

The Tale of Sinister Sam Sneed

Written by Keith Schoch

Divide the audience up and assign each section a part. Read the story with great drama! You might also want to assign each audience section a “cheerleader” to really get them into the part.

<u>Characters</u>	<u>Audience Participation</u>
Sinister Sam Sneed	Boooooo!
Sweet Sally Sue	Oo La La
Grumpy Granny Gertie	Hey You Kids, Get Outta My Yard!
Handsome Henry Hart	Our Hero (sing song)
Texas	Yee Ha!
Wolves	howl
Rattlesnakes	Hisssssss
Farm	ee I ee I oh
Love	oooOOOooo (rising and falling)
Money	ka ching

Sweet Sally Sue and her dear Granny Gertie lived in the heart of Texas where the wolves howl at night and the rattlesnakes slither by day.

Now Sweet Sally Sue once had a ma and a pa of course, but they had passed on when she was much younger. Run over by a herd of stampeding rattlesnakes. So Sweet Sally Sue and Grumpy Granny Gertie worked the farm all day in the hot Texas sun.

Enter, stage left, **Sinister Sam Sneed**, the owner of the local bank. As mean and ugly and short and smelly as a genuine **Texas rattlesnake**. Actually, he was **meaner** than a rattlesnake. Almost as mean as **Grumpy Granny Gertie**.

Now **Sinister Sam Sneed** loves his **money**. He wants more and more each day. **Money**, that is. And there's just one thing in life that **Sinister Sam Sneed** wants more than **money**.

You guessed it. He wants **Sweet Sally Sue**. He wants her as his wife, and he'll do anything to get her.

But **Sweet Sally Sue**, of course, wants nothing to do with **Sinister Sam Sneed**. In fact she is often heard to say, "Marry that man? Why, I'd rather marry a **rattlesnake**. In fact, I'd rather be fed to the bears... or the mountain lions... or the worms... or the **wolves**."

You see there was only one man that she could ever truly **love**, and that was **Handsome Henry Hart**, the most famous cowboy in all of **Texas**. But alas, **Sweet Sally Sue** had heard that **Handsome Hank Heart** had been killed. Killed by the venom of a **rattlesnake** as he peacefully slept on the warm desert sand of **Texas**.

So **Sinister Sam Sneed** made himself a plan. He went to the **farm** early one morning and knocked loudly on the door. Who should appear but **Grumpy Granny Gertie**.

“What do you want?” she exclaimed.

“What kind of greeting is that?” asked Sinister Sam Sneed. “Perhaps you should be more hospitable to the man who owns the deed to this farm!”

“What are you talking about, you old rattlesnake?” barked Grumpy Granny Gertie. “My poor son, before he died, paid for this farm one hundred percent. I may be an old woman who doesn’t remember much nowadays, but I do know that we don’t owe you any cash. Nope, we don’t owe you any dough. No dinero, no mullah, no greenbacks, no money.”

“Ah, but you do owe me money,” replied Sinister Sam Sneed. “But I’ll make you a deal right now. Give me Sweet Sally Sue to be my wife, and I’ll give you the deed to this farm.”

“Oh my, oh my,” cried Grumpy Granny Gertie. “What ever shall I do? Isn’t there anyone who can save my beautiful daughter from such a horrible man as Sinister Sam Sneed?”

“Fear not, Granny Gertie,” exclaimed a strong, clear voice. And who should appear but Handsome Henry Hart.

“You!” exclaimed Sinister Sam, his face red with anger, “How can it be? I heard that a rattlesnake had killed you dead.”

“You heard wrong, Sinister Sam Sneed. No rattlesnake in the whole state of Tennessee or even Texas could kill me.

No poison is strong enough to stop a heart that beats so strongly with love.”

“Curses!” cried Sinister Sam Sneed. “I guess I’m out of luck. I suppose you’ll marry Sweet Sally Sue and live happily ever after.”

“Sweet Sally Sue?” exclaimed Handsome Henry Hart. “Oh, no, not her. She’s much too lazy. It’s Grumpy Granny Gertie that I love. That old woman may be as mean as a rattlesnake, but she’s the best little cook in all of Texas.”

So if you’re ever in Texas and you see a little farm, be sure to say howdy to Handsome Henry Hart and his wife Grumpy Gertie, but whatever you do, watch out for rattlesnakes, and for heaven’s sake, stay outta her yard.