

Day 1

Play opens in a bar in Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town. There are 3 tables and chairs at each table and a bar. Maybe a very comfy sofa for a prostitute and her customers. Bottles and glasses behind the bar. Cards on some tables. Tom is at the bar getting ready for work. Maybe singing a Dylan song to himself (e.g., Don't Think Twice) Bob and Dylan, two cowboys, enter.

Bob: Howdy, Tom.

Tom: Hi, Bob. Hi, Dylan. How are the cows today?

Dylan: Oh, you know, eating grass, mooing all the time. Drives me crazy.

Bob: Me, too. How are the glasses today?

Tom: Still broken from the two of you from yesterday.

Dylan: Don't be mad. We leave a good deal of our cow money here every day.

Bob: That's life in Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town. Now give us a beer.

Tom gives them beers. Takes money. They go and sit and start playing cards. Rose enters.

Rose (to Tom): Hey, gorgeous.

Tom: Hey, Rose. Looking great as always.

Rose: That's what pays the bills.

Tom: Anything new?

Rose: I bought three new dresses yesterday plus some new jewelry. *(to cowboys)* Would either of you two boys like to see them?

Dylan: We'd rather see you without any dress at all.

Rose: Weeeell, everything is possible if you have enough *(gesturing money)*

Bob: Errrrr....what do you mean?

Rose: *(starts singing Money, Money, Money from ABBA)*

Bob: Aaaah, I see....

Rose: Oh gosh, Tom, give me the usual....

Gets a drink from Tom and goes over to cowboys.

Rose: Sooooo, as I was saying before, would either of you two boys like the usual as well?

Bob: Maybe after I've beaten the money from Dylan as usual.

Rose (looks at Bob's cards): Looks like it won't take long.

Dylan: I wouldn't be so sure about that. I bet 20.

Rose (looks at Dylan's cards): Oh, maybe you are right. *(to Bob)* You'll have to work hard tonight. *(winks)*

Bob: I already worked hard today. You have no idea how hard it is to take care of cows. *(Rose coughs)* Ooooh. I call.

Dylan: Look at this, you cow brain: 2 pairs, Kings and sixes.

Bob: Eat your "cow brain" bullshit, I have three Queens. *(collects money)*

Dylan (to Rose): You said he had to work hard tonight!

Rose: I wasn't talking about the cards ... *(starts rubbing Bob's shoulders)* Well done, my boy.

Dylan: Not again. You were with her last night; now it's my turn.

Bob: I don't like to share. Don't lose so much if you want to be with her.

Dylan: I'm sure you're cheating and I'll figure out how you're doing it.

Tom (bringing drinks): Calm down you guys and have another drink.

Tom goes back towards bar. Matthew the preacher enters.

Matthew: Good afternoon, Tom. May the Lord's blessings be upon you.

Tom: Hello, Matthew. *(gives drink)* May the beer's blessing be inside you.

Matthew: Thank you very much, Tom. Your beer is the best within 30 miles.

Tom: That's quite flattering when the nearest town is 50 miles away.

Matthew: Oh, I didn't mean -

Dylan: You're cheating again!

Bob: I'm just better than you at cards, you cow brain.

Matthew (turning towards them): We must remember our scripture: Revelation 21:8: "But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death."

Dylan: Could you repeat that?

Bob: Wait a second. I heard about a second death. That can't apply to us, cause we aren't dead the first time.

Matthew: If you do not give up your sinning ways, I will make that happen. *(shows his gun)*

Dylan: What a cool gun. Where'd you get it?

Matthew: That's not important. What I'm saying is that you need to get rid of your sins, for the love of God. Isaiah 41:10 "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

Bob: Tom, what did you put in his drink to make him come up with all of this?

Tom: Love and sunshine, as always.

Matthew: Do you think you are walking the right path?

Dylan: Right now, we're not walking anywhere. But later we'll walk straight to the cows.

Bob: Maybe not so straight, but to them, definitely.

Rose: You have some work to do before you get back to your cows.

Bob: What work? The cows are our work. (*Rose looks at him.*) Oh, that work.

Matthew: Enough of this. Tom, how can you stand all this sinning under your roof?

Tom: With love and sunshine, as always.

Elliot enters.

Elliot: Hey, Tom. Ewrything wunning thmoothly? (*looks at the cowboys, Rose and Matthew, they start playing cards again*)

Tom: Hello, Elliot, come, have a seat! (*Elliot sits by the bar. Tom pours him a drink*) You see, my regular customers are here, so I can't complain.

Elliot: Thank you. Thith ith what I mithed in the ofithe today... Jane wath furiouth again, you - you know how furiouth the can get...

Tom: Well, I can't say it surprises me. So what was it about this time?

Elliot: If only I knew! The aweady came fuming in the moning!

Tom: I guess she's the most irate sheriff Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town has ever seen.

Dylan: Hey, Tom, could you bring us some more? (*raises an empty cup upside down*)

Tom: Sure, I'll be right there! (*takes out glasses and brings them*)

Bob: You surely are the best barman in the Wild West!

Tom: (*to himself*) Or the beer has started working already, but (*to Bob*) thanks anyway...

Rose: Now, Elliot, why don't you join us? (*winks at him*)

Matthew: Yes! Please do, we can talk of the unpredictable ways of our Father!

Bob: Oh, oh, Elli-Elli-Elliot, racing on his chariot,

Dylan: fair damsels he saves from a dragon's grip

Bob: but to become its dinner he is fit,

Dylan: for he wears no gun on his hip!

Bob (*laughing*): Where's your gun, Mr Cowardly?

Dylan: What? Cat got your tongue?

Matthew just shakes his head at this, drinks, opens his Bible.

Elliot: Thut up, you two! You do not want to make the Mighty Ewiot angwy! I am the one who hath the keyth to the daiw!

Cowboys laugh.

Bob: Look ath me, I am Ellioth, mighty Ellioth, the dragon sthlayer! (*fights with an invisible sword*)

Rose: Don't be so mean. Elliot, please, come to me. (*Elliot comes nearer; his drink in his hand. Rose smiles up at him*) So, what did you say Jane was angry about? (*She taps her knees and he sits*

on her lap.) Good boy. Now what did-

Dylan puts his gun on the table. Elliot jumps up suddenly and starts screaming. Puts his hands over his head; his cup falls on the ground.

Rose (*to Dylan*): What did you do that for? Put it away!

Jane runs in (posters in her hands). Everybody looks at her.

Jane: What the hell is all this screaming about?! Elliot! Shut up, you mongrel! I thought a girl was being beaten to death!

Tom: Hello, Jane, would you like something to drink?

Jane (*ignores Tom, comes to Elliot, throws the posters down*): And what are you doing here, anyway? I've been looking for you for the last half an hour! What do you think about that?! (*starts poking him with index finger; he steps away from her backwards, so she grabs his collar*) I have never seen such an undisciplined, unruly, lazy...

A bottle falls on the floor. Everybody is silent.

Jane (*still holding Elliot, talking to others*): What are you all staring at?!!! Don't you have your own business to attend to?! And you! (*points at Rose*) You should find a proper job, you ... you! (*Stamps her foot*) No way, as the sheriff of Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town, am I going to tolerate such despicable machinations! Shame on you!!! You all!!!

Matthew (*stands up*): You are absolutely right, Jane, we should not tolerate-

Jane: How dare you?! You call yourself a preacher?!!! Look at you! Just look at yourself!!! (*gestures wildly, meaning Elliot gets free*)

Elliot, once free, hides behind the bar. Tom watches anxiously.

Jane: You should be praying, or whatever it is a preacher does. But you are sitting here, drinking, letting all of this happen directly under your nose! Prostitution! (*points at Rose*) Gambling! (*sweeps cards off the table*) And you! (*turns around at Tom*) The barman and owner...

Tom nods at the cowboys, they pull her to a chair at the bar. Tom brings her a drink and she drinks.

Tom: Breathe in and then out. Calm down. You are scaring our Elliot to death.

Jane looks at Elliot, looking out from behind the bar. Cowboys let go of her.

Jane (*a bit calmer*): Come out, you shame on the office of sheriff! I have work for you. (*to everybody*) Fetch me the posters, you ungrateful band!

Everybody hurries to give them to her. Bob and Dylan knock into each other. Physical comedy. Matthew picks the posters up and hands them to Jane.

Jane (*to Elliot*): You hang the posters. And make sure you do it right! Not like the last time, when they were upside down!

Elliot nods nervously and quickly disappears. Jane sighs loudly and orders another beer. Others go back to sitting at tables and Bob and Dylan go back to cards.

Maggie (*offstage yelling*): Hasn't anyone seen Jane?

Matthew (*anxiously*): She's in here!

Maggie (*comes rushing in*): Thank you so much! God bless you! (*rushes to her sister*)
Jaaaaaaaaaaaaaneeeee! (*cries hysterically*)

At hearing that terrible noise, Jane starts choking with beer. Tom gets alarmed by the noise made by Maggie and the beer mug that he has just been polishing falls on the floor and breaks.

Jane: Wha-- (*starts choking again*)

Maggie: Jaaaaaneeeee, I need your help! I really do: it's important! You are the only person who can help me! Oh my goodness, I am sooo desperate Jane, so desperate (*starts weeping*)

Jane (*finally catches her breath*): What is it? What is so extremely important?

Maggie: It's Alex! Alex is gone, Jane! Alex just disappeared! (*to herself*) I am so miserable ... so miserable!

Jane (*angrily*): That's it? So I nearly choked to death just because you wanted to tell me what an irresponsible mother you are?! (*starts shouting*) How can ANYONE lose a child in Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town? It's not even possible! YOU JUST MADE THE IMPOSSIBLE COME TRUE, MARGARET!

Maggie (*tearfully*): Jane, you know I don't like when people call me Margaret ...

Jane: Really? So is that the only thing that is bothering you right now? YOU. LOST. YOUR. CHILD. and the only thing that you care about is that I called you MARGARET, MARGARET?! You must be kidding me! (*to Tom*) I'll need another beer for this, Tom! (*Tom stares at her*) Tom? I want that beer NOW!

Tom (*recovers*): Oh, OK. Here!

Matthew (*comes over to comfort Maggie*): But how could that happen, Maggie? Weren't you with Alex the whole time?

Maggie: Well ... we were playing hide and seek --

Rose: Oh Maggie, do not worry! Maybe Alex is just well-hidden and couldn't be found. It's highly likely that Alex is still somewhere in the house while you are panicking here. (*smiles kindly at her*)

Jane: I know it may sound unbelievable, but I do agree with Rose! You should have been looking more properly! And I also don't understand why you play hide and seek with your child when you are clearly unable to find Alex then!

Maggie (*hesitantly*): Well ... uhm ... but ... errr ... it was me who was hidden and Alex was supposed to seek me.

Jane: WHAT?!?!

