

**GUNFIGHT AT THE
DEADWOOD
DOOMSTONE SALOON**

A Western

by

David Rawson & Jenifer Hillman

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

GUNFIGHT AT THE DEADWOOD DOOMSTONE SALOON

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CAST

Old Timer 1 (*Narrator*)
Old Timer 2 (*Narrator*)
Masked Man
Casey Jones
Trigger (*horse*)

Indians:

Little Feet Running Fast
Chief Hairy Big Nose
Him Who Scalps to the Skull
Him Heap Pain in the Behind
Him Heap Scared of Spiders
Big Puff
Little Puff

Pioneers:

Bill
Dorothea
Jim
Mildred
Fred
George
Felicity
Tom

Rustlers :

Big Bad John
Cactus 1
Cactus 2
Cactus 3
Cactus 4
Rustler 1
Rustler 2
Rustler 3
Rustler 4
Bob
Wandering Star
Townfolk:
Deputy Deputy

Goldstein
Goldberg
Goldfinger
Goldman
Richard Goldson
Dawg
Marshall Marshall Sheriff
Cowboy 1
Cowboy 2
Cowboy 3
Barman
Gambler
Billy the Kid
Calamity Jane
Clerk

Dancing Girls (*optional*)

MUSICAL NUMBERS

SCENE 1

Opening western mood music to introduce Old Timers: **BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN**. Arranged by: *John Warthen Struble*. Publisher: *Classic American Folk Music. Volume II Belwin-Win-Mills Pub. ASCAP*

SCENE 2

Song: **I'M AN INDIAN TOO** (*All Indians*) From **Annie Get Your Gun**
Music and Lyrics: *Irving Berlin*

SCENE 3

Song: **THE DEADWOOD STAGE** (*All Townsfolk + Pioneers*)
From **Calamity Jane**,
Lyrics: *Paul Francis Webster*. Music: *Sammy Fain*

SCENE 4

Intro to scene: saloon / bar piano music (*Mimed on stage by actor*)
Spice Girls Song (tape) (*Calamity Kate + saloon dancers*)
Song: **BIG BAD JOHN** (solo)
or **BAD BAD LEROY BROWN** [*adapted*] Music and Words: *Jim Croce*. Publisher: *101 Country Hits for Buster Wise Publications*.

SCENE 5

Song: **CASEY JONES** (*All cast*)
Arranged by: *John Wartren Struble Pub: Classic American Folk Music Vol II*

SCENE 6

Song: **GOLD FEVER** Lyrics: *Alan Jay Lerner*. Music: *Frederick Lowe*
Publisher: *Chappell & Co. Inc.*
Finale: **THE DEADWOOD STAGE** (*All cast*)

Background Suggestions:

BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN - arranged by *John Wartren Struble*
THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS - arranged by *John Wartren Struble*
SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN -
Traditional American

PROPS LIST

- Scene 1:* gong
rocking chairs x 2
triangle
- Scene 2:* tongs for nasal hair
spears with scalps on
smoke clouds and blanket (*heap Big [drawing of wagon] train*)
- Scene 3:* pen and paper
gold claims
MASKED MAN mask
sheriffs badges x 3
arrows through hats of pioneers
- Scene 4:* milkshake and straw
plastic glasses and beer glasses
trays
pack of cards
holsters and bananas
wooden chairs
rattle
handkerchief
gold brick
- Scene 5:* cut out of fire with **Campfire** written on it
sombbrero x 4
sling
stewing pot, ladle, plates
chief with white handkerchief and peace pipe (piping)
box with levers - brake handles come off
funnel shape
spade
- Scene 6:* gold bags x 2
huge swag bag

GUNFIGHT AT THE DEADWOOD DOOMSTONE SALOON

by David Rawson and Jenifer Hillman

SCENE 1

(Two OLD TIMERS sitting in their rocking chairs, spitting, and reminiscing about the 'Good Ol Days')

