

Frontier Mortician Skit

CHARACTERS:

Narrator
Sam Alamode
Piney (Pie) Alamode
Joe Silver
Trigger Mortis (Trig)
Arnie

Narrator: The makers of Fatrical present Frontier Mortician! Are you skinny and run down? Are you so thin you have to wear skis in the bathroom to keep from going down the drain? When you turn sideways and stick out your tongue do you look like a zipper? When you drink strawberry pop, do you look like a thermometer? Then you need Fatrical—the drink that adds weight to you. Fatrical is not a capsule. It is not a solid. It is not a liquid. It's a gas that you inhale. Fatrical comes in one delicious gas flavor – mustard. It costs only \$4.95 a case and the equipment for inhaling it costs only \$5,678. This includes a 5,000-cubic foot tank, 400 feet of hose, three pumps, two filter tips, and a partridge in a pear tree.

Now for our story. The Adventures of Trigger Mortis, Frontier Mortician. The scene opens in the residence of Sam Alamode, a wealthy rancher and owner of the Bar-B-Q Ranch in Sparerib, Texas. Sam is dying and is talking to his lovely daughter, Piney Alamode, whom he lovingly calls pie.

Sam: Pie, honey, I'm dying again. Go tell Trigger Mortis, the frontier mortician. Have hearse will travel.

Pie: What's wrong with you, Daddy? What is your ailment?

Sam: I swallowed the thermometer and I'm dying by degrees.

Pie: I'll go call Trigger Mortis right away.

Narrator: Unknown to Sam Alamode, his head foreman, Joe Silver, is hiding outside listening to the conversation. He's a full-blooded native American-Indian and Sam always calls him his faithful Indian companion Silver. Sam doesn't hear Joe speak.

Joe: Let old Sam die. I wish he would. Then I can get the ranch and be set for life. He's always got some fool disease. Last week he swallowed a dynamite cap and his hair came out in bangs. Before that he swallowed a hydrogen bomb and had atomic ache. He's suffering from flower disease—he's a blooming idiot. Hey, here comes Pie Alamode's stupid boyfriend, Arnie. Poor kid. He's an orphan. Little orphan Arnie. I'll just sneak away.

Arnie: I haven't seen my girlfriend, Pie Alamode, for two weeks. Boy, she has lovely eyes. One is brown and the other two are blue. Last time I was here she rolled her eyes at me and I

picked them up and rolled them back. I remember the first time she kissed me. It made chills go up and down my spine. Then I found out her Popsicle was leaking. I'll knock at the door.
(Knocks)

Pie: Who is it?

Arnie: It's me, honey. And I call you honey because you have hives.

Pie: Oh, my cookie. I call you cookie because you're so crummy.

Narrator: We interrupt this love scene to bring you a message from Peter Pan Makeup. Use Peter Pan before your pan peters out. This is the makeup used by the stars: Lassie, Gentle Ben, Phyllis Diller. Listen to this letter from Mrs. Mergatroid Fluglehorn from Liverlip, Mississippi: "My face was so wrinkled I had to screw my hat on. Then I used Peter Pan Makeup and I don't look like an old woman anymore. I look like an old man. I had my wrinkles tightened up and now every time I raise my eyebrows I pull up my socks. I give all the credit to Peter Pan." Use Peter Pan and you can be beautiful too. Now back to Frontier Mortician—Trigger Mortis, the frontier mortician, is answering his telephone.

Trig: Oh, it's you, Miss Pie Alamode. You want me to come to see your father? Well, my hearse has been giving me trouble—I think I blew a casket. I've got to quit using embalming fluid in the gas tank—the motor keeps dying. Yes...yes...well, I have to finish my breakfast. I'm eating Shrouded Wheat and Ghost Toasties...Well, I'll hurry right out. Goodbye. I must be shoveling off.

Narrator: Pie Alamode hangs up and goes to meet her lover, little orphan Arnie, in their favorite meeting place, the family graveyard.

Pie: It's so romantic here in the graveyard. There's the grave of my Uncle Earnest. Look...there are some maggots making love in dead earnest.

Arnie: Darling, may I have your hand in marriage?

Pie: My hand? Oh, yes. In fact, you can have my arm too.

Arnie: Here, I'll put this ring on your finger.

Pie: Awwww, your face it turning red.

Arnie: Yeah, and your finger's turning green. After all, we've been going together for twelve years now.

Pie: So what do you want—a pension? Let's go tell my father.

Narrator: This program is brought to you by the Double Insanity Insurance Company. Mothers, do you have children? Then protect them with a double deal policy. We pay \$100,00 if your son

is killed by a herd of white elephants going east on Thursday. If you lose an arm, we help you look for it. If you get hit in the head, we pay you in one lump sum. We have double indemnity clause too—if you die in an accident, we bury you twice. Now a report from the National Safety Council. It is predicted that 356 people will die in accidents this weekend. So far only 135 have been reported. Some of you aren't trying. Now back to our story. Joe Silver is plotting to kidnap Pie Alamode and hold her for ransom. He thinks Sam Alamode is dying, but he really isn't. Trigger Mortis, frontier mortician, is on his way to the ranch.

