

PERUSAL SCRIPT

The Saga Of Sasquatch C'loné

or

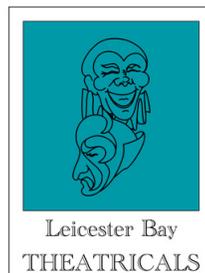
Doc Holiday's Electronic Medicine Show *(THE BATTLE OF THE BOTTLES)*

Book & Lyrics by

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Newport, Maine

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The Saga of Sasquatch C'one

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THE CHARACTERS

The seven performers (including the pianist) are separated into two opposing troupes of players.

THE HOLLIDAY TROUPE

DOC HORATIO Q. HOLLIDAY [mid-40s] – an affable middle aged showman after the order of P. T. Barnum, but with a heart of gold. He is portly, a bit on the con-man side of scholarly and a gentleman with the ladies. He has a good sense of humor and a keen eye for what pleases a crowd. He has made his living traveling the West selling a little nostrum called "Sasquatch C'lone." He believes his discovery will actually help people—but it is his medicine show—the marketing with a show that has really pulled in the profits. People buy the potion more to have the fun of watching the show-and not because they believe in what it does.

LILLY: VESUVIUS (a stage name for Mabel Eunice Flatbush) [17 or 18]– is the young lady of the Company. She reminds onlookers a little of Marilyn Monroe: a bit empty-headed with a deep seated passion. She is a niece to Doc Holliday—and she tempts and teases men in the audience and Romantique Esquire with a brand of frontier flirting that arouses their glands and confuses their minds. She is a bit like Judy Holliday and Gracie Allen...saying funny nonsequiters... and raising her eyebrows and her skirts at the same time. She will spend much of the show in bloomers—because Doc knows that a little skin above the knee is always good for some male tongue-wagging sales. Lilly was to be a dance hall girl before she threw in with Doc and Romantique ... and she has a little book of goals she checks off at the most inopportune times. She's smarter than she makes out to be and can sing a great throbbing torch song, which she does with ROSIE near the end of the show.

ROSIE O'GRADY (a stage name for Rosie Gertrude Flatbush -- who knew?) [38-39]– a defector from SLICKERY to DOC; older and experienced, loves SLICKERY, but hates the way he treats her, she tolerates DOC because of the money he pays her. SHE and LILLY sing the big torch song near the end, which is a good thing as they are Mother and Daughter. Maybe the ending is also a wedding of DOC and ROSIE.

ROMANTIQUE: ESQUIRE (or CAVIAR BEAUREGARD) [mid-20s] – is a sharpshooting gambler who has a past but he's not telling anybody about it. He joined the Holliday Show just last week and Doc and Romantique are just getting to know each other. He thinks most women have straw in their heads... and he fights with Lilly ... (though there is an odd attraction there)...as she outsmarts him from time to time and confuses him as much as she confuses the men in the audience who chase her. She willingly does the stunts that Romantique performs with his 'Shooting irons' and every once in a while she shows him up with some fancy trickery herself.

SLICKERY'S GANG

SLICKERY: Q. SLIDEY [late 40s] – is a bully and a tough guy. He is actually the Gypsy Industrialist, Anhosser Babushka, (another moniker for Rudolph Silhan) in disguise. He can dance and sing. He is on a secret mission to steal the patent for the formula from his competition, Doc Holliday, who is the biggest distributor of "Sasquatch C'lone", which SLICKERY (as ANHOSER) hates, since he manufactures the stuff. With the acquisition of Doc's business, Babushka will have a complete monopoly on both the manufacture and distribution of Sasquatch C'lone. He leads a pack of malcontents whose talents for bumbling and mayhem are a mixed bag at best.

ROSIE O'GRADY (a stage name for Rosie Gertrude Flatbush -- who knew?) [38-39] – a defector from SLICKERY to DOC; older and experienced, loves SLICKERY, but hates the way he treats her, she tolerates

DOC because of the money he pays her. SHE and LILLY sing the big torch song near the end, which is a good thing as they are Mother and Daughter. Maybe the ending is also a wedding of DOC and ROSIE.

DULLARD WITLESS [early 20s] – is a kind hearted bumbler who has been on the trail most of his life drifting from that job to this. He is new to the Sasquatch C'lone quest ... but has joined Slickery on a "so-What?" kind of whim. He reveals more talent for wit and making sense than he is given credit for during the course of the show.

(NEW -- WORK HIM IN) **DOOFUS McGEE** (stage name for William Silhan, who goes on to fame and fortune as the recipe holder for Coors Beer) [late 20s] – is actually Anhosers tag-along-son. He is treated worse than DULLARD is. He gets all the dirty jobs. He is the slave and resents it. He presents his new and improved recipe for the Toilet Water, to ANHOSER, who turns him down. DOOFUS then sells it to Adolph Coors, just out of spite and at the end of the show retires from the BABUSHKA Company.