Maggie: Yeah, I was hidden under the bed but after an hour of lying there waiting, I decided to get out of there and then I found out that Alex wasn't at home! I was looking everywhere in the house and around it too but Alex was nowhere ... just vanished! (*starts weeping again*) My poor poor little Alex! Boooooo hoooooo!

Jane: Are you serious?! You really did let your little gangster who you call Alex seek you while you were hidden under the bed?! That devilish child has been waiting for a moment like that since you gave birth to get out of your house and start a criminal career!

Maggie falls on her knees and starts with her heart-rending crying. Rose comes to her and tries to

comfort her.

Bob: Errrrrr, not that I want to make this situation worse, but what if Alex was kidnapped?

Jane: Kidnapped? Who would like to kidnap that little Satan?

Dylan: Well, I don't know, Sheriff! Yesterday when Bob and me went from the shop --

Bob: We bought some beans so that we wouldn't be hungry while looking after the cows!

Dylan: That's not important, Bob!

Bob: Yes, it actually is!

Dylan: No, it's not!

Bob: Yes, it is!

Dylan: Shut up, cow brain! So where was I? Oh yeah, we went out of the shop and we saw Alex talking to some stranger on Dead Man's Street --

Bob: Yeaah, we did! And you know bloody well what that street is famous for, right?

Dylan: C'moon, Bob. everybody knows that it is a place where all the gangsters and criminals gather!

Bob: But ... but ... I wanted to say that! Why do you always have to say the most important things? We both saw him, not just you! It's so unfair!

Dylan: Get over it, Bob!

Bob: No, I will not ... I will --

Jane: Ahem! Enough! Whether Alex was or wasn't kidnapped, as I am the Sheriff of Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town (*polishing her gold sheriff star with a napkin*) I will try to find Alex despite the fact that YOU (*pointing at Maggie*) are the worst mother under the sun and your child is clearly a criminal! (*finishes her drink and leaves*)

Matthew comes to Maggie who is embraced by Rose.

Matthew (*to Rose*): You can go now. I will handle this (*smiles at her*)

Rose nods and goes to bar.

Matthew (*to Maggie*): Maggie, you should pull yourself together! It is not your fault! Alex is an intelligent person who can take care of everything and will be back home soon. I am sure about that. You just need to have faith, Maggie. As Ephesians 6:16 says, "Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." And when Alex is back I can help show the right path if you let me. Because as Galatians 5:22 says, "the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness and faith."

Maggie (*looks at Matthew thankfully*): Oh! (*embraces him*) Thank you, Matthew!

Matthew (*bringing Maggie over to a table to sit*): Breathe in and then out. Calm down.

Rose (*to Tom*): I'd like to turn someone to the right path, too.

Tom: (*confused*) You mean one of our cow-loving-boys? I don't think there is a path for them.

Rose: No, I mean our preacher.

Tom: What?? Why would you do such a thing?

Rose: C'mon, you know I really like that pretty, holy face. Don't you think I can break his approach?

Tom: You know what? I heard some things about him. Heard he is not as innocent as people think.

Rose: The hell you say?

Tom: Yes, hell is not so far. He used to be the same as other normal people. Sins, alcohol, shootin' people and stuff. But one day the Bible saved his life and he turned to the Lord.

Rose: The Bible saved his life? He had it in his pocket and it stopped a bullet?

Tom: You crazy? That's just some stuff from books. No, he was in a gunfight in a saloon and he had no bullets, so he throw a Bible at some guy's head. The guy passed out like our cow-lovers do almost every night.

Rose: So, that's it? Book, bang, and I am a preacher?

Tom: That's what I've heard.

Rose: So, I could have a shot ...

Tom: Yes, you can also get shot if you drive him crazy.

Bob and Dylan, both drunk, have a "little" fight over the cards.

Bob: Yeah, 4 queens!! You're loser of the day! *(pushes a bottle or whatever off the table)*

Dylan: Hey, you must be cheating! I haven't had any queen for ages. *(bangs on the table with a full glass, spilling beer)*

Bob: 'cause you are a disgusting drunk who's not attractive to women?!

Dylan: Don't you dare talk about ... what are you talking about?

Bob: What are *you* talking about??

Dylan: About ... naah, I don't know. ... But you're a cheater!

Bob: *(stands up quickly)* Say that one more time and -- *(Grabs a chair; gets ready to shake it at him)*

Dylan: You're a cheater! *(grabs a different chair)*

Bob: Hey, I didn't finish threatening!

Dylan: Awww, I'm sorry ... go on!

Bob: Once again and I'll beat your small cowbrain out!

Dylan: *(after a while)* You're a cheater!

Bob: Enough! *(wants to hit Dylan but misses him and fall down)*

Tom: Hey, fellas, calm down. Don't you dare break more stuff here! *(comes to them, picks up chair)* Hey, you see? It's already broken! You think I have no other work to do when I come home

than to repair furniture?!

Cowboys ignore him.

Dylan: *(laughing, to Bob)* Hey, where's my cowbrain, little buddy?

Tom: That's the question!

Bob: *(standing up and grabbing Dylan)* You bastard! I'll show you! *(they're fighting)*

Tom and Matthew: *(trying to stop them)* Hey, hey, calm down boys!

Bob and Dylan sit down, Tom gives them beers. Dylan drinks a whole beer at once and pass out. Bob drinks his beer, stands up.

Bob: *(to Dylan)* Come on, coward, we have work in the morning. *(looks at Dylan)* ... or stay here if you want.

Rose: *(comes to Bob)* If you're not too tired, I can go with you instead of him.

Bob: ... ooooooh, I'd choose your company any day, honey.

Rose: You could if you could afford it.

Bob thinks for second. They leave together.

Alex runs into the bar holding a toy gun against Dylan

Alex: Boom, boom, boom! Ha, I killed you, Dylan. You're dead.

Maggie: Alex!!!

Alex: Oops! Hi, mom.

Jane *(entering):* Look! I found Alex!

Maggie *(ignoring Jane, hugs Alex and cries):* Where have you been? I was so worried. Who were you speaking with? Bob and Dylan saw you.

Alex: Mom, calm down. I'm OK. And the two idiots are wrong. I wasn't speaking with anyone.

Jane: You're OK, but your family's NOT! Do you ever think about something other than stupidity? I can't believe that you are related to me!

Maggie: Jane, Alex is still a child.

Jane: Child? Alex is not a child anymore. If you were a good mother, you would set better rules.

Maggie: Sister! You can't be serious!

Jane: I am serious. Very serious. I told you not to let Alex do anything at all. If it was up to me, I would be as strict as possible. *(to Alex)* You should help me in my office instead of messing around. What do you think you'll become when you grow up?

Alex: A criminal!

Jane: *(turns to others)* Ha! I thought so! *(to Alex)* You must be insane, child! *(to Maggie)* Come on! Say something to Alex! It's your child! This is not normal!

Maggie: Alex, that's not the right choice. But don't worry. We will figure out something you would

love to do. *(takes Alex's hand and both leave the bar)*

Jane *(shouting)*: Maggie, at least you should have a brain! It's not about loving your job. Are you listening to me?! *(goesafter them)*

Matthew *(goes over to bar)*: Give me one more drink before I go.

Tom: It's been a hard day, huh?

Matthew: Trying to show people the right path is not an easy job, as you can see.

Tom: Oh, I think you definitely need one more drink. *(He gives him another drink.)*

Matthew: Thank you. I just don't understand why people don't follow my example and turn towards God's path and prefer, instead of this, living in sin.

Tom: Oh, come on, Matthew, it's not so bad.

Matthew: Really? Just take a look at Dylan. Could he fall even further? *(Dylan falls on the ground. Matthew sighs.)* He drank so much he's dead to the world. *(to Dylan)* Hey, Dylan, wake up; it's time for you to go home.

Tom: I don't think that he can go home alone in his situation.

Matthew: Once again, I will do the right thing and I will take him out.

Tom: Let God help you in this difficult path that you chose.

Matthew: Thank you, Tom. Goodnight. See you tomorrow. Come on, Dylan, let's go home. *(he helps him to stand up and they went out)*

Tom *(while wiping the tables)*: Goodnight guys and be careful!

Finishes cleaning and turns light off

Day 2

Tom walks into the bar, turns on lights, starts to get ready for the upcoming day. Maybe singing a Dylan song to himself (e.g., Knocking on Heaven's Door)

Tom *(mumbling while cleaning the mess Bob and Dylan left the previous day)* Morons... getting drunk all the time... breaking stuff...

Tom goes off stage to the cellar. Rose enters

Rose: Hey! Is anyone here?

Tom *(from backstage)* One minute!

Rose sits by the bar

Tom *(while returning from the cellar and carrying bottles)* Hey, Rose! Sorry, I had to go to the cellar to restore the inventory since Bob and Dylan drunk or broke most of what I had here yesterday.

Rose: No big deal, sweetheart. *(Smiling)* I sometimes wonder why you even let Bob and Dylan in.

Tom: Oh, it's mostly because they really do leave most of their money here. Besides, I kind of like them. When they're around, one never gets bored, no matter what.

Rose: I didn't say I don't like them; I like them a lot. Besides, they're virtually the only customers I get in this town. But what could I want. Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious town just isn't built for this kind of profession.

Tom: Don't worry, you're not the only one. I don't get a lot of customers here either.

Rose: Oh stop complaining and give me the usual please.

Tom gives her a drink. Amy enters with a painting in her hand

Amy: Hi, Rose! Hi, Tom!

Rose and Tom: Hello, Amy.

Amy: Guess what I've got for you!

Tom *(peeking nervously at the painting)* I have no idea.

Amy: I painted a picture for you!

Tom: Oh, you shouldn't have.

Amy: It's nothing.

Tom: No, you're sweet, but you really shouldn't have. I have no room for it here.

Amy: But there's a place where it would look perfect! *(Points at an empty spot on the wall)*

Tom: Well, that might be true, but I really don't want it to be destroyed and you know how Bob and Dylan are when they start to drink. Plus I don't really think it fits the atmosphere and there would be no one to truly appreciate it in a bar.

Amy: But you haven't seen it yet!

Shows Tom and Tom looks at it really quickly

Tom: Yeah, I was right, it doesn't fit in here.

Rose: I think he's right, Amy. The bar atmosphere isn't good for the painting.

Amy: Well, if you think so... *(Excited)* I'll paint a new one right now!

Amy gets up, sits, takes out brushes, etc., and starts painting excitedly

Tom *(looking at Amy)* That could have ended worse. I hate doing that, but you have to admit that having such an awful painting hung in here would probably scare off the few customers I have.

Rose: I guess so, but there's really nothing we can do about it except telling her the truth. But that would break her heart. I mean, how can you tell a painter that she's terrible at painting?

Tom: That's something I'd better figure out, and quickly, because I don't know how long I can keep doing that without her noticing.

Elliot enters

Elliot: Hi, everyone! *(goes and sits by the bar)*

All: Hi, Elliot!

Elliot *(to Tom)* How awe you? Ith buthineth good?

Tom: Oh you know, the usual. People come here, spend money, break stuff.

