

THE LEGEND OF THE ROGUE or MASK ME NO QUESTIONS

A Western Comedy Melodrama

by Scott Cherney

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THE LEGEND OF THE ROGUE was originally produced at the Palace Showboat Dinner Theater at Pollardville in Stockton, California, produced by Goldie Pollard and under the direction of Bill Humphreys.

THE CAST

Brian Ryan/The Rogue.....Greg Pollard

Fawn.....Kimberly Romberger

Randolph Hitlear..... Charlee Simons

Sugar De Spice.....Carmen Musch

Chief Boyardee.....Scott Cherney

Aunt Emily.....Karen Allen

Percival P. Pestt.....R. J. Gossett

Singing Crow.....Jo Wakimoto

Ashley.....Cory Troxclair

Rhett.....Edward Thorpe

CAST OF CHARACTERS

BRIAN RYAN...the stalwart yet vulnerable sheriff who will become the mysterious masked champion known as THE ROGUE

FAWN...the Clayfoot Indian maiden who is also called Awatay, the Star Princess for she can communicate with the Great Indian Spirits

RANDOLPH HITLEAR...an oily-slick Southern “gentleman” and former Confederate general with delusions of grandeur

SUGAR DE SPICE...a sultry, seductive saloon singer crazy in love with Brian Ryan

AUNT EMILY...Brian’s aunt, a woman who gives new meaning to the word “cantankerous”

CHIEF BOYARDEE...the world-weary leader of the Clayfoot tribe

SINGING CROW...his wife, the main reason the Chief is world-weary

PERCIVAL P. PESTT...a duplicitous Indian agent who would sell his mother to the Mongols for a quick buck

ASHLEY...one of Hitler’s vile henchman and a sure candidate for jail

RHETT...another vicious henchman and a sure candidate for the dog pound

The Time: 1875

The Place: Parched Throat, Arizona and the Clayfoot Indian reservation

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE-Night, Mountaintop overlooking Clayfoot Valley

SCENE TWO-Late afternoon the next day, Clayfoot Indian reservation

SCENE THREE-Immediately after, outside the reservation

SCENE FOUR-The next morning, Emily's Boarding House

SCENE FIVE-That evening, outskirts of reservation

SCENE SIX-Immediately after, Clayfoot reservation

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE-Immediately after, outskirts of reservation

SCENE TWO-The next morning, Emily's Boarding House

SCENE THREE-That evening, outskirts of reservation

SCENE FOUR-Later that evening, the Tomb of Gold

ACT I

Scene One

(FAWN, a beautiful Indian maiden dressed in a buckskin dress stands bathed in a blue spotlight, known hitherto as “The Spirit Light”. She looks skyward with arms extended.)

FAWN: O Great Spirits of the Full Moon and The Night, it is I, the one who the Clayfoot people call Fawn, but that you have dubbed Awatay, The Star Princess, who calls you this night. A dark cloud of evil has fallen over our valley. Evil men have seized our land and force our people to work as their slaves. I fear for the future of our tribe for I feel the presence of death everywhere. Hear my pleas, Great Spirits! What are we to do?

VOICE MAIL RECORDING: (voice over): We’re sorry. All of our operators are busy at this time. Your call is very important to us. Please stay on the line for the next available Great Spirit.

(Canned music ala “Girl from Ipanema” plays, then cuts off after a few beats.)

SPIRIT VOICE (v.o.): Keesaho, Spirit of the Night
Wind. How may I help you?

FAWN: Great Keesaho, Awatay seeks your guidance for
my people.

SPIRIT: I have your information here. Clayfoot
tribe...evil men...land seized... Yes. The Great Spirits
cannot help you at this time We’re booked solid until the
end of the year.

FAWN: But Keesaho...

SPIRIT: Then the holidays are coming up....

FAWN: My tribe is in great peril.

SPIRIT: We could squeeze you in sometime in
mid-March.

FAWN: Great Spirit, I beseech you!

SPIRIT: Please, don’t beseech. I am a sucker for
beseeching. (sighs) Do not despair, Awatay. Take with
you these words and heed them as prophecy. Through
the dark cloud of evil shall ride a warrior of good who
shall become...a savior. Go now, little Awatay.

