



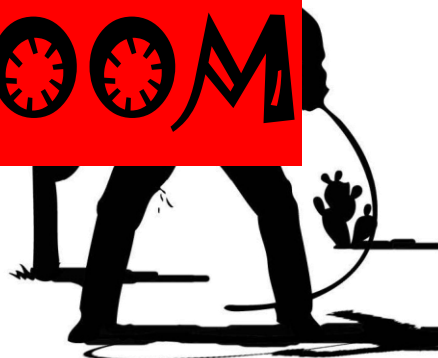
Double or

Nothing



BY ANDREW

GROOM





List of Characters

In rough order of importance. Around 100 in total

*asterisk indicates singing role (ie. a solo)

LARGER ROLES

- Flint Westwood*- William Beattie
- El Bandito*- Joshua Cooke
- John Boy*- Sam Maling
- Johnny John*- Jamie Maling
- Jonny*- Wilfred Barker
- Little John*- Korede Alagbe
- Big John- Harry Townsend
- Father John*- Harlan Todd
- Mr Lloyd Barclays (head banker)*- Murray Silk
- Sheriff- Ben Rioch
- Deputee Marshall, Ronald*- Oscar Barker
- Deputee Marshall, Donald *- Charlie Eggleton
- Silent John- Noah Silk
- Crazy John- Clement Rahwangi-Gough
- Stinky John- Hugo Hodgson
- Ugly John*- George Knight
- Jesse James- Luca Moretto
- Doc Holliday- Rocco Sarro
- Wild Bill Hickok- Oliver Wright
- Calamity Jane- Luca Henchoz
- Big Nosed Kate- Tom Barnes
- Bankers x 7 ***** Sammy Rawlings, Freddie Bowis, Alfie James, Ruairi Cassell, James Robertson, Sam Blewitt, Sebastian Clifton.
- Bandits (speaking- El Poncho, El Derado, El Dorito, El Sombrero, El Porco, El Groucho, El Nombre) Joshua Jeganathan, Isaac Raddan, Olly Biffa, Dylan French, Ben Davies, Matthew Conroy-Hood, Rhys Brook

SMALLER ROLES

- Betty Lou x2 (pantomime cow)- Felix Thwaite and ???
- Barman- Michael Robertson
- Blind man- Blake Swift
- Nun- Ben Pickering
- Billy Bob (messenger)- Charles Whittle-Queral
- Sherriffs Daughters x9 (Mary Beth, Mary Ellen, Mary Jane, Mary Berry, Mary Ann, Mary Lou, Hairy Mary, Scary Mary and Mary Christmas.) ???
- Bandits (non-speaking)- remaining Y5s
- Cattle- Remaining Y4s
- Cacti- Y3

Prop List

(not an exhaustive list and doesn't include general costumes)

- Cacti costumes
- Cow costumes
- 2 person pantomime cow
- Spare spurs
- Cow boy hats, neckerchiefs
- Horse heads on sticks
- Bag for Ugly John
- Guitar (could be ukulele)
- Pot to cook beans or stove.
- Toy guns
- Wanted Poster
- Desk
- American flag to drape over front of the desk in Sherriff's office
- Bar
- Poker table- with cards, monopoly money, and chairs
- Glasses
- Cigarette
- Wall to put up poster on at back of stage
- Saloon Doors
- Flowers
- Safe for bank
- More desks for the bank
- Quills
- Piece of paper
- Roll of bank notes
- Black arm bands

ACT 1

Running time c.40mins

ACT 1 SCENE 1

[Lights come up on the Cacti (Y3s) on the stage, completely still. Sounds of the wind whistling and "Good, Bad and the Ugly" motif. Tumbleweed rolls across the stage, and back again. Eerie sounds from the band gradually building into a rhythm. Piano comes in for the intro of Wild Wild West and the Cacti spring into life to sing]

SONG 1: WILD WILD WEST SONG

CACTI:

Get your gun and shelter from the sun and the wind in the Wild Wild West,
Jackals howl, there are bears on the prowl, and the rattlesnake's in his nest,
Wild frontier there are Indians to fear, crooks and bandits and the rest,
Hear the stories told of the quest for gold, you'll be sold on the wild wicky Wild
Wild West.

CHORUS:

**Endless plains of treacherous terrains, and cacti in the sand,
Mountain streams and cavernous ravines running down to the Rio Grande,
Clear blue skies and the sun is in your eyes as you enter the vast unknown,
Hear the distant cries of a Pawnee Indian tribe and you know you're not
alone,**

CACTI [*at same time as CHORUS*]: A-a-a-a-ah, A-ah, A-a-a-ah, In the sand oh yeh!
A-a-a-a-ah, A-ah, A-a-a-ah, To the Rio Grande
A-a-a-ah, [*hand over mouth like Indian whooping*] A-ah, A-ah

ALL:

**There are rustlers, hustlers, bounty hunters, mugs and pugs and thugs,
Vipers, snipers, freedom fighters, alcohol and drugs,
Gamblers, wranglers, gangsters, stranglers, chasing after gold,
Indian chiefs and common thieves and gunslingers of old,
Nitwits, dimwits, halfwits, bandits, bushwhackers by the score,
Profiteers and mutineers and then the civil war
Madmen, badmen, every type of gang from Mexico they swarm,
If only they had thought to build a great big massive wall**

CHORUS: [*in 4 parts- see song sheet for exact words*]

**Get your gun and shelter from the sun and the wind in the Wild Wild West,
Jackals howl, there are bears on the prowl,
And the rattlesnake's in his nest,**

**Wild frontier there are Indians to fear,
Crooks and bandits and the rest,
Hear the stories told of the quest for gold,
You'll be sold on the wild wicky Wild Wild West.**

[Scene change with Wild Wild West tune with Aahs- Cacti disperse]

END OF SONG

ACT 1 SCENE 2

[On the Farm- Big John, Little John, Crazy John, Stinky John, Silent, Ugly John, Jonny, Johnny Jon, rounding up some cows.]

Jonny: Head em up and move em out boys, we need to get these ladies in the for night.

Big John: Hey little John could you give me a hand with thissun, she's crazy as a loon.

Little John: Sure thing Big John

Johnny John: Gee, sure is hard work moving on a hundred cattle.

Jonny: What are you talking about Johnny John? We only got nineteen cows here. Well twenty including Betty Lou!

Johnny John: Well, I was just rounding up!

[Drum kit joke sound. The other brothers shake their heads]

[John Boy, Silent John Arrive]

John-boy: Howdy partners! Lookie what we've done found at the market. We've got ourselves swanky new hats, some neckerchiefs, some spare spurs, and I found myself one of these"

Jonny John- Oooh, it's a violin!

Jonny: It's a banjo you goney.

John-boy: Uh-uh, it's not a banjo, this is what you call a guitar *[pronounced GEE-tar!]*

[Brothers are impressed, ooh and aahs, repeating GEE-tar..]

Stinky John: Get out of the way Ugly John, you're blocking my view.

Ugly John: Sorry

[Ugly John shuffles away with his head down]

Little John: What does it do?

John boy: Well it's what you call a mu-si-cal ins-tru-ment.

[Brothers are impressed, Oohs and aahs, repeating mu-si-cal ins-tru-ment.]

Crazy John: So what does a muscular instrudedoodar do? What's the point? Can you shoot people with it ?

John Boy: Calm down Crazy John. It's not a weapon. You can use it to play music-like this

[Plays country riff]

Crazy John: Nah, that's no good John Boy, give it to me!

[Crazy John plays screaming electric guitar solo- other brothers stand open-mouthed in awe.]

John Boy: Gee, John, I .. I.. I don't know what to say..

[Daddy John enters]

Daddy John: What was that infernal racket?

John Boy: Well I don't rightly know Daddy John, I bought this here gee-tar from the market and well Crazy John..

Crazy John: *[interrupting]* That was Rock and Roll, baby!

Daddy John: Rock and what? Whatever it is, it'll never catch on *[he shakes his head]*

[Drum kit joke sound]

John Boy: I'll tell you what boys, I'm hungry as a barber's cat, why don't y'all get some beans on the griddle and we can e'en have a little sing-song while we're at it.

Stinky John: Gee, that's a mighty fine idea John-Boy, I love beans!

John Boy: We know you do Stinky John- (to audience) a little too much if y'ask me!

[music starts]

SONG 2: COUNTRY BOY

John Boy: Well I'm just a country boy,
Born in Franklin, Tennessee
Riding in the saddle and rounding up the cattle,
Got some beans on the griddle for tea
Working out on my papa's farm,
We're a taaht knit family,

I got no ills and I pay no bills,
It's a cowboy life for me.