MUSIC: WESTERN MOOD MUSIC

- OT1:** Howdy Pardners! Settle your hides down onto your saddles, and listen up. Oh yes, I remember the early days. Life weren't easy then. None of these soft leather saddles, we used to ride them straight off the buffalo's back. *(Spits)*.
- OT2:** When we first came to this town, it were the wildest town in the whole of the Wild West. It were so wild even the local wildlife wouldn't live here. You never left home without a cocked pistol in your holster. *(Spits)*.
- OT1:** We were part of that great migration westward. Part of history. We drove our wagons westward, leaving behind our can openers and toilet rolls. *(Spits)*.
- OT2:** I never left mine behind. Back then we covered open prairies where the buffalo still buffed, Indians scalped before asking you your name, and the wolves wolfed down what the Indians left behind. *(Spits)*.
- OT1:** **Yes sir...** Only the brave, the foolish and the downright bad dared to travel with us. Legends were born way out west when we rode the high prairies. *(Spits)*.
- OT2:** But there was one legend, one that stands alone... more alone than the Lone Ranger after a pot full of baked beans. The Gunfight at the Deadwood Doomstone Saloon was a story of wrongdoing and revenge, robbery and foul play, dastardly Indians and strange women. *(Spits)*.
- OT1:** And some very prickly cacti. *(Spits)*.
- OT2:** And we were there. Yep. Right in the middle of all the action. Of all the tales in all of the wild west and we had to be in that one. *(Spits)*.
- OT1:** Now listen up Pardners. Our story starts way over the hills in a far off Indian camp, where the chief, Him Heap Hairy Big Nose was having his daily nostril hairs trimmed, by his squaw, Little Feet Running Fast. *(Both spit)*.

SCENE 2. The Indian Camp.

(Indian scene setting music or chant or totem poles dance. In the centre Chief is lying on the floor with Little Feet Running Fast pulling at his nostril hair).

LFRF: Stop screaming Chief Hairy Big Nose, you know' um they must come out!

Chief: That's enough Little Feet Running Fast! There's only so much heap big pain indian chief can take heap of. And besides if you pull it all out I shall have to find a new name! Now bring me my pipe so that I can sit and smoke in peace.

LFRF: Oh great chief Hairy Big Nose, have you not forgotten? Before you 'um smoke your piece of pipe you must meet with the young braves who have 'um just returned from their latest scalping raid.

Chief: Oh if'um must, although what all you young'um braves find so fascinating about'um bit of dead skin, matted hair and blood is beyond me. Give me a tin opener any day it's far more useful. If only um pale faces didn't hog'um so much! Bring the brave braves to see me. How! How many scalps hav'um you scalped this time?

(Enter Him Who Scalps to the Skull, and Him Heap Pain in the Behind, and Him Heap Scared of Spiders).

Skull: How? Oh! Great Chief - raid on um paleface wigwam heap big success. We see 'um pale faces, we kill um pale faces; bang bang shoot um arrows. Heap big blood and gore and brains spilling out. See what we have brought you. *(Shows him scalps - Chief reacts with uncertainty).*

Behind: White man has much strange wigwam with roof and four sides. It is made of wood and heap big heavy. We let Him Who Has No Brain carry it back for you.

Chief: Where is Him Who Has No Brain? I don't see him with you.

Behind: It will take him many moons to travel. Many suns and moons, maybe. It is not easy to carry so much wood in one piece.

Spiders: We saw many strange things on our raid, great chief with Heap Big Hairy Nose. Them um pale faces are behaving as strangely as coyote with um runs.

Chief: You mean um sitting down on job, Him Heap Scared of Spiders?

Spiders: No, oh nostril bound wise one, um keep running to um hills and digging heap big holes.

Skull: They seem to be like living in holes up there. More holes in um mountain now, than in um Swiss cheese.

Spiders: Or they spend all day in the river with a bowl that holds no water and they

look at 'um mud all the time.

Chief: Um. This um most strange. But we do not know the ways of the paleface we only take um scalps. But we cannot allow the pale skins to take our sacred land.

(Stage effect as cut out smoke clouds appear).

LFRF: Look 'um in sky oh Chief Hairy Big Nose. Smoke signals from Little Puff and his brother Big Puff. I'd recognise their writing anywhere!

Chief: What'um my billowy brothers say of Little Feet Running Fast?

LFRF: They bring news of heep big wagon train approaching; many pale faces singing happy songs.

(As LFRF reads the signals the smoke clouds must be reversed to reveal wording or pictorial representation).

Chief: This is final heep of straw! The palefaces must be stopped. Bring me their scalps and their tin openers my brave braves! And show no mercy!

(BRAVES gather for comical war dance with lots of strange chanting.

SONG: "I'M AN INDIAN TOO"

Then exit to loud hollering and shouts).

SCENE 3. The town of Deadwood Doomstone. In the street outside the saloon.

