



**Roscoe Taylor**  
**The Tallahassee Tween**

**Broadcasts**

**1 - 10**



**Roscoe Taylor - Broadcast #1**

Episode 1: The Twisting Terror  
at Tumbled Junction!

Episode 2: A Dastardly Duel  
in the Desert!

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## **EPISODE ONE**

THE TWISTING TERROR AT TUMBLEWEED JUNCTION!

**FX:** *Horse galloping, whip, gun shot*

### **INTRO:**

#### **NARRATOR**

Only one feller can tame the wild west. Only one feller is young, dumb and full of courage. And only one feller goes by the name of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

**FX:** *Music swells*  
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**FX:** *Music continues*  
Today's episode: The Twisting Terror at Tumbleweed Junction!

**FX:** *Song fades away*

### **SCENE #1**

**FX:** *Horse trotting*

**FX:** *Horse trot fades down to 50% volume*

#### **NARRATOR**

Standing at five foot one, Roscoe Taylor wore a hat that made him six foot three. But he isn't standing right now. He's riding on his horse. Scientists measure horses with "hands", making our hero 20 hands tall. And every handful of Roscoe wants the same thing: Adventure.

**FX:** *Whip crack*

Our setting is the edge of a small western town and our year is ambiguous. Roscoe's been wandering for quite some time in search of glory across the open plains, but he's come up empty so far. That is, until he meets a man wearing only a barrel and suspenders.

**FX:** *Horse trot slows into a halt*

**FX:** *Slow neigh*

MAYOR

Howdy, son!

ROSCOE

Howdy mister, what town am I in?



ROSCOE

Plundered?

MAYOR

Swindled, held up, bereaved, this town's been downright burgled! We've been robbed, I tell ya! And The Floogins Brothers Gang is to blame.

ROSCOE

Well, I'm sorry to hear that.

MAYOR

And I'm sorry to say it!

***FX:*** *Footsteps going from 0% to 20%*

**NARRATOR**

Just then, Roscoe saw another man walk up wearing only a barrel and suspenders. But this one had a tin foil star taped on his chest and had a gun in his hand.

SHERIFF

Howdy fellas.

MAYOR

Sheriff! Aren't you a sight for sore thighs!

SHERIFF

I see the floogins brothers gang already got to you too, huh Mayor?

MAYOR

I'm afraid so. Sheriff, meet Racecar Johnson - The Tiajuana Turnip. He's just wandered in from the desert, I was telling him about our town.

SHERIFF

Nice to meet you Racecar - that's a mighty fine horse you're riding, and a mighty tall hat you got on your head -it sure beats any ten gallon hat I've ever seen!

ROSCOE

The name's Roscoe Taylor, sir - and thank you. This horse here is Barnaby and my hat can fit about twenty five liters in it. Though I bet you can fit more in that barrel you're wearing.

***FX:*** *Spur/horse gallop/whip crack*

SHERIFF

Heh heh I think you might be right, Ratriap. Mister Mayor, I hate to interupt your conversation, but there's been a little bit of an incident.

MAYOR

An incident?

SHERIFF

Ya see, those daggum floogins brothers broke into our tumbleweed factory and kicked all the workers out, and made it their new hideout. I went over there to ask them to leave, but they robbed me blind and stole my clothes! It was demoralizing to say the least.

ROSCOE

These floogins boys sound like they need stopping. Is there a bounty out on em?

SHERIFF

Sure, they're wanted for tickling cattle down in Nevada. Reward is two hundred dollars for the three fellers alive - but nobody in our town has the means to stand up to them, and I have trouble with confrontations.

MAYOR

This's terrible news. I wish somebody could stop those crooks!

ROSCOE

Well then, Sherrif - you better crack open your piggy bank. Because I'm the Tween for the job. I'll catch that gang and get your clothes back. You townfolk will tremble in fear no longer!

SHERIFF

Well, I wouldn't say that we were really "trembling". But thank you anyway, Randall.

ROSCOE

Please, call me "the tallahassee tween", it's a thing I'm trying to get started.

SHERIFF

Uh, ehem - thank you: The tassy hasssy stream!

ROSCOE

That's close enough, now - Barnaby. Let's ride! Hyauh!

***FX:*** Horse clops going from 0% to 20%

## **SCENE #2**

***FX:*** Horse gallop slows to a halt

**NARRATOR**

When Roscoe finally pulled up to Tumbleweed Factory, there was something sinister in the air, and quite a bit of dust.