[FAST]

Howdy I am John-Boy Johnson
Greatest cowboy in the West,
I got eight younger brothers, who knows there might be others,
But as yet there ain't no test.
I got strong arms, and I got fine charms,
As my lady can attest,
Who cares she's my cousin, hell I've got a dozen,
It's her sister I like best!

CHORUS:

**Well we're just some country boys,
Born in Franklin, Tennessee
Riding in the saddle and rounding up the cattle,
Got some beans on the griddle for tea
Working out on our papa's farm,
We're a taht knit family,
We got no ills and we pay no bills,
It's a cowboy life for me**

Jonny: I am Jonny Johnson,
I'm like lightning on the draw,
I shot 10 bears only used 9 bullets,
Now they're carpet on the floor,
I got dead aim and to my fame, I shot a cloud right out the sky!
Shame I'm scared of fighting men, I just run away and cry!

Johnny John: My name is Johnny John Johnson,
And I like to dance ballet,
I can do the splits but it hurts my bits,
You should see my mean pli e,
That I'll ever get a girlfriend all my eight brothers are doubtin',
My favourite colour's pink and favourite movie's Brokeback Mountain.

CHORUS:

**Well we're just some country boys,
Born in Franklin, Tennessee
Riding in the saddle and rounding up the cattle,
Got some beans on the griddle for tea
Working out on our papa's farm,
We're a taht knit family,
We got no ills and we pay no bills,
It's a cowboy life for me.**

LJ: My name is Little John coz I used to be quite small,

But I done kept on growing now I'm really mighty tall
 They can't change my name though coz my brother is Big John,
BJ: I was born fourteen pounds and 2 foot long so I don't know what went wrong!

UJ: My name is Ugly John, I daredn't show my face,
John Boy: And right here is Silent John ... *[PAUSE]* and there I rest my case.
CJ: I'm Crazy John
SJ: I'm Stinky John, I'm sure you'll find out why!
Daddy John: My name's John and these my boys, I'm a mighty lucky guy!"

CHORUS:
Well we're just some country boys,
Born in Franklin, Tennessee
Riding in the saddle and rounding up the cattle,
Got some beans on the griddle for tea
Working out on our papa's farm,
We're a taah knit family,
We got no ills and we pay no bills,
We don't like frills and we don't climb hills,
We don't take pills and we don't use drills...

It's a cowboy life for me.

END OF SONG

[El Bandito arrives with his men, Mexican music plays]

El Bandito: Ola! Hhhello! My name is Juan Carlos Esteban de Maria Hernandez Vasquez Rodriguez Ortega Severino de Lopez Smith

Daddy John: Mind if we er, just call you John?

El Bandito: Hnnot at all- Hhhare you the senor of this hhhouse?

Daddy John: Say what now?"

EB: The senor, the hhhead hhoncho, the Gran Inquisidora, the Big Boss man.

DJ: I hope you don't mind me askin' but som'ing tells me you're not from round these parts

EB: HHHno, I am from Espagna! HhhI am a man of business and I hhhwould like to purchase a cow as a gift for my wife. She is very fond ... of cows,

DJ:I see

EB:Do you hhhhave one to sell?

DJ: Wife?

EB: Cow!

DJ: Pardon me?" *[getting angry]*

EB: You hhhave no cows?"

DJ: Oh right?! No I got cows, I thought you meant my wife. She died this year past- dysentery.

EB: hhhI am very sorry about that?"

DJ: Well I got some cows I can show you. I'd be sad to see one go specially as Little John needs so much milk these days but times is hard and we could do with the money. bring em out boys

[He brings out the cows one by one to show El Bandito who is not impressed]

EB: Mr...

DJ: Johnson.

EB: Senor Johnson, hhhI am looking for a souvenir of my travels for my wife. These cows are well.... a little rawboned. As I was riding across the plain with my men, I can't help but spy a beautiful, very plump cow you don't show me now. Mr Johnson, the price is no object for me. I want this cow.

DJ: Well I'm awful sorry sir but she ain't for sale.

EB: HhhhI see. Well I will be going then. Adios.

DJ: Wait urm Mr.. errr Smith. I'm sorry bout the cow, just she ain't for sale is all. You and your men must be awful tired after riding all way from, urrr, Spain. Why don't you come and hang up your boots here for the night and get some shut-eye. And join us for some beans, your men look starved as a doogie.

EB: hhhhwhy thank you Mr Johnson. HHhyou are most kind. Vamos men, let's eat!

[They sit down to eat. Light dim for scene change- Country boy music]

ACT 1 SCENE 3

[Inside the Sherriff's office. The two deputies, Ronald and Donald are playing snap. The Sheriff is sitting at his desk drawing a poster.]

Donald+Ronald: *[simultaneously]* Snap!

Donald: I got that one Ron

Ronald: Git out Don, I called it.

Donald: Did not.

Ronald: Did too.

Donald: You best back down Ronald else I'll have a mind to call you out.

Ronald: *[getting out his gun]* You're on Don!

[They both produce their pistols]

Sheriff: Oh put 'em away boys! Honestly!

[They put their guns away, Billy Bob Enters]

Billy Bob: Sir there's been another rustling, up at Butt's Creek. Seems it was a Spanish traveller, going by the name of John Smith. Poor old Jebediah Dungbreath has been left threadbare.

Sherriff: Aarrgh, another one. That's 5 this month. Thank you Billy Bob.

Billy Bob: You're welcome sir

[Billy Bob leaves]

Donald: What are we gonna do sir?

Ronald: We gotta catch that rotten Spanish tomato. Come on Donald let's go.

[They get up to leave]

Sheriff: Hold on you crustyheaded numbskulls. How are you gonna find this *Spanish gentleman* and what you gonna do with him when you do? Hell you don't even know what he looks like.

[Ronald and Donald look at each other and shrug their shoulders]

Sheriff: Now I've been doing some digging and sure as eggs is eggs, this ain't no well-to-do domesticated Spanish aristocrat. This man you're gallivanting after and gonna wind up dead likely is none other than the Mexican outlaw *El Bandito!*

Donald and Ronald: Oh god! Oh lordy! We're gonna die! But we can't go after him! We'll die! *[they blabber phrases to that effect in a terrified manner]*

Sheriff That's right! That's why you're *not* goin' after him.

Donald and Ronald: *[together]* what?

Sheriff: See while you two have been yammerin' way o'er your cards, I've done been making a poster. I got him drawn by Dingus Taylor, that one-eyed farmer who had all his avocados, beans and sour cream stolen.

[produces wanted poster Posters says wanted, \$10,000 reward. Dead or Alive is written on during the scene]

Sheriff: Thing is there's a \$20,000 reward over in Texas state for El Bandito, I figure we offer half that as a reward and pocket the other half for ourselves. Split threeways, that's a thousand dollars each!

Ronald + Donald: 1 thousand smackeronees, woah that's awesome. *[words to that effect]*

Ronald: Ok so \$10,000, wanted, dead! *[motioing to the space on the poster where he wants "DEAD" to be written]*

Donald: No alive. Wanted, alive. He must face justice for his crimes.

Ronald: We don't want him alive. I've heard stories 'bout El Bandito, what does to folk an' all. I mean I've heard he makes regular fights look like a prayer meeting.

Donald: That's exactly why he must be tried and found guilty in court. It's our duty Ronald, to see him hang!

Sheriff: Look boys does it really matter- we get the money either way?

Donald: Does it really matter?? Hell yes it does, Mr Sherriff. That's what makes 'murica great. E'en the meanest criminal deserves the right to a fair trial and a good and proper hanging. When Abraham Lincoln sat down with Donald Trump to write the constitution of the United States of America...

Ronald: Right ok, we get the point, and who's taking him to Texas ...alive?

Donald: Seems as I will then. As I'm the only one with any spunk around here, any belief in democracy and the great institution of our justice system..

Ronald: *[interrupting]* And I guarantee, sure as God made little green apples, you'll wind up gettin' killed.

[Ronald begins song with no delay]

SONG 3: DEAD OR ALIVE

Ron: We want him Dead,

Don: No alive he must face justice for his crimes,
 He must stand a fair trial and face the law,
R: If you try and cage a tiger you'll just wind up getting killed,
D: You're forgetting how quick I am on the draw!
R: We want him dead, not alive, no I don't apologize,
 A dead man cannot spit and scream abuse,
D: If civilized democracy is worth the fighting for,
 I'll fight to see that bandit and his men strung on the noose!