Elliot: Wook on the bwight thide, it could alwayth get worth.

Tom: Well, I suppose you're right.

Elliot: (*peeking at Amy but still talking to Tom*) What'th Amy doing hew?

Tom: Don't even mention it. She's painting something to hang here.

Elliot: (*not really listening to Tom*) Yeah, yeah, gweat, gweat. Did thhe thay anything about me?

Tom: (*a little irritated by Elliot suddenly changing the subject*) No, I don't think she did. Why? Did something happen?

Elliot: (*obviously disappointed, still peeking at her*) No, it'th nothing.

Tom goes back to polishing tables.

Elliot (*to Rose so Tom doesn't hear*): I need youw help, Wothe.

Rose: You do, huh? (*smiles happily at the prospect of a new customer*)

Elliot: Um, uhm. I need some advithe... about w-w-women.

Rose: Oh, you're sooo sweet (*touches him on the shoulder*). I like shy men.

Elliot: Y-you don't undethand (*looks at Amy*). What I weawy need ith -

Cowboys enter, totally hungover.

Bob: Oh, Tom! What did you do to us? My bowels feel like grass gone through a cow's digestive system...

Dylan: That's what you get when you suck beer like an infant sucks milk, cow-brain!

Bob: At least I didn't pass out!

Dylan sticks his tongue out at him and sits weakly.

Rose (*whispering to Tom*): He followed close behind, right in the middle. (*they laugh*)

Bob: Tom, please, give us something to kill this terrible headache before we go to work.

Tom: I'll be right over, sunshine!

Bob (*goes to sit by Dylan and mumbles*): Yeah, sunshine... killing my eyes...

Tom brings them mugs, sits down, they make faces.

Dylan: Oh, not that again! It's even worse than being sick!

Tom: Don't exaggerate. It always helps, doesn't it, Rose?

Rose (*frowning*): Sure, it's so successful, that when they come back in the evening, they will drink as much as the night before... (*turns back to Elliot who is staring at Amy again and she puts smile back on her face*) So what was it you wanted before, honey?

Elliot opens his mouth, but Amy suddenly cuts in, cleaning her brushes.

Elliot: I ... I --

Amy (*to cowboys, not looking at them*): You should listen to Tom, you two. He means well. He was so nice to promise to hang this painting here when I am through with it.

Bob (*turns to Tom, they talk low enough not to be heard by Amy*): I must be really sick if what I hear is true. *Cowboys laugh.*

Tom: Cut that out and drink! I didn't say any such thing.

Amy: Tom, could you please come here? I am thinking about... (*Tom rolls his eyes*) about... how to say it? Do you think that a combination of green and red in this part will enhance the willingness of potential customers to spend their earnings more freely when they come to satisfy their need for alcohol into your bar?

Tom: I'm sorry?

Amy: Oh never mind. You don't have a creative spirit anyway... (*to herself*) I will add midnight-blue, yes, that will help.

Tom returns to bar. Jane enters, looking grumpy.

Jane: To hell with work! (*Notices Elliot*) You idiot, tell me: what did you do with the posters? Did you mistake them for lettuce?!

Elliot: I hung them, ath you told me.

Everybody except for Amy looks at them.

Jane: Nah, why am I even talking to you?! You don't remember what you had for breakfast, no way are you going to remember what happened yesterday!

Elliot (*quietly, head hung low*): I had thauthageth. And beanth. Green beanth. Yeth...

Jane: Tom, give me a beer, please. (*sighs*) This is horrible. No matter what I do, this absurd town seems to be upside down all the time! I could spend my life telling people to organize their lives, and it wouldn't do any good! NOW! Why won't anybody listen to me?!!!

Tom hurries with a beer. She drinks thirstily.

Elliot: But I weawy hung them, Jane, I thwea!

Jane: Then somebody must have taken them down!

Tom: Do you think somebody could have stolen them?

Excited whispering.

Jane: That's the stupidest-- (*looks around suspiciously*) No... Maybe you are right. Yes!

Bob: Err, but what would somebody do with them? Wipe their b --

Jane: You idiot! Can't you see? The criminals could have done it!

Rose yelps.

Dylan: You saw them?

Everybody starts panicking.

Jane: No! Calm down! I didn't and even if I had, it wouldn't help, because I didn't see the posters!

Amy: I could paint new ones.

Jane: Oh my goodness! Does everybody have to be so stupid?! Obviously you couldn't! Nobody knows how they look!

Elliot: I know! I know!

Amy (*grabbing papers and a pencil*): Tell me!

Elliot: Well ... (*coming closer to her*) They had hai ... thith wong ... Yeth, mouthtache, fo thur one of them had a mouthtache. And ... thei eyeth, they wooked... mean. Thewy thewy mean. And wude.

Amy (*shows her drawing*): Like this?

Elliot: Not pwethithwy ... I mean, they ... they ...

Jane: Oh, cut it out! We're wasting time here! Come, Elliot! We are going to investigate!

They leave. Maggie, Alex and Matthew enter the bar and go to sit.

Matthew (*wise voice*): You see, Alex, if you want to follow the right path, all you have to do is talk to me. Psalms 1:1 "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

Alex: Really? Just to talk to you? No learning? Wow, I'm sooo interested.

Maggie: Alex! Don't be so stubborn. Matthew wants to help you.

Alex: If he truly wants to help me, he could buy me a new gun.

Matthew: That's what I'm talking about. Instead of a gun, try reading the Bible. You would be surprised if you knew how many interesting things you can read in it. (*pensively*) I used to be like you, once. Small and irrational and-

Alex (*angrily*): I'm NOT small!!!

Tom comes to offer them drinks.

Maggie: Would you give us the usual, Tom?

Tom: Of course. So Alex, still want to be a good criminal?

Alex (*enthusiastically*): Yea! The best criminal in Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town!

Tom: I bet you will be some day. (*winks at Alex*)

Maggie: Tom, you shouldn't support him.

Tom: Sorry, Mags. (*leaves*)

Matthew: Alex, I've decided to read to you from the Bible.

Maggie: That's a good idea, Matthew. (*smiles at him*)

Alex: Noooo, what for?

Maggie: Alex! Just sit and listen!

Tom (*brings them drinks*): Here you are.

Maggie: Thank you.

Alex rolls eyes, puts head on hand and listens.

Bob: Well, we should go. Our cows are waiting for us.

Dylan: Not yet. (*shouts*) One more beer, Tom. (*Tom nods*)

Bob: No, Dylan. We really need to go.

Dylan: No, Bob. We really don't.

Bob: Yes, we DO!

Dylan: Arrrrrrg! Fine. But next time you buy me a beer.

Bob: Forget it!

Both (*getting up and leaving*): Bye now.

Matthew: So, Alex, what do you think about it? Did you like it?

Alex: Do I have to study the Bible?

Matthew: Alex, I'm not specially educated; the only education I have is the education that God gave me. My job is not to force others to believe, or to tell them that they must obey, but maybe you should listen to me and open up to God.

Alex: God wants to open me?

Matthew: No, of course not!

Alex: But you just said that!

Matthew: Grrrrrrrrrr! (*breathing exercises*) Romans 5:3-4, "And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worked patience; and patience, experience; and experience, hope:" I need a break to get back my hope. Maggie, you have the patience of a saint to deal with this. (*takes his drink and goes to another table*)

Maggie (*disappointedly*): Alex, why don't you even try to understand Matthew?

Alex: Mom, he is brainwashed by his Bible.

Maggie: Don't speak like that. You should go and apologize. Hm?

Alex: No way! (*Alex and Maggie drink, Rose joins Matthew*)

Rose: What's wrong, honey? What is bothering your heart?

Matthew: Nothing.

Rose: Oh, come on. Maybe I could help you. Listen to your troubles, hug you. You know you need it.

Matthew: You're nice, Rose.

Rose: You think? And I can be nice only for you. Your glass is empty. Tom, give our Matthew another beer.

Tom: Whoa, YOUR Matthew, not mine! (*gives Matt beer*)

Matthew: Thank you, both. You're the only ones I can talk to here.

Rose: You know we'll be here for you any time you want. Even at night. (*strokes Matthew on his leg*)

Matthew: James 1:2 "Consider it wholly joyful, my brethren, whenever you are enveloped in or encounter trials of any sort or fall into various temptations."

Rose: You know, with all the people passing out drunk around here, I'm almost a virgin.

Jesse enters and goes to bar.

Jesse: Hey, good bartender, give some fresh stuff to one thirsty man in the middle of this hot hell.

Tom: Hello, stranger. What will it be?

Jesse: Gimme some cold beer and some whiskey, but not some cheap gold water from Missouri, your best one!

Tom: All right then, wait a moment. (*Goes to check his inventory*)

Jesse is looking at the people in the bar, meet the eyes of Matthew and smiles archly at him and Rose. Matthew looks ashamed. Tom comes back with a bottle.

Tom: This is the best we have for our whiskey expert. (*Pours some in glass*)

Jesse: You can bet I am an expert! (*Tries the smell and taste of the drink*) Tastes fine, thank you, old man. (*Tom looks confused about his age*). So, what's new in this town?!

Tom: It depends ...

Jesse: ...on what?

Tom: How long have you been away?

Jesse: I have never been here before. Why would I have?

Tom: So, why do you ask about new things in the town?

Jesse: You guess...

Tom: Errr... (*Thinking for a while*)... aaaah, you wanna know something about our Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town!!

Jesse: About what?

Tom: Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town. That's the name of this place.

Jesse: For the love of God, why?! (*Matthew focuses for a second on the mention of God*)

Tom: I don't know, maybe the first men here found out that the only Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious thing around here is the name of the town they established.

Jesse: (*looks around bar*) They were surely right, I guess. What's happening here as the days go by?

Tom: You know, some cows are tipped, some people are blessed (*gestures at Matthew*), some people are loved (*gestures at Rose*), some people are drunk, some of them sober ... sometimes. But I don't like the last ones; I don't need them.

Jesse: Yeah, I understand. I also don't like people I don't need. But I don't need anyone, so I'm not busy with liking people.

Tom: So, talking about you, who are you exactly?

Jesse: (*a little confused*) You don't know me?

Tom: (*hesitantly*) Noooo?

Jesse: Really? Never seen this face? (*pointing at his face*)

Tom: Well ... I ... um ... no ...

Jesse: I am Jesse ... Jesse James!

Tom: Errr ... and why should I know you?

Jesse: You never heard of me??

Tom: No, what should I have heard?

Jesse: (*confused; after a while*) ... nothing, gimme more. (*gives Tom empty glass, Tom pours more whiskey*)

Tom: You know, it's hard to get to know many new people in this city. We're the middle of nowhere, and strangers are not easy to come by. (*snappily*) Also, if there's the possibility to get to know something about some people from at least wanted posters, they disappear.

Jesse starts chocking on beer; calms down after a moment.

Jesse: They what?? What posters? What ... what?