FAWN: I hear and obey. (bows)

BLACKOUT

ACT I

Scene Two

(The curtain opens on the Clayfoot Indian reservation, a tribe of desert dwellers. SINGING CROW, a rather dowdy squaw with a bad temper sits with mortar and pestle angrily preparing corn meal before her teepee. CHIEF BOYARDEE enters dragging his feet and carrying a big rock.)

CHIEF: (drops rock, exhausted) Oh, my aching feathers...

CROW: Look what cougar drag in.

CHIEF: Leave me alone, woman, I am too tired to try to kill you today.

CROW: Tired? You talk of tired? This one tired...sick and tired! This one slave over hot campfire all day!

CHIEF: Stick a moccasin in it! I am not in the mood.

CROW: Bad day at office?

CHIEF: It is a jungle out there. Oh. woman, I do not know how much longer I can put up with what is happening to the Clayfoot tribe.

CROW: Then why Chief do nothing?

CHIEF: (mocking) Then why Chief do nothing? What am I to do? We are a peaceful tribe. These men have guns. We have sticks. Do the math! I do not know the answer. Maybe the Indian agent will know what to do.

PERCIVAL (off-stage): Knock knock knock! Percival P. Pestt, your friendly Indian agent calling!

CHIEF: Good timing.

(PERCIVAL P. PESTT, a sniveling cockroach of a man, enters wearing a too-tight tweed suit. He carries a briefcase and an Indian phrase book.)

PESTT: Good afternoon, Chief...or should I say...
(reading book) "Walla walla he ha ha!"

CHIEF: You just asked me if you could sleep with my horse.

PESTT: I did? Land sakes! What a silly goose I am.
Well, Chief, I have come as you have requested. I understand you have had some trouble as of late?

CHIEF: Nobody knows the trouble I seen. Our land, the Clayfoot Valley, has been taken from us by a man with a black heart. His name...Randolph Hitlear. He and his men force us work for him digging a hole in the mountain. He seeks the treasure of our people...the Tomb of Gold where the ancient ones are buried. That is sacred ground and it belongs to the Clayfoot!

PESTT: I already know the whole story and I'm afraid my hands are tied.

CROW: What that mean?

PESTT: What that mean? That mean no can do. I can't help you.

CHIEF: But the Clayfoot have treaty with the Great White Father!

PESTT: You know, I thought so too until I checked. (removes document from briefcase) Apparently you signed the wrong form. This is really going to knock your tomahawk off...

CHIEF: What is this paper?

PESTT: It's an immigration form. You are now an American citizen. (pulls small American flag from briefcase and hands them to CHIEF, then sings) "You're a Yankee doodle dandy, Yankee doodle do or die!"

CHIEF: I do not understand.

PESTT: What this means is that you have no legal right to this land. It was up for grabs and it was taken. I just had a very enlightening conversation with the new owner.

CHIEF: (scowling) You mean...Randolph Hitlear!

(RANDOLPH HITLEAR enters smoking a big cigar followed by ASHLEY and RHETT. HITLEAR appears as though he just stepped off the plantation while his men still wear Confederate gray, but their uniforms have seen better days. So have they.)

HITLEAR: That's my name. Don't wear it out. A good day to one and all! Hello, Chief. Sorry to interrupt you during Happy Hour. Is this the "little" woman? (CROW hisses at him) Has she had her shots? (to ASHLEY and RHETT) If she moves any closer, shoot her. (to CHIEF) What a charming little trash heap you have here.

FAWN: (enters) Father, Mother, who is...oh, it is you.

HITLEAR: And dear little Fawn or shall I call you
Awatay?

FAWN: You can call me never.

HITLEAR: Don't sass me, honey child. You may find
yourself working on the mountain with your dear old
daddy.

CHIEF: No, Randolph Hitlear! We are not your slaves!
We are Clayfoot! We will work no more forever!

HITLEAR: You work no more, you live no more. Savvy
that, Chief?

FAWN: (to PESTT) How can you let this happen?

PESTT: Mr. Hitlear has explained to me that the tribe is
under his employ. (to CHIEF) He pays you a wage, does
he not?

CHIEF: He gives us rocks!