CHORUS:

Oh dead or alive, dead or alive!
The question is real simple but who knows what they'll decide!
The right to face a trial or a bullet in the head,
Catch that bandit in what way alive or dead?

D: We are no better than the Injun if we murder for revenge,
 We must see to it that justice holds the sword,
 A cross examination in a fair and proper trial,
 The punishment that to the crime accords,
R: You are no better than the English "Oh how pleasant and polite",
 We should kill that lunkhead when we get the chance!
 A good bandit's a dead one, and that is the final word,
 You want to hang him anyway this whole darn thing's absurd!

CHORUS:

Oh dead or alive, dead or alive!
The question is real simple but who knows what they'll decide!
The right to face a trial or a bullet in the head,
Catch that bandit in what way alive or dead?

D: Alive! **R:** Dead! **D:** Alive! **R:** Dead! **D:** Alive! **R:** Dead! **D:** Alive! [*both simultaneously*]

[*They start fighting*]

Sheriff: [*more shouted in rhythm than sung*]
 You rancantankerous old niwits, always spouting off your mouths,
 You lazy, daisy, crazy knuckleheads,
 A simpleton could tell you we've got bigger nuts to crack,
 Than arguing if we write alive or dead!
 The simple fact of the matter is an outlaws on the loose,
 There's no time to dilly dally or contrive,
 So get that poster finished 'fore I start to lose my mind,
 Reward ten thousand dollars wanted dead or alive,

CHORUS:

Oh dead or alive, dead or alive!

**Get that poster finished 'fore he starts to lose his mind
The right to face a trial or a bullet in the head,
Catch, come what may, alive or dead**

**TREBLES: ALIVE! ALIVE! Alive! Alive! Alive x 4!
ALTOS: DEAD, DEAD, Dead Dead, Dead x 8!**

ALTOS: Catch that bandit come what may

TREBLES: In what way

Sherriff: Anyway!

Donald: He must...*[coughs because it's too high]* he must pay!

ALL: Catch that bandit come what may alive or dead!

END OF SONG

Sheriff: There we have it. \$10000 wanted dead or alive!

[Black out and scene change to Dead or Alive music.]

ACT 1 SCENE 4

[Lights come up on Betty Lou and Daddy John centre stage]

Daddy John: Sure is quiet out tonight on the prairie.

Betty Lou: Moo.

DJ: You know I'm awful grateful for your company. It's been mighty lonely since...

Betty Lou: Moo

DJ: I know you understand. You know sometimes I see her face out there in the stars or in a formation of clouds or a fresh pile o' dung. Oh Betty Lou, betty lou

SONG 4: BETTY LOU

DJ: Betty Lou, Oh Betty Lou, how beautiful you are,
I see you now looking down on me, coz you're my guidin' star,
Hear breeze whistli'n through the trees, it sings your name,
Oh my Betty Lou, I think of you, you're always in my heart

The day I saw your purty face, I knew that you'd me mine,
You looked at me, so lovingly, your eyes did seem to shine,
Betty Lou, oh I'll be true, that's my solemn vow,
If only you knew, how I love you, you're such a darn good cow!

CHORUS:

Aaaah, Looked at me, lovingly, ah, ah, that's my solemn vow, if only you knew, how I love you.

CHORUS:

***Betty Lou, Oh Betty Lou, how beautiful you are,
Oh I see you now looking down on me, coz you're my guidin' star,
Oh hear gentle breeze whistlin' through the trees, it sings your name,
Oh my Betty Lou, I think of you, you're always in my heart***

John: *[joining back in]* you're always in my heaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaart. My heart!

END OF SONG

Daddy John: G'night Betty Lou. It's time for me to turn in.

Betty Lou: Moo

[Daddy John leaves. In the darkness you see El Bandito sneak outside with his men take away Betty Lou]

ACT 1 SCENE 5

[Morning]

John Boy: Betty Lou, time to rise and shine. We're off to get your hooves painted today. Betty Lou? Betty Lou?

[He goes off stage to look]

John Boy: Oh lordy lord she's gone. Gone, vanished like the moustache of Abe Lincoln. Confounded mother of Wyatt Earp, what we gonna do?

[calling off stage] Daddy John, Jonny, Johnny John, Big John, Little John, Crazy, Stinky, Ugly, Silent John. She goooone!!! Betty Lou!

[They all enter]

Jonny: John Boy, what in the devil's name are you... *[sees Betty Lous empty pen (offstage)]*
Oh my.... she gone!!!

[They all check the pen and, in turn, lament the disappearing of Betty Lou]

Little John: Hey has anyone one seen Senor Smith this morning? We should warn him there's a thief in the area.

[Daddy John enters]

Daddy John: I don't think he need no warning, he's gone too, with all his men.

Little John: They've been stolen too?

Big John: No, you overgrown streak of cow grease, Senor John Smith has stolen Betty Lou. It's a rustling.

[Someone in the band rustles some paper]

Big John: Not that type of rustling.

Crazy John: Why, that good fo' nothing Spanish omelette. Just you wait for me to git my hands on him. I'll rip out his brains and feed them to the buzzards I tell ya, why no that's too good for him, I'll get a cactus and I'll...

Jonny: Calm down Crazy John.

[Brothers restrain Crazy John then daddy bursts out crying]

Daddy John: Betty Lou! Betty Lou! My Betty Lou! She was soo beautiful...

[John Boy comforts him]

John Boy: There, there pop. There, there.

Johnny John: *[sobbing]* I just can't understand why someone would do such a horrible thing? Why can't folk just be nice to each other.

John Boy: Look, come on brothers, where's your pride. We can't stay moping and groping around all day like women!

Big John: Err, pardon me for saying, but isn't that a bit misogynistic John Boy?

John Boy: To hell with that, this is the 19th Century! Now, we're goin' after that greasy Spanish donkey and his band of swarthy reprobates and we're not comin' home till we got Betty Lou with us. Now who's with me?!

Brothers: Yeh! Hell yeh! God bless 'murica! *[they shout various similar phrases]*

John Boy: Ok boys, there are 8 of us. That may not seem as many but together we can be stronger than an army of 18 men, or 20 at a push. They'll call us... the Epic Eight!

[Brothers murmur approvingly]

John Boy: *[continuing]* and we will stop at nothing, rhetorically speaking, until we get back that cow, so help me God!

[Brothers cheer.]

John Boy: Good bye daddy. You can count on us. Ride on boys, to the town.

[Brothers cheer and shout ride on. Music starts]

SONG 5: THE EPIC EIGHT

Brothers: We are the Epic Eight,
We're feeling really great,
We're the meanest band in all the land
Or at least Tennessee state,
We'll catch the dirty Spaniard, and throw him in the jail,
If we only stick together,
We can never never fail.

CHORUS:

**They are the Epic Eight,
They're feeling really great,**

**They're the meanest band in all the land
Or at least Tennessee state,
They'll catch the dirty Spaniard, and throw him in the jail,
If they only stick together,
They can never, never fail.**

END OF SONG

Jonny: Wait a minute, aren't there 9 of us?

[They struggle to count how many they are, before realizing there are 9, not 8]

Stinky John: *[chuckling]* hu hu hu, did somebody forget to count himself, John Boy?

John Boy: Oh nevermind that. Does it really matter? What rhymes with nine anyway?

Little John: Seven!

[They all look at Little John.]

John Boy: Oh come on, let's go.

[They ride off to music of epic 8, which continues through the scene change]

ACT 1 SCENE 6

[In the saloon., Doc Holliday (with Big Nose Kate), Jesse James, Wild Bill Hickok, Calamity Jane, playing poker. Flint Westwood sitting at the bar.]

Jesse James: Raise. 500 dollars.

Will Bill: I'm out.

Jesse James: What about you Calamity Jane?

Calamity Jane: I'm OOUUUUT! *[she falls off her chair trying to put her cards down, she staggers to her feet, knocking over some glasses as she does]*

Jesse: So what's it gonna be Doc?

Doc: Five hundred. Why Jesse, you must have a real peach of a hand. Well I'm deranged but I guess I'll just have to call.

[They lay out their cards]

Doc: *[about his hand]* Well ain't that a daisy?

[Jesse slams his fist on the table]

Jesse: Dammit Holiday. That's five hands in a row. Nobody's that lucky.

Doc: Why Jesse, whatever do you mean?

[gathering his money] The great Jesse James losing his cool. Now that is an ugly sight.

[Jesse makes to get up, getting angry]

Wild Bill: Leave it Doc. You don't wanna wind up gettin' shot.