SOLO SORT OF

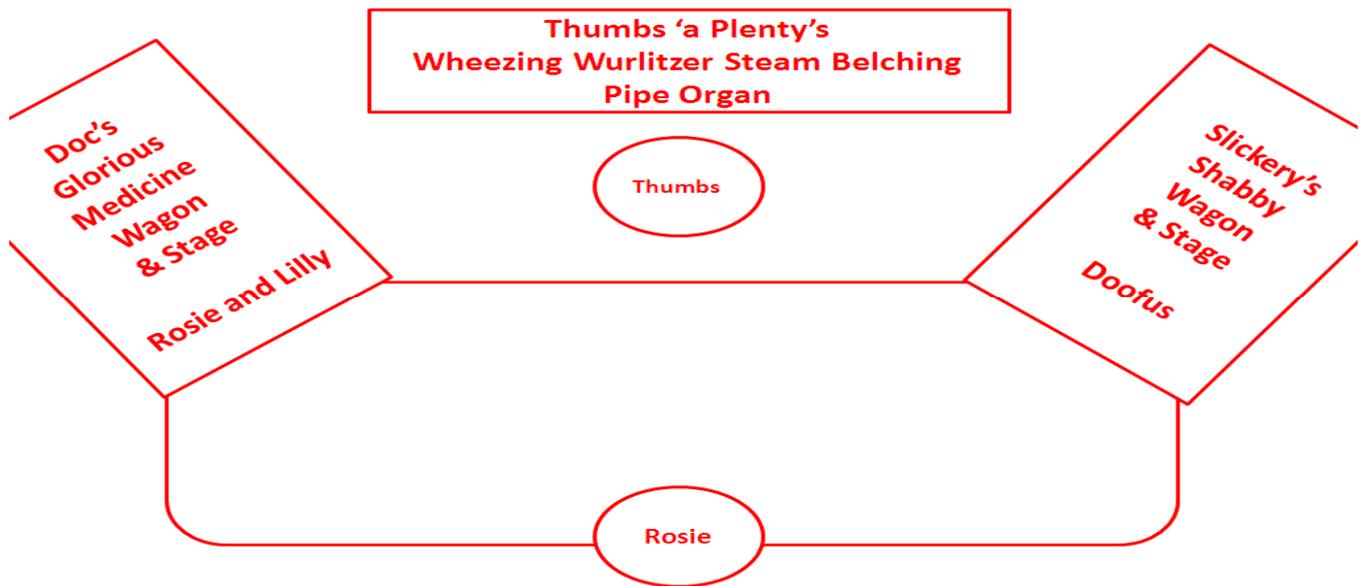
THUMBS APLENTY [30-45] – is a piano-player gone sour. THUMBS (and SLICKERY) have always made off with everyone else's material for much of their adult lives together, but SLICKERY never gave any credit, so THUMBS went solo. He has now been engaged by DOC. THUMBS and DOC, and sometimes SLICKERY, gang up on DULLARD–because he's new to their vocation and because he's so kind hearted. DULLARD does them in by the end of the performance ... through which THUMBS plays piano most of the time ... and yells rude things at LILLY.

LIST OF MUSICAL NUMBERS

- #1 – **THE STAR OF THE SHOW** – COMPANY
- #2 – **THE DIFFERENCE IS LIVIN'!** – DOC & SLICKERY
- #3 – **PONY EXPRESS** – COMPANY
- #4 – **HIGH ON MOUNTAIN GROAN** – COMPANY
- #5 – **TRAPPERS C'LONE** – COMPANY
- #6 – **A LITTLE GYPSY** – SLICKERY and LILLY:
- #7 – **THIS IS YOUR WIFE** – COMPANY
- #8 – **THE ARMY USE** – COMPANY
- #9 – **BOTTLES ON THE TRAIL** – COMPANY
- #10 – **THE BIG TORCH SONG** – LILLY & ROSIE
- #11 – **THE STAR OF THE SHOW** – COMPANY

COMPOSER NOTE:

Sadly, J. Robert Howe passed away in 2013. His wit and humor was one-of-a-kind. However, I know that there is someone out there who lives in the same tradition that JR did. I am looking for that individual to take this show to the next level. Please inquire if your theatre has such an individual.



THE SAGA OF SASQUATCH C'LONE or **DOC HOLLIDAY'S ELECTRONIC MEDICINE SHOW**
 by Jon Robert Howe & C. Michael Perry. A cast of 7 plus the piano-player, who often gets in on the action. Frontier sets, costumes and props with plenty of anachronisms. Two competing Medicine Shows: "Doc Holliday's Electronic Medicine Show" vs. "Slickery Q. Slidey's Toilet Water Tableaux". They both sell *Sasquatch C'lon*e, which they both claim to manufacture from a secret recipe. Doc sells bottle after bottle. Slickery sells ... well, less than that, at least not at Doc's price. Slickery is jealous, too jealous, because he is, after all, the bottler of all the C'lon

e ever made. He just can't sell much of it to anyone but Doc, because Doc has the machine to distribute it: The Buckskin-Talky-Picture-In-A-Box, broadcast on the Saddle-light Broadcasting System, to cabins and fine homes across Pioneer America. Doc suspects something as Slickery carefully hides his alter-ego, Anhoser Babushka, the world famous inventor and bottler of the C'lon

e. The Battle of the Bottles winds its way through mayhem, hilarity, hokum and a lot of just plain downright fun, which includes side-splittingly embarrassing audience participation (a la Game Shows), until the bottles are in the hands of those who can keep the legend of the Sasquatch alive, the customers, and all are happy campers, uh, Frontiersmen, em, Pioneer Entrepreneurs of Titillating Tonsorial Delights. **Order # 3022.**

ALSO NOTE: that this is a play in progress. This script is in constant flux. Your theatre or group can help us shape it, and thereby decrease your royalty costs. Just contact LBT.

NOTE: The Jailhouse should be located behind the audience, maybe seen by them as they enter, but it is not noticed during the show, but must be in full view of the stage for the contestant to see the show.