PESTT: But a wage is a wage and as long as he pays,
you work for him. Besides, I'm with the Bureau of
Indian Affairs, not the Department of Labor.

HITLEAR: You heard the man. The law is on my side.

FAWN: What kind of Indian agent are you? You are supposed to look after our best interests.

PESTT: Well, I am, you ninny. Look on the bright side. Unemployment is down, isn't it?

HITLEAR: So everything is settled. We shall continue as we have been. You work, we supervise. Nobody leaves until the job is finished. Otherwise...boys? (ASHLEY and RHETT light matches) There'll be a hot time in the old tribe tonight. Savvy that, Chief? Good. Then we'll see you bright and early tomorrow morning. If you're late, I'll deduct some gravel from your pay. (exits chuckling with the boys)

PESTT: Well, that's my cue to leave as well. Oh, look at those long faces. You act as though your whole world is caving in. Chin up, people or should I say...(reads book) "Ooh ah ah, ee ah ah!"

GHIEF: You just said you have the face of a jackass.

CROW: And tongue of jackass too that this one cut out with knife and make soup! (grabs knife, lunging after Pestt who runs off)

FAWN: Mother, no!

CROW: Nobody let this one have any fun.

FAWN: Father, what are we to do?

CHIEF: I do not know, my child. There must be some sort of justice somewhere...

FAWN: Justice...yes. Father, I know of someone who might help. We must go into town and get the Sheriff. I hear he is an honest man. Mother and I can slip out before the morning sun rises.

CHIEF: But what if the Sheriff cannot help us like the Indian agent? If he cannot, then your journey will be in vain.

FAWN: We must try, father. We are Clayfoot. We cannot look down to the ground face defeat. We must look up to the heavens and beyond. After all, tomorrow is another day.

CROW: This one hear that somewhere before.

CURTAIN

ACT I

Scene Three

(HITLEAR and PESTT stroll on the outskirts of the reservation followed by ASHLEY and RHETT.)

HITLEAR: I must admit that you did a fine job of pulling the wool over those ignorant savages' eyes, sir. I commend you.

PESTT: That story I made up about the treaty was a real humdinger if I do say so myself.

HITLEAR: Speaking of which, may I have the treaty now?

PESTT: Why, of course. I have it right here. (removes treaty from briefcase and hands it to HITLEAR)

HITLEAR: (hands PESTT a wad of money) And here you are, Mr. Pestt.

PESTT: Definitely a pleasure doing business with you.

HITLEAR: The pleasure is all mine. Ashley, show Mr. Pestt here back to town.

ASHLEY: Yessir, Gen'ral!

HITLEAR: Good day to you, Mr. Pestt.

PESTT; Percival P. Pestt is always at your disposal.

ASHLEY: Let's hit the dusty trail, Percy! (escorting PESTT abruptly off, then heard off-stage) Giddyap, mule! Hyah! (whip snap sound effect, followed by horse whinny)

PESTT: (off) Oh my nerves!

HITLEAR: (harumphs) "Always at my disposal?" I'd love to dispose of that little weasel, but I need him for the time being. He does keep Washington out of our business until we can reclaim what is ours. (to RHETT) You have no idea what I am talking about, do you?

RHETT: No, sir. I do not.

HITLEAR: That's quite all right. You have other qualities that I admire. That's why I want you to keep an eye on the tribe. Those red devils might try something sneaky...like fight back.

RHETT: You can count on me, sir. If any of 'em even looks at me funny, I'll tie their tonsils in a knot! (exits giggling maniacally)

HITLEAR: There goes a man who loves his work. That's one of those good qualities I was just referring to. Now

for the piece de resistance. (tears treaty in half)
Hoo-wee! That gave me a little ol' chill up my spine.
There's something about power that gives one such a
feeling of...power. And it's only a matter of time before
the real power takes hold. Soon I'll be face to face with a
mountain of gold. Now don't get me wrong. It's not for
myself. No, this gold is going to finance the return of
one of the greats...the Confederacy! You remember
us...gray uniforms? This time however we are going to
do it right, especially under the leadership of General
Randolph Hitlear! Robert E. Lee was a loser. I shall be
the one to lead us to victory. This I promise...the North
will fall in ashes as the South rises again...and
everywhere you look is going to look like Dixie.