(Line across stage leading to DEPUTY, staking gold claims in the hills).

Deputy: Now come on, form an orderly line. No one gets a claim until you've signed your name and registered with me. Who's first?

Goldstein: I am Deputy.

Deputy: Name?

Goldstein: Goldstein, deputy.

Deputy: Where's your claim, Mr. Goldstein?
Goldstein: At the top of the Snake River, in Them There Hills.
Deputy: Right sign you name here. Who's next?
Goldberg: Me, Deputy. My name's Goldberg.
Deputy: And where's your claim, Mr. Goldberg?
Goldberg: In the valley by Hangman's Oak. Up in Them There Hills.
Deputy: Right, sign your name here. Who's next?
Goldfinger: Me, Deputy. My name's Goldfinger.
Deputy: And where's your claim Mr. Goldfinger?
Goldfinger: Dead Man's Hollow, up in Them There Hills.
Deputy: Right, sign your name here. Who's next?
Dawg: My name's Dawg.
Deputy: Well I'm Deputy, Dawg. Stake your claim.
Sheriff: Howdy Stranger. I'm Marshall Marshall, but you can call me Sheriff.
That's a mighty strange piece of facial camouflage you have there. What are you trying to hide?
Masked: Howdy Marshall Sheriff Sir, they call me the Masked Man, coz I'm a man with a mask and that's all you need to know. I've heard there's gold in Them There Hills and I'm looking for the claim office to stake my patch. Perhaps you could point me in the right direction.
Sheriff: Right you are, Masked Man. You ought to know I treat a man like a man until he crosses the law, and then I treat him like a man who crosses the law, and hunt him down. So you're in Doomstone because you've heard that there's gold in Them There Hills. You need to see Deputy Deputy. He deals with that sort of thing. Just join all the townfolk over there in that queue. Seems like everyone's jumping on that bandwagon.
Cowboy 1: Talking of wagons, here comes the stage coach and it's leading in the wagon train. They sure are kicking up some dust, they must be in a hurry. Guess they've heard that Calamity Kate is singing in the saloon this afternoon.

(Townfolk turn to sing:

SONG: THE DEADWOOD STAGE.

Enter PIONEERS at the end of the song, with a few arrows sticking out of their heads and arms, and shouting phrases such as: "Whoa!" "Stop!" "Hang on to your hats boys!" "Still got your hair on Bill?" Some take their hats off to reveal bald heads).

Bill: Whew! That was a close shave.

Jim: Nearest I've been to an Indian since Ma's cacti curry last week.

Sheriff: Welcome to Deadwood Doomstone pardners. You sure kicked up some dust back there. Did you meet with trouble on the way?

Bill: We were attacked by a group of Red Indians. We only just escaped by the skin of our scalps.

Masked: *(To the ladies in gallant fashion).* Sounds like a terrifying experience. If I can be of any help, don't hesitate to call on me.

Ladies: *(All together).* What a hunk!

(All faint to the ground clutching their hearts).

Deputy: Well folks you look all shook up. What a way to arrive in Deadwood Doomstone. How about the Sheriff here stands everyone drink in the saloon just to show how neighbourly we are. *(SHERIFF reacts in disbelief).*

Cowboy 2: Sounds like a fine idea to me; Calamity Kate's on stage in a while. What a woman! Why she's got enough jigger, rattle, and roll to cheer the chops off a Chinaman.

Cowboy 3: Come on everybody, into the saloon! The drinks are on Marshall Marshall Sheriff.

(The SHERIFF goes to stop them, but the crowd stampede off stage, trampling the SHERIFF in the process).

SCENE 4. In the saloon.

(There is a bar man and a couple of tables of card players as well as serving girls and the local townsfolk, pioneers and a few extras; saloon music playing in the background).

Deputy: Howdy barman. We've got some strangers in town, just come off the trail. They're as thirsty as a desert full of cacti. Sheriff's standing the first round.

Bar: What'll it be stranger? Are you on the beer or the sasparrilla?

Masked: Just call me Masked Man barman. Set me up a milkshake, shaken not stirred.

Barman: One milkshake coming up, the usual way.

(He puts a glass on the bar and whizzes it down to the end of the bar where the MASKED MAN catches it with style).

Barman: And beers for the rest of you.

(Puts a whole tray of beer on to the bar and sends it down to the other end. The PIONEERS dive for it. MASKED MAN coolly takes a straw out and starts to drink his milkshake).