THE SAGA OF SASQUATCH C'LONE

Doc Holliday's Electronic Medicine Show

PRE-SHOW – *DOC's Troupe meets and mingles with the audience passing out cards for a years supply of SASQUATCH C'LONE. Also getting names and volunteers for the upcoming audience participation gags. The premise of the approach will be a slightly modernized medicine show—as stunts are done, a la the normal medicine show a bass or snare is hit. One cast member brings around someone who has had a miracle happen in his or her life as a result of the C'loner Medicine show announcements about the time with appropriate funny comments.*

Members of SLICKERY'S gang sneak in and work remote parts of the crowd, PASSING OUT CARDS FOR 'SLICKERY'S NEVERENDING TOILET WATER', and slink away when DOC and the others enter or approach. SLICKERY'S bunch are obviously spies and are competing for the attention and dollars of the crowd. (Buckskin Bucks should be passed out to the audience at the box office so that they can trade them for C'loner.) There is little said, but it's obvious that when DOC's bunch are working the crowd, SLICKERY and his gang are hiding and only making advances when DOC and his bunch are tending to other details. Ideally the show should be done in a Dinner Theatre set up with the cast attending to special needs of the audience members while the waiters and waitresses bring the food. A few minutes before curtain there could be a gunfight through the theatre.

SCENE ONE: *A Frontier Street. Two medicine wagons at either side of the Stage behind a raised platform between the two wagons in the foreground with a gigantic prop organ manned by THUMBS APLENTY forming the backdrop. THUMBS enters to a silent crowd, bows stiffly to the audience then goes around to one side of the prop organ and turns a giant crank. Slowly the organ comes to life, belching prop steam and swaying side to side. The thin hipped, THUMBS wearing a brocade vest, big bow tie and spats over tap dancing shoes and a stylish grey derby hat, sashays into the little circular seat, twirls around on it to the right height, plants his feet firmly on the floor and adjusts the overhead rear view mirror; jumps up digs out an oversize coin from his pocket and puts it into the slot. THUMBS begins the oompah oompah as steam pumps from the pipes...and the overture begins.*

MUSICAL # 1 – OVERTURE (YOU ARE THE STAR OF THE SHOW and others)

As the theme begins the other members of the two competing medicine shows enter the stage. DOC HOLLIDAY, enters banging a big bass drum, and he and LILLY VESUVIUS begin to adjust poles and fabric for the back of their wagon show. ROSIE O'GRADY adjusts her shawl and sits with her back to the audience on a short stool coaching her husband-to-be and daughter. ROSIE begins the show as a cue card cheerleader...but she is much, much more! At her feet, unseen by the audience, is a series of color coded cue cards. As the building of the Holliday Medicine Wagon is "put right" ROSIE twirls to the audience with appropriate cue cards: Progressively beginning with "Ooooooh!",

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“Aaaaah!” “Wow!” “Yaaaaay!” Suddenly ROSIE becomes a short skirted cheerleader showing off younger-than suspected legs, in a tight sweater and pleated skirt, she is still attractive, but not even close to LILLY. With every cue card she throws off a grey wig, a long skirt, a bent posture...and becomes the frontier version of a Dallas Cowboys Cheerleader; buxom and beautiful, high kicking and a joy to behold. LILLY scoffs. As the simple act of building a “set” comes to a quick end, there is rocking and banging in the stage left wagon. It is painted in dark colors with the shabby hallmarks of a neglected wagon.

The door flies open as THUMBS plays the villain's theme and SLICKERY Q. SLIDEY, the dark proprietor slithers down the stairs...followed by an Igor-ish DOOFUS referred only as, well, DOOFUS who brings a single strand of fabric, stolen from a funeral on a pole and both men: SLICKERY and DOOFUS do a rimshotted take in ROSIE's direction, expecting a ‘Yay’ cue card...instead she bravely holds up a ‘Boo’ and encourages the audience to express their displeasure. As the ‘boos’ rise, DULLARD enters with a broom. The crowd goes silent, watching him sweep. He exits and ROSIE holds up the “Yay” card. As ‘yays’ die, THUMBS plays a fanfare...the organ belches steam and DOC HOLLIDAY begins.)

DOC: *(banging the drum again)* Welcome friends and neighbors...gather 'round for a little entertainment and possibly a solution to the boredom of your existence But let me introduce myself. I am Doc Holliday—a traveler much like yourselves seeking to serve your needs for relief from the tedium of your Frontier existence. Gather round—yes, move close in—fill up the places only filled by those who would have enjoyed this extravaganza if they had known ... a display of daring-do the likes of which have seldom been seen on this side of the Rocky Mountains ... or that side of the Great Divide ... that master performer and shootist with skills that Annie Oakley would only drool over, if she were alive yet. And it isn't just his skills that would cause her to drool ... The famous Romantique Esquire ... the Crackshot of the West ... will perform a series of amazing feats of skill for your enjoyment, entertainment and digestion. And to assist him ... the wonderful, virtuous yet alluring Lilly Vesuvius.

(THEY do a couple of tricks with fake props and cap guns.)

Allow me to interrupt. I know you are hungry for more from the team of Esquire and Vesuvius but when you hear about what I have in this little vial—your excitement will fairly gush forth—such that your money will literally leap from your pockets so that you, too can enjoy the pleasure and relief and the benefits of the sponsor of our visit to your fair city...