Standing on the second story balcony was a stout bald man in an ill-fitting silk suit, with a satin sash draped over his egg-like frame. Roscoe, being near sighted, really had to squint to see that the sash said "Mayor."

ROSCOE

Howdy ho, Mr. *Criminal*.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

I ain't no criminal. I'm the mayor, see?

ROSCOE

That's not your sash and that's not your suit! You're one of the floogins brothers! I know you took those clothes from the real mayor.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

If you don't believe me, then I'll have the sheriff vouch for me. Sheriff!

**NARRATOR**

Another stout, bald man joined him on the balcony, a man with an uncanny resemblance to the so called mayor.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

Hey, it's me. The sheriff.

ROSCOE

You're not fooling me, phony. I just met the sheriff and I know you stole his clothes too!

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

If you don't believe me, why don't you just ask this train conductor?

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

Heidi ho, tis I! The Train Conductor!

ROSCOE

Okay. I didn't happen to meet the train conductor on the way here, but I bet he's somewhere out there wearing a barrel because YOU stole his clothes. Because YOU bandits got sticky fingers and bad attitudes.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

Hey, that Train Conductor was a woman, thank you very much!

***FX:*** Spitoon noise

FLOOGINS 2

Alright yes, we're the Floogins Brothers. We have a very strong family resemblance and a habit of doing whatever the heck we want!

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

And who the heck are you, Wyatt twerp?

***FX:*** Spitoon noise

ROSCOE

I'm Roscoe Taylor, the Tallahassee Tween! And I'm here to take you down! To jail, specifically!

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

You hear that, boys? This bean sprout can't be more than thirteen and he thinks he's gonna take us to jail!

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

I don't reckon I wanna go to jail.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

Me neither.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

Hit the road, cactus jack. We're not interested. We do what we want, and we don't want to go to jail.

ROSCOE

Well you can't always get what you want. I came here to make sure you get what you need. And you *need* to give everybody their stuff back! Or are you abunch of scaredy cats?

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

We aint scared - we just don't feel like wasting our time on some pipsqueek wearing a hat that's twice his size. You aint worth our time.

***FX:*** Spitoon noise

ROSCOE

You don't want to waste any more time? Then come with me to jail. I'm not gonna move from this spot until you come down here to face me. I mean it! I have nothing better to do.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

But what if we just shoot you?

ROSCOE

You won't hit me, I'm incredibly good at dodging.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

Let's see about that.

***FX:*** Soft whip noise

**NARRATOR**

In the blink of an eye, one of the Floogins boys whipped out his six gun and fired five shots at Roscoe.

**FX:** 5 Gunshots

**NARRATOR** (CONT'D)

But this tween had a skill that no-one could have seen coming.

**FX:** Matrix slow mo sound/whoosh

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

Oh my god, he's bending backwards and dodging every bullet like Keanue Reeves.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

That's incredible.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

That's amazing.

ROSCOE

That's right. I got cat like reflexes, and a dog like sense of smell. I sniffed those bullets coming from a mile away - and I can dodge any others you shoot at me. I am not moving out of this spot until you come down here. It would be a waste of your time to wait the rest of the day, since I'll still be here anyhow.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

He makes a compelling argument.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

(to brother)

I agree.

(to roscoe)

Listen now, son. We think you make a compelling argument, so were gonna come down real quick.

**FX:** Walking down stairs, opening door sound

ROSCOE

Nice to meet you boys face to face. You're balder than I thought you'd be.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

And you're just as short as you look.

**FX:** Spitoon noise

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

Look kid, we don't wanna do you no more harm. But we also can't really help you out with this whole "take us to jail" thing. Do you see our predicament?

ROSCOE

Yes, and I know I'm asking alot - but it would mean so much to me, and to the people of this town if you could just stop committing crimes and face the consequences of your actions.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

Sorry chuck, but you're out a' luck. That's just not the way the floogins brothers like to live.

***FX:*** Spitoon noise

ROSCOE

Why are there so many spitoons everywhere?

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

We live life like wild stallions, running free on the open plain. Doing what we want, when we want. Eating carrots.

ROSCOE

Horses don't rob people and hold up tumbleweed factories.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

Okay. Then we like to live like racoons. Stealing things, using our opposable thumbs, eating trash.

ROSCOE

Now, that sounds like a crummy way to live. How about you live like a parakeet?

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

And how's that?

ROSCOE

Locked behind bars, eating crackers.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

We said no and we meant it. Go away.

***FX:*** Spitoon noise

ROSCOE

I can't take no for an answer. You're all going to have to fight me.