(sings to the tune of "Dixie")

OH IT'S ALL GONNA LOOK LIKE DIXIE

HOORAY! HOORAY!

FOR DIXIELAND I'LL TAKE MY STAND

TO LIVE AND KILL FOR DIXIE

LOOK AROUND! LOOK AROUND!

LOOK AROUND AND IT'LL ALL BE DIXIE!

LOOK AROUND! LOOK AROUND!

LOOK AROUND AND IT'LL ALLLLL BE DIXIE!

(exits laughing)

ACT I

Scene Four

(The curtain opens on the interior of Emily's Boarding House consisting of a dining room table, a love seat and not much else. AUNT EMILY, an elderly woman in simple garb and apron, is dusting the furniture.)

EMILY: What a mess. I don't know whatever possessed me to open a boarding house. I basically don't like people.

BRIAN RYAN, a dashing young cowboy looking quite natty in his sheriff garb, enters

BRIAN: Good morning, Aunt Emily.

EMILY: Good morning, Brian dear.

BRIAN: And how are you on this fine morning?

EMILY: Not too good. My lumbago's come back.

BRIAN: Oh, I'm sorry.

EMILY: What are you sorry for? You haven't got it. Sit down now. Your breakfast is probably ice cold.

BRIAN: (sits at table) Oh? When did you make it?

EMILY: Last night. It saves me time in the morning. Brian, I want to have a little chat with you. (sits next to him, tucking napkin under his chin) Ever since you were a little boy, I've taken care of you. (starts feeding him) Open wide now. I will always feel you were that same little boy.

BRIAN: What are you trying to say?

EMILY: Don't talk with your mouth full. What I'm trying to say is...open up the tunnel, here comes the train! (stuffs spoonful in his mouth and leaves it) It's time for you to grow up and be a man.

BRIAN: (mumbling through spoon) But I am a man. (pulls spoon out) I am a man.

EMILY: Well, maybe on the outside, but not on the inside. You still act like a kid. Why do you think you have to play Sheriff?

BRIAN: I'm not playing, Aunt Emily. This is a job I take very seriously. Besides, I'm the only one qualified for the job, Everyone else in this place here is either drunk...

EMILY: Or they have the brains of a walnut, I know, I know. But I sent you off to college to be a lawyer. What do you do? You come back here to put on a tin star in this jerkwater town.

BRIAN: Now I've told you before, this job is only temporary until someone else can fill the position so that I can open my law practice.

EMILY: But why here in the middle of nowhere? Nobody needs a lawyer in this dry gulch unless maybe a scorpion wants to sue a lizard.

BRIAN: Are you trying to get rid of me?

EMILY: I want you to live your life, boy. Don't waste it here with me.

BRIAN: Any time with you has never been wasted.

EMILY: That's sweet of you, Brian, but who knows how much time I have left.

BRIAN: (stands) Why? Didn't you just see Doc Johnson? What did he say?

EMILY: Sit down, Brian.

BRIAN: It is bad news. (sits) Oh, Auntie, tell me what he said.

EMILY: He said...he wants to marry me.

BRIAN: What?

EMILY: That's right. Me and Doc Johnson are getting hitched.

BRIAN: You mean...

EMILY: That's right. Pack your bags, boy. Three's a crowd.

BRIAN: That's great news! I'm so happy for you, Aunt Emily. Wait a minute. Doc Johnson couldn't be more than, what, 25 years old? Aren't you concerned about the age difference?

EMILY: If he dies, he dies. (to audience) Yeah, I know it's an old joke, but this is 1875. Deal with it.

BRIAN: I'm really happy you've found someone, Auntie.

EMILY: Just as I hope you will someday too...as long as it's not that saloon floozy Sugar de Spice.

BRINA: Sugar's just overly affectionate.

EMILY: She's got the morals of a sailor, for crying out loud.

BRIAN: Don't rustle your bustle, Auntie. Sugar is a good friend but no more. Besides, my heart belongs to someone else.

EMILY: Oh? And who would that be?

BRIAN: I don't know. I haven't met her yet.

EMILY: Not that girl you see in your dreams again...