Mildred: Wow! Did you see that? He's so cool. What a guy! *(Faints).*

Emma: What a hunk! *(Faints).*

Felicity: He makes me go all weak at the knees! *(Faints).*

Fred: For goodness sake Mildred, can't you control your devilish desires in a public place? *(He picks her up).*

George: I don't know what's come over my Emma. She's been a changed woman since we started on this trip. *(He picks EMMA up).*

Tom: I blame it all on those bumpy dirt tracks we've been a travelling; they've turned their brains to jelly. *(Picks up FELICITY).*

Cowboy 1: You need a fourth for a game of cards, boys?

(He goes to a table where there are three gamblers getting out a pack of cards).

Gambler 1: We sure do. Pull up a chair, put your stake on the table and keep your gun in your holster.

(They start playing cards).

Barman: *(To MASKED MAN).* They sure do take their cards seriously round here, Masked Man.

(Enter BILLY the KID, carrying a rattle).

Deputy: Say, Billy the Kid, we ain't seen you around for a while. You been in hiding again?

Billy: My Ma locked me in my room because I wouldn't do my chores.

Sheriff: Your Ma's a fine woman, Billy the Kid, I won't hear a word against her!

Billy: And she's stopped my tuck for a week!

Deputy: Say that's a bit harsh, Billy, I can see why you're looking a bit down in the dumps. Hows about I buy you a drink?

Billy: Thanks Deputy Deputy, I'll have a double whiskey on the rocks if you don't mind, barman, but I'd better make it quick, the Milky Bar Kid's on his way over here with a bag full of chocolate and I can't be late.

Barman: Now you know I'm not allowed to serve you whiskey Billy.

(BILLY starts to sulk and throws a tantrum and starts to roll around on the floor, then kicking, screaming and wailing as he is dragged off by the DEPUTY, shouting: Not fair! Not fair! Not fair!).

Sheriff: That Billy the Kid sure has got a temper on him. He's going to be a handful when he grows up. Say, barman, when's Calamity Kate going to sing to us? We've been waiting to see her all day.

Barman: Why here she comes now, looking sweeter than a rose and smelling of spice and all things nice. Hold onto your pints pardners!

(Enter CALAMITY KATE who stands on the stage amidst cheering and clapping and starts to dance to a song by the Spice Girls, accompanied by other bar girls. As she sings, she has various accidents. When she has finished she comes off the stage, and trips up on her dress knocking milkshake which goes all over the MASKED MAN. He looks up and sees CALAMITY KATE).

Kate: I do beg your pardon strange Masked Man. Accidents always seem to happen when I'm around. Look I have a handkerchief to wipe up the mess.

Masked: What a smile! What a figure! What an accent! It has a strange twang to it? Are you from the West?

Kate: No, I'm just having trouble with the American accent. I've practised for hours, but it keeps coming out as a cross between a screech and a crackle.

Masked: Of all the bars, in all the Wild West, and you had to walk into this one!

OT1: Yep, the Masked Man, he sure was smitten by Calamity Kate. *(Spits)*.

OT2: He was as smitten as the Milky Bar Kid was when he first came across Nestle's chocolate. *(Spits)*.

OT1: He was as smitten as Billy the Kid was when he first heard the tale of the Three Billy Goats Gruff and decided to name himself after one of them. *(Spits)*.

OT2: But, unfortunately, he was also as smitten as Big Bad John, who at that moment walked into the bar. *(Spits)*.

Barman: Look out everybody! It's Big Bad John!

(Big intake of breath from all ACTORS who repeat):

All: BIG BAD JOHN.

John: Hey, Masked Stranger. Take your hands offa my girl, or I'll shoot you full of more holes than there is in a packet of polo's.

Masked: Now look here, Pardner, I ain't looking for trouble, but I believe a girl has the right to make up her own mind about who she talks to.

John: She has made up her mind, strange Masked Man, and she chose me.

Masked: And you are?

John: They call me John. Big Bad John, coz I'm big, I'm bad and I'm called John, and here's my song.

SONG: BIG BAD JOHN - adapted to tune of LEROY BROWN

John: Now, take off that mask, reveal your true identity and fight like a man, strange Masked Man.

Masked: I ain't taking my mask off for no man, Big Bad John, and I ain't letting you push this talented mime artist and beautiful Spice Rose of the West around. And your reputation don't scare me despite your awful singing.