Tom: Wanted posters from the capital. They arrived yesterday, but sooner than we could've seen them, someone grabbed them down. Sheriff was crazy about that; now she's out looking for the thief, 'cause we don't know the faces of the criminal fools.

Jesse: Poster thief?? Criminals?? Female sheriff?

Tom: Yeah, but nothing special in this town, I think.

Jesse thinks about some devilish plans. Billy enters.

Billy: (*to Jesse*) I knew it was you!

Everyone looks at him.

Billy: Not you (*waves away other people*). You! (*points at Jesse*)

Others calm down, Tom turns away and starts cleaning glasses.

Jesse: You are chasing me? Why would you do that?

Billy: (*comes to the bar*) I'm not. Why would I do that? I saw you coming to the town. I'd know that cowardly beast from miles away!

Jesse: (*gestures outside*) My horse is more brave than you've ever been even when he's drinking from the river.

Billy: I wasn't talkin' about your horse.

Jesse: You think I'm a coward?? You must be kiddin' me!!

Billy: Why would I be? No surprise you like the fastest horses in the country. *(to Tom)* One beer please!

Tom: Sure. *(gets him beer)*

Jesse: You say I'm escaping, fool?? I heard why they call you Billy the Kid *(emphasis on KID)*.

Billy: *(quietly)* Shhhh!!! Quiet, man, we both are wanted.

Jesse: Don't worry, you craven fool. No one knows us here.

Billy: ... the hell you say? No one knows me here??

Jesse: That's right. Me neither.

Billy: Yeah, the results of the greatest garbage thief in the West competition aren't known here, I get it.

Jesse: You're not able to steal garbage even from a blind man! But are you listening?!? *(whisper yelling)* No one knows us here!

Billy: *(after a while)* ... hey, we can do something!!

Jesse: Good morning! Your brain's not slow only during shooting, right?

Billy: Shut up. I'd shoot first and I'd smoke two cigarettes before firing!

Jesse: Right, with your guns?? Don't be silly, I'd crate one before your rifles fired.

Billy: Be quiet. So they didn't get the wanted posters I wanted to steal?? You know, just the nice ones.

Jesse: I know, with my lovely face.

Billy: Sure, Mr. Uglyface.

Jesse: They got them, but before they saw them, they disappeared.

Billy confused. Elliot's scream comes from outside.

Elliot: FI-EW, FI-EW!!! *(enters, citizens stand up)* Huwy up, Jane'th offithe ith on fi-ew!!! Come, help uth!!

Everyone except Elliot and strangers runs out. Amy comes back for paintings and brushes and runs out again.

Elliot looks at strangers. They finish drinks and start to leave.

Elliot: *(stares on them for a second)*...I - I - I know you!! You awe thothe criminalth fom the pothteth!! You awe undew awetht!!

Billy and Jesse look at each other, wink on each other and grab Elliot. One of them sticks a scarf in his mouth. He is trying to shout for help. Billy hits him once, Elliot pass out. Jesse take him on the shoulder and they leave.

Jesse: *(during leaving)* You know the name of this town??

Billy: Naah.

Jesse: It's supercal...eerer, me neither. *(from outside)* But it's more ridiculous than Wyoming!

Tom and Rose enter the bar

Tom: It's unbelievable how that guy can make such a fuss over nothing!

Rose: You're right, Tom! I have never met ANYONE who exaggerates that much! One would say that he is an expert on exaggerating! Ha ha!

Tom: Well, I thought that the whole office was on fire as he was so hysterical! And it was just a candle which set a few sheets of paper on fire.

Rose: Yeah, but we're lucky he's hysterical only in this way ... Imagine him exactly like Jane. He would probably cuss so long before going for help that the office would surely burn to ashes.

Tom and Rose are laughing together when suddenly Jane enters yelling angrily

Jane: WHERE IS HE?! WHERE IS THAT LOWEST OF MANKIND?! And WHY THE HELL did he not come to the office to help us put the fire out! *(Jane seeing them smiling)* Do you find it funny?!

Rose *(with fear in her voice):* N-n-no way....

Tom: Keep calm, Jane! There is no need to be furious, right?

Jane: *(frowning at Tom and walks slowly towards him)* No need to be furious? Really? Really? REALLY?! *(Jane is standing face to face Tom yelling at him)* HE.SET.MY.OFFICE.ON.FIRE!!!

Rose: Jane, it was not that bad! Just a few sheets of paper were on fire, not the whole office.

Jane: *(fiercely turns to Rose)* Are you mad?! That guy set my files on fire by knocking over a candle! How am I supposed to be calm in this situation?! He is an idiot ... a total IDIOT! Why would ANYONE have lit a candle in the middle of the day?! I'll shoot him I swear I'll shoot that stupid bastard when I see him! *(gesturing angrily)*

Tom and Rose look at each other and nod approvingly, they pull her to a chair at the bar. Tom brings her a drink and Jane drinks.

Tom: Breathe in and then out. Calm down. Eeeeverything is alright.... *(when he sees that Jane is calmer)* Elliot was in the bar because as everyone ran to the office to extinguish the fire he did not want to leave the bar unguarded so he stayed here.

Jane: Nah, I doubt it. Tom, I don't understand why you defend that little mongrel! I bet that he is hiding somewhere! He is worthless as usual! What have I done to deserve a deputy like this?! There has never been a moment where he would behave in a heroic way! What was I thinking when I hired this piece of nothing? He is a shame on his predecessors. They did their work much better. ... Not much better, A MILLION TIMES BETTER that this shit-for-brains!

Tom: But, Jane --

Jane: Oh, have I already told you what this coward did when he saw a snake?! *(Rose and Tom shake their heads)* We were on a mission ... looking for some criminals in the desert and then, there, in the middle of nowhere there was this tiny harmless snake, not even a dangerous one like a rattlesnake! Did you know what that cowardly dog did? He hid himself behind a massive cactus and he was hiding there for days! *(Jane sighs)* And we lost the criminals.... Argh! Even now I can't talk about it calmly!

Jane slams into the table angrily and leaves. Bob and Dylan enter; a little drunk already - this is obvious in the way they walk and talk throughout the rest of the scene.

Bob (while entering the bar): I really need another drink right now. I am am starting to sober up.

Dylan: Yes, me too. This day is too long. We shouldn't have been drinking at work, anyways.

Bob: But what happened here? Where is everybody? (*looking around the nearly empty bar*)

Dylan: You are right, this is strange. Let's go to ask Tom. (*to Tom*) Hey Tom, why is the bar empty? Where are all the people? (*They sit in front of him.*)

Tom: You didn't hear the news? Elliot came here earlier and told us that Jane's office was on fire, so everybody left to go to help extinguish the fire. He was so panicked.

Bob: No waaaay. That is so coool!! I can't believe that we missed it. (*to Dylan*) I told you to leave earlier from the job, cow-brain! Look what happened and we weren't here.

Dylan: Oh shut up, Bob. You think this is funny? (*to Tom*) So, is everything OK now? Did they extinguish the fire?

Tom: Yes, yes, it was nothing serious. Elliot was overreacting like always.

Dylan: Oh, that's good. Now I can have my drink. Give me a beer

Bob: Make that 2. And 4 whiskeys. (*Tom gives them the beers, they drink a whiskey each, and they go to sit at a table and start playing cards*).

Billy and Jesse enter the bar.

Jesse: Hey guys, what's up?

Bob: Hey, I am beating his ass again at cards. (*to Dylan*) Eat my dust, 3 Queens again!! (*to Jesse*) Come, come, have a seat with us! (*grabs a chair to sit*)

Billy: Yes, let's all play together .

Jesse (*to Tom*): Bring us 2 beers, we have a game to play here! (*they sit down to the table and start playing cards all together.*)

Bob: Yeah, and beers and whiskeys for me and Dylan.

Jesse: So, Tom told me today that the posters of the criminals are missing and the sheriff is looking for them. Do you know anything about the criminals?

Dylan: Of course not! We don't even know how they look.

Bob: Don't know even their names. We know nothing.

Billy and Jessie looking at each other.

Jesse: Yes, but is it possible for them to escape from the town so easily? It's not so small, is it?

Bob: Of course it is. Come on, we are talking about Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town. Most of the people don't even know that this town exists on the map.

Dylan: Yes, it is quite small you know. (*To Bob*) Ohhhhh, who is eating dust now? I think that we have the winner here. Cheers! (*he raises his glass and drinks his whole beer in once*) I told you, coowwbrai n n n (*he passes out on the table*)

Bob: Oh, look at him; he is so drunk that he passed out. Could this be a n y m o o r e f u n n n n y? (*he passes out too*).

Billy: Oh my god; how stupid are they?

Jesse: You know, they don't recognize us ... (*looking thoughtful*) We can get away with anything!

Billy: For once in your life, you are right. But how can you steal anything from them when you can't even steal from someone with two glass eyes? (*starts laughing*)

Jesse: Shut up, you fool! You shouldn't talk when you can't run faster than a one-legged man.

Billy: Oh I am so sorry, at least I have robberies to be proud of. What do you have? The robberies of the grocery shop next to your house?

Jesse: You are talking to me about robberies? I am the one where everyone is talking about his robberies.

Billy: I don't want to make you sad, but one is the best in robberies here and that is not you.

Jesse: Oh, you don't want to compare each other. Do you? (*talking more loudly*)

Billy: I dare you!

Tom: Hey, guys, you need to take it outside, I am sorry... I have to close the bar.

Billy: OK, we are leaving now, goodnight!

Jesse: See you, Tom!

Tom: Goodnight, guys! (*to Bob and Dylan*) Come on guys, wake up, you need to go. (*throws water on them*)

Bob: What ... what happened?

Tom: I need to close the bar, so get up!

Dylan: Oh, come on Bob, let's go. (*they are leaving*)

Tom (*to Rose*): Finally, I will get some rest. (*he wipes tables*)

Rose: At least you are working no matter what. What should I say when I am still here instead of working? Pff, they got so drunk tonight that was too difficult for me to work!

Tom: Come on Rose, let's go. You need some rest too! (*turns off the lights*)

Day 3

Tom walks into the bar, turns on lights and starts to get ready for the upcoming day. Maybe singing a Dylan song to himself (e.g., Like a Rolling Stone)

Mathew rushes in, constantly looking over his shoulder, terrified

Tom: Good morning Matthew, can I offer you -

Matthew: Shhhh! So she can't find me! (*dives behind the bar*)

Tom: Calm down; so who can't find you?

Matthew: (*peeking from behind the bar*) Amy, who else? She said she would paint pictures of saints for me. But I don't want them!

Tom: (*laughing*) Well, I can't exactly help you in this field since I'm in the same position as you are. It would be so much easier if she knew what a terrible painter she is. Too bad that no one here has the stomach to tell her. But I think you can get out of there for now. I'll warn you if I see her coming.