BRIAN: Yes, that's exactly who I mean. I don't know who she is, but I do know that I love her and I've seen her only in my mind's eye.

EMILY: I know.

BRIAN: Every night when I fall asleep, I envision the same scene. I'm climbing a mountain at night, onward, upward, higher and higher until I reach the very top. There stands the most beautiful girl in all the world. We look toward each other and then into each other's eyes. It is there that we embrace in the light of the full moon in a clear sky and...it's over.

EMILY: Bo-ring! Brian, I have heard you tell that same story a hundred times already and I'm going to tell you

the same thing I tell you every time you tell it. It's just a dream. She ain't real.

BRIAN: She is to me.

EMILY: And you, a college graduate. Hmph! So much for higher education.

BRIAN: But Aunt Emily, you don't understand. You see, I'm climbing a mountain...

EMILY: And I'm climbing out of here. I love you, boy, but you always were a strange child (exits with plates)

BRIAN: Aunt Emily means well, but sometimes she's a pain in the...

EMILY: (off) I heard that!

BRIAN: And I don't know why she doesn't like Sugar De Spice. Sugar is such a sweet girl. (knock on door) I wonder who that could be.

BRIAN opens door and there enters SUGAR DE SPICE, saloon girl extraordinaire, wearing a cloak.

BRIAN: Sugar! (she plants a big smooch on him)

SUGAR: One lump or two?

BRIAN: Uh, I'm trying to cut down.

SUGAR: Oh, what's wrong, Brian? Are your lips cramped? Let me massage them for you... (moves in for another kiss that BRIAN deflects)

BRIAN: Sugar, please!

SUGAR: Alright, Sheriff. Calm down now. Brian, where were you last night? I missed you.

BRIAN: I was here reading all night. I'm sorry I missed your act again. I'll try to catch it another time.

SUGAR: Now is as good a time as any. (pulls off cloak to reveal show costume underneath) You won't come see the act so the act has come to see you. Hit it! ("Shell Be Coming Around the Mountain" plays as SUGAR sings)

EMILY: (off) Brian! Brian! Put the cat out! Can't you hear him howling?

SUGAR: One more time. Hit it!

BRINA: That's okay. I get the general idea.

SUGAR: Oh, Brian, I just want to show you what I've got. I've said it before and I'll say it again. I'm crazy for you, punkin.

BRIAN: Sugar, you know I like you. I really do. You're so... nice.

SUGAR: You don't know me very well, do you?

BRIAN: As I said, I like you, Sugar. But I can't love you, can't because I love another only I don't know who she is.

SUGAR: Not dream girl again?

BRIAN: I'm climbing a mountain...

SUGAR: Yeah, you already told me.

BRIAN: Onward, upward, higher and higher...

SUGAR: Been there, done that. I get the picture, Brian.
(sighs) Dream girl... All I ever dream about are bananas.

BRIAN: My aunt thinks she's a figment of my imagination.

SUGAR: Yeah, whatever that means. Brian, the heart can't help what it wants. My heart wants you. Your heart wants that fig newton of your magy-nation or whatever you call it. But maybe your heart will make your dream come true.

BRIAN: Thank you, Sugar. I don't care what you say. You really are sweet.

SUGAR: That's why they call me Sugar. (knock on door)

BRIAN: Now who can that be?

SUGAR: With any luck, it's your twin brother.

BRIAN: I don't have a twin brother.

SUGAR: Dang!

(BRIAN opens the door and FAWN enters.)

FAWN: You are the Sheriff?

BRIAN: Yes, I am. Sheriff Brian Ryan, at your service.

(He is reasonably stunned, so much so, he closes the door on SINGING CROW.)

CROW: Open door, stupid paleface!

BRIAN: Oops. Sorry.

FAWN: I am called Fawn and this is my mother, Singing Crow.

BRIAN: How do you do?

CROW: How I do what?

BRIAN: I apologize. I should have said that I'm pleased to meet you. (to FAWN) Very pleased. (SUGAR clears throat) Oh, excuse me. This is my friend...uh...

SUGAR: Down, Fido. They call me Sugar De Spice.

CROW: Nice war paint.

SUGAR: Thanks a heap.