Kate: Oh Masked Man! No one's ever called me talented before! *(Faints)*.

George: Another one bites the dust.

Tom: It's getting to be a popular pastime round here.

John: This town ain't big enough for the two of us Masked Man!

(Takes a swing at him and misses, and hits the DEPUTY instead who happens to be standing behind).

Cowboy 1: You're cheating, you cheatin' cheatin' cheatin' scoundrel!

(He throws the table over and starts fighting, as JOHN takes another swing at the MASKED MAN).

Gambler: It's a bar brawl!

(General brawl ensues in slow motion, only to be stopped by the entrance of a golddigger).

Goldman: Gold! Gold! Gold!

(EVERYONE stops and looks at him. There is silence).

Sheriff: What did you say, Goldman?

Goldman: There's gold in Them There Hills! *(He holds up a piece of gold).*

Everyone: Gold!

(They all rush out of the Saloon, leaving the MASKED MAN alone in the saloon. He stands up and adjusts his mask).

SCENE 5. Out on the prairies, in the CATTLE RUSTLERS camp.

(The COWBOYS are sitting around the camp fire. A wandering star is in the sky).

Masked: I just don't seem to get it right. Every town I go to I always end up causing trouble and losing the girl. Bad luck follows me around like a buffalo with a bad smell. I end up leaving behind me a lot of bullet holes. Looks like this town is just the same, and once again, I'm going to have to pick up my mask and move on. Say, is that a campfire I see over behind those cacti? I think I could do with some company. I might just mosey on over and see if they have some baked beans to share.

(RUSTLERS go to the fire and sit round it).

Rustler 2: How many more miles is it to Doomstone, Bob?

Bob: About another twenty or so. Big Bad John's gone up ahead to see if there is anything going on in the town that we should know about. He heard a rumour that there was some gold hunting going on in Them There Hills.

Rustler 4: Why, here he comes now. Howdy John, come and take a plate of beef stew and tell us all the news from Deadwood Doomstone.

John: Thanks, I sure could do with some real food in me. Calamity Kate may be pretty, but she sure ain't heard of Mrs. Beeton! She's the only woman I know who can make baked potato seem like an adventure.

Bob: So what did you find down there, John?

John: They've found the gold in Them There Hills, and they're all up there digging away as we speak. I never seen a town so excited! The moment they heard the news they were packing up their shovels and their goldpans, changing their names to Goldfather, Rockergoldfeller and Richard Goldson, and racing up the track that leads to our fortune.

(INDIANS come in led by CHIEF, waving white handkerchief).

Chief: How! I come in um peace waving my clean um hanky and holding um peace pipe Heap um Big Bad John. I come to talk to um Big Bad paleface.

John: That's me Mr. Indian. What do you want with us?

Chief: How! Paleface chief.

John: How what?

Chief: How oh never um mind. Um Palefaces of Deadwood Doomstone have found um gold on um sacred Indian land. Um gold is part of um ancestors burial ground. It was placed there by um grandfathers grandfather. Um need to put it um back.

John: I see. *(Aside)*. This could be danged tricky. *(To CHIEF)*. How can we help you?

Chief: Little Feet Running Fast has um cunning plan. She will tell you.

Feet: We wait until all um gold is in um bank. Then um attack in middle of day when bank is open. Indians raid um town and help take gold away. We split um gold fifty fifty.

Rustler: I think we need to discuss this in private, John.

Bob: Excuse us a moment, oh great Redskin chief.

Chief: Of um course.

(Both groups go to separate sides of the stage and whisper together).

Chief: And when they are not looking we'll run off with the gold.

Indians: Tehehehehee snigger snigger.

John: And when they're not looking we'll run off with the gold

Rustlers: Tehehehehehee snigger snigger.

(Both INDIANS and COWBOYS eye each other with secret grins on their faces!).

John: I think we are agreed then. We will help you.

Chief: Good, let us go and smoke um piece of pipe to show our friendship.

John: Just a minute. I have been into the town of Deadwood Doomstone today and seen Sheriff Marshall and his deputy, Deputy Deputy.

Rustler 2: Will they be any trouble?

John: No, they'll be a push over, but there is a strange Masked Man in town, who looks mighty familiar. He's slicker with a gun than a two fingered coyote and faster than a buffalo on the run. Fortunately, I think he's fallen for my Calamity Kate, even with his mask on he can't hide his lovesick eyes. I could ask her to divert him.