*Pause*

FLOOGINS BROTHERS

(ALL)

..... Okay.

***FX:*** Punching and kicking and ruffhousing sound effects play for a bit

**NARRATOR**

In a flurry of fists and feet - the men tussled around at top notch speeds. Finally - after a swift upper cut and four left hooks knocked the hat off our hero's head, The tallahassee tween tumbled onto the ground, bloody and beaten.

ROSCOE

UUghghh

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

That'll show him.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

He's knocked out, I'll tie him up to that chair. We don't want him causing anymore trouble for us.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

Good idea, brother.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

I love you guys.

***FX:*** Tie up sound

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

We love you too, Brian.

***FX:*** Dramatic Music sting

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #1****NARRATOR**

Will Roscoe escape the clutches of his kleptomaniacal captors? Will these villans get away with their crimes? Will those spitoons ever be cleaned? Find the answers to your burning quetions after this short commercial break!

***FX:*** Organ sting

Commercial break ensues

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action!

***FX:*** Organ sting

**SCENE #3****NARRATOR**

When we left our hero, things looked bleak. Roscoe was unconscious for three hours before he came to - finding himself tied up to a chair, he struggled to no avail before suddenly he remembered a certain skill that could get him out of this pickle.

**ROSCOE**

\*Murmur\* Huh - where am I? Where's my horse? Ropes? Classic mistake. I guess those Floogins bozos didn't consider that since I'm young-

***FX:*** Bone cracking and skin flapping sounds. Sounds like the thing from the movie "The Thing"

**ROSCOE (CONT'D)**

My bones are as flexible as can be. I can just bend and contort my way out of this rope!

***FX:*** Rubber band noises as he stretches

**NARRATOR**

Every inch of Roscoe's body stretched and strained until he had untangled himself out of the chair! This sequence would be horrifying to see in real life, but in an audio medium, we can get away with it.

**ROSCOE**

I'm free! Now, I'll check the corral - I bet they put Barnaby in there.

***FX:*** Footstep sounds

***FX:*** Creaky door opens

***FX:*** Soft footstep sounds

**ROSCOE (CONT'D)**

Hhmm. They have like 30 horses all shoved together in this corral, these guys are immoral, and disorganized. Barnaby, barnabyyyyyyy, here horsey horsey.

***FX:*** Roscoe is pushing his way through a crowd of horses. We need to somehow represent this in audio. I'm thinking just the same horse sound repeated 8 times, softly, with some light shoving ambience.

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe found himself shuffling between the mass of horse hides in a desperate attempt to spot his steed. One horse looked striking, Roscoe thought. A stallion right in front of him was wearing a cowboy hat and four pairs of spurs.

ROSCOE

That's pretty peculiar.

CHECKERS

Ssshhhhh.

ROSCOE

What was that? Who's there?

CHECKERS

C'mon kid, zip it.

ROSCOE

Huh? Is that, is that horse talking?

CHECKERS

You're gonna ruin everything. I'm *undercover*.

ROSCOE

I've never seen a horse talk before.

CHECKERS

I'm not just any horse. I'm a horse bounty hunter - a horse who is a bounty hunter. You can call me Checkers Justice.

***FX:*** *Dramatic whip crack and mysterious guitar riff plays*

ROSCOE

Wow, I'm Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween.

***FX:*** *Shittier whip/guitar riff plays*

CHECKERS

That's very nice, now we need to stop talking. SHHHHHhhhhHh.

ROSCOE

(Whispering)

Okay, so you're going after the Floogins brother's band too? I tried to throw them in jail, but they got the better of me and tied me up to a chair. You know how it goes.

CHECKERS

I've been tracking these low lifes for a few days, and I snuck in with all of these stolen horses. Now I'm waiting for the best moment to strike. I'm going to start a stampede soon, trample the three of them and get the reward money.

ROSCOE

The bounty is only on the condition that the brothers are brought back alive.

CHECKERS

Now that's news to me. Guess I need to think of some other strategy.

ROSCOE

I'll say. Have you seen a horse named Barnaby? He's beige, like twelve hands tall? Or is it ten? I never remember how to measure that wa-

CHECKERS

No, I haven't seen your horse. Now be quiet or leave. I need some time to think, this is my only shot to catch these crooks once and for all.

ROSCOE

How about we help each other out? A "you scratch my back I ride yours" kind of thing.

