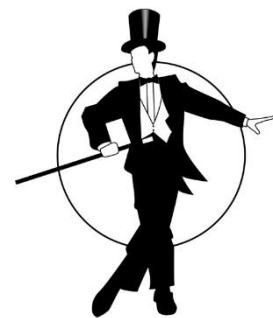


# Spaghetti Western

D. Loriston Scott



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ArtAge Publications  
Bonnie L. Vorenberg, President  
PO Box 19955  
Portland OR 97280  
503-246-3000 or 800-858-4998  
[bonniev@seniortheatre.com](mailto:bonniev@seniortheatre.com)  
[www.seniortheatre.com](http://www.seniortheatre.com)

*ArtAge Senior Theatre Resource Center, 800-858-4998, [www.seniortheatre.com](http://www.seniortheatre.com)*

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## SPAGHETTI WESTERN

By D. Loriston Scott

### CAST

BECKY: Big sister and rancher.  
FRENCHY: Flirtatious saloon gal.  
MS. LOLA: Spaghetti Saloon owner.  
ZEKE: Local cowpoke.  
MARIAH: Becky's younger sister.  
RIO: Cowboy with sex appeal.  
ROBERT ALAMO: Baseball player.

### Time:

*Late afternoon. Present.*

### Place:

*MS. LOLA's Saloon, a dingy and dusty hole in the wall, somewhere out west.*

### DIRECTOR'S NOTE

This play is full of slapstick comedy made possible by the props. Be sure to see the Prop List at the end of the script.

*At Rise: Seated at a table, two women play a game of checkers.*

*(First is BECKY. She's a rancher as tough as any ranch hand, with old school ways. Across from her is FRENCHY, aptly named after her French accent. She reads a psychology book in deep concentration. BECKY waits for her next move.)*

*MS. LOLA, the saloon owner with the most angelic face enters with two plates of plain spaghetti and meatballs, a carton of milk and four red plastic cups. She sets down the milk and cups on the table and with pride, places the two plates of spaghetti and meatballs in front of BECKY and FRENCHY. BECKY unwraps the cloth napkin and digs in with the plastic utensils. FRENCHY only nibbles at her plate.)*

BECKY: Ms. Lola, these are your best batch of meatballs yet!

MS. LOLA: Thanks, Becky.

FRENCHY: Oui, Mademoiselle Lola, the meatballs are bon appetit!

*(BECKY kicks FRENCHY under the table)*

FRENCHY: Ouch!

BECKY: Are you going to read or play?

FRENCHY: To quit working here, I have to finish this chapter to earn my doctorate in psychology and make my family back in France proud.

BECKY: Just admit you lost and quit. You're French, it should come natural.

*(FRENCHY moves a checker piece, sweeps the board, and wins)*

FRENCHY: Best un out of cinq, Becky?

BECKY: Nah! Mariah's due any minute now, on the stage.

MS. LOLA: Seems like yesterday she went off to that fancy finishing school.

BECKY: Is everything ready for her engagement party?

MS. LOLA: Yup!

FRENCHY: Mariah's getting married? When did all of this happen?

BECKY: Yesterday.

FRENCHY: She must be very excited!

MS. LOLA: She doesn't know yet.

FRENCHY: How is that possible?

BECKY: As you know, things have been tight around here, since they decided the high-speed rail wasn't stopping in El Dente.

FRENCHY: So?

BECKY: So, I need help to drive the cattle up North, and if Zeke was family...

FRENCHY: Zeke! Sock Le Blue!

BECKY: If he was family he'd do it for free to save the farm. Besides, Zeke's a good man.

FRENCHY: Oui! He is a good man, but is he the right man for Mariah?

BECKY: He's single, strong, handsome and smart!

FRENCHY & MS. LOLA: Zeke?!

BECKY: Yeah, Zeke!

FRENCHY: Then why don't you marry him?

BECKY: Zeke?! Don't be silly. By the way, has anyone seen him today?

