

## **Custer's Grave**

by Tami Canaday

**At Rise:** Rose is sitting on the bluff twirling the ends of her hair, while Indian war whoops, screams, and human voiced gun fire fills the night air.

CASH  
(off stage)

Drop back men! When clear, we'll run up the draw!

(slight beat)

Clear! Clear! Come on you sons of bitches, do you want to live forever? Then damn-it, let's charge!

TEX  
(off stage)

Give 'em hell, Captain.

CASH  
(off stage)

Hurry, men!

TEX and CASH  
(off stage)

Arrrrrrrrrrhhhhhhh!

More human voiced gunfire.  
Tex and Cash enter running,  
both out of breath and sweating.  
Tex plops down next to Rose.

CASH

We did it! Rows and rows of scalped mutilated soldiers. Bang, bang. Scalp, scalp. Was it real enough for you?

ROSE

Well, yeah.

CASH

The Battle of Little Big Horn?

ROSE

(slightly irritated)

I suppose for a spilt second I was there.

CASH

Come on, you agreed to do this.

Tex laughs.

TEX

Right, we're regular army.

CASH

Custer's men---

TEX

And don't forget the Sioux.

CASH

Rose has to be convinced, don't you? So, we'll do it again.

TEX

I don't know---

CASH

How often do we have our own private Custer Battlefield? After it's closed? After Roy has gone home ill? Leaving the seasonal rangers in charge?

TEX  
I feel like an idiot.

CASH  
Well . . . Rose can do it with us.

ROSE  
Oh, no. No.

CASH  
It can't hurt.

ROSE  
Ah . . . we should be historically accurate, so I'll watch from the bluff.

TEX  
Wish I was a female.

ROSE  
Ha!

CASH  
(gazes up at the sky)  
Hey, it's not often the only light is from the stars. Come-on, be a sport, Tex.

TEX  
It's damn eerie down there---

CASH  
Sure and that's what makes it so great! Why I almost believed if I looked up there . . .  
(indicates Custer's grave)  
. . . I woulda seen Custer overlooking the battle, wearing his black Calvary boots, sword raised--

ROSE  
But not for long.

They laugh.

TEX

Okay, this is going to sound crazy, but did you hear music, while we were . . . you know . . . *doing* Custer's last stand.

CASH

Well, uh . . . no.

ROSE

Like what?

TEX

Oh, I don't know. Drum and bugle calls? Field music? Drifting in . . . out like background music from a movie.

CASH

You're joking.

TEX

(to placate)

You're right.

ROSE

Oh Lord, I hope you're not becoming like Cash.

Tex stands and helps  
Rose to her feet.

TEX

Unlike Cash, I've never mistaken the era I'm in.

*(Continued . . .)*