CHECKERS

\*Sigh\* I guess I could use some help, even if you do talk awful loud. Okay small fry, you're on. Let's whisper about our plan now -

***FX:** They whisper to eachother for a second as a harp sound plays*

#### **SCENE #4**

**NARRATOR**

Just then, the floogins boys waddle back into the factory - to see an unwelcome surprirse.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

Oh brothers, looks like we're gonna be able to - huh? Look, the kids not tied up anymore?

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

Aw dang, I thought I tied him super tight!

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

Leave it to old butterfingers to loose our only captive.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

I told you to stop calling me that!

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

Nuh uh - you told him to stop calling you "The ugly one" you never said nuthin about him calling you butterfingers.

***FX:** Spitoon noise*

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

I thought it was implied! I meant that you should stop calling me nasty names. Besides, I aint the ugly one - travis is the ugly one, he went prematurely bald before any of us!

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

That's right, the last time we saw his sorry mug - we stole his wallet, and his toupe! He sure was ugly. Sorry I called you mean names, brother. I guess I was just frustrated at the situation, and I lashed out at you.

***FX:*** Spitoon noise

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

Well thanks, it's nice to feel heard. Travis, now he's a plumb idiot, isn't he?

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

You said it!

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

I hope we never see that sorry, no good son of our momma ever again!

***FX:*** Spitoon noise

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2

Yeah! What kind a sissy decides to become a real estate attorney instead of following the family trade of thievery?

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

He's such a tool. Anyhow. I can't believe that little feller got out of the ropes! Where could he be?

CHECKERS

Whisper whisper whisper

ROSCOE

Whisper whisper

CHECKERS

Good idea, Roscoe. Let's do it.

ROSCOE

On your mark.

CHECKERS

Get set.

ROSCOE

Go!

(to brothers)

Hey fellas - look over here!

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3  
It's the middle schooler and some horse!

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1  
Let's beat em up, boys!

***FX:*** *Fight scuffle sound plays as everyone fights each other*

ROSCOE  
Give it up, you suitsnatchers - we have you beat! You may have kicked my butt before, but I have backup now - and my partner is an Eleven hundred pound horse who can stomp you to death.

***FX:*** *Horse neigh sound*

CHECKERS  
That's right.

ROSCOE  
What's it gonna be, boys?

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2  
We aint done yet - brothers!

FLOOGINS BROTHERS (ALL)  
YES!

FLOOGINS BROTHER 2  
Get into T formation!

FLOOGINS BROTHERS (ALL)  
YES!!!

***FX:*** *Running in circles boy noises*

***FX:*** *Jazz music starts playing? An Excerpt from "Bongo Run" by Sam Spence*

ROSCOE  
What? The three of them are just- running around.

CHECKERS  
That's bizarre.

ROSCOE  
Oh my god.

***FX:*** *Tornado sound effect starts*

CHECKERS  
They're making a tornado, by running in a circle really fast!

ROSCOE

It's - it's getting bigger!

CHECKERS

We gotta get outta here, this whole factory is being destroyed!

***FX:*** *Huge building getting sucked in a tornado sounds. Wind gets louder*

ROSCOE

Run away!

***FX:*** *Horse gallops start and get quieter as if he's running off into the distance*

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Wait, come back! Let me get on your back first!

***FX:*** *Horse gallops get louder again*

CHECKERS

Sorry kid, my bad. Hop on!

***FX:*** *Whip crack sound, horse neigh and running sound effect*

***FX:*** *Tornado sound gets softer and softer until you can't hear it anymore*

## **SCENE #5**

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe and Checkers rode and rode until they were out of sight of the tornado, which immediately grew so large it swallowed up everything in a 80 foot radius, including the walls of the factory. Once they got close to town hall, the Mayor and Sheriff poked their heads out with alarm.

ROSCOE

Mister Mayor - I'd like you to meet Checkers Justice, he's a talking horse.

CHECKERS

Howdy.

MAYOR & SHERIFF

Uh, howdy.

ROSCOE

I got good news and bad news.

MAYOR

What happened? Why's there a giant tornado destroying our  
belov'd factory?

ROSCOE

That's the bad news. The good news is - I'm pretty sure the  
floogins brothers are dead. We had em cornered in a fight,  
but they made this big twister to get us off their backs. The  
thing got so out of control, the entire factory's getting  
ripped to shreds! We just barely made it out, but I reckon  
anybody that gets sucked into that thing is a goner! I guess  
when I say it like that, none of it sounds like good news.

SHERIFF

What are we gonna do?

CHECKERS

I'm fresh out of ideas, how bout you Roscoe?

ROSCOE

I don't know... Maybe we could clog the tornado up. But with  
what?

CHECKERS

Rocks?