Doc: I thank you for your concern Mr Hickok. It is most ingenuous, I'm sure.

Kate: Another cigarette Doc?

Doc: *[to Big Nose Kate, who is offering a cigarette]* why thank you, my little Hungarian devil *[he takes the cigarette and coughs]*

Kate: Wild Bill?

Wild Bill: Nu-uh. I don't smoke when I'm gambling. Now I say we start a new game seeing as this one's causing so much trauma - Double or Nothing?

Calamity Jane: Wild Bill, I got a bad feelin' about this.

[Sheriff and two deputies enter]

Sherriff: Why if it isn't Wild Bill Hicock, Calamity Jane, Doc Holliday and Jesse James all round the same poker table. Don't mind us. My boys are just gonna be putting up a wanted poster, just ... here, I think. Off you go boys.

[Sheriff goes to bar to drink. Wild Bill deals the cards]

Donald: Right, don't mind us boys, we're just done putting up this poster, dead or alive!

Ronald: It should really say preferably.

Donald: Oh shut up Ronald.

[Ronald and Donald continue fumbling in the background]

Jesse: 50 dollars

Wild Bill: Raise

[They raise the poster]

Ronald: Little higher Donald.

Calamity Jane: Check.

[They check the poster]

Donald: Yeh, looks good to me.

Doc Holliday: Raise again.

[They raise the poster again]

Donald: I can't hold this position Ronald.

Jesse: Fold.

[They start folding up the poster]

Sherriff *[turning round]:* Oh what are you doing you dozy pair of fopdoodles?

[Donald and Ronald accuse each other. The Epic Eight enter.]

John Boy: Evening all.

Big John: Oh boy, it's Wild Bild Hicock, the fastest six-shooter in the West

Jonny John: Wild Bill, I've got all your little books. I'm a big fan.

Wild Bill: Books? What?

Little John: And Calamity Jane!

Big John: Why *do* they call you Calamity Jane?

Calamity Jane: Well, it's kind a funny story actually [*she fumbles with her glass, eventually falling off the seat again*]

Jonny: And Doc Holliday- legendary gambler, gunfighter and dentist.

Doc: That's the rumour.

John Boy: Well this is remarkable to think, these 3 legends of the West, all here at the....

Jesse: [*interrupting*] Four.

John Boy: Pardon me

Jesse: [*standing*] I may pardon you, depending on how this conversation develops.

John Boy: Gee, Mr.

Jesse: James

John Boy: James, I'm awful sorry if I upset you, but.... oh my gosh, you're Jesse James.

Jesse James: [*softening*] Pleased to make your acquaintance. And you are?

John Boy: [*floundering*] Well we, we're all John, different Johns, the Johnsons.

Johnny John: [*confidently*] We are the Epic Eight, and we're feeling really great and we're on a mission to rescue a cow called Betty Lou.

[*Awkward pause*]

Doc: [*mockingly*] I can see we're all gonna be very good friends.

Johnny John: Oh and that's not all, we got a song too.

[*Brothers all shake their head reticently*]

Big John: Oh boy, this is suicide.

Johnny John: *[singing and motioning for others to join]* Weeeeeee

Brothers: *[joining in halfheartedly, unaccompanied]* We are the Epic Eight,
We're feeling really great,
We're the meanest band in all the land
Or at least Tennessee state,
We'll catch the dirty Spaniard, and throw him in the jail,
If we only stick together,
We can never never fail.

Jesse James: Gee nice song boys!

Wild Bill Hicock: I wish I could sing like that!

Doc Holliday: Well aren't we talented, the Epic Eight! And who stole your beloved cow, if I may ask?

Donald and Ronald finally manage to get the poster up.

Ugly John: *[pointing at the poster]* It was him!

Wil Bill: *[reading poster]* El Bandito, also going by the name of John Smith. Dark hair, dark eyes and exceptionally bushy moustache. The leader of the worst band of Mexican desperados the Territory has ever had to deal with. Carries strong scent of burritos, tacos and tortilla chips.

John Boy: My golly, that's him alright, so he's not Spanish after all!

Jesse James: \$10,000 is a hefty sum. Course I carry twice that in Missouri but still... And you boys, you're not after the money are you, you just want your cow?

John Boy: Right... well urm...

Jesse James: *[seriously]* You're not seriously considering going after this outlaw on your own are you? Man like this, he'll skin you alive and roll you in salt.

Johnny John: Eeeww. That sounds really painful...

Jesse James: And that ain't the half of that. Job like this, you need help, serious help, from serious people. I'm not saying I'm interested, but I could be swayed, say for... the whole \$10,000.

Wild Bill: Why Jesse's right, and respect to him an' all but you're gonna need more than one Western legend to tackle this Mexican marauder. I'm happy to go splits with Jesse on this.

Calamity Jane: You know sometimes all you need is a woman's charm to get the job done. What do you say we go threewaaaays? *[she falls over again]*

Doc Holliday: Well it almost seems rude now not to ask for a slice of the pie.

Barman: *[shouting into the kitchen]* JOLENE! Go get some pie!

Doc Holliday: 25 hundred dollars per man? I'm your huckleberry.

[Jesse, Wild Bill and Calamity Jane aren't happy but can't get a word in edgeways.]

Johnny John: Wow this is awesome! 4 western legends helping us out like this. Thank you so much. Wait... We need a new song now there are twelve of us!

Jesse: Woah wait a second...

[Music starts anyway as disagreements break out between the four western legends]

SONG 6: THE TERRIFIC TWELVE

JOHNS: We are the T'riffic Twelve,
And into war we delve,
We're the meanest band in all the land and we get on very well,
We'll catch the crook bandito and throw him in the jail,
If we only stick together we can never never fail!

[As they are standing up to do the song, Jesse James notices Doc was sitting on some cards. Fighting breaks out between Jesse and Doc, the others try to restrain but in the end Doc shoots Jesse at the end of the verse]

JESSE: *Why you cheating lunger, I'll kill you!*

CHORUS:
They are the T'riffic Twelve,
And into war they delve,
They're the meanest band in all the land and they get on very well,
They'll catch the crook bandito and throw him in the jail,
If they only stick together they can never never fail!

[BANG- gunshot as Doc shoots Jesse Jame]

Johnny John: Oh lordy, he shot Jesse James!!!!!!

[despite the shock at Jesse's shooting, brothers carry on regardless]

JOHNS: We are the Great Eleven,
Jesse James has gone heaven,
Shot in the head and now he's dead, as useless as a lemon,
We'll catch the crook bandito and throw him in the jail,

If we only stick together we can never never fail!

[They argue with Doc Holliday and more fighting breaks out Doc hits Wild Bill on the head at the end of the verse.]

CHORUS:

**They are the Great Eleven,
Jesse James has gone heaven,
Shot in the head and now he's dead, as useless as a lemon,
They'll catch the crook bandito and throw him in the jail,
If they only stick together they can never never fail!**

[BANG- as Doc hits Wild Bill on the head. Then Calamity Jane attacks Doc for killing Wild Bill, but Doc knocks her down at the end of the next verse.]

CHORUS:

**They are the Terrible Ten,
They're another man down again,
If things go on like this then they won't have any more men,
To catch the crook bandito and throw him in the jail,
If they only stick together they can never never fail,**

[Calamity Jane is knocked down. The brothers try to make the best of it. Doc looks annoyed.]

Johnny John: *Weeeeeeeee*

[Others join gradually]

**JOHNS: We are Notorious Nine,
Our band is in decline,
If things go on like then we won't have any more time,
To catch the crook bandito and throw him in the jail,
If we only stick together we can never never fail,**

[Calamity Jane gets back to her feet. They fight and shoot each other at the same time after the word "revenge"]

CHORUS:

**They are the Terrible Ten, (Johnny John: again!).
She's on her feet again,
They're all amazed it was just a graze,
And now she wants revenge....**

[Brothers look around at the blood bath around them then sing]

JOHNS: We..

CHORUS:

**Theeeeeey are the Epic Eight,
They're feeling really great,
They're the meanest band in all the land
Or at least Tennessee state,
They'll catch the crook Bandito, and throw him in the jail,
John Boy: If we only stick together,
Jonny: In the rain and in good weather,
Johnny John: From right now until forever,
We will never never fail!**

END OF SONG

John Boy: We've wasted enough time here, let's go.

Jonny: *[closing eyes and sniffing]* He went that way boys. Definitely smells of burrito. *[pointing at Stinky John]*

Stinky John: Sorry, I had a Nando's for dinner.