Matthew: (*slowly, not confidently getting up from behind the bar, but stays next to Tom at the opposite side of the bar*) Thank you, Tom; may God bless you. And you are absolutely right. I personally wouldn't mind her painting them, but it would be a disgrace and I don't want her to end up in the eternal flames of hell for that. As Revelation 20:10 says, "And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever." Today just couldn't have started worse. First I can't find my cross and then this.

Rose enters

Rose: Hey boys. (*winks at Matthew*)

Matthew: Hello, Rose. (*looks a bit unconfident of her winking at him*)

Tom: Hey, Rose. How are you?

Rose: Don't even ask. You know I didn't have any business yesterday. But that apparently wasn't enough. This morning, I couldn't find my favorite underskirt. Seems a little bit weird, I'm usually really careful about my stuff. Normally I'd say it was a drunk customer who just wanted a souvenir but like I said, I didn't have anyone yesterday evening.

Matthew: I told Tom a moment ago I wasn't able to find my cross this morning. What a coincidence!

Tom: (*to himself*) Seems a little weird to me for it to be a coincidence ...

Maggie rushes in hysterically followed by a totally calm Alex

Maggie: (*falls on her knees and bursts out crying*) Oh goooood... Precious... My mother...

Rose: What happened to you Maggie?

Maggie: (*makes a series of incomprehensible attempts to speak, bursts out again*)

Alex: Oh, it's nothing, she just couldn't find her jewellery box today. But you know what she's like. Somebody, please, calm her down already! I can't do it myself.

The two of them walk Maggie to a chair and start comforting her

Tom: I'm starting to think that this isn't just a mere coincidence.

Matthew: What are you talking about Tom? Robbers? Here in Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town? I don't think so, even though this is indeed a town of sin.

Tom: Don't judge the situation so quickly and mark my word, Matthew, something just doesn't click in this whole thing. Look out! (*pushes Matthew down*)

Amy enters, Matthew hides back behind the bar

Amy: Hi, everyone! Has anyone seen Matthew?

Everyone looks at Matthew peeking from the bar, he shakes his head

All: No!

Alex: He's not here, Amy.

Amy: Hmm, that's weird, I was sure I saw him come in here a while ago. Anyway, I seem to have lost my brushes. Any chance you saw them?

Tom: (*exaggeratedly fast*) No, I'm sure no one here saw them.

Matthew gets from behind the bar

Matthew: Oh, so that means that you can't paint now? What a terrible shame. I'm really sorry for your loss, Amy.

Amy: (*surprised*) Oh hello Mathew, what are you doing here? And what were you doing down there?

Matthew: I was... errr... praying.

Amy: Oh, I see. Alright. And you don't have to worry, I can still paint the saints for you. I've got a set of spare brushes, so you don't have to worry.

Matthew: (*disappointed*) Oh, that's terrific, Amy, but I don't think that it's necessary—

Amy grabs him and starts pulling him from the bar

Amy: Yes, let's go to your place to see where we can hang them, okay?

Mathew: (*almost crying*) Of course, Amy; I'd be glad to.

They both leave. Tom looks amused after Amy and Matthew, then turns back to the others

Tom: (*to Rose*) See Rose? You aren't the only ones who lost something, now it's Amy too. I told you, this whole thing stinks.

Rose: Oh, don't be silly. Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town hasn't had any robberies for years. Murders, that's a different question, but not robberies.

Tom: I know, but this is just too much for it to be a coincidence.

Rose: Well, good luck trying to explain to Jane that she has burglars in her own town.

Tom: Hell no; I'm not going to tell her. You know what she's like, she'll even blame me and I don't want that.

Rose: Nobody wants that. Who else would be getting us drunk instead of you?

Tom: Good to know that's the only reason you like me.

Rose: (*smiling*) Oh you know I'm just joking, sweetheart.

Tom: Thanks, it's good to hear that. But I still can't shake the thought of robberies out of my head. You know what? I'll go to check my inventory to see if I'm missing something as well. I hope I'm wrong, but you can never be sure.

Tom goes to check his inventory. Jane enters with Billy and Jesse.

Jane: Guys, it's great I met you. It is good to relax sometimes with people who aren't absolutely stupid. Thanks for inviting me.

Billy: Sure, you're welcome, we're happy to invite you for a drink.

Jesse: That's right, no other intentions . *(Billy looks at him sharply)*

Jane: *(to Tom)* Hey Tom, bring us some beers. ... Tom?! *(looking everywhere and trying to find him)* Where is that bartender? Shouldn't he be ... at the bar?! *(getting angry)* TOOOOOM!!

Tom: *(from the inventory)* COMING!! *(comes back)* I was in the cellar. It's empty!! Everything in that room is gone!

Jane: What?? We have nothing to drink?

Tom: Really? That's the problem?

Jane: And what is the problem??

Tom *(sarcastically)*: Mmm, I don't know, maybe that stolen stuff is something I need to earn money?!

Rose: You said stolen?? Someone stole it?

Tom: No, I made it disappear, just because I love magic. Of course it must have been stolen!

Jesse: So we have nothing to drink?

Tom: Sure we do, but my alcohol isn't in its place!!

Billy: So can you offer us anything?

Tom: Is ANYBODY listening to me?? *(trying to calm down)* Aaaah, calm down Tommy, it's not the end of the world...

Jane: Sooo ... can you bring us something.

Tom: Of course I can. I have one hidden room full of alcohol this thief didn't find. *(Billy and Jesse look at each other meaningfully)* And I still have some beer here.

Jane: OK, three beers then.

Tom: *(sharply)* Fine!

Jane, Billy and Jesse sit.

Jane: I don't understand it. Why are these robberies happening at the same time?? We haven't had any thieves here for ... *(tries to count on her hands)* ... for a really long time!

Jesse: No idea. When did it begin?

Jane: I think the wanted posters were first.

Billy: And you haven't found them yet??

Jane: *(little upset)* Are you trying to tell me something??

Billy: No no no, I'm just curious if you still have a lot of troubles. I hate it when sheriffs have troubles.

Jane: Thank you...No, posters are still gone

Jane drinks, Billy and Jesse look at each other happily

Jane: So guys, what led you to Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town?

Jesse: That's very good question. And I have to say, I'm really happy I came here. Such nice people here *(looks at Rose and smiles at her)*

Jane: OK, but why did you two come here?

Billy: You know, we're just traveling around, looking for some people which are good at what they do. And we found you!

Jane: ... so?

Jesse: We really admire how respected you are in this town.

Jane: You know, a sheriff has to be uncompromising and strict. Otherwise the citizens all do what they want and make the town messy.

Billy: And surely it's not your case.

Jane: It wouldn't be, if the citizens weren't such stupid jerks sometimes!! You see now? We have a thief here! Unbelievable!!

Cowboys enter, holding each other around shoulders, hopping on one leg.

Bob: Hey, guys! You wouldn't believe it.

Jane: *(to Billy and Jesse)* Speaking of stupid jerks ...

Bob: Look!

Both cowboys raise their bare feet for others to see.

Dylan: Our left shoes disappeared!

Bob: Yes! This very night. We had to watch over the cows half barefoot. You know, that's not the good idea with cow sh-

Dylan: Shut up Bob, don't make me think about that accident again.

Bob: You know you still stink?

Dylan *(sighs)*: We should have a drink. *(hops to the bar)* And then find out where the shoes are. No way am I going to the cows like this again.

Bob: Isn't it weird that just one of each of our shoes is gone??

Tom *(sarcastically)*: Ohhh, yes it is. You think someone made them disappear too??

Dylan: Too? What else is gone?

Rose: All of Tom's alcohol is gone.

Bob and Dylan: WHAT?? *(look at each other)*

Bob: But ... that would explain why I don't remember anything from yesterday. *(sits down)*

Dylan: *(sits too)* You think?? I don't remember how much we drunk.

Tom: *(to himself)* And why is that?

Bob: You think we lost them??

Dylan: It could be possible. But we both lost one of them? That's a curious coincidence.

Bob: But what if someone really made them disappear?? What if we have ghosts here??

Dylan: Ghosts in Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town?? Don't be ridiculous! In Deadwood? Maybe then I'd understand the name of that city. But not here.

Bob: You think there are ghosts in Deadwood??

Dylan: It really is possible, I think.

Bob: And do you think they came here for our shoes??

Dylan: Can you tell me why not?

Alex *looking at them, facepalming*: Come on, are you stupid? Cause it looks very possible. Why are you so very dumb about such a small thing?

Bob: Hey, watch your mouth, little one. It is too serious a thing to make jokes about.

Alex: ... like you know what serious means.

Dylan: Hey! *(stands up to chase Alex)*

Jane: *(angry)* Stop it and shut up already!! *(to Billy and Jesse)* You see what I'm talking about?? Totally stupid fools. *(to Bob and Dylan)* Don't be idiotic!! There are more important issues to solve.

Bob: Like what?

Jane: Like Tom's alcohol, which evidently doesn't belong to Tom anymore.

Dylan: But what is there to solve? I thought we were responsible for that.

Tom: No, you're not. My alcohol disappeared. I came to my cellar today and it was gone.

Bob: No way!! Someone stole all the alcohol?? WE'RE DOOOOOMED!!

Tom: And it's not the only missing thing.

Maggie: That is true. My jewelry is also gone since last night.

Rose: And my underwear.

Tom: *(pensively)* Maybe ... there is some connection.

Dylan: Yeah, we have some kind of steal-everything robber!

Bob: And he must have stolen our shoes!!

Alex: *(ironic)* Yes, I bet that thief came from far, far away just to steal two smelly shoes from two smelly cowboys. *(smiling)*

Bob: That's it kid! We'll show you..

Bob and Dylan start to run after Alex. Meanwhile the Joker comes, unnoticed, wrapped in a dark cloak, not facing the audience and sits alone. Tom goes to offer him a drink. Alex hides behind Maggie. Cowboys come to a halt. They won't touch Maggie.

Maggie *(strictly)*: That wasn't nice, nor brave, Alex. Apologize.

Alex *(peeps out)*: I am sorry that you are so stupid!

Bob: What did you just say, you little maggot?!

Jane *(stands up)*: Enough! Nobody talks like this to my relatives! Not even to Alex! Maggie! You are not able to take proper care of that little scum! If I had such a child, I would whip them from morning till EVENING, till they learned MANNERS! I don't understand why the Lord Almighty even allowed you to conceive a child, let alone raise one!!!

Maggie: Let's go, Alex. I don't need to hear that again.

Alex and Maggie leave.

Dylan: Right you are, Jane, right you are! He needs more discipline!

Bob: Exactly! And Dylan and I need more shoes!

Dylan: Perhaps you could find them?

Jane: You heap of unripe cow-brains!!! I don't give a damn about your shoes! Do you really think I have the time and mood to search for your missing shoes?! Do you think that that is something worth my precious time?! I'll go get Elliot to look for them! Maybe he, with his chicken-brain would consider this equal his abilities!!! *(storms off)*

Bob: Well, that will surely help.

Dylan: Yes, Elliot! What a miraculous prize!