ROSCOE

Too little

CHECKERS

Boulders?

ROSCOE

Too big.

CHECKERS

Hmmm, I know! Why don't we use the one thing this town has  
way too many of:

ROSCOE & CHESTER  
(Together)

Tumbleweeds!

MAYOR

Now, how in tarnation is that gonna work?

ROSCOE

Think about it! You said it yourself, Tumbleweeds are  
nature's hair balls and that tornado looks just like the  
whirlpool in my bathtub when I drain it.

CHECKERS

The kid is right - I clog up drains with hair all the time!

SHERIFF

That's a great idea! And gross imagery! But there's only one big problem with that. They put the last shipment of tumbleweeds into circulation last night - there aren't any left in the factory! Just the stuff the workers make them out of.

CHECKERS

And what's that?

SHERIFF

Hay, twigs and twine.

CHECKERS

Maybe there are some fully formed ones lying around nearby! Doesn't the wind just make tumbleweeds on it's own?

ROSCOE

That's what I told the mayor earlier! He just laughed at me!

MAYOR

It's true, I laughed at him then, and I'd laugh at you now - if I weren't so terrified of that twister! The wind couldn't possibly make a tumbleweed, it takes years a' experience and a highly trained craftsman to concoct one single weed. It's as elegant an art as oil painting, er taxidermy!

CHECKERS

Well, we don't have years mister mayor. That sucker is on a one way track to the center of town and if we don't find a way to slow it down, it'll send this whole place sky high.

ROSCOE

Checkers, you've never played baseball before - have you?

CHECKERS

Horses don't really play any sports aside from polo and jousting.

ROSCOE

Say I tossed a big tuft of twine at you, would you be able to catch it?

CHECKERS

Well, I don't have hands. But I got grit and a can-do attitude. I bet I can find some way to use these old hooves to help you out.

ROSCOE

If we can throw that twine and hay back and forth through the tornado, maybe we can make enough tumbleweeds to clog it for good, we just might be able to stop this thing.

SHERIFF

I think this entire idea is foolhardy. You're gonna get yourselves killed! Like the mayor said, without the proper training - you won't be able to make any kind of weed, tumble or otherwise! You'd just be throwing string into the wind.

CHECKERS

We'll we have to try. It's better than nothing.

ROSCOE

I agree! Now, where do they store the tumbleweed materials?

MAYOR

There's a huge underground silo beneath the factory. The door to it's on the leftside of the place, next to the corral!

ROSCOE

Perfect! Checkers c'mon we aint got a second to lose!

***FX:*** *Horse running noise and whip sound effect*

***FX:*** *Tornado sound gets louder*

## **SCENE #6**

CHECKERS

We're getting close to that silo door. This wind is strong, It knocked down most of the factory walls, and it yanked all those fenceposts into the sky. We need to be really careful, Jr.

***FX:*** *Jingle of a lock*

ROSCOE

Shoot - it's locked shut. If only there was a large object that could break down this door. Something that would be flying at a fast enough speed - somethin-

***FX:*** *Gust of wind*

***FX:*** *Floogins brothers gang yelling softly - it grows louder*

CHECKERS

Oh my god, look up in the sky! It's the floogins brothers gang! They've been sucked into the very tornado they created! This is some shakespearan levels of tragic comedy!

ROSCOE

I guess a theif by any other name would fly as fast in a tornado? Is that anything?

CHECKERS

Nope.

ROSCOE

Sorry, I'm out of my element here - making quips about shakespeare just insn't my strong suit.

CHECKERS

We all have our weaknesses.

ROSCOE

One thing I am good at though, is tossing my trusty lasso. And I think if I throw my rope into that tornado at just the right angle-

***FX:*** *Rope swing noise*

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

I caught all three of those idiots! Now I'll try to tug them down in the direction of that lock. \*Grunt\*

**NARRATOR**

With one mighty tug, Roscoe's rope yanked the brothers down towards the silo. With a loud crash, they made a floogins brothers shaped hole in the door.

***FX:*** *Smash!*

CHECKERS

Well, that's one way to pick a lock. The door's busted wide open, and their bones look pretty busted as well. Serves em right for getting all of us in this mess.

FLOOGINS BROTHER 1

We're in excruciating pain!

CHECKERS

Shut up, you.

***FX:*** *Bonk sound*

ROSCOE

It's just like the mayor said - there's bundles and bundles of hay and twine down here. Let's get to work, you ride over to the otherside of that tornado!

***FX:*** *Checkers galloping away - getting further out*

CHECKERS

(Quieter)

All right, now what?