(SLICKERY and THUMBS storm the stage firing from behind barrels, their kerchiefs pulled over their faces. DULLARD hangs back, taking an occasional shot, but not enjoying it as the other two do. Seeing the situation, ROMANTIQUE tosses a couple of his weapons to DOC and LILLY and they go out into the audience firing at the bandits and getting audience members to do the same. The gunfight ensues with lots of posturing and posing, shooting from the tops of tables ... getting the audience to participate ... reloading and general fun. Comments are made in the gunfight in yelled taunts that set up the rival relationship between the groups such as: the Holliday Troupe superior cause we

got the women. During the course of the fight, THUMBS sneaks around and pulls off LILLY's skirt revealing a corset and black lace stockings. She runs screaming uncontrollably from man to man in the audience begging for something to cover her knees with ... proclaiming:)

LILLY: My mother taught me modesty, if nothing else!

THUMBS: You never had a mother!

LILLY: Well... she would've if I had one.

(For the SLICKERY gang, the fact that THUMBS APLENTY is the only piano player who has ever been to a Conservatory [even if it was a Tubercular Conservatory] and other taunts that ensue between shots and comedy pratfalls ... claims of hits and near misses with an occasional dispute about whether or not there were hits or not)

ROMANTIQUE: Ah ha! We have you now, you no good thieves! We know who you are ... Slickery Q. Slidey, Doofus McGee and Dullard Witless.

DOC: Yeah, we've been tracking you following us for the last three days. And if you think you can steal the formula for Sasquatch C'loner you've got another think coming. It'll be the pokey for the bunch of you!

LILLY: Doc, who is this cute little feller? I don't recognize him.

DULLARD: M'name is Dullard Witless, at your service Ma'am.

ROMANTIQUE: If you're so much at her service, what were you shooting at her for just now?

DULLARD: It just seemed to be the thing to do at the time, Sir.

(DOOFUS blows across the barrel of his gun as a comment.)

DOC: Well, I'm sorry we didn't meet up with you sooner under different circumstances. C'mon! It's off to the jailhouse for you!

LILLY: Oh, Doc, I plumb forgot. The telegraph man said I was supposed to give you this right away.

(LILLY hands DOC the telegram from within her corset top)

DOC: When was that?

LILLY: Right before the show started. Is it anything important?

DOC: *(opening the telegram)* If its what I think it is, we'll have to put this trial on hold.

(DOC reads silently as the cast looks over his shoulder. All seem to turn their heads upside down with DOC, then DOC turns the telegram right side up and they all read.)

DOC & ROMANTIQUE: Hooray!!

(DOC & ROMANTIQUE start congratulating themselves, hugging and patting each other on the back. LILLY has given up trying to read the thing and sits, bored, filing her nails, knowing that she'll find out sooner or later. SLICKERY'S gang looks confused)

SLICKERY: *(Yelling)* What's going on!!! Are you all going to take us to jail or not?

DOC: Forget jail! We've got a show to do!

THUMBS: A show! But you already did that.

ROMANTIQUE: No, you sagebrush brain. A real show! A "Talky-Picture-in-a-Box Show."

LILLY: *(Excited)* Oh, Doc, the network gave the OK?

DOC: Yes, Sweet Blossom.

(THEY hug and swing around)

ROMANTIQUE: *(Joining them)* Let me in on this!

DULLARD: *(Joining them also)* Oh, goody!

SLICKERY: Who's side are you on, anyway?!

DULLARD: We're gonna do a show!
(DOOFUS smirks.)

DOC: Yes, and we'll need every warm body we can get.

THUMBS: You can't have my body!

LILLY: *(Giving him the "Up and down")* Who'd want it?

DOC: Let me explain. I've been traveling the West for years selling Sasquatch C'loner in every tank town and wide spot in the road—hoping for the chance to make it on the big time. And now the big time has come to us.

SLICKERY: In this forsaken dump?

DOC: You don't understand, Slickery. The future is in Video-Vistas ... you know .. Buckskin-Talky-Picture-in-a-Box!

DULLARD: I heard of that once...

DOC: This telegram is from the Buckskin Saddle-light Broadcasting System. Because of the way the moon has such a pull on the sage brush in this part of the country, their saddle-light connection is pointed this way for the next hour and we're the only ones who can fill up the time on the Saddle-light. D'ya understand?

SLICKERY: I know what a saddle is and I've cleaned the wick in many a lamp in my time—but what's this Saddle-light System?

LILLY: That's just it, you stupid bandit. When you put the saddle and the light together you get B.S. B.S.

ROMANTIQUE: That's short for Buckskin Saddle-light Broadcasting System. And we're going to be on it.

DOC: And there isn't much time. We'll need music!

(Motions THUMBS to the piano)

And we need to get started. The telegram says the equipment is arriving by the fastest stage any minute now.

MUSICAL #1 – THE STAR OF THE SHOW!

(He's talking to the cast with backs to the audience and as he talks a realization creeps over him and together the cast turns on the audience in a recruiting mode)

DOC: We've got to get organized. I think we've got enough props and costumes but we need people-lots of them to fill up the time ... Lots of ... people, talented people ... Lots of 'em!

ARE WE READY?

ALL:

READY?

LILLY:

READY!?

ALL:

NO!

MEN:

GOOD EVENING!

LILLY:

HELLO!

ALL:

HOWD' YA DO?

(THUMBS "raspberries" the crowd)

LILLY:

SAME TO YOU, SIR. SAME TO YOU!