FAWN: Sheriff Ryan, we are of the Clayfoot tribe. We come to you because I understand you are an honest man.

BRIAN: That's why they gave me the job.

SUGAR: Not the last Sheriff we had. He was so crooked, he threw himself in jail.

BRIAN: Well, honesty is a code I happen to live by, Miss Fawn.

FAWN: (aside) I sense this man tells the truth. Could he be the warrior of good the prophecy speaks of or is he just a pretty face?

BRIAN: (aside) This is the girl from my dreams. Christmas is early this year.

EMILY: (enters) Brian, we have company? Ooh, yuck. Indians...and a trollop. Standing there you three look like the Good, the Bad and the Ugly.

CROW: Want mouthful of bloody teeth?

EMILY: (ready for throw down) Oh, you want a piece of this?

BRIAN: Aunt Emily!

FAWN: Mother!

BRIAN and FAWN hold the two adversaries at bay.

SUGAR: (to CROW) Too bad. My money was on you.

CROW: Darn skippy. (they high five)

BRIAN: Perhaps you should tell me why you're here.

FAWN: Sheriff Ryan, our people need your help. It concerns a man by the name of Randolph Hitlear.

BRIAN: Hitlear? Why, he's that Southern gentleman who was questioning the townsfolk about your reservation some time back.

FAWN: He is no gentleman. Randolph Hitlear and his men have overcome our tribe and taken our land. He wants the Clayfoot treasure that lies within our

mountains, what we call the Tomb of Gold. I believe he will stop at nothing to steal what is rightfully ours.

SUGAR: Treasure, huh? Sounds good to me. After all, gold is a girl's best friend.

EMILY: I thought diamonds were a girl's best friend.

SUGAR: I gotta lotta friends.

BRIAN: Ladies, please. Miss Fawn, have you tried speaking to your Indian agent?

CROW: (disgusted) Indian agent? Ptui! (spits)

BRIAN: I'll take that as a "no".

FAWN: Percival P. Pestt, the Indian agent, says he works for us, but he is on the side of Randolph Hitlear. We have nowhere to turn but you, Sheriff Ryan. Will you help us?

EMILY: Don't do it, Brian. It ain't your problem.

BRIAN: Aunt Emily, I love you as I would my own mother, but...

CROW: (to EMILY) Stick a moccasin in it!

BRIAN: I was going to say "Mind your own bee's wax".

EMILY: I get the point.

BRIAN: This badge I wear carries a great responsibility to help those in need. It is my sworn duty to help these good people and help them I will.

EMILY: Just you be careful out there.

BRIAN: You can count on it. Don't you worry now (to FAWN) Miss Fawn, it sounds like some serious laws are being broken here. Take me to your village and let no man stand in my way. Aunt Emily...Sugar...I'm off!
(exits)

FAWN: (dreamy) I think that all will be well. (exits)

CROW: Uh-oh. Daughter have that look in her eye again.

SUGAR: Is that good or bad?

CROW: Hard to tell. Last time she look like that, we have locust.

EMILY: Yeah, yeah. Take it walkin'. (CROW exits as EMILY watches) Hey! Step away from the chicken!
(exits next)

SUGAR: Hmm. Okay, Brian Ryan. If this is how you want it. If I can't have you, maybe nobody can, not even that little Doe or Bambi or whatever her name is. So the Indian agent is in cahoots with that Hitlear feller, is he?

Maybe I should have a little talk with him about what these Clayfoot hussies are up to. There might be a nice lil' reward in it for me, a golden reward that is. Nobody breaks the heart of Sugar de Spice and gets away with it...not even Sheriff Brian Ryan.

CURTAIN

ACT I

Scene Five

(Outside the Clayfoot reservation, ASHLEY holds a lantern while skulking through the darkness.as RHETT enters opposite.)

ASHLEY: Rhett! Rhett!

RHETT: What?!

ASHLEY: Where they at? You seen 'em?

RHETT: I ain't seen 'em! You seen 'em?

ASHLEY: I ain't seen 'em That's why I asked if you seen 'em.

RHETT: Well, I ain't seen 'em. You seen 'em?

ASHLEY: I jus' said I ain't seen 'em! Wait a minute...
(to audience) You seen 'em? Best speak up or I'll sic my
friend Rhett on y'all!