ROSCOE

Catch this!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe and Checkers started played the highest stakes game of catch the west had ever seen. Roscoe grabbed tufts of hay and twine, and threw it through the center of the tornado - where Checkers would catch and kick it back to Roscoe. They kept doing this until the entire silo was empty. The cyclone started to bulge in the middle, and knots began to form between the strands that our heroes had thrown into the whirlwind.

**ROSCOE**

Well, we did all we could do. Let's get back to town, quick!

**CHECKERS**

Okay, help me grab these guys.

***FX:*** Grunts as they pick up the brothers

***FX:*** Super sped up horse trotting sound effect

**SCENE #7****ROSCOE**

Here you go mister mayor - just like I promised! One batch of bubling bandits, all wrapped up for you!

**MAYOR**

Yer back, and still alive! I can't believe ya' actually got those crooks.

**FLOOGINS BROTHER 1**

I'm not a crook - I'm the mayor!

**CHECKERS**

Shut up, you.

***FX:*** Bonk sound

**SHERIFF**

But I don't understand - the twister's still at large!

**MAYOR**

Large is right, it's huge! And getting bigger by the second!

**ROSCOE**

Look closer, notice how dark it is now? It's working!

**MAYOR**

My god. Yer... yer right!

**NARRATOR**

Much to everyone's surprise - The tangled twine that was whipped around the force majeure started to take shape. It became one giant, two hundred foot tall tumbleweed.

**FX:** *Big thud on the ground*

SHERIFF

That's huge.

MAYOR

That's enourmous.

ROSCOE

That's right! It's clogged up the tornado! The wind's dissapating!

**FX:** *Strained tornado getting slower*

CHECKERS

I can't believe it worked, Roscoe! The factory got completely flattened, but the twister spun itself out!

ROSCOE

And you two said tumbleweeds could only be man made.

MAYOR

I guess the egg is on our face, boys.

SHERIFF

I'll say, our small town's only source of income has been destroyed. Without that factory, a lot of folks are out of jobs! They're gonna be mighty angry - and I'm afraid of confrontations!

MAYOR

No no no, this is our saving grace! That tumbleweed is HUGE, I bet folks from all over the country would pay good money to see this. Do you know what that means? We just went from a manufacturing community, to a tourist trap!

SHERIFF

Well when you put it like that, I guess it just might be a blessing in disguise.

CHECKERS

I'm glad we could help your town out - but let's talk buisness. Can we collect that bounty on the brothers?

SHERIFF

Of course fellers! How could I forget? Here it is: Two hundred big ones, to the order of Roswell Tyler: The Talladega twink. And Checkers Justice.

***FX:*** *Ka-ching noise \$\$\$*

ROSCOE

Why did you get his name right?

SHERIFF

I don't know what you mean, son. But it was a pleasure meeting you both. I'm gonna take these holligans off to a jail in Cactus Springs now - their sheriff over there doesn't hae any problems with confrontation! I better mosey before they kick up any more trouble. So long!

***FX:*** *Footsteps and a drag noise*

FLOOGINS BROTHER 3

Take it easy would you? We're fragile!

SHERIFF

(getting quieter off in the distance)

Now don't you start..

ROSCOE

Whatever. You know, all that day-saving has worked up my appetite. I'm as hungry as a horse. OH NO! Barnaby! I completely forgot about my horse!

MAYOR

Oh geez. I'm sure all the horses those goons russtled up scattered and ran far away as soon as that fence post flew away. Your horse could be anywhere by now.

ROSCOE

Dang. Now I'll just have to walk wherever I go from now on.

CHECKERS

I don't know about that kid. I'm sorry about your old horse, but I got four legs that were made for trotting. I kinda thought we made a pretty good team. What says you and me join up for a while?

ROSCOE

That sounds like a great idea Checkers! How 'bout we ride off into the sunset now - like a couple a' bonafide heroes?

CHECKERS

Deal! Hyuah!

***FX:*** *The end song plays*

**NARRATOR**

Our daring duo ride off into the great unknown, in search of adventure, and glory! What other hijinks will they get into, you may ask?

What other beloved characters will they meet on their journey? The only way to find out - is to listen to these..... commercials!

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #2**

Commercial break ensues

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**EPISODE TWO**

A DASTARDLY DUEL IN THE DESERT!

**FX:** *Horse galloping, whip, gun shot***INTRO:****NARRATOR**

Every hour of this program is a double feature! Now, we once again join everyone's favorite coming of age cowpoke and his trusty steed in the next adventure of Roscoe Taylor: The Talahassee Tween!