ALL:

WE'RE HERE TONIGHT TO HAVE SOME FUN.

TO TELL A JOKE OR SHOOT A GUN.

WITH LOTS OF HOKE WE'RE ON THE RUN!

SIT BACK! WE'VE JUST BEGUN!

(SLICKERY and DULLARD start digging in the costume trunk for new additions to their "glad rags.")

DOC: But don't sit back for long ... cuz we need you.

(Aside)

I don't know how long these other people are going to hold out. They're devious but they seem to be talented and just for tonight we need them to pull off our debut on the Buckskin Saddle-light Broadcasting Service. That's B.S.B.S. But we plan to upgrade the standard fare on the Buckskin-Talky-Picture-in-a-Box while there's still time to do a little broadcast pioneering.

ALL:

THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY AGE

TO SPOUT SOME LINES, INSANE AND SAGE.

DOC:

WE AIM TO GET YOU FOLKS ONSTAGE!

LILLY:

THOSE WHO WANT TO!

SLICKERY:

THOSE WHO DON'T!

ROMANTIQUE:

YOU PAID YOUR MONEY–TOOK A CHANCE.

NOW, IT'S YOUR TURN TO SING AND DANCE!

ALL:

WE WON'T PUT UP WITH THOSE "I CAN'TS"

DOC:

CAN'T LISTEN TO "I WON'T"

ALL:

SO WHEN WE SEE THE END OF THIS AND NONE OF IT MAKES SENSE,

DULLARD:

YOU'LL REALIZE THE FUN YOU HAD WAS ALL AT YOUR EXPENSE

ALL:

AT THE Buckskin-Talky-Picture-in-a-Box FRONTIER MEDICINE I SHOW!
WHERE YOU'LL FIND:

LILLY:

THE MAGIC OF LAUGHTER!
(DULLARD laughs crazily)

DOC:

THE THRILL OF PERFORMING!

ALL:

IT'S WHAT WE'RE ALL AFTER:
TO BE HEARTWARMING!

SLICKERY:

WHILE HUMMING A FUNNY KAZOO!
(LILLY does a kazoo sound)

ROMANTIQUE:

THE ONE WHO IS FUNNY IS YOU!

ALL:

WE'RE HERE TO LET YOU KNOW
THAT YOU ARE THE STAR OF THE SHOW!

DOC: Is there anyone who sings in the shower .. or better yet in the tub? ... more water to resonate those great notes. Anyone who plays a musical instrument ... or dances? Or has a flexible belly button? Anything at all? Hey, folks, we need your help. And we've got a great sponsor — it's a product made right near here on Mountain Groan–Sasquatch C'loner!

ROMANTIQUE:

YOU'VE JUST BEEN PAID, YOUR MONEYS GONE-
AND TO THIS PLACE YOU HAVE BEEN DRAWN.

DULLARD:

YOU HOPE TO GET MORE THAN A YAWN.

LILLY:

WE'RE SURE YOU DON'T WANT SOMETHING LEWD.

SLICKERY:

OR DO YOU DWELL ON THOSE DELIGHTS?
DO THEY OCCUPY YOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS?

ALL:

WELL, ALL WE'VE GOT'S A GIRL IN TIGHTS
OF PUREST ATTITUDE!

DOC: And now ladies and gentlemen, introducing the people who do some of the work around here, the folks who, with your help, are going to turn many of you here tonight into Stars! The lady in tights we sang about—a jewel, a prize, a flower—Miss Lilly Vesuvius!

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(LILLY bows)

Next, the man with a thousand smiles and the empty grey matter to match–Dullard Witless!

(DULLARD bows)

We call him "Dull" for short. Doofus McGee, where are ya, boy?

(DOOFUS comes out, bows)

And now, the man at the ticket window who greeted you and took a close look at the size of your moneybelts ... a man who'll steal your heart away, ladies–Mr. Romantique Esquire!

(ROMANTIQUE bows)

And now, a talented character who has wasted his life in theatrical living–Slickery Q. Slidey.

(SLICKERY bows, hopefully to "boos" and "hisses")

And me, my humble self, at your service for whatever ails you in mind and body: I am Doc Holliday!

And last and always least–the man at the piano is a magician named Thumbs APlenty.

ALL:

AND WHEN YOU SEE THE END OF THIS AND NONE OF IT MADE SENSE,
YOU'LL REALIZE THE FUN YOU HAD WAS ALL AT YOUR EXPENSE
AT THE Buckskin-Talky-Picture-in-a-Box FRONTIER MEDICINE SHOW!
WHERE YOU'LL FIND:
THE MAGIC OF LAUGHTER!
THE THRILL OF PERFORMING!
IT'S WHAT WE'RE ALL AFTER:
TO BE HEARTWARMING!

DOC:

WHILE WEARING A BRIGHT COLORED WIG!

DULLARD:

OR DANCING A JIG WITH A PIG!

ALL:

IT'S ALL TO LET YOU KNOW
THAT YOU ARE THE STARS OF THE SHOW!
IT'S ALL TO LET YOU KNOW
THAT YOU ARE THE STARS OF THE SHOW!