Big John: Wait, over there, a discarded taco. They must have gone that way. Come on boys.

[Brothers leave]

Flint Westwood: *[putting his glass down and following the brothers]* 'Night.

[Sherriff, two deputies and barman are left standing aghast]

Barman: Sorry folks time to shut up shop for the night. *[to himself]* 's been a fairly quiet one all things even.

[Scene change music- the Epic Eight]

ACT 1 SCENE 7

[El Bandito in his lair, celebrating, with all his desperadoes.]

El Bandito: *[laughs]* What was it now? Juan Carlos Esteban de Maria Hernandez...*[pauses to think]*

El Poncho: Vasquez

El Bandito: Ah yes, Vasques. Don't interrupt me El Poncho! Those redneck country hodooganboogles lapped it up like water. Hahaha. It was all too easy.

El Sombrero: HhI-HhI no understand. Hhhwhy we rob a cow?

El Porco: A big fat juicy cow?

Betty Lou: Moo!

El Poncho: A big fat ugly cow...

Betty Lou: *[sad]* moo

El Derado: HHyes, I know those cowboys really love her but what can we do with this hhhideos hheifer?

Betty Lou: *[insulted]* Moo!

El Poncho: We could use her as a scarecrow?

El Groucho: We could use her skin to make some new boots- mine are full of holes.

El Porco: We can eat it no? I'm a getting berry hungry.

[Betty Lou is very distressed at these suggestions]

El Derado: You're always hungry El Porco.

El Dorito: *[to El Porco]* Tortilla chip?

El Porco: Thank you, El Dorito!

El Nombre: We could count the number of spots on her skin because maths is fun!

El Groucho: Shut up El Nombre!

El Poncho: So what we gonna do boss?

El Bandito: I like her! She can be our lucky mascot!

[Betty Lou smiles]

El Dorito: But boss what if she bring bad luck. As my Grandmother in Mexico used to say, "You grab the cow by the udder, and you end up getting covered in milk!"

[They all look at him confused]

El Sombrero: What does that even mean?

El Dorito: HhI don't really know...

El Bandito: Look our next job is going to be berry berry difficult but.. mucho mucho ggold!

[Bandits chatter excitedly]

We keep the cow to bring us luck and then when job is finished, we kill her and have big big feast!

Betty Lou: *[distressed]* Moo!

El Sombrero: Can't we just have a holiday. I'm kind of tired of all this lying and cheating, and thieving.

El Bandito: El Sombrero!! Come on! Are you a Mexi-CAN or a Mexi-CAN'T?! My fellow desperados, we can't stop now, we just got started!! You see...

[music begins]

SONG 7: EL BANDITO

EB: Yo soy El Bandito
I like to eat burrito,
And then I drink mojito,
Oh hey-o hey ha ha!

They say that I'm a cheat-o
But I'm the one to beat-o
The greatest in Mexico!
Oh hey-o hey ha ha!

CHORUS: He is El Bandito
He likes to eat burrito,
And then he drinks mojito,
Oh hey-o hey ha ha!

**They say that he's a cheat-o
But he's the one to beat-o
The greatest in Mexico!
Oh hey-o hey ha ha!**

**El Bandito! And a hey and ho and hey and hey and a ho!
El Bandito! And a hey and ho and hey and hey and a ho!
El Bandito! And a hey and ho and hey and hey and a ho!
El Bandito! And a hey and ho and hey and hey and a ho!**

EB: Donde esta el banco?
I drive in with a tank-o,
To bolster my financo,
Oh hey oh hey ha ha!

You say it is transgression,
But stealing's my profession,
I still go to confession,
Oh hey oh hey ha ha ha!

CHORUS:
Donde esta el banco?
He drives in with a tank-o,
To bolster his financo,
Oh hey oh hey ha ha!

You say it is transgression,
But stealings his profession,
He still go to confession,
Oh hey oh hey ha ha ha!

**El Bandito! And a hey and ho and hey and hey and a ho!
El Bandito! And a hey and ho and hey and hey and a ho!
El Bandito! And a hey and ho and hey and hey and a ho!
El Bandito! And a hey and ho and hey and hey and a ho!**

EB: When I was a boy in Acapulco,
No food, no money not a single peso,
My mother died, my father hit the drink-o,
I only had my sister and she did stinko!

[TRUMPET SOLO]

So really you can't blame me!
Don't moralize and shame me!
You see how I became me!

Oh hey oh hey ha ha!

And still my heart is breaking,
I need to dull the aching,
With lots of moneymaking,
Oh hey oh hey ha ha!

CHORUS:

El Bandito! And a hey and ho and hey and hey and a ho!
El Bandito! And a hey and ho and hey and hey and a ho!
El Bandito! And a hey and ho and hey and hey and a ho!
El Bandito! And a hey and ho

El Bandito: And a hey and a ho, and a hey and a ho, and a hey and a ho, and a hey and a ho, and a hey and a ho, and a hey and a ho. (pause) Yo soy El Bandito!!

CHORUS: Bandito!!!! Ole!

END OF SONG

El Bandito: Come on boys! To Fort Biggleswade, we have a bank to rob!
HAHAHAHAHA

END OF ACT 1- EXIT MUSIC (El Bandito)

ACT 2

Running time c. 35min

ACT 2 SCENE 1

[Cacti in the same position as the first act. The Epic Eight clamber across the stage, accidentally treading on Cacti on the way and injuring themselves in the process.]

Jonny: Oh these pesky cacti. They're so small and annoying.

Little John: This one just keeps poking me with its spikelets. It hurts, John Boy!

Johnny John: Oh come on, they're sorta cute! Hello little cacti!

[Crazy John getting agitated]

John Boy: Calm down Crazy John, save that for El Bandito.

[They make their way across the stage. Music begins]

SONG 8: WILD WEST REPRISE

CHORUS:

**Get your gun and shelter from the sun and the wind in the Wild Wild West,
Jackals howl, there are bears on the prowl, and the rattlesnake's in his nest,
Wild frontier there are Indians to fear, crooks and bandits and the rest,
Hear the stories told of the quest for gold, you'll be sold on the wild wicky
Wild Wild West.**

[Scene change: Chorus aaaahs as saloon scene is set up.]

END OF SONG

ACT 2 SCENE 2

[The brothers are at Fort Biggleswade and enter the saloon. Flint Westwood is sitting at the bar in the same position as at the last saloon.]

Big John: What a dump of a town, 'bout as ugly as a dime's worth'a dog meat. What's it called 'gain?

John Boy: Fort Biggleswade.

Jonny: More like Fort Big Pile of Horse Dung

John Boy: *[to Flint Westwood]* Wait a minute, do I recognize you? Yeh, weren't you in the saloon back in Franklin.

[Flint Westwood stares back]

Johnny John: Oh yeh you were the nice man sittin' at the bar all playin' it cool, when all that fightin' went off.

Flint: You ever been in a fight, boy?

John Boy: He don't mean no harm, he just special is all. Likes talking to strangers. I'm John Boy, by the way, pleased to meet you. *[he stretches out his hand and Flint Westwood ignores]*

Jonny: So what brings you to Biggleswade?

Flint: I might ask the same of you.

Jonny: Well we've been victim of a rustlin' pretty bad one.

Flint: How many livestock?

Johnny John: Oh just the one, but she is a mighty fine cow, Betty Lou, we call her, and our Daddy is awful fond of her.

Flint: Why does he have a bag over his head?

John Boy: Oh he's ugly, Ugly John we call him. It's pretty bad, trust me, it's better we leave the bag on.

Ugly John: It's true, I'm ugly as a dog.

Jonny: Look boys, why are we wasting our time with this guy. We got things to do.

[Brothers turn to go]

Flint: I suppose you also know where El Bandito's lair is. And how to catch him.

[Brothers turn back]

Jonny: What do you know?

Flint: Depends what's in it for me.

John Boy: What do you want?

Flint: \$9,000 and you do exactly what I say.

John Boy: Alright. I suppose I should mention, we're all brothers, and we...

Flint: The Epic Eight. I enjoyed your little sing-song back there.

Johnny John: Don't you like singing?

Flint: I don't sing.

Johnny John: Not even in the shower?

[Flint stares]

Flint: I. Don't. Sing.

Big John: Aw come on. Everybody sings. It's as natural as, I don't know...

[Stinky John farts while bending down to tie up his shoelaces]

Big John: Exactly!

Stinky John: Sorry.

Flint: Only thing that ever came naturally to me was killin'. Now look here...