Bob: I guess I will stay barefoot till the end of my life...

Go and sit, start playing cards.

Billy: Hey, did you grab the alcohol??

Jesse: What are you talking about?!

Billy: You know what I'm talking about. When I came here last night, it was gone!

Jesse: So? That doesn't mean I'm guilty. But what about the shoes?? You stole them?

Billy: You crazy? Not worth my time. I bet it wasn't any thief in case, what with those two idiots.

Jesse: You're probably right. But next time, we should make a plan so we are not trying to steal the same things.

Billy: OK.

Matthew and Amy enter

Matthew: Hi, Tom, give us beer. We have to celebrate the divine beauty that Amy was able to capture in her work. *(looks at Tom with disgust)*

Tom *(with smile on his face)*: OK.

Amy: Oh, Matthew, I'm so glad you are satisfied with my paintings. And you will be happier about our planned paintings of saints.

Matthew: I'm sure.

Tom gives them beers, Matthew and Amy drink

Amy: I'm so enthusiastic. No one can make better paintings than me. Finally someone realized.

Tom: Amy, your paintings are unique. We've known it for a long time.

Maggie and Alex enter.

Maggie (*nervously*): Has anyone seen Jane?

Tom: Maggie, what's going on?

Maggie: Our money is missing. (*starts crying*)

Tom: Maybe you just looked badly.

Maggie: No, I didn't.

Tom: How did you not realize it was gone till now?

Maggie: I ... I ... I ...

Tom *gives her a drink:* Take a drink, calm down a little, and then tell me.

Maggie *calms down a little:* After I heard that other things had gone missing, I checked more carefully where we had other things and when I went to see for sure, the money had disappeared. *starts crying again*

Alex: So many robberies in one day. I wonder who's responsible. At least I still have my gun. (*pulls a gun out and starts pointing it at everyone*).

Maggie: Alex, put that away.

Jane enters the bar.

Jane (screaming): Do any of you fools know where that stupid Elliot is? What the hell made me make him my deputy? I can't believe that there is someone so incompetent. Why no one is able to work? No one BUT ME? I have to do everything myself, AGAIN!

Maggie: Jane, you're finally here. My money is missing. And my jewellery.

Tom: Yeah, but also my bottles of alcohol. You have to admit that this is a serious crime.

Bob: Jane, don't forget about my shoe.

Dylan: And my shoe.

Amy: And my brushes. I know I have other ones, but I would really appreciate if you found them.

Rose: Jane, my underwear is gone too! You have to do something about it.

Jane explodes.

Jane: SHUT UP!!! EVERYONE! (silence) You are ALL so stupid! I do everything I can and no one appreciates me. You just sit there, drink, and don't do anything! You're exactly like that idiot! There is no chance that one of you sets to work and helps a little? Probably not. You are too stupid for it. No one other than me could possibly solve these crimes.

The Joker turns around from his table, throws away his cloak

TJ: Challenge accepted!

Everyone looks at him shocked (Maggie stops crying) and starts asking questions at once

Bob: Who are you?

Dylan: How did you get here?

Maggie: Why are you here?

Alex: Why do you look like a clown? Everyone look at him, we've got a clown in here! Hahaha!

Everyone starts laughing at him

TJ: (*doesn't notice them laughing*) I'm The Joker.

Jane: (*who has just gotten over the shock of TJ interrupting her*) Who do you think you are, running around --

Bob and Dylan *sing:* leaving scars collecting your jar of hearts and tearing love apart.

TJ *sings:* Some people call me the space cowboy, yeah / Some call me the gangster of love / Some people call me Maurice / 'Cause I speak of the pompatus of love *laughs*

Jane: And what makes you think, in the name of God (*Matthew starts paying attention*), that you could solve the crime?

TJ: *sings* Well don't you worry baby, don't worry, cause I'm right here, right here, right here, right at home. *end singing* This wouldn't be the first time I'd be involved in crime fighting. (*Aside*) I've just always been on the other side of the law (*laughs*) And look what I found under the table over there. *Throws shoes to Bob and Dylan*

Bob and Dylan slowly recognize their shoes

Bob: Oh, thank you! You're awesome!

Dylan: Yeah! You're great! Even better than Jane! (*Jane tries to kill him with her look*)

Bob: Maybe you could really solve the crime!

Everyone except Jane starts joining Bob and Dylan

Maggie: You could find our missing stuff!

Rose: You will definitely solve the crime! (*smiles at him*)

Tom: I even have a theory!

Everyone surrounds TJ, trying to shake his hand, flattering him, etc.

Jane: Everyone SHUT UP AND GO SIT DOWN! What do you even think you are doing?

Everyone stop and quickly go to their chairs, Rose stays near TJ, TJ watches everything amused

Maggie: You should calm down, Jane. It's not important who solves the crimes, the only important thing is them being solved, right?

Tom: We don't know him. He just showed up out of the blue. But maybe we can give him a chance to prove himself.

Jane: You really think so? Then what am I here for? No! I'll show you that I'm better! I'll solve the crimes myself. I don't need anyone else's help! And you know what? I'm gonna go to do that right now!

Jane leaves angrily, hits Bob and causes him to fall. Maggie looking after Jane leaving sadly

Maggie: (*sadly*) We should finally do something about this rage thing; she might even hurt someone!

Bob (*rubbing his arm*): No kidding!

Maggie: Come on, Alex, let's try to calm her down.

Maggie leaves, Alex follows annoyed

Tom: I'm still not sure about you, but if you can be better than her, then we all win.

Rose: So, handsome, are you gonna help us all? You might help some people even more! (*winks at him*)

TJ: Yes, of course I'll help you! (*aside*) Maybe it'll finally get me some respect.

Rose: (*constantly smiling and winking at him*) And how are you gonna investigate? I'm sure you have a lot of experience in this field, right?

TJ: Yeah, you could say that. Anyway, I will start this investigation by interrogating each one of you alone and I'll start with ... (*looks at all people present*) ... you! (*points at Rose*)

Rose: (*excited*) Sure, let's go interrogate me!

Rose grabs TJ's hand and they leave

Bob: Tom! Bring us bottles of rum and whiskey!

Tom: There in a minute, guys! (*polishing glasses*)

Tom brings them two bottles and two glasses

Dylan: Thanks Tom, but I think that we won't need those glasses!

Tom: Really?

Bob: Yeeeah, Dylan is right! We are going to celebrate! And when we celebrate, we celebrate properly! No glasses needed! Ha haaaaaa!

Tom: Ah. ... and what are you guys celebrating? I think this is not the right time for celebrations as our Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town is apparently plagued by some criminals.

Bob: But Tom! Our shoes were found and we are about to celebrate this big event! (*takes off his shoe and kisses it with a big smack*)

Dylan: I think that that ridiculous guy . . . The Joker can actually help us! He found our shoes and that is a big thing!

Bob: Raise your bottle, dude! *They both raise their bottles*

Dylan: To The Joker!

Bob: And to our happily found shoes!

They clink their bottles, drink and then start laughing

Amy: (*grabs Matthew by the arm*) Matthew, you've already had your drink, and not just one, sooooo I think that it's the right time to go and continue our work.

Matthew: (*pretending that he forgot*) Work?

Amy: Oh yes, work! The paintings of the saints that I've finished for you need to be hung in your place! And then there are more to be painted! Come come! (*giggles*) I am so excited!

Matthew: (*desperately*) So am I!

As they are leaving, Matthew's looking at Tom desperately whispering "HELP"

Bob & Dylan (*bit drunk, singing*): I went to Market to buy me a cow and this cow did very well please me. And every time I fed my cow I fed him all under a tree And the cow went moooo.

They stand up still singing as they're leaving: And the sheep went 'baaa' / And the pig went 'grunt' / And the goose went gaggle / And the duck went quack / And the hen went cackle / And the cock went cock-n cock-n cock a doodle do / And after every farmer's cock did my cock crow (*they are singing it in this way: <http://pintndale.bandcamp.com/track/i-went-to-the-market-to-buy-a-cock>*)

Billy (*to Jesse*): I think this Joker may cause us some serious trouble! What if he finds out that we are the robbers?

Jesse: Why would he? We ar--- well ... *coughs* ... I AM a professional so there is nothing I should be worried about.

Billy: Arrrrgh! Coward! So how can you explain that he found the cowboys' shoes? He must be clever!

Jesse: He was just lucky, that's all!

Billy: But what if it was not just luck?! Not that I am afraid of him or anything. I am chased by many sheriffs and a fool like that won't cause me any harm, but better safe than sorry, right?

Jesse: (*thinking for a while*) I am surprised that I am saying this but... you're right! We need to plan what to do next if we still want to steal stuff from the citizens of Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town undetected.

Billy: We should go and plan now! Better now than never!

Jesse nods

Billy & Jesse: Night Tom!

Tom: Night guys!

They leave and Tom wipes the tables and turns off the lights

Day 4

Tom walks into the bar, turns on lights and starts to get ready for the upcoming day. Maybe singing a Dylan song to himself (e.g., Mr. Tamborine Man)

The Joker (*entering*): Hey Tom. How are you?

Tom: I am fine, just a bit worried about the robberies. How are you?

TJ: I am fine too, a little bit exhausted from last night's investigation.

Tom: Oh yes, yes, you left with Rose last night to begin your search about the robberies. So, how did it go?

TJ: You know how searching is. Many things to ask and many questions to be answered. But everything went well. Rose cooperated perfectly.

Tom: Of course she did. She is a very willing person you know. *(winks at him)*

TJ: Yes, I realized it last night.

Tom: So did you come to any conclusions, or not yet?

TJ: It is too early. I need to speak to more people and to be more detailed.

Tom: Yes, you are right it is too early. *(Looking thoughtful)* But you know what? I just realized that Alex went missing the day the posters went missing, so maybe the thief is Alex.

TJ: Alex? Don't you think that is too young to steal all these things?

Tom: Hmm, young perhaps, but also very smart and nimble. You should see the tricks Alex plays on the cowboys... But I have no clear idea. It was just a thought.

TJ: I am thinking of using the bar to investigate the case. Is that OK with you?

Tom: Of course it is. But you have to tell me if you find anything that is suspicious. Deal?

TJ: Deal. So listen to my plan. Tonight, you close the bar early and tell everyone that there's some special delivery coming. Then we wait and catch anyone who comes to steal it. What do you think?

Tom: Sounds like a good idea.

Rose *(looking tired)*: Hey guys, what's up?

Tom: Hey, Rose, everything is OK! How are you? You seem, like, really tired. Did you have a bad night?

Rose: Oh, I didn't get much sleep last night. *(pause)* I was looking for my underwear all night long. *(looking disappointedly at The Joker)* That's all I was doing.

Bob *(entering the bar, shocked)*: I really can't believe it.

Rose: Me neither.

Dylan: Me neither. It's impossible. Who would do something like this?

Tom: Hey guys, what happened?

Dylan: Our special purple cow from Switzerland is missing. Someone took it.