**FX:** *Music swells*  
Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX:** *Music continues*  
Our second episode of the evening: A Dastardly Duel in the Desert!

**FX:** *Song fades away***SCENE #1****FX:** *Horse trotting***FX:** *Horse trot fades down to 50% volume***NARRATOR**

When our story begins, we see a young man who's wearing a remarkably tall hat, riding atop a horse who's wearing a remarkably average sized hat. The pair is slowly drudging along in the hottest part of an expansive desert. The scorching sun above them, the rolling sand dunes below. Checkers Justice has been carrying Roscoe on his back for the past three days following their heinous happenstance in Tumbleweed Junction. They're thirsty, worn down, and on the verge of exhaustion. How will this terrific twosome overcome such catastrophic conditions? Let's find out!

**FX:** *Horse trotting volume raise by 20%***FX:** *Eagle scream/Wind***ROSCOE**

Gee, Checkers - how far off do you think the nearest town is?

**CHECKERS**

I can't say for certain Roscoe, but my gut tells me: really really far away.

ROSCOE

How far off do you think the nearest waterfall is?

CHECKERS

Even further, I reckon.

ROSCOE

\*Gulp\* How far off do you think the sun is right now?

CHECKERS

I bet it's about the closest thing to us.

ROSCOE

And I bet you're right.

CHECKERS

We really bungled our baskets this time, huh kid?

ROSCOE

You said it. What else can we talk about, aside from how miserable we are?

CHECKERS

Hmmmmmm... how bout' you tell me a little about yourself? I only knew you for a few minutes before I let you ride on my back. What's your story?

ROSCOE

My story? It's nothing much, really.

CHECKERS

Why do you go by "The Talahassee Tween?" Isn't that in Florida? What's that got to do with the wild west?

ROSCOE

Okay okay, I'll tell you what you want to know. But first we gotta go back about eight months ago....

***FX:*** Harp time travel cue

## **SCENE #2**

***FX:*** Saloon music starts lightly playing in the background

**NARRATOR**

We're eight months in the past. The year is still ambiguous. Roscoe is younger, dumber, and completely hatless. He's wearing an apron and standing in the middle of a saloon - talking to his current boss: a scraggly looking man with an eye patch who goes by the name of "Scabby." Little does Scabby know, Roscoe is about to quit.

ROSCOE  
(To Scabby)

I quit!

SCABBY  
What do you mean, boy?

ROSCOE  
I'm sick of this job, Scabby. I've had enough of the grime and the low pay, I won't be your spittoon cleaner for one more second. It's filthy.

SCABBY  
Filthy? That is no way to talk about our customer's snot and saliva. And that is MISTER Scabby to you.

ROSCOE  
I WISH it was just snot and saliva. There's all kinds of stuff in these spittoons, chewed up tobacco - loose teeth, I even found a human toe in that one by the door.

SCABBY  
So what? A fella wants to get rid of a lil' toe every now and then - who are you to say he shouldn't? These people are coming into Scabby's Saloon so they can get a drink, spit into a metal pot and take their minds off of their problems. The spittoon is a vital part of this system, boy. A vital cog in the machine! You don't wanna leave me cogless- do ya?

ROSCOE  
I don't give a hoot about your cogs or your saloon! The folks here are mainly spitting out the drinks you make em, once they realize what a lousy bartender you are.

SCABBY  
What they do with their beverages after they buy 'em is of no concern to me.

ROSCOE  
This is child labor.

SCABBY  
This is America, Roscoe. Child labor is super legal and therefore completely moral in the eyes of the lord. I can't believe you'd want to quit, after all I've done for you?

ROSCOE  
All you've done? I was left here as a baby after my parent's incident and you didn't waste a second before you put me to work in the saloon! Before I could walk, you used me as the doorstep!

SCABBY

That's right, I forgot about that. Your parents were a couple of Trampoline Icaruses, I always said. If men were meant to jump that high, god woulda put wings on our feet!

**NARRATOR**

Scabby's words stung Roscoe in his very core. It was no secret that Roscoe's parents died in a freak tramploine accident ten years ago. The pair had tried to invent the first ever trampoline out of stretched out buffalo skin. Their big mistake was testing it out inside their house. They snapped their necks on the ceiling after they took the first jump, and much to baby Roscoe's horror - their bodies kept bouncing in front of him for another two hours. The price of progress is high. Since the wild west wasn't plentiful with orphanages, or foster homes - the authorities just left roscoe on the doorstep of his next door neighbor: the one eyed scoundrel Scabby.