[dialogue seamlessly enters into the song]

SONG 9: I DON'T SING, I DON'T DANCE

Flint: I don't sing

Johnny John: Well if you don't sing maybe you can dance a little?

Flint: I don't dance,

Little John: Gee that's too bad. What do you like?

Flint: I don't care for sweet romance

Jonny: Oh well that's a relief I suppose.

Flint: When I hear music play,

I am filled with dismay,

That's the thing,

(Stinky John: what?)

I don't dance

(Stinky John: oh),

I don't sing!

I am rough,

(Big John: Well maybe just a little round the edges)

I am tough,

(Little John: You see I could swear you're singing right now!)

And my voice is always positively gruff,

And the sound of my gun's

The only song I ever sung,

That's the thing, I don't dance, I don't sing!

[music speeds up]

CHORUS:

He don't sing, He don't dance, he don't care for sweet romance,

When he hears music play, he is filled with dismay,

And the sound of his gun's the only song he ever sung,

That's the thing, he don't dance, he don't sing

Flint: I don't practice my arpeggios making sure they're all in tune,

I don't serenade my pony every afternoon,

I don't dream of life on stage, it just puts me in a rage,

That's the thing I don't dance, I don't sing!

I don't like to wear a tutu and go dancing in the rain, **(Johnny John:** Like me)

I don't dance flamenco and imagine I'm in Spain, **(Stinky John:** Ole!)

I'm a manly macho man, much more manly than John Wayne!!!

That's the thing, I don't dance, I don't sing

CHORUS:

He don't sing, He don't dance, he don't care for sweet romance,

When he hears music play, he is filled with dismay,

And the sound of his gun's the only song he ever sung,

That's the thing, he don't dance, he don't sing

He don't practice his arpeggios making sure they're all in tune,

He don't serenade his pony on a sunny afternoon,

He don't dance out in the rain, he's much more manly than John Wayne!!!

[John Wayne Enters]

John Wayne: Now I've been called lots of things in my time, wooden, one dimensional, monotone, dull, prejudiced and ugly as a dog's dinner, but no one has ever questioned my manliness. So you just take back what you said and I'll be on my way.

Flint: Oh whatever. We're both republicans. Have it your way.

[John Wayne Leaves]

Oh how silly it would be for, for an old gunslinger like me,
To dance and sing, and prance around all day,
And even if I tried, I would find my tongue is tied,
I'd never ever make it to Broadway!
Broadway!

CHORUS:

He don't sing, (Flint scat sings)

He don't dance, (Flint tap dances)

He don't care for sweet romance, (Flint gives some flowers to an audience member)

And the sound of his gun's the only song he's ever sung,

(Flint: apart from this one)

He don't sing, he don't swing, and he's dangerously right wing, that's the thing, he don't dance, He don't sing!

Flint: I don't sing, *[jazzy piano chord]* oh will you knock it off *[to Mr Thompson]*

END OF SONG

Johnny John: Wow! That was so wonderful. Your voice is like well, like a ray of golden sunshine on a cloudy day. You brought that sunshine into my heart...

Flint: Look, don't you get it. I don't sing, ok. Admittedly I may have sung a little back then but... that's not me.

Little John: Well, that was pretty darn good err.. what is your name actually?

Flint: Nobody's ever asked me that before. Guess you'll just have to find out. *Pause* Now about Bandito, I know where he's hiding but I'm still tryin' to figure out the details of what he's up to next. What we really need is men on the inside, undercover. That way we can work it from both angles.

Stinky John: I'll do it.

John Boy: Good. feed him some burritos a couple hours before and he'll blend in no problem.

Ugly John: I'll do it.

Jonny: Might they not be a little suspicious of someone with a paper bag over their head?

Flint: Just say that you kicked in the face by an ass.

Ugly John: How did you know?

Flint: Ok I think we need just one more. Someone who'll never say too much and give us away.

[They all look around then at Silent John]

All Brothers Together: Silent John!

Flint: Perfect. Now, I got a room at a nearby hotel, let's talk more when we get there. Bandito's planning something big.

[Flint Westwood heads out, the Johns follow]

Big John: Hey look he left his lunch box. It's says "Flint Westwood"

Little John: Huh that's a pretty cool name, reminds me of that actor, Martin Sheen.

[Scene change music- I don't sing, I don't dance]

ACT 2 SCENE 3

[Bankers sat at desks furiously writing in their books with their quills.]

Mr Barclays: Good morning sir. What can I do for you this fine morning?

El Bandito: Hhhhello. My name is Juan Carlos Esteban de Maria Hernandez Vasquez Rodriguez Ortega Severino de Lopez Smith, I am a Spanish businessman and HhhI would like to open an account to store my gggold.

Mr Barclays: That's terrific news sir. Now let me tell you about our tax exempt stocks and shares, superannuation shareholder account. Now what we do is.

El Bandito: HHhyyes very good, but hhhI would like to see hhwhere you keep your gggold.

Banker 2: Have you had problems with cow theft?

El Bandito: *[startled]* hhhwhat?!

Mr Barclays: May we interest you in our world leading livestock insurance?

Banker 3: This includes comprehensive cover for accidental shootings, attacks by dogs or wild animals,

Banker 2: Or Mexican bandits,

Banker 4: Insurance against any loss sustained by hard or soft brexit,

Banker 5: Earthquakes,

Banker 6: Electrocutation

Banker 7: Floods

Banker 8: Fire!

Mr Barclays: *[shocked]* Where? Oh, yes. Well, what do you think Mr. erm Smith? We have a very competitive range of premiums.

El Bandito: HhhI will think about it. But HhhI would really like to see hhyour gggold. It is very importante por me that my gggold is safe.

Mr Barclays: Of course sir. The security of your assets is of utmost importance to us.

Banker 2: With this in mind we have taken steps to develop the most advanced cold storage facilities in the world.

Banker 3: At precisely minus 13 degrees centigrade.

Banker 4: Now to maintain this optimal temperature is really a miracle of modern science.

Banker 5: Using only fans and frozen pizza...

El Bandito: HhhhOK, this sounds berry interestante but I need to see wwwwwhere is the gggold. Is muy muy importante por mi!

Mr Barclays: I entirely understand your predicament sir, but you must also appreciate that in order for the security of the gold to remain uncompromised, we must ensure the safeguarding of the knowledge of its location.

El Bandito: Que?

Banker 2: It is judicious that for the sake of the safety of the deposits of our respected clients, the exact coordinates of their funds remain outside of the realm of common knowledge.

El Bandito: EEEhh I no understand.

Mr Barclays: Mr Smith. As a bank, we pride ourselves, on responsibility

Banker 2: Fidelity,

Banker 3: Frugality

Banker 4: Stability

Banker 5: Security

Banker 6: Solidity

Banker: 7: *[raised eyebrows]* Virility!

Mr B: And above all, civility.

El Bandito: Aah buut, hhhI just wanna know hhhwhere is the gggold

Mr Barclays: Mr Smith...

SONG 10: IN THE BANK

Mr.B: In this world of knaves and robbers, thieves and bandits

B2: You need to keep your finances secure,

B3: We'll guard your wealth and then even expand it,

B4: As our diversified investiments mature,

B5: With interest and dividends, compounding by the year,

B6: You can rest at ease and let your money grow,

B7: Your capital expanding there is no reason to fear,

Mr B: What more is there that you could wish to know?

[music stops]

EB: *[spoken]* I just want to know hwwhere is the gold?"

Mr B: *[spoken]* Look here, look here"

[music continues]

B1: Pecuniary stability,

B2: Fiduciary fidelity,

B3: Exemplary frugality,

B4: And strong profitability,

B5: For interest on equity,

B6: And generous indemnity,

B7: For fiscal flexibility,

B8: With extraordinary civility

B2: Dependable, commendable, respectable, and fair

B3: For credit that is lendable for your business affairs,

B4: In boomtime or recession, in the good times or depression,

B5: We humbly offer up our services at your discretion.

B6: Your gold, I can assure, you, is kept cold,

B7: and we won't bore with the in's and out's of how it's kept on ice.

B8: The safebox's coordinates are kept from all subordinates,

Mr B: Your deposit is repositied securely out of sight.

[Bankers March while CHORUS sing the song in canon]

CHORUS:

Pecuniary stability,

Fiduciary fidelity,

Exemplary frugality,

And strong profitability,

For interest on equity,

And generous indemnity,

For fiscal flexibility,

With extraordinary civility

Mr Barclays: With extraordinary civility

[music stops]

El Bandito: *[grabbing Mr Barclays by collar]* Right right, but look here, I have gold, mucho gold, I need to know is safe ok. Where you keep the gold?