(The crew is bringing the TV equipment on stage and the reality of what is about to happen is settling in. The fear first crosses SLICKERY and he sneaks off, then ROMANTIQUE, then DULLARD and LILLY leaving only DOC and THUMBS. The others hide in the audience. Among the equipment is an antique camera and a "lump" covered by a saddle blanket. DOC ends up looking around for someone to help him and pleads with the audience because his cast has taken flight. DOC recruits a couple of people to work with him as technicians, run the camera and uncover the "Saddle-light" to laughter. Then DOC strings a rawhide line from the camera to the saddle-light. As the audience gets involved some of the cast slink back in)

DULLARD: Ah, Mr. Doctor, Sir, I'd like a crack at this Picture Rawhide talky thing.

DOC: That's Buckskin-Talky-Picture-in-a-Box Video-Vistas B.S.B.S!

DULLARD: Sounds like fun. What do I do?

DOC: (*Digging through his saddle bags*) I've been waiting for just the right talent but I must be selective. What's your experience, son?

DULLARD: Well, I can sweep up real good. I even worked for one of those Medicine Shows.

DOC: Oh, what'd you do in those shows?

DULLARD: I used to carry off the bodies of the people who volunteered to help.
(*A look at the audience, and a smile*)

DOC: Volunteered to help?

DULLARD: We had a knife thrower who was going blind. And we had a real hard time getting people Jo volunteer.

DOC: I understand, I understand. But don't say anything in front of these people they wouldn't understand.

DULLARD: Oh, OK. Ladies and gentlemen, we don't have a blind knife thrower or anything like that we're just gonna have a good time.

DOC: Here, Dullard, read this

DULLARD: What is it?

DOC: Its a mail order commercial and I'll switch to you right after I introduce the show.

DULLARD: Whatever you say!
(*He studies the copy*)

VOICE: Control booth to location Control booth to location testing testing.

DOC: This is the location—what can I do for you, Sir.

VOICE: Is this Dr. Horatio Q. Holliday?

DOC: At your service, sir.

VOICE: How pleasant. I've finally been able to reach you. Do you know who this is?

DOC: The accent sounds familiar.

VOICE: This is your rival and long time enemy Anhosser Babushka. Do you recognize me now?

DOC: (*Almost overcome with anger*) Babushka! Get off the line! We're about to do a Network production here. How dare you steal away my moment of glory with the Buckskin Saddle-light Broadcasting Service.

VOICE: Oh, good Doctor, didn't you hear? I am the B.S.B.S.

DOC: You can say that again!

VOICE: (*Repeating*) I am the B.S.B.S. I bought controlling shares last week. But you were on the road and couldn't possibly know.

DOC: You mean you spent your fortune on Video-Vistas?

VOICE: I've chased you from your last tank-town. I bought the network so you could fail miserably before hundreds and thousands of people. When you're done with this hokey broadcast tonight I'll own everything!

(*He laughs evilly*)

DOC: We'll see about that, you charlatan! I've recruited your colleague in crime, Slickery Q. Slidey and he'll help me beat you with a successful show.

VOICE: All part of the plan, my dear Horatio. You'll notice that my assistant, Mr. Slidey, has taken over the production. You're working for us, now, good Doctor. We're 20 seconds to air... and Mr. Slidey has my complete backing. Good show, good Doctor.

LILLY: That's terrible, Doc. How could he pull such a dirty trick. Don't worry we'll help you pull it off.

SLICKERY: *(entering)* Places everyone!

(He consults a clipboard and a stop watch)

Get moving Holliday. You've got 10 seconds to the beginning of the end.

(He laughs)

ROMANTIQUE: C'mon, everybody. Doc needs us now more than ever.

DOC: Thanks, gang. We'll give it a try and let the hundreds of thousands of people tuned in on live rabbit ears all over the territory decide our fate. Anhosser Babushka hasn't heard the last from us!

SLICKERY: Five seconds, please.

DOC: Dullard, are you ready?

DULLARD: Ready when you are C.B.

(SLICKERY gives a cue and LILLY and ROMANTIQUE hum a harmonic tune from the "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

DOC: Good evening to you all, where ever you are picking us upon the Buckskin Saddle-light Broadcasting Service.

(He is obviously reading from a cue card that SLICKERY is holding under the camera lens)

I am Dr. Horatio Q. Holliday—at your service.

(A stiff little bow)

And this is my company of players for tonight's activities. If your Buckskin-Talky-Picture-in-a-Box seems fuzzy now, please adjust the horn on the saddle—the wick on the light or the fuzzy little tail of the bunny rabbit whose ears are picking us up in your neighborhood. And now, a word from our sponsor—the bottlers of Sasquatch C'loné.

DULLARD: *(In the fast-talking character of a late night television salesman)* Friends, are you part of the ever growing love-lorn population of this great frontier? Have you busted your bachelor buttons and played your last game of Old Maid? Well, we have hope for you, friends. The bottlers of Sasquatch C'loné want you to grab a quill and a clean writing chip and jot down this Pony Express address ... so that you can pop a couple of pesos in a pouch and send that rider waiting by your door in our direction...

ROMANTIQUE: *(Horning in)* But you don't have to mail in your money, No sir. Just come on down... Sasquatch C'loné will soon be in every General Store west of Dodge ...

(puzzled)

Won't it, Doc ... ?

LILLY: *(Taking her turn)* I can answer that question ... and speaking for the gentler sex —

(Brashly)

It's great stuff!! Do a body good to use it! But you gotta send your money today, because contrary to what some persons of the dumb persuasion have led you to believe ... We're the only ones who have it.

