

BLACK JACK DANIELS vs. THE HAPPY DESTINY KID

11/23/06

CHARACTERS

Zeke Randall a.k.a. the Happy Destiny Kid
Black Jack Daniels
Luke Ciscoll
Kitty Carryall

(“Wild Wild West theme” plays)

SIGN: DISTRICT 90 PRESENTS

SIGN: A HAPPY JOYOUS AND FREE PRODUCTION

SIGN: THE NOT A GLUM LOT PLAYERS IN...

SIGN: BLACK JACK DANIELS vs. THE HAPPY DESTINY KID!

(Zeke and Luke are riding their horses and talking)

LUKE: Hey, Zeke, how much farther do we have to go? I need another break.

ZEKE: We should be coming up to Ms. Kitty’s watering hole in Sobriety Springs any time now, Luke. Stop complaining.

LUKE: I’m not complaining. I’m just askin’. Sheesh, when we’ve been riding for a while you get as ornery as a coyote with hemorrhoids!

ZEKE: Oh shut up! You’ve been a-whinin’ and a-fussin’ since we left Cheyenne. *(in a mocking tone)* “Are we there yet Zeke?” “Can we stop for a water break Zeke?” “Would you please suck the poison out where the rattlesnake bit me Zeke?” I’m plum sick of it!

LUKE: Well, I don’t even know why I agreed to come with you on this fool’s mission anyway. Tell me again why we are risking our lives to deliver some AA pamphlets to a bunch of Indians.

ZEKE: First off, show a little respect; they’re Native Americans not Indians. And the reason we’re doing it is because that’s our 12th step responsibility, Luke! To go to any length!

LUKE: I understand that, but I have a couple of questions: one, how can we be delivering AA literature here in 1868 when AA doesn't get founded until sixty years from now, and number two why can't the Indians...I mean Native Americans get their own pamphlets?

ZEKE: Let me answer your second question first; our responsibility declaration says whenever another alcoholic reaches out for help we are responsible. Chief Drinks Like A Fish sent me a telegram asking for help. As for the whole AA-not-being-invented-yet-thing, relax, it's just a skit.

LUKE: Okay. Hey, Zeke, there's something else I've been meaning to ask you about: are we serious cowboys like John Wayne in "True Grit" or are we sitting--around-a-campfire-eatin'-beans and-a-tootin' ones like in "Blazing Saddles"?

ZEKE: We're more in the middle. Think "The Outlaw Josey Wales" meets Weird Al Yankovic.

LUKE: Okay, I got it. Let's get back into character. *(clears throat)* So, Zeke, What's the story behind Sobriety Springs, anyway?

ZEKE: Well, it used to be called Sloshed City because of all the rampant alcoholism. The notorious bootlegger Black Jack Daniels kept the town well lubricated and he ran things from behind the scenes.

LUKE: Why do they call him Black Jack Daniels anyway?

ZEKE: Well, because he likes to play black jack and he drink Jack Daniels. Don't overthink it, Luke; guys aren't that complex these days. Now where was I in my story?

LUKE: You were talking about how Black Jack Daniels was running the city.

ZEKE: Oh, that's right. So anyway, a few of us got a copy of the AA Big Book, got sober, and were able to see the damage Daniels had done to our once-proud city. When I became sheriff we made it a dry county, outlawed firearms, had numerous AA meetings, and changed the name to Sobriety Springs. There was plenty of quality sobriety there so Black Jack Daniels moved his operation elsewhere.

LUKE: I get all the changes you made relating to sobriety but why did you guys outlaw firearms?

ZEKE: Two words: business meetings.

LUKE: Oh. Was it during that time that they started calling you the Happy Destiny Kid?

ZEKE: No, that was something some fellers I used to ride with started calling me years before as a joke. Ya see, back about the time of the gold rush in California I hitched my wagon with a rowdy bunch and we had a nice little run. I was a mean young cuss back then and so they called me The Happy Destiny Kid to be ironic.

LUKE: Really? You know irony is so underused on the prairie.

ZEKE: I agree, but the 49er gang liked a good laugh.

