

The Bad, The Worse, and the Broccoli

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

(5 m, 5 w)

Drunk
Barmaid
Sally Sweet
Baron von Broccoli
Caesar Salad
Rhoda Rutabaga
Zelda Zucchini
Prissy Persimmon
Tom O'Hawk
Buffalo Bill Chips

SETTING

Baron von Broccoli's Health Food Bar, Broken Stump,
Wyoming

Time: Late 1800s

Playing Time: 25 minutes

PROPS AND COSTUMES

Bar, 2 tables with chairs, bottles and glasses (2 full of Brocale.) bucket, 2 ropes, push broom, guitar, boxing glove, sign in front of bar reading:

VON BROCCOLI'S HEALTH FOOD BAR

Brocale

\$.25 ... shot
\$ 2.00 ... bottle
\$ 5.00 ... bucket
\$ 20.00 ... barrel

DRUNK: battered hat; grubby western style clothes including one shirt to be torn off; multi-colored stage money

BARMAID: bottle cleaning cloth, checkered handkerchief

SALLY: frilly dress with parasol - first scene; western style dress later

BARON: suit with string tie; broccoli sprig on lapel; gun and holster

CAESAR: dirty, grubby clothes; boots; vest; black hat; gun belt with 2 holsters; gun; celery stalk

RHODA, ZELDA, PRISSY: conservative matronly attire; temperance signs (*including BLOBS.*) axes and clubs; hangman's noose

TOM O'HAWK: braided Indian wig with headband and long shamrock; moccasins; combination Indian and Irish costume; half of body is red and half is white

BUFFALO BILL CHIPS: white hat; gun and holster, western coat and vest; boots

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ACT I

(AT RISE: Curtain opens, the BARMAID and the DRUNK are alone on stage. The scene is a typical barroom of the late 1800's. There are a few wooden tables and chairs spread throughout the room. There is a potbellied stove UC and a bar UR. The outside entrance to the barroom is DR, and there is a door DL which leads to the storeroom. On the front of the bar is a sign advertising Brocale. The Barmaid is standing behind the bar, and the Drunk is half leaning and half collapsing across the front of the bar.)

DRUNK: Gimme another Brocale!

BARMAID: Let's see the color of your money.

DRUNK: *(As HE brings out money of many weird colors.)*

What color do you want?

BARMAID: I'm tired of you trying to give me that phony money.

DRUNK: How about putting it on my bill?

BARMAID: Your bill is already \$852.38. No more credit!

DRUNK: I want to see the boss!

BARMAID: The Baron's not here. He went down to the stage depot to meet Sally Sweet.

DRUNK: Why is he meeting her? Isn't she Buffalo Bill Chips' girl?

BARMAID: Yeah, she was. But she's been out East for two years, so he thinks he might have a chance with her ... besides, he wants the land she inherited from her father.

DRUNK: Why? He already owns most of the land she inherited from her father.

BARMAID: Yeah, but with the land she controls the water for the whole valley. *(Enter the BARON and SALLY. HE is whispering earnestly to HER. BARMAID to DRUNK.)* Here's the boss now if you still want to talk to him.

DRUNK: *(Goes to BARON, clutches his lapels and pleads.)* Baron, please let me have just one more drink!

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BARON: (*Throws DRUNK to floor and kicks him.*) Get out of my way, you drunken dog!

SALLY: (*Runs to DRUNK and helps him up.*) Oh, you poor man.

BARON: (*Goes to DRUNK; gently moves SALLY aside while saying.*) Sally, don't take this seriously. I was just fooling around. We do this all the time, don't we, amigo? (*HE grabs the DRUNK while SALLY has her back turned.*) Let me help you to the bar. (*To BARMAID with big smile.*) Give him all the drinks he wants. (*To SALLY.*) Why don't we sit at this table so we can talk?

SALLY: Before we sit down, let me ask you something what's a nice girl like me doing in a place like this?

BARON: You know that dream I've always had. I've always wanted everyone to know the joys of broccoli as I do. To see oceans of green across the countryside; to see stalks of broccoli waving gently in the breeze. Don't you see the beauty in that?

SALLY: As a matter of fact ... NO!

BARON: Maybe you don't understand. I'm going to change the eating habits of all America. Just think ... for breakfast you could have scrambled broccoli or sugar frosted broccoli flakes. And for ...

SALLY: (*Interrupting HIM.*) Yes, I understand what you're talking about, but I still don't see what this has to do with me.

BARON: (*Drops to one knee and grabs SALLY'S hand.*) Sally, will you marry me?

SALLY: (*Stunned.*) What ... a ... well ... a ... huh?

BARON: I want you to share this wonderful dream with me.

SALLY: This is so sudden. I need some time to think about it.

BARON: Take all the time you need. I'll be at your ranch in an hour for your answer.

SALLY: You're not asking me to marry you just because you want my land, are you?

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BARON: *(Shocked.)* No, of course not! I love you for yourself. It never entered my mind that your land controls the water that is so necessary for the growth of my broccoli.

SALLY: Well, as long as you're sure.

BARON: *(Excited.)* Then you'll marry me?

SALLY: I didn't say that. I have to see how Buffalo Bill Chips feels. After all, we were sweethearts before I went out East. And, if he still loves me, then I'll marry him.

BARON: You mean you would really marry that ... what I mean is, what kind of a life would you have married to him?

SALLY: I love him and that's all that matters. Good-bye, Baron. *(SHE gets up and leaves.)*

BARON: *(As SALLY leaves.)* You better think seriously about my proposition. *(HE goes to bar.)* Give me a drink.

DRUNK: *(Stands up behind bar where HE has been sleeping.)* What'll ya have?

BARON: *(Knocks DRUNK down.)* Get out of here!

BARMAID: *(Gives BARON a drink.)* Well, Baron, do you think Sally will marry you?

BARON: Yeah, as soon as I get someone to take care of Buffalo Bill Chips. Do you want to do it?

BARMAID: No, no, not me. That Buffalo Bill Chips is one tough hombre.

BARON: That reminds me, has anyone answered the ad I put in the paper last week for a hired killer?

BARMAID: Nary a one.

BARON: Aw, shucks!

(Enter CAESAR SALAD, a tough looking character. He is unshaven, dirty and wears a black hat. He is also wearing a gun belt with two holsters. There is a gun in one holster and a celery stalk in the other.)

CAESAR: *(Saunters up to bar. As HE gets there, the DRUNK stands up behind the bar and Caesar grabs him.)*
I want a drink.

DRUNK: I'll drink to that! *(CAESAR knocks HIM down.)*

End of Freeview

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