Trig: Well here I am. When you're at death's door, I'll pull you through.

Sam: Good to see you, Trigger. Can you give me a good funeral?

Trig: I'll give you a good funeral or your mummy back. Could I interest you in our new layaway plan?

Sam: I'm a sick man, a sick man. The doctor told me to drink some medicine after a hot back, and I could hardly finish drinking the bath.

Trig: You need some of my Whistler's Mother medicine. One dose and you're off your rocker.

Sam: Trigger, I can trust you, can't I?

Trig: Of corpse, of corpse. Have I ever let you down?

Sam: I don't trust my faithful Indian companion, Silver. He has a sneaky look.

Trig: I happen to know, Sam, that Joe Silver wants to kidnap your daughter and keep her from marrying little orphan Arnie.

Sam: Trigger, we gotta do something. Think of a plan.

Narrator: Will Trigger Mortis think of a plan? While he thinks, a word from Honest John Pendergast, the used car dealer. Honest John has bargains in used cars that you can't afford to miss. Here's an 1887 Essex—this is a revolutionary car. Washington drove it at Valley Forge. The tires are so beat that you not only knock the pedestrians down, you whip them to death. The car has low lines—in fact, it's so low it doesn't have doors. It has manhole covers. This program is also brought to you by Glum, the toothpaste that gives your bad breath the Good Housekeeping seal of approval. Are your teeth like the Ten Commandments—all broken? Do you have a Pullman car mouth? One upper and one lower? Then use Glum. Glum contains eucalyptus oil, flown in from Australia. This eucalyptus oil is the secret of Glum. Millions of users say, "Man, you clipt us." Be true to your teeth and they will never be false to you. Now back to Frontier Mortician. Sam, Pie, Arnie and Trigger Mortis are trying to figure out how to get rid of Joe Silver.

Sam: I have a splitting headache.

Trig: Have your eyes ever been checked?

Sam: No, they've always been blue. Trigger, why don't we put Joe in one of your coffins and ship him out of the state?

Trig: A tisket, a tasket, I'll put him in a casket. Listen, Sam, I was in love once, so I know what Arnie and Pie are going through.

Pie: You were in love?

Trig: I was stuck on a girl who worked in the glue factory. She had a schoolgirl complexion—with diplomas under her eyes. Her lips were like petals—bicycle pedals. Those lips, those teeth, that hair, that eye.

Arnie: Hey, here comes Joe Silver. Get your coffin ready, Trigger.

Pie: Daddy, lie on the bed and act like you're dead.

Narrator: Sam lies on the bed and holds his breath. Trigger takes off his shoes and they all hold their breath. At this breathless moment, we bring you the daily police calls. Calling car 15, calling car 15—happy birthday, car 15, you are now car 16. Car 56, car 56, rush to the Bungling Brother's Circus. The fat woman has hay fever and is crying so much three midgets are about to drown. Car 23, car 23—return the 10-gallon hat bought for the mayor—he has an 11-gallon head. Car 19, go to the corner of 6th and Main—the Chinese cook has just committed chop sueycide. Now back to the story. Joe Silver enters Sam's bedroom as the others hide.

Joe: So I finally caught you, you scoundrel. You've cut my check so many times I have to endorse it with Mercurochrome. I want to marry your daughter, Sam, and nobody's gonna stop me. Sure I'm tough—I've been sent up the river so many times I get fan mail from the salmon. The last time they caught me I got ten years in jail and two in the electric chair. Even when I was a baby people were pinning things on me. Now I'm gonna get you.

Sam: Get him, Arnie!

Joe: Help! Help! You're mushing me... (*muffled sounds*)

Trig: That takes care of him. Now I have to run for a body. A fellow in town swallowed a quart of shellac and died. He had a lovely finish.

Arnie: How can we thank you? You'll come to the wedding, won't you?

Trig: Yes, I plan to give you a tombstone for a present, but don't take it for granite.

Sam: Thanks, Trig. By the way, stop over and we'll play golf someday.

Trig: Don't ever play golf with an undertaker—he's always on top with the last hole.

(Sam and Trig exit.)

Arnie: Now we're alone, Pie, my love. Someday you'll have my name.

Pie: I never did find out, what is your last name, Arnie?

Arnie: My name is Arnie R. Square.

Pie: What a lovely name I'll have—Mrs. Pie R. Square.

Narrator: And as the sun sinks slowly in the west, we leave the lovers as they plan their future. Tune in tomorrow for a new adventure, brought to you by Bleeties, the cereal for old goats. Bleeties contains 56% iron, 22% copper, 78% steel, 14% bronze and 11% zinc. It doesn't snap, crack or pop. It lies there and rusts. Bleeties isn't the breakfast of champions. It's for people who just want to get into the semifinals. In closing, be sure to visit your local dime store where they're having a monster sale. Haven't you always wanted to own your own monster? We have vampires at special prices. They're excellent for curing tired blood! These are experienced vampires who all work as tellers in blood banks. Now, tune in tomorrow for the first episode of the new store, "I was a Teenage Spinster," brought to you by the gardener's magazine, *Weeder's Digest*.