

Fistful of a few unforgiven dollars more by Tom Hitchcock

Presenter: Deputy Correct and Sheriff Clue gallop down the mean streets of Comanche town towards the "Spit on the wall sawdust floor saloon" unbeknown to them of what may await their arrival. We shall now turn our wind up pocket watch, or if you can carry one around with you - a long case pendulum clock, back to 9pm. We find lady long draws and Curvy Kate serving a table of poker players. Around that very table is the notorious outlaw 'The Kid'. Dirty Steve a retired gun hand, John F Chisum a cattle baron, Catastrophe Claire a cowgirl, Jessie Evans the famous cattle Queen of New Mexico and Dave Scurlock a downright womaniser and scoundrel.

Lady Long Draws: Now then boys, y'all play nicely over here. The saloon will be shutting down in an hour or two. That sand storm is due to arrive tomorrow and I must batten down the hatches or else my fine young girls will get all covered in true grit.

Dave Scurlock: Wouldn't be the first time I bet!

Lady Long Draws: Why Dave Scurlock - you hold your tongue! This is a respectable establishment; as you well know!

John F Chisum: Curvy Kate, whiskey and make it a double.

Curvy Kate: Why certainly Mr Chisum. Any of you other men want a drop of our famous New Mexico Whiskey?

Various exclamations of agreement come from the cast.

Curvy Kate: I best bring the bottle then. My, my, Lady Long Draws, we will be drunk dry at this rate.

Dirty Steve: And that gentlemen, I believe makes the pot mine! Full House.

'Gosh darn it' and other exclamations.

Catastrophe Claire: What in tar-nation is going on here. Not one routin' tootin' good hand has come my way all night.

'The Kid': Luck of the draw!

Dirty Steve: You'd sure no all about that 'The Kid'.

'The Kid': Has saved my life on more than one occasion! You see in life you need to know when to draw and if you do draw, draw quick.

Jessie Evans: I'ma have to start selling my cattle if this game doesn't change to my liking.

Dirty Steve: Only deal in dollars on this table.

John F Chisum: But if you want to sell me some heads of beef, I'll gladly give you a price per head for you to continue loosing, I mean playing in this here game.

Jessie Evans: Mr Chisum, you have a beef outfit and I have a beef outfit. This county is big enough to hold a cattle Barron and a cattle Queen. I'd rather move counties than sell you my prime beef stock. Wouldn't want them contaminated by your worm ridden beef.

John F Chisum: Worm ridden beef? Miss Jessie Evans, I'll have you know that my beef is the best there is. That's why the United States Army contract with me and not you. My man, Dave Scurlock here, makes sure I only get the best!

Dirty Steve: By any means possible no doubt.

Curvy Kate: Gentlemen, and ladies, here are your drinks.

Dave Scurlock: What a fine figure you have - a long neck, a round waist and plenty, plenty full.

Lady Long Draws: Are you talkin' to me or the bottle of Whiskey Dave?

Dave Scurlock: The Whiskey Ma'am. But now you come to mention it...

John F Chisum: Don't mention it. We came here to play poker.

Dave Scurlock: Amongst other things.

Dirty Steve: Mr Chisum, your turn.

John F Chisum: Check.

'The Kid': Read them and weep boys. Three aces!

Catastrophe Claire: Yeehaw!

SFX - gun being shot - six shooter, followed by plaster falling and a girls scream

Lady Long Draws: Catastrophe Claire, stop shooting holes in my ceiling. You nearly got Annabelle upstairs. *(Calling)* Annabelle, it's alright, you keep on with Mr Wooldridge: he paid the full five dollars. Now Catastrophe Claire - give me that six shooter.

Curvy Kate: The rules of Lady long Draws Saloon clearly state the use of firearms are forbidden in this here establishment.

John F Chisum: Damn good job too!

Lady Long Draws: Two hundred and thirty days without a splash of blood from gunfire on my walls.

Catastrophe Claire: I'm just so darn excited that I actually won a hand! Five Kings!