MUSICAL #2 – PONY EXPRESS JINGLE

ALL:

SO PUT YOUR PESOS IN A POUCH AND SEND IT PONY EXPRESS.
PONY EXPRESS, TODAY!
GET SASQUATCH C'LONE.
SEND FOR YOUR OWN
TODAY!

(ALL "oohh" under DULLARD as he gives the address)

DULLARD: *(Taking his time)* Address that pouch to arrive right here at Jedediah Junction—Just south of Two River — down by the slaughter house in the shadow of Mountain Groan, where we bottle it fresh every six months or so.

(The "Oohhers" collapse having "oohhed" all thru DULLARD's slow speech. They regain their composure)

ALL:

SEND IT PONY EXPRESS TODAY!

SLICKERY: All right, youse guys, that's it for another fifteen minutes while Mr. Babushka runs the national commercial announcements. But, Doc, you've got a problem. You won't be able to keep pushing the same people out in front of the camera all night. You gotta have fresh blood—new faces. And you've got to have them in fourteen minutes and thirty seconds.

DOC: I know just what to do!

Set up structure for the improvisation section of audience participation from the following:

Jedediah's Grizzly Bear Hug (two couples trying to break a balloon between them)

Pinocchio nose builder contest (two pails with partners trying to build shaving cream noses)

The Italian Spaghetti Competition. (Singles slurping up a long string)

The Kalamazoo Kazoo (A kazoo band to play a well known tune)

SCENE between DOC and ROMANTIQUE

DOC: Well, son – you see I use the same sassafras root and wood shavings that Slickery, Doofus, and Dullard do; in fact, the contents of the bottles is virtually identical. The only difference is the bottles themselves – and most importantly, the way we sell 'em. You'll discover Slickery comes from fear (the false evidence appearing real) and we use that hopey-changey thing!

ROMANTIQUE: I think I understand!

MUSICAL # –THE DIFFERENCE IS LIVIN!

ROMANTIQUE:

IN THE FRISKY, RISKY WORLD OF MEDICINE SHOWS
THERE IS ONE ROUTINE: IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!

IT'S FUNNY THAT THOUGH THE BOTTLES LOOK-ALOT-ALIKE
E'V'RY INSIDER KNOWS
THEY COME FROM THE VERY SAME SHELF.
NOT A WHIT OR BIT OF DIFFERENCE WHAT IS INSIDE;
CALL IT LEMONADE, OR TOILET WATER, OR C'LONE!
IT'S ALL IN THE WAY YOU SELL IT: SING YOUR SONG AND THEY'LL
COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE!

DOC:

JUST WATCH THEM! YOU'LL SEE THE MONEY HAS FLOWN...
OUT O' THEIR POCKETS AND INTO YOURS
THE MONEY FLOWS, IT DRIPS, IT POURS!
DON'T FRET! JUST USE WHAT YOU'RE GIVEN!
(DON'T FRET! WE'RE ALWAYS AD LIBBIN'!)
DOESN'T QUITE MATTER JUST WHERE IT'S FROM-
USE ANY AUDITORIUM!
WITH MONEY THE DIFFERENCE IS LIVIN!
(WITH MONEY THE DIFFERENCE IS FIBBIN'!)

BOTH:

NOT A WHIT OR BIT OF DIFFERENCE WHAT IS INSIDE;
CALL IT LEMONADE, OR TOILET WATER, OR C'LONE!
IT'S ALL IN THE WAY YOU SELL IT:
SING YOUR SONG AND THEY'LL
COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE!
JUST WATCH THEM! YOU'LL SEE THE MONEY HAS FLOWN...
OUT O' THEIR POCKETS AND INTO YOURS
THE MONEY FLOWS, IT DRIPS, IT POURS!
DON'T STOP! JUST USE WHAT YOU'RE GIVEN!
DOESN'T QUITE MATTER JUST WHERE IT'S FROM-
USE ANY AUDITORIUM!
ON TOP IT'S THE DIFFERENCE OF LIVIN!

TRANSITION TO SLICKERY's entrance.

SLICKERY: OK, Doc. It's time for you to do your next commercial.

DOC: I've got a problem, Mr. Executive Producer. I need one more song and dance man.

SLICKERY: I was wondering when you were going to need me in front of the camera.

DOC: You know the choreography?

SLICKERY: We've been spying on you for the last three days, haven't we?

(The CAST hums and "ahhs" the melody to "Tara's Theme")

Ready? Five, four, three, two, one –action.

(The CAST has gathered behind, and if possible above, DOC, still humming)

DOC: Ladies and gentlemen—it's time for the B.S.B.S. novel for the Talky-Picture, written by the makers of Sasquatch C'loner for prospective users of Sasquatch C'loner, to tell you the most interesting, never ending, non-stop saga of Sasquatch C'loner.

(The CAST hums a fanfare.)

MUSICAL # 3 – HIGH ON MOUNTAIN GROAN

To night we present for the first time anywhere—"The Saga of Sasquatch C'loner" We begin our story high on the top of Mountain Groan—and as our camera floats over the countryside, we see in the distance a well appointed Native American village ... and as we come closer we hear the pleasant sound of well-fed Native Americans chanting successfully in the distance.

(ALL have dressed in some form of Native American dress. No fake Indians here.)

