

PERVERSION TOWN

INT. OLD WEST SALOON 1880s

The saloon is filled with UGLY MEN stuffing their faces with huge quantities of bread and beans. Some play cards. Some play with the beans. SQUINTY-EYED GUNFIGHTER ENTERS.

BARTENDER

Howdy, sir! Come right in.

Bartender polishes the bar flamboyantly as the Gunfighter walks across the barroom.

BARTENDER

(continuing)

New to Perversion Town?

GUNFIGHTER

Shutup.

Bartender polishes the bar in timid little circles.

BARTENDER

(meekly)

What can I do for you?

GUNFIGHTER

I want a chicken and a pig.

BARTENDER

Breakfast, yes, sir.

GUNFIGHTER

And a room with a big bed. Real big.

BARTENDER

Got one. Real big.

GUNFIGHTER

Three fat, greasy women.

BARTENDER

Right.

GUNFIGHTER

Three sheep.

Shorn? BARTENDER

No. GUNFIGHTER

With love handles, yes, sir. BARTENDER

A small scout troop. GUNFIGHTER

Boys or girls. BARTENDER

Mixed. GUNFIGHTER

Got'ya. BARTENDER

Five bottles of whiskey and one really old pot of coffee. GUNFIGHTER

You're not gonna-- BARTENDER

No. And a dwarf. GUNFIGHTER

Mean or sweet? BARTENDER

Extra mean. GUNFIGHTER

Right. BARTENDER

And I want a old woman who whistles. GUNFIGHTER

Damn, that's class! Musical accompaniment. BARTENDER

How much you want for all that? GUNFIGHTER

BARTENDER

Let's see. That comes to a dollar
ninety-five. Uh, in advance.

GUNFIGHTER

(his eyes get
squintier)
In advance?

BARTENDER

Granny has to get her teeth out of
hock so she can whistle.

GUNFIGHTER

Oh. Gimme a sasparilla while I'm
waitin'.

BARTENDER

Sorry, sir, we only have beer.

The gunfighter shoots him five times in the chest and once
in the left foot. Then he mows down the rest of the room.
And the men.

GUNFIGHTER

Now get me my room.

BARTENDER

Yes, sir.

He dies.

GUNFIGHTER

They just never learn.

*(Next Thrilling Episode: the Gunfighter goes into
psychotherapy to see why he's attached to his gun.)*

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