Rustler 3: But you won't let anyone near Calamity Kate, John. She's your girl.

John: She's only my girl when I'm in Deadwood Doomstone, Rustler, and after eating her baked potato, I may be having second thoughts.

Bob: Well let's figure a plan then.

(The INDIANS and COWBOYS leave the stage discussing ways of robbing the bank).

Masked: What a nestful of vipers I've stumbled into. The plottings thicker than old Ma Baker's dumpling and custard. I guess this is my chance to be a hero, and to save Deadwood Doomstone. Why, this is the stuff of legends. Now where's my horse? *(Whistles)*. Trigger!

(Enter TRIGGER the horse, hobbling to coconut clip clops).

Masked: Why Trigger, my faithful steed, what have you done to your fetlock?

(TRIGGER stamps his feet three times and whinneys twice).

Masked: Oh, three stamps and two whinneys short of a horse shoe, eh? Well I've gotta mount up and save the day. Hi ho! Masked Man away!

(Jumps on horse who collapses).

Masked: P'raps not. Come on Trigger old friend, mount up.

(Masked Man piggy backs TRIGGER off stage, singing:).

*A four legged friend,
A four legged friend,
He'll never let you down.*

OT1: Things sure were getting interestin' in the town of Deadwood Doomstone, Gold in Them There Hills, and everybody after it. *(Spits)*.

OT2: And, by trying to make sure that law and order was kept, the Masked Man had a heavy weight on his shoulders, as well as that horse of his. *(Spits)*.

OT1: Yep, he carried that horse for about a mile before he realised that he weren't Hercules. But, as fortune would have it, he found himself next to the railroad track, and that headed straight into Deadwood Doomstone. *(Spits)*.

OT2: And, what do you know, a train was coming down the track. *(Spits)*.

OT1: Well, the Masked Man managed to hitch a ride up on that train, and he sat up in the cab with the driver. *(Spits)*.

(Both the MASKED MAN and TRIGGER are up in the cab of the train with the driver, on the stage is a block with a series of brake levers coming out of it).

Masked: Say, driver, it sure is good of you to give me a ride on this train. And my horse as well. I was pretty tired of carrying him all that way.

Driver: Glad to be of service, masked stranger. My name's Casey, by the way, Casey Jones and this train is the Canon Ball Express.

Masked: Pleased to meet you Mr. Jones. They call me the Masked Man, and I'm sure you can see why. Most folks I meet ask me a load of dumb questions about me.... Is something wrong Mr. Jones?

(CASEY JONES is having problems with the brake handle which comes off in his hand).

Casey: No cause for concern, Mr. Masked Man. You just hold on to your mask and your horse's tail while I just try the emergency brake.

(He fiddles with the emergency brake which also comes off in his hand).

Masked: Have we got a problem, Mr. Jones?

Casey: No problem, Mr. Masked Man. I just need to jiggle this handle around and we'll be on our way.

Masked: I don't want to scare you, Casey pardner, but it seems to me that we're already on our way, and mighty fast too!

Casey: *(Pulls out the last lever)*. Well, you could be right Masked Man. This here Canon Ball Express just ain't going to stop. Not unless I get out and put the brakes on myself. Here, you'd better take my hat.

Masked: Where are you going, Casey?

Casey: I'm going to stop this train! Don't hang around for me Masked Man. I'm going out to free up those brakes and I may be some time. *(He climbs out of the train)*.

SONG - CASEY JONES

(Huge crash in which MASKED MAN and TRIGGER are thrown onto the floor and lie still. CASEY JONES also throws himself to the floor and lies still. Then MASKED MAN gets up as the OLD TIMERS speak).

OT1: Of all the trains in all the world, our hero had to hitch a lift with Casey Jones on the Canon Ball Express. *(Spits).*

OT2: Yep. That crash went down in history, and tales of how Casey were found the next day dead, with the brake lever still in his hand, well, they wrote songs about it. *(Spits).*

OT1: Yep, they sure did; more's the pity! *(Spits).*

OT2: The only survivor of the wreck was the Masked Man, saved because Trigger, his faithful horse kicked him out of the engine just before the train crashed. *(Spits).*

OT1: Yep, that horse saved his life. He came out of the wreck with no more than a few bruises and a nasty ear infection that kept him walking in circles for a couple of days. *(Spits).*

OT2: It made digging a grave for his trusty steed very difficult. *(Spits).*

OT1: When he finally came to his senses, the Masked Man remembered in a flash, what he had to do. *(Spits).*

Masked: I must save the gold for the people of Doomstown Deadwood! Or is it Doomwood Deadstone? No, it's Doomdead Woodstone

SCENE 6. The bank of Deadwood Doomstone.