Bob: Oh, Joker, you need to help us. You found our shoes so quickly! We trust that you will find our cow too.

Dylan: Yes, you need to help us. It was so special for us. It was the only purple cow in Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town.

TJ: So you were the only ones that had a purple cow in this town?

Bob: Of course we were the only ones! Only we could have something like this. *(looking proud)* We are special, we have things that are special, right Dylan?

Dylan: Yes, this is right!

Bob: Aww, poor Hilde.

TJ *(suprised)*: Who??

Dylan: Hilde. Our purple darling. She must be very scared without us.

TJ: Maybe she just ran away from the people who gave her such silly name. *(looks entertained)*

Bob: I heard it is usual name in Switzerland! And we wanted her to feel at home.

TJ: I'm sure she did. It looks very similar here. Mountains and snow everywhere! *(smiling)*

Dylan: Stop it, we are really worried!

TJ: Don't be afraid, I will find her. *(Looking thoughtful)* But I think I need one more drink.

Dylan: Yes, Tom, we need two drinks too. The usual, you know!

Rose: Gorgeous, give something to me too!

Matthew: Oh my God! This is not happening to me. *(while entering the bar, looks unwell, maybe a fake smile from ear to ear, until he gets a drink)*. In Jesus' Name may God Almighty touch each of us with Love, Peace and Health. May The Miraculous Holy Spirit be ever present with us and may God intervene to bring peace throughout our troubled world. In Jesus' Name I Pray. Amen!

Tom: Hey Matthew! What's wrong?

Matthew: I really need a drink. Amy has just finished a painting of me. You can understand why I look like this now, can't you?

Tom: Oh poor Matthew! You had a very difficult day, huh? Don't you worry; I will give you a drink right now to forget everything!

TJ: So, you were all night long with Amy, trying to make your painting?

Matthew: Yes, she told me to smile! To smile now, after I saw the paintings of saints!

Tom: Here, drink some more.

TJ: It is really impressive that it took her almost the whole night to make your picture...

Matthew: Oh, please! *(throws hands up towards the heavens)* Thank you, Tom. I really want to forget it all. *(drinks)*

TJ: At least you were at home, or weren't you?

Matthew: No, we were at her place because she needed her brushes. But please do not remind me of her anymore. I am thinking of finding some thieves to pay them to steal the painting. Really, it is so horrible.

Bob: Come on, Dylan, let's go to play cards. I need to beat your ass again!

Dylan: You wish, cow-brain!! This time is my turn!

Amy *(to Matthew, while entering the bar)*: So here you are, Matthew. I was looking for you everywhere. Why did you leave like that after you saw your painting?

Matthew: I was just so tired and needed a drink.

Alex *(coming in the bar excited and singing)*: My mother was kidnapped, My mother was kidnapped, My mother was kidnapped.

TJ: What? How did this happen?

Alex: I don't know and I don't care. The only thing that I care about is that she is not anywhere.

TJ: And how do you know that she has been kidnapped and isn't just somewhere that you don't know?

Alex: I don't know it. But I would like it to be kidnapped, so she will not run after me all the time!

Jane (*entering with Maggie*): Where is that idiot? Must have disappeared.

Maggie (*going to kiss and hug Alex*): Oh Alex, there you are my sweet!

Alex (*disappointed*): Oh nooooo, not agaaain!

TJ: Guys I have an idea. (*to Bob and Dylan*) Do you want to help me?

Dylan: Oh, with what?

TJ: I am thinking of going to investigate the crime scene, are you coming with me?

Bob: Of course yes! (*excited*) Awesome! We are going to solve the crime! (*to Dylan*) How lucky are we?

Cowboys and The Joker exit. Jesse and Billy enter. Looking for Jane.

Billy (*fake upset*): Sheriff, glad we found you!! You have to know something!

Jane: What?? What happened ??

Jesse: Something absolutely terrible and heartless!! (*to himself, exaggeratedly*) Oh, I still can't believe it! (*calmly to Tom*) Two beers please.

Billy: Why?? Why is anybody so rude!

Jane: Can you finally get to the point??

Jesse: Yes. (*short pause to breathe*) Someone stole our pictures of our mothers!

Amy focuses.

Jane: (*after a short moment, surprised*) What??? Someone stole ... pictures of ... what?!

Billy: Really! We had them in the pockets of our coats and when we woke up, they were gone!!

Jane: Wait, wait ... you have the pictures of your mothers with you...

Jesse: No, we don't! Are you listening??

Jane: Right right ... But ... you use to have them.

Billy: Of course, we love our mothers.

Amy (*stands up and comes to strangers*): I can see your pain and I can help you!

Jesse: You really do?? Who are you?

Amy: My name's Amy. I am a painter, the artist of Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town. (*Jane looks disgusted by that sentence*)

Billy: So?!

Amy: So I can draw pictures of your mothers if you can describe them to me.

Jesse: (*confused*) Of course. That's actually a very good idea, thank you.

Meanwhile Tom's coming with beers.

Tom (*quietly*): Fellas, come with me.

Billy and Jesse grab their beer and go to the bar.

Billy: Amy, we will be right back honey.

Amy sits back smiling. They sit at the bar.

Tom: Look, guys. You look like good men, so I want to warn you. Don't rely on Amy's skill very much.

Jesse: Why? She looks cute and talented.

Tom looks like it was a good joke.

Tom: Don't be silly. Even the worst painter you can imagine is an artistic genius next to her!

Billy: Really?? But what are we supposed to do now??

Tom: I don't know, but if you want to have some good memories of your mothers, don't risk this!

Jesse: OK, I think we can handle this.

Gestures to Billy towards Amy. They go to her.

Jesse: Amy. We were thinking about it ... and we don't think it's a good idea to draw our mothers' pictures.

Amy: Why??

Jesse: You know ... (*looks confused on Billy*) ... they are dead, you know?? And I think we will be better if we don't think about them so much ...

Billy (*gets his point*): Right! We have to go on as a grown men, not like before now.

Amy: (*little disappointed*) Yeah, I understand. Never mind ... (*gets idea*) But you know what? I will paint something anyways. Just to cheer you up.

They look at each other a little bit worried

Jesse: O-OK. We really appreciate that. So ... see you later.

Amy: Bye, guys; I will hurry.

Jesse and Billy sit back next to Jane.

TJ and cowboys re-enter. Maggie, Rose, Matthew are talking silently together. Alex goes around the bar, listens to conversations, crawls under the tables – plays a game of his own, sometimes changes glasses when nobody is looking or ties chairs together with ropes.

Tom: Hey, you're already back? What happened?

Bob: Tom, two beers for alien hunters!

Dylan: Yeeees! Alien hunters! That's our new profession!

Bob and Dylan go and sit and want to play cards with Jesse and Billy and Jane.

Dylan: Howdy, boys! And sheriff! No supernatural super-power occurrence during our absence?

Billy and Jesse look at each other, confused. Jane scowls.

Jesse: Tom, we will need more than just two beers.

Jane: Better bring me some whiskey today, Tom!

They start playing cards.

Tom: Coming! (*to the Joker*) What happened with them? Have you found something so disastrous it damaged their common sense? Not that they had much before ...

TJ (*waves his hand*): No. We did not find anything. The hoofprints disappeared in the creek. But they were strange hoofprints – for a cow, I mean.

Tom: Well, it's a purple cow. What can you expect? Surely not normal hoofprints. Not even normal milk. Not normal anything. I'm sure the poor animal distilled some weird liquor instead of milk...

In the meantime, Rose comes over to cowboys and joins them.

TJ (*laughing*): Well, it would explain a lot if the two of them drunk it.

Tom: What do you mean?

TJ: When we came to the creek, we heard noises.

Tom: Noises?

TJ: Yes. Just some animals. But those two idiots made a story about aliens kidnapping their cow and would not hear of anything else. They were no help at all. I hope I will be luckier interrogating the others.

Tom: Well, for now, have at least a drink. I need to give them beer before I close the bar and we proceed with our plan.

Tom and The Joker go to the cowboys and criminals.

Dylan: So, can you find our stolen things and animals?

TJ: What?

Bob: He asked about our stolen things. You have some clues so you can find the thief?

TJ: You know, I have no other choice. You all have none. (*looks at Jane again*) You have no one to solve that but me.

Jane (*finishes beer*): Go to hell, you stupid clown. You don't and won't have anythin., You are as good detective as (*points at Maggie*) she is a good mother, (*points at Alex*) that's a good kid, (*points at Matthew*) he a good priest and she (*points at Amy, after a while*)... aaah, screw you all. (*leaves*)

Tom: Last drinks, boys. There's a special delivery of alcohol tonight, so I have to close early.

Bob: But, Tom, we barely started playing.

Dylan: Yeah, Tom. Alien hunters have to have some fun!

Rose: So don't waste your money on alcohol and come and have some fun with me!

Tom: I'm serious you two. Do you want me to close the bar for a whole week?

Cowboys: Oh god, no!

Bob: No, Tom, no! Let's drink it quickly.

Cowboys drink their beers at once, stand up, knock down their chairs, because Alex tied them together.

Dylan (*looks for Alex*): There you are, you little scum! I will show you this time, I swear! (*starts chasing him, they run away*)

Bob (*looks at Rose*): It seems that the best alien hunter is here to keep you company tonight. (*They leave together; arm in arm*)

Jesse (*looks around*): So, are we coming tonight?

Billy: Sure. And then we are out of here. These folks are crazy.

Jesse: They sure are.

TJ comes to them.

TJ: So, boys, you coming?

Jesse: Sure, sure. (*drinks the beer and stands up*)

TJ: Maybe we could talk on the way about your missing portraits.

Billy: Yeah, sure. Let's go! Goodbye, Tom!

They leave.

Tom (*polishing a table*): So, I see who my most devoted customers are.

Maggie: Oh, Tom. You know I do not spend so much time in here. I am a mother ...

Tom: And your kid run off like ten minutes ago, chased by a half-drunk armed cowboy.

Maggie: Oh, my goodness! Matthew! We have to find him! What if something happens to him? Oh, my!

They run away.

Day 5

Lights on. TJ and Tom are bringing some bottles of special alcohol to the bar from the cellar.

Tom: So what now?

TJ: I bought glue in your local shop! We're gonna quickly put the glue on the bottles and put them on the bar like that. First, the thief will be surprised that the bottle is stuck to the bar and then he'll find out that he is stuck to the bottle himself! And then catching this thief will be a piece of cake! Hahahaaaaaaa!

Tom: Wow! That's brilliant!

TJ & Tom put the glue on every bottle and put them on the bar.

TJ: You go and hide behind the bar! I'll be waiting here next to the door so that the thief will be trapped here and won't be able to run away!

Tom nods and does as TJ said

TJ: Now shut up! I hear someone coming!

TJ turns the lights off and the door opens

Billy: So let's find that alcohol so that we can finally get out of this stupid Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town and never come back!