'The Kid': Five kings?

Dirty Steve: Are you cheating us here Chisum?

John F Chisum: Cheating?

Dave Scurlock: It's your deck!

John F Chisum: If I was a cheatin' you, don't you think I'd be winning!

Dirty Steve: You have been winning most of the night though.

John F Chisum: Just lady luck smiling down on me I guess.

Catastrophe Claire: Don't none of you lot take away this win from me! I got it fair and square - Five Kings.

Jessie Evans: You can't get five Kings - there's only meant to be four in a pack. You loose darlin'

Catastrophe Claire: Dang' namit! How the hell did the fifth card get in there?

Curvy Kate: I guess, someone must have mixed up two decks of cards together by mistake.

Lady long Draws: Why Curvy Kate, go on over there and grab a fresh deck of cards for the players real quick like.

SFX - footsteps walking away.

'The Kid': This fresh deck had best not be rigged!

Lady Long Draws: Fresh from the supplier!

'The Kid': And who is your supplier?

Lady Long Draws: J. F. Chisum and company

Dirty Steve: Figures!

Jessie Evans: Is there nothing you don't have a hand in Chisum?

John F Chisum: Many fingers in many pies make for a nice surprise! That's why my empire is growing and expanding far and wide over the territory. Compared to your failing attempts to expand.

Jessie Evans: But you still want to play poker with us here.

John F Chisum: One does have to bring oneself down to earth occasionally to appreciate how good their living really is! Now are we gonna talk all night or are we gonna play some more poker?

SFX - footsteps walking.

Curvy Kate: Here's the new deck Mr Chisum.

Dave Scurlock: I'll take the cards you gorgeous critter you. Bring me another bourbon.

SFX - a smack on the bottom.

Curvy Kate: Mr Scurlock - I do declare, that if you touch my derriere, I shall not be held responsible for my actions. There will be no muscle touching my bustle!

Dave Scurlock: Don't you talk to me like that, or else I shall pay Lady Long Draws my five dollars and teach you some manners.

Curvy Kate: I swear to God...

Lady long Draws: Kate, go fetch the bourbon.

John F Chisum: Dave, concentrate on the game. Your turn to shuffle and deal.

Dave Scurlock: One eyed jacks are wild. Hold on to your ten gallons!

'The Kid': Here....

SFX - flipping a dime across a table.

'The Kid': Get them Mexican's to play us a tune.

SFX - Music " The man with the Harmonica" by Ennio Morricone

The music doesn't start at the start of the track but plays for about a minute.

Presenter: We rejoin Sheriff Clue and Deputy Correct as they ride gallantly down the deserted desert street towards the "Spit on the walls sawdust floor saloon". Not a soul is seen on these dark streets in the dead of the night. This is partly due to the lack of fluorescent lighting in the 1880's but more to do with the fact that it is very late at night and everyone else is fast asleep in bed; dreaming of what tomorrow brings and hoping that the sand storm doesn't ruin their adobe.

SFX - galloping horses, which plays for around twenty seconds before anyone speaks and then is continued in the background.

Deputy Correct: How much further to the saloon Sheriff?

Sheriff Clue: Just to the end of the street, where you can just see the red candle glowing outside the front of the saloon doors.

Pause for twenty seconds or so whilst the horses galloping can be heard.

Deputy Correct: This is a rather long street Sheriff!

Sheriff Clue: I was just thinking the same thing!

Pause for twenty seconds or so whilst the horses galloping can be heard.

Sheriff Clue: Just a little farther!

SFX - Clop Clop Clop Clop - Rather than clip clop of a horse trotting)

Sheriff Clue: Stop - my horse has thrown a shoe!

SFX - Hammering nails in.

Sheriff Clue: There that should do it! We had best double step to get to the end of the street.

SFX - Galloping of horses but sped up ending with a 'Neigh'

Sherriff Clue: Here we are - The 'Spit on the wall sawdust floor saloon'!

SFX - rattling a door knob

Sheriff Clue: Damn it's closed.