SONG - GOLD FEVER

(A few PROSPECTORS are putting in their gold).

OT2: The Masked Man hobbled to the rescue two days later than he had intended and hoped he were not going to be too late. *(Spits).*

OT1: Meanwhile things were already happening in Deadwood Doomstone. Big Bad John and his gang had been watching the flow of gold that was coming down from Them There Hills and into the bank. *(Spits).*

OT2: The Indians were watching the flow of gold, and Big Bad John, in case he tried to double cross them. *(Spits)*.

OT1: And Marshall Marshall Sheriff and Deputy Deputy were watching the whole of the town in case there were trouble. *(Spits)*.

Clerk: Who's next please, why good afternoon Mr. Goldman. How much gold are you depositing today?

Goldman: A couple af bars and a nugget, bank clerk. And you can keep the nugget for yourself on account of the fine work you're doing round here.

Clerk: Why thank you Mr. Goldman. I sure do appreciate that. Who's next? Why hello Mr. Goldson.

Goldson: Son, you can call me Richard. I've been putting so much gold in this bank I feel I know you personally. There's four bars for the bank and you can keep the nuggets, for your good service.

Clerk: Why thank you, Richard. That sure is good of you. I never thought gold digging could be so much fun!

(At this point there are loud Indian calls from outside).

Sheriff: Go outside, Deputy Deputy and see what all the noise is.

Deputy: It sounds like Indians, sir.

Sheriff: I know it sounds like Indians, Deputy Deputy, go out and see what they're up to. I don't like hearing Indians at this time of day.

(DEPUTY goes outside. In walks BIG BAD JOHN and his gang).

John: Everyone reach for the sky!

Sheriff: Hey John, what's happening?

John: This is a hold up, Sheriff. I'm taking your gold for my poor sick mother and my starving brothers and sisters who fell sick with the money bug only yesterday.

Rustler 1: Are you John? You never told us that. That sure is mighty fine of you. I wish I had a heart of gold like you!

Sheriff: I don't believe you Big Bad John. You're meaner than a coyote with his tail stuck in bee hive. And I ain't going to let you take gold that belongs to the honest god fearing folk of this town.

John: Reach for the sky Sheriff, or I'll shoot you so full of bullets they'll be using you as a sieve.

Sheriff: Give me your gun Big Bad John. I ain't reaching for the sky, not for you, not for any man, especially not a man who can't sing. The Masked man was right about you. I only wish we'd listened to him earlier.

(The DEPUTY runs in with an arrow through his head, closely followed by CALAMITY KATE).

Deputy: You were right Sheriff. There's Indians out there. They're a hollerin and shooting arrows and looking pretty mean. *(He falls over).*

Calamity: Oh, John! Thank goodness you're here! You must save us from this horrible scalping fate that awaits us! *(She throws herself on him).*

Sheriff: How can you refuse the cries from the woman you love John? Put down your gun and give yourself up.

John: *(Smiles an evil smile, and holds CALAMITY KATE as a hostage).* I ain't putting my gun down for this accident prone two bit mime artist!

Calamity: Why John!

John: I'm sorry Kate, but ever since you gave me that baked potato, I've had more problems with my stomach than the Indians have with bad breath. Besides, I've fallen for a girl in Kentucky who makes the greatest fried chicken I've ever tasted.

Calamity: The Masked Man was right about you. I should have listened to him all along.

John: I don't want to hear his name mentioned again. Now, Sheriff, are you going to put down your gun or am I going to have to shoot Calamity here?

Sheriff: I'll put down my gun John, if you promise not to hurt her. *(He puts down his gun).*

John: Get the gold, boys.

(The RUSTLERS go for the gold and get a huge bag of nuggets that the BANK CLERK was hoarding. GOLDMAN and GOLDSON start to cry).

Rustler 1: That's all the gold Big Bad John.

John: Well, we'll be going then Sheriff. You just keep reaching for the sky till we're away.

(Enter MASKED MAN).

Masked: Not so fast, Big Bad John. You ain't going nowhere with that gold. Put it down.

Rustler 2: It's the Masked man!