ALL:

THIS MIXTURE WAS DISCOVERED ON THE NEEDLES OF THE PINE TREES
HIGH ON MOUNTAIN GROAN. (UGH, meaning YUCK!)
IT TURNED YOUNG RUNNING BEAR INTO A SPIRIT OF THE UNKNOWN
AND THEY CALLED IT SASQUATCH C' LONER! (UGH, meaning YUCK)

SLICKERY AND ROMANTIQUE:

FROM THE LAND OF MANY WATERS

DOC:

GIVE TO ALL YOUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

DULLARD:

USE TO PATCH THE TOP OF TEEPEE.

LILLY:

USE TO GET YOU GOOD AND SLEEPY.

DULLARD: Has your wig lost it's wam? Wam it up with Sasquatch Cloner!

SLICKERY AND LILLY:

USE TO KEEP A WIGWAM WARM.

DOC AND ROMANTIQUE:

USE TO MELT AWAY SNOWSTORM.

ALL:

WE LIVE ALONE AMONG THE TREES

DULLARD:

'CAUSE WE USED IT ON OUR ENEMIES!

ALL:

GLAD WE FOUND THIS MIXTURE ON THE NEEDLES OF THE PINE TREES
HIGH ON MOUNTAIN GROAN! (UGH, meaning YUCK)
USE SASQUATCH C' LONER! (UGH, meaning YUCK)
IT IS MOUNTAIN GROWN!

(DULLARD looks around, making sure no one will see him but the audience before he says)

DOOFUS: YUCK!

From the finest pine trees available, it's brought fresh to you every six months or so, by me, Juan "little Deer" Valdez.

ALL:

USE SASQUATCH C'LONE! (UGH, meaning YUCK)

(The end of Native American sequence. LILLY has put on a blonde wig and a buckskin dress with sequins and a boa of fur)

LILLY: *(As a Marlene Dietrich type)* We could go on forever with these Indians, uh, Native Americans. But, let us jump ahead in the dramatic saga of Sasquatch C'loner to the next inhabitants of these valleys. Now to set the scene ...

(She throws the boa around her neck in a gesture of "class")

Ladies, does the feel of fur grace your life? I mean do you really know what it means to be clad in ermine and smothered in fox-tails? The same guys who brought you ermine and foxtails brought Sasquatch C'loner to the forefront of our consciousness.

(During this time the men of the cast have donned the trapper attire. They should look like a pretty scroungy lot)

MUSICAL # 4 – TRAPPERS

ALL:

IT KEEPS THE VARMINTS UPWIND
UNTIL THEY'RE TRAPPED AND THEY'RE SKINNED. **DOC:**
WE ALSO USE IT A LOT FOR CURING PELTS THUMBS
AND EVERYTHING ELSE.

DULLARD: Hey Thumbs, what do you do for a sick pelt?

THUMBS I don't know. What do you do for a sick pelt?

DULLARD: You cure it!

SLICKERY:

WHAT CLEANS YOUR TRAPS OUT THE BEST?

ALL: (ECHO)

(WHAT CLEANS YOUR TRAPS OUT THE BEST?)

SLICKERY:

WHAT KILLS THE COLD IN YOUR CHEST?

ALL: (ECHO)

WHAT KILLS THE COLD IN YOUR CHEST?

LILLY:

WHAT MADE THEM EASTERNERS ALL START HEADING WEST?

ALL:

WHO KNOWS?

SASQUATCH C'LONE!

DOC AND ROMANTIQUE:

WARMS TO THE BONE

LILLY:

GIVE ME MY OWN

ALL:

SASQUATCH C'LONE!

(Dance)

SASQUATCH C'LONE!

SLICKERY: *(Into a pine cone as off camera announcer)* It's time now for a Bite Of Buckskin. A capsulized look at the world highlighting the history that is being made today on the Buckskin Saddle-light Broadcasting Service. Your anchorman for this edition is Romantique Esquire.

DULLARD: Where did they get the term anchorman, anyway?

ROMANTIQUE: *(Covering)* Prairie Schooners, my boy, Prairie Schooners. Ahem! News was made in New York City this week in the office of the Editor of the New York Post—candidate for President and the leading editorial writer of our time—Horace Greeley.

DOC: *(As Greeley to LILLY as one of his reporters)* Maim, gouge, use carrier pigeons, but get me that story—now get out!

(He slaps the desk)

Now, get me my stupid nephew.

DULLARD: *(Enters as, Nephew EUSTICE)* Hi, Uncle Horace—I mean, Boss.

DOC: *(Sniffing)* Is there a dead cat outside the window?

(EUSTICE looks, shakes head "no")

Go see if somebody died in the front office.

(EUSTICE exits)

Hmm, we're at least half a mile from the Hudson River .

(EUSTICE enters)

Whew! Its you, Eustice! Have you been bathing in stink bugs?

DULLARD: I'm glad you asked. I'm wearing Sasquatch C'loné.

DOC: You ought to be jailed for assault on the senses. Getaway from me—as far as possible.

DULLARD: I could go to the wharf, that's two miles away!

DOC: That's not far enough.

DULLARD: To the Southern States ... that's 600 miles away.

DOC: Not far enough!

DULLARD: I could go north to Maine. They wouldn't notice me there.

DOC: No, no, no! Go west, young man ... and don't stop 'til you reach Missouri. Write stories if you want!

Send them back if you wish ... but go west, young man, go west!

ROMANTIQUE: There you have it. The origin of that phrase will live a hundred years.

(Sniffs)

The Saga Of Sasquatch C'loné – page 15

Does somebody have halitosis? Is there a dead mouse somewhere? Let's get back to our regularly scheduled program.

11 more pages of madness to the end of the current script -- but this is only a rough draft.