Mr Barclays: Mr Smith...

El Bandito: Is it in a safe in the back room?

Mr Barclays: Aaah. How did you know?"

El Bandito: *[puts hand on head, and speaks to audience]* To think of the time I hhave wasted with these English cretins. *[to banker]* Ok Adios hhhI will be in touch.

Mr Barclays: Good bye sir. One more time boys, from the chorus! 1-2-3

*[Bankers march around and out while **CHORUS** sing again in canon]*

CHORUS:

**Pecuniary stability,
Fiduciary fidelity,
Exemplary frugality,
And strong profitability,
For interest on equity,
And generous indemnity,
For fiscal flexibility,
With extraordinary civility**

END OF SONG

ACT 2 SCENE 4

[Silent John arrives back at the brothers and Flint Westwood to tell them how it's going]

John Boy: Silent John!! Great to see you, so you managed to sneak out?

[Silent John Nods]

Jonny: So how's it going, did they buy your story?

[Silent John Nods]

Jonny John: So they're not suspicious at all?

[Silent John shrugs shoulders]

John Boy: Right so what's El Bandito planning? What's our next move?

[Silent John motions a shooting with both hands]

Little John: He's directing airplanes?

John Boy: Air what?

Little John: I dunno...

[Silent John shakes his head and tried to act out a hold up]

Big John: He's swimmin'?

Crazy John: He's kneedin' dough?

Johnny John: He's dancing ballet?!

Little John: He's building a wall?!

[Silent John shakes his head]

John Boy: Why on earth did those two goney's send *you* back?

[Silent John shrugs his shoulders]

Flint Westwood: *[getting annoyed]* Here's a piece of paper, just write it down.

Johnny John: *[laughing]* Oh Silent John can't read and write, none of us can! We're country boys!

Flint Westwood: *[holds head in hands]* Of course you are...

[Silent John continues to motion]

Random boy from Chorus: Several Hours later.

[Silent John continues to motion]

Little John: I've got it! Is he milking a goat?

Johnny John: He's conducting an orchestra!!

John Boy: He's jogging beside a tank?

[Silent John gestures that that is close]

Big John: He's lobbing a man name Frank?

Jonny: He's wobbling a plank

Little John: He's firing a blank?

Crazy John: He's robbing a bank!!!

Silent John: That's it! You got it Crazy John!

[They all stare in amazed at Silent John]

Flint: you can talk?

[Silent John shrugs his shoulders]

John Boy: Right boys this is it. We got the chance to get Betty Lou back and get rich too or we get nothin' at all. Double or Nothin. Now whatever you do, don't nobody it screw it up.

Johnny John: Gee that sure is encouragin' John Boy.

Flint: Oh come on ladies, let's get to the bank.

Brothers: *[as they go off]* Ladies? What? That's not fair.

SONG 11: Double or Nothing

[Scene change with Aaahs from choir to Wild Wild West theme]

ACT 2 SCENE 5

[Bankers sat at desks working. A blind man and a nun in the queue to see a cashier. El Bandito Enters from one side with his men plus Stinky Crazy and Ugly John, and Betty Lou. Brothers come on from other side. Everyone freezes as Aahs finish and song begins]

CHORUS:

**There comes a time in every single Western,
You can feel the tension building in the air,
The players of the game take their positions,
Will it be death or glory, laughter or despair?**

El Bandito in his ruthless quest for money,
[El Bandito rubs his hands and grins]
And the brothers search for a beloved cow,
[Brothers call Betty-Lou]
Flint Westwood knows the battle could get bloody,
[Flint comes centre-stage]
So he chews his toothpick then furrows his brow.
[Flint does as the song says]

*[pause for laughter- Flint walks off to the balcony]
[short drum fill leading into chorus]*

**Double or nothing, call, raise or fold,
Stakes couldn't be higher now we're playing for gold,
Troubles a coming, and that's no lie
Someone may profit, many will die!**

**Into the bank comes wicked El Bandito,
His dastardly alliance by his side.
He licks his lips and tastes last night's burrito,
Anticipation sparkles in his eyes,**

**He looks around to gauge the situation,
In the queue ahead a blind man and a nun,
He says "sister get back to your congregation"
And from his holster he pulls out a gun,**

[Music stops]

El Bandito: Everybody freeze! This is a hold-up!

[All the bandits freeze]

El Sombrero: Can I change position, this is really uncomfortable?

El Bandito: Not you, the bankers.

Mr Barclays: *[in a high pitched voice, terrified]* Ah, Mr Smith, Have you had time to consider our tax exempt stocks and shares, superannuation shareholder account?

El Bandito: Shut Mr. Beef Wellington. Now it's time for me to see where the gold is kept?

Mr Barclays: Aaah, Mr Smith,

El Bandito: That's El Bandito to you!

Banker: Very w-w-well Mr Bandito... but the security of our c-c-client's gold, it mustn't be c-c-c-c-compromised.

El Bandito: If you do not show me now, the shape of hhyour head will be compromised Mr... what is hhyour name?

Mr Barclays: *(now utterly terrified)* Erm... L,L,L,Loyd, B,B,B,B,Barclays. C-c-come this way, M-m-m-m-m-Mr Bandito.

El Bandito: hhhOk, *[pointing at the Johns]* you three come along with me. The rest of you stay here and keep everything under control.

El Dorado: Ok boss.

Nun: You bunch of scumbags, I hope you all hang for this, you good for nothin', lazy, foreign, darkskins.

El Groucho: Quiet... sister... hhhare you a nun?

Blind man: That's a woman?!

[Mr Barclays leads El Bandito into the back room with the safe]

Mr Barclays: *[petrified]* It's a j-j-j-j-j-just through here.

El Bandito: Open it!

[Mr Barclays bends down to open safe but he can't because he's shaking too much]

Mr Barclays: Alm-m-m-most there.

El Bandito: come on! VAMOS!

Mr Barclays: uuh uuh I can't... I can't *[he faints]*

El Bandito: Oh great. Lucky I've seen these before. I think I can get this open. Wait a minute, who even are you three?

Stinky John: Oh we've always been here.

Ugly John: I had my face kicked in pretty bad... by an ass, remember?

El Bandito: *[to himself]* The morons I seem to attract. *[he bends down to open the safe]*

Stinky John: *[whispering to Ugly John]* This is our chance.

Ugly: *[whispering]* what?

Stinky John: Come on, what did Flint say?

Ugly: I can't do that.

Stinky John: Go on, knock him out.

Ugly: how?

Stinky: Just whack him on the back of the head, take this GEE-tar here. *[grabs ukelele from band area]*

Ugly: *[gearing up]* I. I.. I can't do it. I'm not a violent person Stinky.

*[Bandito trying to open safe, Ugly John, trying to work up courage to hit him]
[Short drum fill leading into the chorus]*

CHORUS:

**Double or nothing, call, raise or fold,
Stakes couldn't be higher now we're playing for gold,
Troubles a coming, and that's no lie
Someone will profit, many will die!**

[Silent John grabs geetar and whacks El Bandito just as music ends]

Ugly: Oh my gosh, he's dead!

Stinky: You killed him! Oh lordy!

Ugly: What do we do now?

Stinky: I don't know.

El Poncho: What's goin' on in there El Bandito? Let's hurry up and get out of here.

Stinky: *[badly imitating Mexican accent]* Yes everything is ok. I justa get the gold.

El Porco: Eh, boss, why are speaking in a stupid voice?

Stinky: Hey, I don't have a stupid voice! *[to Ugly John]* do I have a stupid voice?

El Derado: What's goin' on boss, I'm comin' in there.

[Stinky John comes out into main section of the bank.]

Stinky John: He says whatever you do don't go in... *[under his breath]* come on boys hurry up...

El Dorito: I knew something was up with you guys, what you doin' in there.

Stinky John: Look, we, we just had a small setback with a wasp. He swallowed a wasp, it made his voice go all weird. Everything's fine now. He'll be out any minute.

CHORUS:

The bandits aren't convinced of Stinky's story,

(El Poncho: This don't add up.)

They hadn't thought this bright idea through,

(El Derado: What y'up to white trash)

Their tone is getting quite accusatory,

(El Groucho: You traitor.)

Silent John: Oh no what are we going to do?

John Boy: *[interrupting]* Hands up we got you trapped liked a gopher in a hole!

[Brothers arrive, Stinky John sneaks away back to Ugly and Silent John]

El Nombre: *[grabbing a banker]* Right, One move and the banker gets it, sure as 27 x 89 equals two thousand four hundred and three.