John: What do you want Masked man? Don't you know you're in a losing situation? There are more Indians outside that door, ready to shoot you down than I have potatoes to fry?

Masked: Wrong, Big Bad John. There ain't no Indians outside that door. They're

all drinking milkshake in the saloon, and they won't shoot for you not now, nor ever again.

John: What did you do to them, Masked man?

Masked: Never you mind, Big Bad John. That's a secret between me and the cinema going public of the world. Now let Kate go and hand over your gun, or am I going to have to fight you for it?

John: I'd be happy to fight you for it, Masked man. Out on the street. Guns at high half past eleven. Bad Man to Masked Man.

Calamity: Oh Masked man, don't do it, John'll surely shoot you full of lead dead!

Masked: Stay calm Calamity, I ain't about to go lead over heels for no man. Step outside Big Bad John.

(THEY step outside [off the stage and on it again?]. Both stand back to back, and then walk ten steps away from each other. They turn to face each other, their fingers twitching at their holsters, perform 'scissors, paper and stone' routine before going for guns).

John: Wait. Before I shoot yer dead, face me like a man. Take off that mask so I can see your true identity.

OT1: There was no sound in the street as the Masked man took off his mask, and threw it to the ground. *(Spit)*.

John: It's Clint Eastwood! Clint Eastwood! Wow!

(All men on stage faint in a swoon when CLINT EASTWOOD is revealed).

Rustler 1: Clint! Wow! My cowboy here, I've seen all your films!

Rustler 2: I've seen all your films and interviews! Hey Clint, can I have your autograph? It's not for me you understand. it's for my sister's little boy.

Dorothea: Clint Eastwood! Oh I'd of much preferred John Wayne myself!

Mildred: Yeah, John Wayne's much more natural in the saddle!

Emma: That's right and he's got the cutest little dimple in his chin.

Felicity: Oh, John Wayne, now he's a real cowboy.

Masked: Oh, for goodness sake! That's all I ever hear where ever I go: "John Wayne this and John Wayne that!" I'm sick of it. Why do you think I've taken to wearing this mask and drinking milkshakes? Don't you realise that I've just saved all the gold from Them There Hills for the town, rescued the townsfolk from a vicious Indian scalping and brought a rustler's gang to book; not to mention faced off with their Big Bad leader! And what do I get for my troubles? *(Mimics)*. Oh we just love John Wayne.

(During this speech everyone on stage has started kicking their heels in a guilty fashion and mooching around uncomfortably with guilt).

Sheriff: Oh come on Clint, we all love you, really do, don't we boys?

(All MEN cheer).

Calamity: Yeah and us girls don't think any the less of you do we girls?

(All GIRLS shout "NO").

Masked: Guess this is where I put my mask back on and ride off into the sunset.

Dorothea: Actually, now you come to mention it, Butch Cassidy's a bit of a hunk.

Mildred: Personally, when it comes to Masked men, I prefer the Lone Ranger.

Felicity: What about the Good the Bad and the Ugly? There's three of them.

Emma: I heard tell of some General Custard, in the Cavalry, who looks good in uniform.

Calamity: And there's a new cowboy and his wolf heading out west, called Kevin Costalot, who can catch a girl's eye.

Dorothea: It certainly looks like the Wild West's the place to be for us girls.

Masked: This is the end. I can't stay here, and listen to this any longer. Calamity, you've just broken my heart. I'm going to find my Wandering Star and follow it down the trail.

Sheriff: I'm with you, Masked man, these women are one horseshoe short of a hoof.

Masked: Please don't talk about horses, I've just suffered a recent personal loss.

John: Clint, I'd be mighty proud to find my own wandering star and go with you.

OT1: And that was how it ended. *(Spits).*

OT2: The Masked Man, the Sheriff and Big John left the town of Deadwood Doomstone for ever, leaving only their footprints in the dust. *(Spits).*

OT1: And if you ever look up into the Western sky, on a clear night, and see three wandering stars, you can be sure, there's three cowboys beneath them, travelling that trail, searching for their destiny. *(Spits).*

OT2: Course you may be wondering what happened to Him Heap Hairy Big Nose and Little Feet Running Fast and the rest of their Indian tribe. *(Spits).*

OT1: Well, Chief Hairy Big Nose saw an opening his tribe could exploit in the wig market and business just seemed to take off. *(Spits).*

OT2: And as for the town of Deadwood Doomstone it went down in history and sunk without trace! *(Spits).*

THE END