RHETT: Yeah! Speak now or forever hold yer pieces!

ASHLEY: (looking off) Hey, the Gen'ral's comin'.

RHETT: Mebbe he seen 'em.

ASHLEY: Ten-hut! (both salute as Hitlear enters)

HITLEAR: At ease. What are you boys doing out here in
the dark?

ASHLEY: Uh...

HITLEAR: "Uh" is not an answer. Out with it! That's an
order!

ASHLEY: Yessir, Gen'ral! It seems a couple'a our injuns
is missin'.

HITLEAR: Missing? What do you mean missing? (to
RHETT) Did you kill any of them in your sleep again?

RHETT: No, sir, I don't think so.

HITLEAR: Who is missing?

ASHLEY: The Chief's wife and his daughter.

HITLEAR: Rhett, I gave you strict orders to keep an eye on the tribe.

RHETT: I did, sir. This eye right cher. (points to eye)

ASHLEY: Gen'ral, mebbe the Chief knows where they is.

HITLEAR: Make him talk. Make him...or break him!

ASHLEY: Can we make 'im, then break 'im?

HITLEAR: You do whatever it takes.

ASHLEY: You heard the Gen'ral! Let's go, Rhett!

RHETT: Last one to draw blood's a rotten egg! (both exit)

HITLEAR: This is highly irregular. Any member of the tribe unaccounted for may lead to uninvited guests at my garden party here.

(PESTT enters like a man on a mission.)

PESTT: Mr. Hitlear! Oh, Mr. Hitlear!

HITLEAR: For example... Mr. Pestt, you are aptly named, sir. Can you not ascertain that I am inordinately busy?

PESTT: You may want to take a second to hear me out.

(SUGAR, still in her showgirl costume, enters behind PESTT.)

HITLEAR: Why, who is this fair flower in full bloom?

SUGAR: Sugar De Spice is the name.

HITLEAR: Oh? And what is your game?

SUGAR: Well, it ain't Solitaire, I can tell you that.

HITLEAR: Charming!

PESTT: Miss De Spice, allow me to introduce Mr. Randolph...

HITLEAR: I'll take it from here, Pestty, old boy. Randolph Hitlear of the Savannah Hitlears at your service, Miss De Spice, is it? If you don't mind me saying so, my dear, you seem to be a little over-dressed for the occasion.

SUGAR: My other dress is in the cleaners.

PESTT: Miss De Spice here has some urgent news that should concern you.

HITLEAR: Is that so? Please, I am ears.

SUGAR: I certainly hope not, but that's beside the point.
(SUGAR and HITLEAR chuckle flirtatiously)

HITLEAR: You were saying?

SUGAR: A couple of Clayfoot women showed up in town and had a lil' talk with the Sheriff about you. Now they're bringing him back here as we speak. I felt it my duty to tell Mr. Pestt here and here we are.

HITLEAR: How did you manage to arrive first?

SUGAR: Mr. Pestt knows a shortcut.

HITLEAR: Well done, sir.

PESTT: Oh, it was nothing.

HITLEAR: Exactly. Now, Miss De Spice...

SUGAR: Call me Sugar.

HITLEAR: Oh, I surely will, you sweet thing. Sugar, I appreciate you going to all this trouble just to deliver this information. Don't think your efforts will go unrewarded.

SUGAR: The thought never crossed my mind.

HITLEAR: You are delightful, you are. Now I believe we should all adjourn to the reservation so that we may prepare for the impending visit of this so-called lawman. Will you take my arm, Miss Sugar?

SUGAR: For starters. (she locks arms with HITLEAR)

HITLEAR: Oh, you lil' vixen, you. Lead the way, will you, Pestty, old son. There might be snakes out there.

PESTT: But... I'm allergic to snakes! (all three exit)

(SINGING CROW enters opposite, followed by FAWN and BRIAN.)

CROW: This way, Sheriff Paleface. (suddenly uneasy)
Uh oh...

FAWN: Mother, what is wrong?

CROW: This one feel dizzy.

FAWN: You should rest before we move on.

CROW: No time!

FAWN: You must stop before you collapse.

CROW: Okay. Take five.