LUKE: The 49er Gang? You rode with THE 49er Gang?

ZEKE: I sure did. The originals.

LUKE: Wow! Joe the Montana kid, Jerry “Catchall” Rice...that musta been something. Say, whatever happened to them?

ZEKE: Well, a wicked buncha raiders from the east bay snuck over one night and killed ‘em all.

LUKE: Bummer.

ZEKE: Yeah, I was determined to pay back their leader, Al “The Devil” Davis, but before I could he up and moved his gang down to Los Angeles. Anyway, that was before I got sober and saw the error of my ways. Well lookee here, we’ve made it to Ms Kitty’s place.

LUKE: Look, a wanted poster.

ZEKE: Who’s it for, Black Jack Daniels?

LUKE: No, it says here “**WANTED: Men to join the Thursday Night Men’s Stag Tumbleweed meeting**”.

ZEKE: Let me see that! Dadgum it, I’ve told those guys a million times that it’s a program of attraction rather than promotion! Let’s go inside.

(they dismount horses and hitch them up and walk into the saloon, Ms. Kitty is behind the bar)

ZEKE: Ms. Kitty! How you been?

MS. KITTY: Well, I’ll be dipped in a pasture of cow patties, if it ain’t the Happy Destiny Kid! *(she gives him a hug)* What brings you to Sobriety Springs?

ZEKE: We’re actually just a-passing through. Miss Kitty, this here’s Luke. Luke, Kitty Carryall.

LUKE: *(tips his hat)* How do, ma’am? Nice to meet you.

MS. KITTY: Likewise. What can I get you boys?

ZEKE: How about a couple of Red Bulls? Hey, Ms. Kitty where is everyone? It’s like a ghost town out there.

MS. KITTY: Oh, there’s a big AA roundup down the trail a piece at Gratitude Gulch. I had a few errands to run and then I was gonna head over there myself. So, Luke, are you looking for a good time cowboy?

LUKE: *(excitedly)* Oh, yes ma’am! Thanks for offering too! I’m much obliged. I don’t have a whole lot of money, but I’m hornier than a toad!

(Ms. Kitty slaps the crap outta him)

MS. KITTY: I think you misunderstood me, honey. You see I’m the Special Events Coordinator.

LUKE: Oh, I get it. “Special Events Coordinator”. That’s a whole lot classier than saying “hooker”.

(Ms. Kitty slaps the crap outta him again)

MS. KITTY: No, you *still* don't get it. I was asking you if you want to have a good time at the AA Roundup. I helped set up a sober rodeo and I thought you might enjoy it. But if you want to keep saying stupid stuff I can stand her and slap the crap outta you all day.

ZEKE: Nah, don't slap him no more Kitty. He's just a dumb kid.

MS. KITTY: Yeah, come to think of it, he kinda reminds me of you back in the day.

ZEKE: What do you mean?

MS. KITTY: I mean like when you used to do stupid stuff.

ZEKE: Like what?

MS. KITTY: Like when you were going to brand your cattle but you were so drunk you branded your wife!

ZEKE: Ex-wife and hey, everybody does stupid things when they're drunk!

MS. KITTY: What about stupid stuff when you're sober? Remember that time you needed the room that they Shenandoah Ladies group was meeting in and when they were leaving you said "head 'em up and move 'em out"?

ZEKE: Yeah, I got beat all about the head and shoulders. I still don't know what I did wrong.

MS. KITTY: Here's a hint: women have a tendency to get a might upset when you treat them like cattle!

ZEKE: Look Kitty, I'd love to go down the memory wagon trail with you but we need to get a move on.

LUKE: Hey, I think I heard somebody outside.

(suddenly Black Jack Daniels enters)

ZEKE: Black Jack Daniels!

BLACK JACK DANIELS: In the flesh! So, we meet again Zeke. Who's the kid?

LUKE: I ain't no kid, I'm Luke Ciscoll!

BLACK JACK DANIELS: Ciscoll...Ciscoll, you wouldn't be old Zedediah Ciscoll's boy would you?