Jesse: Weeell, I would love to but I can't see anything! It's so dark here that I can't see my hand in front of my face!

Billy: You should have taken a candle or something! How are we supposed to find the alcohol if we canno--

Jesse knocks over a chair.

Jesse: Oooooouch!

Billy: What the hell are you doing?!?!

Jesse: I knocked into a chair! What kind of a mad person would leave the chairs in this way?

Billy: We're in the bar, you idiot! (*mumbling to himself*) This is the last time I am collaborating with anyone ... and especially with such a stupid, STUPID idiot!

Jesse: I am not stupid, I just can't see anything and that is a difference! How am I supposed to find the alcohol in this way?

We can hear a massive BANG as Jesse hits the bar.

Jesse: Guess I found the bar! (*pause*) Billy?

Billy: What is it?

Jesse: Billy, I think I have some candles.

Billy: Couldn't you say that before you knocked over the chair and banged into the bar so that you nearly woke up the whole town?!

Jesse: Sorry!

Jesse lights a match and give it to Billy, then lights another for himself. He finds the bottles of alcohol, wants to take one but he can't as it's glued to the bar.

Jesse: What the-- (*realises that his hand is stuck to the bottle*) Billyyyyyyy! My hand!

Billy comes to Jesse and tries to get his hand out of the bottle.

Billy: We both pull on three!

Jesse nods

Billy: One....two....THREE!

They both pull and Jesse's hand is finally free

Jesse: What the hell was that? Witchcraft?

The door suddenly closes and in the light of the candles they see TJ coming towards them and Tom

jumping from behind the bar. Tom is standing face to face Jesse, TJ is standing face to face Billy. Tom & TJ blow out their candles at once. The stage is in the darkness, we can hear just sounds of the struggle and then suddenly a gun fires and we can hear a scream. Lights turn on. Tom is tying Billy's hands behind his back, Jesse is shot lying on the floor.

Jesse (*moaning*): I'm shot! I'm shot in my leg! Oh, I don't wanna die! I am too young to die!

TJ grabs Jesse and ties his hand behind the back as well.

Jesse: Careful, right?! Somebody's been shot here, can't you see?!

Billy: Why, oh why, did I decide to join this asshole?

Jesse: Because you're greedy! That's why!

Billy: Why you didn't use that gun against these two guys? (*gestures with head towards TJ & Tom*) Noooo, you CAN'T because you'd rather shoot yourself with it! That's more effective, right?! I don't understand what kind of stupid moron could spread rumors about you being the best gun man in The Wild West! There must have been a mistake!

Jesse (*feeling offended*): Mistake? No mistake! I have never missed a target even with my eyes closed!

Billy: Yeah, but the wrong target!

Jesse: What did you just say?!

Jesse tries to kick Billy and they start to kick each other until Billy kicks Jesse to the wound from the bullet.

Jesse: Owwww! Stop it! I didn't even pull the gun out!

Billy: Wha ... do you mea ... oh no ... oh no no no no! You had the gun in your belt again?!

Jesse nods

Billy: You must be kidding me! How many times do I have to tell you not to wear your gun in your belt?! It's dangerous!

Jesse: I just forgot, okay?

Billy: Forgot? Forgot? You ... (*starts kicking Jesse again*)

Matthew and Rose enter the bar.

Rose: What's going on here? What was that blow?

Mathew: It sounded like shooting, Rose. Is anyone hurt? Or dead?

Tom: Did I miss something? Why are you two together?

Rose (*smiling*): Well, the persuasion began.

Tom: And who is convincing whom?

Matthew: I don't want here to be any misunderstanding. We just --

Jane runs in.

Jane: Who the hell shot their gun? You're under arrest! All of you! Could anyone tell me what

happened? Hmm? I'll figure it myself. Jesse? Why are you lying on the ground? Are you hurt? Who did it? Can anyone answer me?!

Maggie enters

Maggie: Jane, do you really have to yell all the time? Your yelling is heard throughout all of Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious Town. It woke up Alex. He needs to sleep.

Jane: How dare you? I'm solving crimes here and you care about your child's sleep? 3 hours a day have to be enough.

Maggie: They aren't. Remember how you were. You used to sleep until lunch every day. Alex needs it too.

Jane: That's something totally different. I'm a sheriff.

Bob and Dylan come with their guns out.

Bob: Where are the criminals? ... or aliens?

Dylan: We came to help you.

Bob: Yeah, in the name of the law ...

Jane: I'm the only one who can say, "in the name of the law", you idiot! Besides, you are too late. I've already secured the situation.

Dylan: Really? So, what happened?

Jane: Nothing that the two of you could understand.

Dylan (to Bob): I told you we should have left earlier.

Bob: In that case our cows wouldn't have fresh grass.

Alex enters holding paper.

Alex: Hey! Look what I found.

Maggie: Alex, I thought you would go back to bed. You did not sleep much.

Alex: Mom, look. Do you know what it is? (*showing the reproduction to Maggie, others come to have a look*)

Maggie: No, it doesn't seem familiar to me. Maybe a cow?

Matthew: It's a sign from our Lord.

Alex: A sign?

Matthew: Yes, of course. God gives us a sign that we should move away from our sins. And when we do it, Lord will show us the right path our steps should take. As Luke 21:25-27 says, "And there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars."

Maggie: Matthew, I don't see the sign in it.

Bob: It's an animal. You see? (*pointing at the drawing*) Here is the tail, here the body, here the head, big teeth, ears, nose and tongue.

Rose: You're right, honey. Maybe it's a lion?

Tom: It's definitely a bear.

Alex (annoyed): Thanks for the help. I thought you would know what it should be.

Amy enters, looking desperate.

Amy: Where is Alex?

Alex: What?

Amy: Could you please give me that paper back?

Alex: Why? What is it?

Amy: Nothing. *pause* I'll tell you if you give me that paper.

Maggie: Amy, did you paint that ... that thing?

Amy takes a breath and wants to answer, but she is interrupted by Elliot.

Elliot (running in the bar with a bag in his hand): I know who the criminalth awe and I know theiw plan fow today! I can thave Thupecalifwagilithtickethpialidothiouth Town.

Tom: Oh, Elliot, you are not helpful you know. We have already caught the criminals.

Jane: Where the hell have you been all this time? I was looking for you and you appear NOW??

Elliot: It'th not my fault! The criminalth have kept me kidnapped all thith time becauthe I wecognithed them in the baw.

Jane: And you are so stupid that you showed it to them? Oh my god, what I am going to do with you? Your stupidity has no limits.

Elliot: You may think that I am too thtupid, but look what I have hewe! (*shows his bag*).

Jane: What is this?

Elliot: Wook, Wook! All the thtolen things awe here! (*excited*) Oh my god, I can't believe that you caught them. I thought that I would nevw ethcape fwom them. I can't dethcwibe my happineth.

Tom: No way! This is good news, people. (*shouts*) Elliot has our stolen things, let's celebrate!!

Elliot: Jutht give me ath many drinkth ath you can, while I pway cardth with the cowboyth, OK? (*drinks the first one*)

Tom: I can do that for sure!

Bob (to Billy and Jesse): But why did you steal the posters?

Amy: Yes, why did YOU do it? (*stresses out the word you*)

Dylan: So we wouldn't recognize them, cow-brain!

Meanwhile Amy tries to get the posters from Alex's hand again

Bob: Oooooh. But I knew that; I was just trying to interrogate them, idiot!

Dylan (laughing): Yeah, sure you did.

Bob: You ugly little--

Jesse: Unbelievable as this may seem, we didn't steal the posters.

Billy: Yeah, we found out that they were missing by accident and we just took advantage of the situation.

TJ snatches the posters from Alex without anyone noticing, except for Amy who stops trying to get them and just stares at TJ angrily

Tom: Yeah, like we're gonna believe that.

Jesse: But we really didn't! Yes, we kidnapped your deputy and stole all the stuff, but we didn't steal those damned posters!

Billy: Search the bag he (*tries to point to Elliot*) brought here! All the stuff we stole is in it. You'll see they're not in there!

Tom: But if it wasn't you, then who?

Jesse: We sincerely have no idea.

TJ (*with paper in his hand*): I know who it was. It was someone in this very room. Someone who can paint (*everyone starts looking confused, Amy starts slowly sneaking to the door, TJ looks at the paper again*). No, someone who just thinks she can paint.

Amy starts looking offended

Maggie: She?

TJ: Yes, she. It was Amy.

Everyone looks amazed, Amy stops on her way to the door

Jane: Don't be crazy! Why would she do that?

Amy: Yeah, why would I?

Jane: Besides, even if she did, how did you work that out?

TJ (*hands her the paper*): With this.

Jane starts looking at the paper, turning it in all directions trying to figure out what that is

Jane: HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY MANAGE TO LEARN ANYTHING FROM THIS TERRIBLE ... SOMETHING?

TJ: Well, in a universe where a cute little bunny looks like a giant angry octopus, this picture looks almost like Billy and Jesse. And to be able to draw their posters, she would have to know how they look and therefore she must have seen their original posters and because they disappeared so quickly, she must be the one who stole them.

All: That's brilliant, that is so clever, etc.

Jane: Well, I guess that makes sense. Elliot! (*throws him handcuffs, points at Amy,*

Elliot: *as he sadly cuffs her (maybe crying a little) and puts her next to Billy and Jesse*) It's the third. I will visit you every day in your town.

Everyone gets excited

Tom (*happy about his alcohol being back*): Free booze everybody!

Everyone starts celebrating

Tom: Wait a second, everyone, I just realized something. We still have one mystery, one question that hasn't been answered, something we could spend the rest of our lives trying to figure out.

TJ starts slowly moving towards the bag with stolen stuff

Maggie: And what is that?

Tom: Why are Rose and Matthew together?

TJ grabs the bag and walks away unnoticed

Bob: Yeah, Matthew, why are you with Rose?

Dylan: If that's true ... (*puts his hand on his gun*)

Alex (*not understanding what's going on*): If what's true?

Matthew: You'll get nothing out of me.

Tom: Well, maybe the Joker can help us solve this mystery.

Elliot: Yeth, can you thove ... Whewe ith he?

Tom: And where is the bag?

Jane: Oh great, he must have stolen it.

Jane hurries toward the door, stops because she notices no one is moving

Jane: What are you waiting for, idiots? HELP ME CATCH HIM!

Everyone rushes out of the bar, leaving Amy, Billy and Jesse behind. They look after them for a while

Billy: Well...

Billy manages to get out of the handcuffs, stretches, then uncuffs Jesse

Jesse (*to Amy*): Do you wanna go with us?

Amy nods, they uncuff her

Billy: Let's get out of this town.

Jesse: Now that we know how it got its name.

Billy: It makes sense to call it supercalifragilisticexpialidocious since it's so easy to steal everything.

Jesse: Okay, time to go.

They start leaving.

Amy: Wait. *stops by the door, goes back, grabs a few bottles of booze and starts leaving again*
NOW it's time to go.

THE END