*(ZEKE, a simple cowpoke, bursts in, out of breath)*

MS. LOLA: Where you been, Zeke?

*(ZEKE doesn't answer. He's in serious pain with a cactus limb stuck to his butt. He tenderly removes it.)*

FRENCHY: Where ya been, Zeke?

ZEKE: Chasing rustlers!

BECKY: Rustlers! Did you catch'em?

ZEKE: I tried! I chased them five miles across the plains, eight miles upstream, and two miles 'cross the desert!

BECKY: Their horses were probably just faster than yours?

ZEKE: Horse? *(he slaps his forehead)* Why didn't I think of that?

MS. LOLA: You must be really thirsty after all that chasing. How about a nice cold glass of milk? *(she hands a red cup to ZEKE)*

*(They all take a big fake swallow of milk and wipe their mouths with a huge sigh of satisfaction. They really like their milk.)*

ZEKE: Just think, soon the woman of my dreams is going to walk in here and we'll probably talk for hours on end. Then maybe we'll even share some of my Raisinets. *(He reaches into his shirt pocket and pulls out a box of Raisinets. He swallows a handful.)* I like to keep them in my pocket, so they get all gooey. *(he places the Raisinets back in his pocket)*

FRENCHY: Have you ever even met Mariah?

ZEKE: No, but, Becky gave me this picture of her and...*(he removes a picture from his pocket and stares at it)* I've spent hours and hours staring at it and we've formed a bond of love that transcends all eternity.

*(MARIAH enters and she's as pretty as she is gutsy. BECKY, MS. LOLA and FRENCHY greet her with hugs. ZEKE stays back and makes himself presentable.)*

BECKY: There's someone here I want you to meet.

MARIAH: Ok.

BECKY: This is Zeke.

ZEKE: *(drops to one knee with engagement ring in hand)* I love you! Will you marry me?

MARIAH: *(looks around for answers)* What's going on here?

FRENCHY: He's waiting for an answer. *(MARIAH stands speechless)*

MS. LOLA: I told you, Becky!

MARIAH: *(snatches her hand back from ZEKE)* BECKY!!!

BECKY: Now, hold on a sec! I sacrificed a lot after Ma and Pa died. With my Betty Davis eyes and Rosalind Russell figure, I turned down many a fine fella to raise you, but I did the right thing. Now, it's your turn to do the same to save the farm.

MARIAH: *(stares at BECKY, defiant)* I'm on the threshold of my life, with a first rate education, and fully capable of making my own decisions. So...*(she looks to ZEKE and does something surprising)* I guess, I'll think about it. *(she turns to BECKY)* I heard mention of a party?

ZEKE: It was supposed to be our engagement party.

FRENCHY: Let's just make it a gala 'retour a la maison.'

ZEKE: A what?

FRENCHY: A coming home party!

MS. LOLA: *(to MARIAH)* I got something special for you.

BECKY: I paid for it.

*(MS. LOLA opens a box and removes a beautiful dress. MARIAH drapes it in front of herself.)*

MS. LOLA: What do you think?

MARIAH: I'm going to look so pretty in this dress. So pretty! *(she exits)*

ZEKE: *(stares after MARIAH lovingly)* Was that a 'yes?'

BECKY: It wasn't a 'no.'

FRENCHY: *(looks offstage)* Somebody's coming!

Ms. Lola: Who is it?

FRENCHY: Don't know, but he is very mysterious!

*(RIO, enters, raw boned and rugged as they come. He hops in on LIGHTNING, his trusty steed, a toy horse head on a stick.)*

BECKY: *(heartily greets RIO)* Howdy, Pardner! Welcome to El Dente! My name's Becky! *(she introduces everyone)* That's Ms. Lola. She's the proprietor of this wonderful establishment.

MS. LOLA: Howdy!

**END OF FREEVIEW**

***You'll want to read and perform this show!***