LUKE: Yeah, he was my father, so what?

MS. KITTY: Snakes alive, I didn't know you was Zedidiah's son! Old Black Jack here is the one who killed him!

LUKE: What?

BLACK JACK DANIELS: I didn't kill him! He was just another drunk who couldn't handle his alcohol. It's not like I poured the liquor down his throat!

MS. KITTY: As I recall that's exactly what you did! Zedidiah was passed out cold and you stuck a funnel in his mouth and poured some whiskey down his throat and the next thing you know he was dead!

BLACK JACK DANIELS: Well, we were playing quarters and it was his turn to drink!

LUKE: You..you..killed my father!

BLACK JACK DANIELS: *(in a deep voice and waving his hand like performing a Jedi mind trick)* No, Luke I am your father!

LUKE: Is that supposed to be funny?

BLACK JACK DANIELS: It worked for Darth Vader.

ZEKE: Black Jack, you know this a dry county, what are you doing here?

BLACK JACK DANIELS: I need to expand my base of operations and I know this area.

ZEKE: In other words, Shiloh County chased you out too.

BLACK JACK DANIELS: It's none of your business, Happy Destiny Kid! I know I can find people here who love to drink. You better stay outta my way!

ZEKE: Why don't you make me big mouth!

MS. KITTY: Now look here, before you two get carried away let me point out that neither one of you has a gun.

ZEKE: We can just square off like old times. I'll tell you what, Black Jack, you tell me reasons to drink and I'll tell you reasons not to. If you win the square off, we'll just pass on peacefully like and you can do as you wish here, but if I win, you agree to listen to me about AA. Deal?

BLACK JACK DANIELS: Deal. Let's go.

(They walk outside—"The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly theme plays"—a tumbleweed rolls by)

ZEKE: You go first, Black Jack. What's a good reason to drink?

BLACK JACK DANIELS: Drinkin' is fun!

ZEKE: So is sobriety!

BLACK JACK DANIELS: When you drink you meet women!

ZEKE: When you're sober you meet women and remember their names!

BLACK JACK DANIELS: Drinking makes you feel bold!

ZEKE: Being sober doesn't just make you feel bold it makes you confident!

(Black Jack hesitates)

ZEKE: Come on, Black Jack, your turn!

BLACK JACK DANIELS: Um...uh...drinking is fun!

ZEKE: You already said that!

BLACK JACK DANIELS: You go then!

ZEKE: Okay! *(starts off soft and rises in volume until he is near-shouting)*
Sobriety give you piece of mind, contentment, security, emotional
MATURITY, SELF-CONFIDENCE, FAITH IN A HIGHER POWER...

BLACK JACK DANIELS: Enough! I give up! I don't want to drink anymore
and I need help!

(they slowly walk together and hug)

MS. KITTY: Oh! That is so precious! Just like "Brokeback Mountain."

LUKE: Zeke! How can you hug this villain, he killed my dad!

ZEKE: Luke, we're gonna have to work through that resentment. It can be
done, but it takes work.

BLACK JACK DANIELS: I'm sorry Luke, I'm just a drunk like your old
man was who didn't know any better.

ZEKE: Black Jack, we're headed west to Promises Pass to deliver some AA
pamphlets to Chief Drinks Like a Fish. Why don't you join us and we'll talk
more about the program?

BLACK JACK DANIELS: Sounds good, but I have two questions. One, why
are you going all that way just to help some Indians and two, why are you
going west when Promises Pass is east?

ZEKE: Well, first off, they are called Native Americans. And that's what we
do in AA, Black Jack; we go to any length to help fellow sufferers. You can
call yourself a cowboy, a buckaroo, a cowpoke, an outlaw, a vaquero or Native
American, but if you call yourself an alcoholic who wants help to put the plug
in the jug, we're a-here to help. That's our 12th Step responsibility. Now, the
reason we're headed west is cause our horses are only painted on one side. So
let's do that cool ridin' off into the sunset thing. Let's move out!

(They mount up and leave as "Happy Trails" plays—THE END)