

# High Moon

A Short Comic Skit  
By  
Jerry Stearns

Approx: 13 Minutes

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Description

13 minutes

An old desert wizard is confronted by a young spellslinger who is trying to make a reputation for himself, and challenged to a duel – magic at fifty meters. The old man has seen this kind of kid before, and he’s not about to let a punk show him up or take him down. A classic western scene with a fantasy twist.

Cast

Gardocki: Middle aged, owner of the tavern. Could be male or female.

Marvin: Older, mature voice. He’s seen a lot but still has a twinkle in his eye.

Ruckus: Brash young tough with an aggressive attitude.

Neezer: Older woman, also a wizard and long time friend of Marvin.

Kenzie: Child of 8 to 10. Could be boy or girl.

Cursor: Robot waiter. Speech could be halting and/or audio-processed.

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**Music:**           **Electronic western theme**

**SFX:**           Barroom, small, clinking glasses

**Gardocki:**       My name is Gardocki. I used to run a tavern called the Malfunction Junction. It was kind of near the edge of the rusty, dusty town of Rigamarole Station, at the foot of the Rigamarole Mountains. The town had seen better days, and so had the mountains.

It was one of those muggy summer days when you can smell a storm brewing. I was hoping it would rain soon so I could go out and wash the sweat off myself, and maybe have my boy, Kenzie, go back to our corral and scrub down the dragon. I only had a few customers in the place - including my uncle Ubaldo, our resident miniature golf pro, and Neezer, a retired Sorceress who had a place somewhere up in the Riggs. I only saw her when she came into town for supplies, which wasn't often. But she always managed to be here just when something was about to happen.

I sent Cursor, my Oyd waitron, over to see if she wanted something to eat.

**SFX:**           Whirring of small motors, starting and stopping.

**Cursor:**       **(filtered)** Can I get you something, Ms. Neezer?

**Neezer:**       My usual, please. Cursor, I'm surprised they haven't rooted you out as a robot and smashed you up yet.

**Cursor:**       Oh, I have been, ma'am. Rooted, that is. But here an Oyd is considered a toy. I am simply not enough real technology to be concerned about. In a less liberal town I'd probably be a plowshare by now.

**Neezer:**       I'm sorry.

1  
2 **Cursor:** No need to be.  
3  
4 **Neezer:** Well, I'm glad you're still here. I always liked the  
5 Robot Rangers, and I don't feel nearly so guilty  
6 having you serve me as I would a person.  
7  
8 **Cursor:** Thank you.  
9  
10 **Gardocki:** Suddenly a big fellow in a trail duster strode in  
11 through the open door. He carried an Investor 73  
12 magic staff over one shoulder, and a pair of dark  
13 saddlebags over the other. His quick eyes  
14 surveyed the room as he came up to the bar.  
15  
16 **Marvin:** Can I get a hot meal here, tavern master?  
17  
18 **Gardocki:** Sure, can, stranger.  
19  
20 **Marvin:** I doubt I'm any stranger than the next guy in this  
21 place.  
22  
23 **Gardocki:** He layed his saddle bags down on the bar.  
24  
25 **SFX:** Saddlebags on the bar.  
26  
27 **Marvin:** Good. I'll have a full plate of whatever sort of hash  
28 you've got, and a liter of water.  
29  
30 **Gardocki:** And then another big, rough looking guy pushed  
31 into the room. He acted like he had just pushed  
32 open the door, and then slammed it behind him -  
33 even though there was no door there. He walked  
34 up to the stranger at the bar and said...  
35  
36 **Ruckus:** Marvin the Magician?  
37  
38 **SFX:** Bar noises stop.  
39  
40 **Marvin:** Marvin the Wizard, if you please.  
41  
42 **Ruckus:** **(laughing)** Whatever you call yourself. I'm calling  
43 you out.  
44  
45 **Marvin:** I don't usually go out on a week night.  
46

1 **Gardocki:** This is my place, Mack!  
2  
3 **Ruckus:** The name is Ruckus.  
4  
5 **Gardocki:** Oh, I've heard rumors of you, Ruckus.  
6  
7 **Ruckus:** Yeah? Well the rumors are true.  
8  
9 **Gardocki:** Really? You mean you are a tin-plated dictator  
10 with delusions of godhood?  
11  
12 **Marvin:** Maybe you'd rather go out with him.  
13  
14 **Ruckus:** I mean I challenge you to a duel, Marvin. Magic at  
15 fifty meters.  
16  
17 **Marvin:** Are you sure there isn't some other way we could  
18 settle this ...?  
19  
20 **Ruckus:** No! Are you coming or not?  
21  
22 **Marvin:** Well, since you made the choice of weapons, by  
23 the rules I get to choose which goal to defend and  
24 the starting time.  
25  
26 **Ruckus:** Rules?  
27  
28 **Marvin:** So, I will go out with you, but we meet on that hill  
29 on the West edge of town. And we start tonight  
30 when the moon is at its highest. Agreed?  
31  
32 **Ruckus:** There ain't nothin' on that hill.  
33  
34 **Marvin:** That makes for a clear shot then, doesn't it?  
35  
36 **Ruckus:** Okay. On the hill at High Moon. (*wait for it..*) And I  
37 get the high ground.  
38  
39 **Marvin:** Oh, I wish I'd thought of that.  
40  
41 **Ruckus:** (*fading*) I'll be waiting.  
42  
43 **Marvin:** I don't doubt it.  
44  
45 **Gardocki:** The man named Ruckus swaggered out the door  
46 leaving a breathless silence in the room.