[Johns weigh up the decision]

[Silent John and Ugly John nod at Stinky John]

Ugly John: Now Stinky!

[Stinky John unleashes a huge fart stunning all the bandits and throwing them into confusion. Betty Lou moos loudly and starts gallivanting round the stage/audience? Brothers raid the bank in slow motion as the song continues. Again a short drum fill leads into the chorus. Ugly John takes his bag off and shocks some bandits. Crazy John is unleashed and disarms a few. The nun and the blind man also fight]

CHORUS:

Double or nothing, call, raise or fold,

Stakes couldn't be higher now we're playing for gold,

**Troubles a coming, and that's no lie
Someone will profit, many will die!**

[As the tempo of the song suddenly livens up, the slow motion ends. All the bandits are disarmed and a fistfight ensues.]

**What started a shootout is now a brawl,
The nun's got two bandits pinned up 'gainst the wall,
There's kicking and screaming they punch and they bite
Gee whizz, Gol darn, oh what a fight!**

[gradually all the bandits are knocked out, along with the blind man and the nun]

**Double or nothing, call, raise or fold,
Stakes couldn't be higher now they're playing for gold,
Troubles a coming, and that's no lie
Gee whizz, Gol darn, oh what a fight!**

[short instrumental outro, as the Johns realize they have won the fight]

END OF SONG

Johns: Yeee haw!!! We did it! Betty Lou!!!! You're safe! Way to go! *[they congratulate each other with various similar phrases]*

Little John: Did you see me whack that bandit on the head like a weasel?!

Big John: Hey yeh that was awesome!! Did you see me slap that nun and then roundhouse that blind guy?

Little John: uuh, John, they were civilians...

Big John: Oh... whoops...

John Boy: Flint, you can get down from the balcony now, thanks for covering!

Flint: I'm proud o' you boys.

[As they are congratulating each other, El Bandito is staggering to his feet and getting ready to shoot. Only Silent John notices and is desperately trying to tell the others.]

Johnny John: What is it Silent John?

Stinky John: I think he needs the toilet. I sure do.

John Boy: Smells like you've already been Stinky.

Jonny: What is it Silent John?

Big John: He seems to be trying to warn us of something.

Little John: Looks like he's pointing.... over.. *[They all turn to see El Bandito with a gun pointing at them]* there.

El Bandito: Adios Amigos!

Flint: Get down!

[Blackout as two gunshots are heard followed by a pained moo. All the brothers also drop to the following Flint's instruction]

El Bandito: Oh Santa Maria. I hit the blasted cow...uuurgh *[he dies]*

[Scene Change- Betty Lou music]

ACT 2 SCENE 6

[Brothers standing around grave of Betty Lou, wearing Black armbands, with Flint Westwood and Sheriff and the two deputies]

Johnny John *[crying]*: I can't believe she's gone.

Daddy John: how could you let her die John Boy? Oh it's too awful.

John Boy: I'm sorry pop, it just all happened so fast.

John: She was so... beautiful... *[he cries]*

SONG 12: BETTY LOU REPRISE

CHORUS:

**Betty Lou, Oh Betty Lou, how beautiful you are,
I see you now looking down on me, coz you're my guidin' star,
(Oh*) hear the breeze whistli'n through the trees,
It sings your name, *just trebles
Oh my Betty Lou, I think of you, you're always in my heart**

Daddy John: The day I saw your purty face, I knew that you'd me mine,
You looked at me, so lovingly, your eyes did seem to shine,
Betty Lou, oh I'll be true, that's my solemn vow,
If only you knew, how I love you, you're such a darn good cow!

CHORUS:

**Aaaah, Looked at me, lovingly, ah, ah, that's my solemn vow,
If only you knew, how I love you.**

**CHORUS: Betty Lou, Oh Betty Lou, how beautiful you are,
Oh I see you now looking down on me, coz you're my guidin' star,
Oh hear the breeze whistli'n through the trees,
It sings your name,
Oh my Betty Lou, I think of you, you're always in my heart**

END OF SONG

John Boy: Daddy. I know it's not much consolation, but Mr Barclays at the bank, he was awful grateful for our assistance an' all and he gave \$10,000 as a reward, added to the other \$10,000 dollars for Bandito's reward. We had to give half that to Flint but still, I brought you the other \$10,000.

John: *[eyes lighting up]* w-w-w-what? \$10,000! Woo-hooo! Yi-pee! Hell to Betty Lou *[throws off black arm band]*, I can buy a hundred cows with that, and twice fatter than her.

Sherriff: *[patting him on the back]* Congratulations sir, I just wanted you to know, now your sons are rich an' all, I have nine daughters, all eligible.

Daddy John: Well who knew! Let the dogs see the rabbits!

Sherriff: Come out girls. *[girls enter]*

So this is Mary Beth, Mary Ellen, Mary Jane, Mary Berry, Mary Ann, Mary Lou, Hairy Mary, and Mary Christmas!

[They couple up with the Johns]

Ronald *[to Donald]:* He had nine daughters?! Why did he never introduce 'em t' us?

Sherriff: I'd say it's high time for a hoedown! Let's have ourselves a hog-killing time! Strike up the band!

[music starts]

SONG 13: COUNTRY BOY REPRISE

CHORUS:

**Well we're just some country boys,
Born in Franklin, Tennessee
Riding in the saddle and rounding up the cattle,
Got some beans on the griddle for tea
Working out on our papa's farm,
We're a taah knit family,
We got no ills and we pay no bills,
It's the cowboy life for me**

Daddy John: I used to be in love with a cow named Betty Lou,
But with ten thousand dollars I won't miss her going moo!
I can buy a hundred livestock and get workers on the farm,
And marry off my brainless children, every one a John!

Ugly John: I never ever thought that I'd feel happiness like this,
With Mary Berry in my arms it really feels like bliss.
Her eyes are slightly squinty and her teeth a little wonkey,
But I don't really mind 'cause I've a face kicked by a donkey!

John Boy: And so the time has come for the end of our show,
We hope that you've enjoyed it but we really have to go,
You've been a real fine audience, and we've loved your rootin' for us,

But now it's time for you to join us for the final CHORUS!

CHORUS:

**Well we're just some country boys,
Born in Franklin, Tennessee
Riding in the saddle and rounding up the cattle,
Got some beans on the griddle for tea
Working out on our papa's farm,
We're a taah knit family,
We got no ills and we pay no bills,
We don't like frills and we don't climb hills,
We don't take pills and we don't use drills...**

It's the cowboy life for me!

END OF SONG

[applause]

Flint: Ok Boys, It's time for me to go. It's been a pleasure an' all. Johnny John I'd like you to have this. *[he hands Johnny John his gun]* I've been thinkin' bout what you said, and I've lived in denial for too long. I'm off to Broadway to pursue my true passion in life- musical theatre!

SONG 14: I CAN SING, I CAN DANCE!

Flint: I can sing, I can dance, I'm in the mood for sweet romance!
When I hear that swinging beat,
I start a-tapping with me feet,
That's the thing, I can dance, I can sing!

I tried rough, I tried tough,
But today I woke up and I said "enough",
I was a manly macho guy, but I was living one fat lie,
That's the thing, I can dance I can sing!

CHORUS:

**He can sing, he can dance, he's in the mood for sweet romance,
When he hears the swinging beat, he start's a-tapping with his feet,
He was a manly macho guy, but he was living one fat lie,
That's the thing, he can dance he can sing,**

Flint: Now I've got 10 thousand dollars,
I can follow all my dreams,
All that showbiz, costumes, glitz and glamour,
That's the life for me,
So to Broadway off I go,

One day you'll see me in a show!
That's the thing, I can dance I can sing!

CHORUS:

**He can sing, he can dance, he's in the mood for sweet romance,
When he hears the swinging beat, he start's a-tapping with his feet,
He was a manly macho guy, but he was living one fat lie,
That's the thing, he can dance he can sing,**

CHORUS:

**Now he's got 10 thousand dollars, he can follow all his dreams,
All that showbiz, costumes, glitz and glamour,
That's the life for he,
So to Broadway off he goes,
One day you'll see him in a show,
That's the thing, he can dance he can sing,**

[Curtain Call- as music continues. Music slows for big 'showy' ending]

He can sing (Flint scat sings),
He can dance, (Flint tap dances)
He's in the mood for, sweet romance,
When he hears that swinging beat,
He starts a'tapping with his feet,
Coz he sings, and he swings, and there's rhythm in his limbs,
That's the thing, He can dance, He can sing!!!

END OF MUSICAL