ROSCOE

I'll show you, I'll show all of you. I'm not working at this dead end bar any more.

SCABBY

You don't want to let all a' these fine patrons down, do ya?

ROSCOE

There's only three customers here, and one of them is on his way out!

CUSTOMER 1

Sorry gentlemen, I gotta scoot my boots out through this front door - don't mind me. Hey, a spittoon - don't mind if I do!

***FX:*** *Spittoon noise*

CUSTOMER 1 (CONT'D)

Well would you look at that! I found my lost toe! I've been looking for that everywhere. See ya around, fellers.

SCABBY

See you next time, Charlie.

***FX:*** *Footsteps and door close*

ROSCOE

I'm leaving too, goodbye Scabby.

SCABBY

That's MISTER Scabby, and no you're not. You're a kid, Roscoe - what other job prospects could ya possibly have? What else would ya do?

ROSCOE

I'm gonna be an outlaw.

SCABBY

Now that's rich, you'd rather be a criminal than work here?

ROSCOE

It's the best kind of life you could wish for! Your name's on posters all over the country, you're cool and tough and you can do whatever you want.

SCABBY

Outlaws don't just do whatever they want, boy. They break laws too, if you became an outlaw - some marshall somewhere would toss you in jail before you knew which way west wa-

***FX:*** *Door swing opens*

**NARRATOR**

But before Scabby could finish his sentence, a tough looking lady walked in through the saloon doors.

***FX:*** *Slow footsteps creaking on wood floors*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

She had a pitch black cowboy hat, a big shiny pistol hanging halfway out of her holster, and the spikeiest spurs Roscoe had ever seen. She looked as mean as a coyote who skipped breakfast as she walked straight to the bar.

***FX:*** *Footsteps get slower and sit on stool sound*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

She took her seat and hocked a loogie in a way that let everybody know she meant buisness.

***FX:*** *Spittoon noise but louder*

***FX:*** *Glass shattering*

JOANNA

Drink.

SCABBY

What's that?

JOANNA

I want a drink, this is a saloon - aint it?

ROSCOE

Howdy ma'am, you got a cool looking gun, and those spurs are mighty sharp!

JOANNA

Don't call me ma'am, rugrat. The name's Joanna Bandana.

***FX:*** *Bullwhip crack*

JOANNA (CONT'D)

And I'm feeling mighty parched. I'd like a sarsaparilla and as much whiskey as you got. On the rocks.

***FX:*** *Bullwhip crack*

ROSCOE

I've seen your name on those dead or alive posters, you're wanted in fifteen states! You're a bonafide outlaw!

JOANNA

That's right, and don't you forget it. I'm deadlier than any gunslinger that ever lived; and right now, I'm thirstier than a blue whale on a beach.

ROSCOE

Do you go on many misadventures?

JOANNA

Me? Misadventures? No way hombre. When it comes to shooting guns and having adventures, I never miss.

***FX:*** *Bullwhip crack*

SCABBY

Here ya go Miss Bandana, those drinks ya wanted.

JOANNA

God it smells terrible, and it's green? What'd you put in this?

SCABBY

Just what ya asked for - sasprilla and whiskey - on the rocks.

JOANNA

The rocks in here are covered in algea. \*Sigh\* Well, I'll at least give it a try.

***FX:*** *Glug glug glug*

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Uh, this is terrible, where's a spittoon?

ROSCOE

To your left.

***FX:*** *Spittoon spit*

***FX: Shattered glass***

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

See? I told you Scabby - they're spitting your drinks out.

SCABBY

Circumstantial evidence, don't you have some cleaning to do boy?

ROSCOE

No, I was in the middle of quittin - remember? Hey Joanna, do you suppose I could come with you and help with whatever outlaw stuff you're up to?

JOANNA

Guess that depends, what could a kid like you offer to a gun slingin gal like myself?

ROSCOE

Well for starters, I'm not a kid - I'll have you know I'm eleven this week, so I'm almost a teenager. Second, I can fit in a lot of small places. I can whistle like a bird, and I'm pretty good at irritating people.

JOANNA

Allright Roscoe, yer on - but only for this one job. Call it a trial run. Lets giddy on up.

SCABBY

Now hold on a minute partner, aren't you gonna pay for your drinks?

JOANNA

Those "drinks" tasted like Rattlesnake Snot, you eyepatched idiot. You aint gonna stop me from leaving here, so why don't you scam before my trigger finger gets itchier than it already is?

***FX: Bullwhip crack***

SCABBY

I don't want no trouble ma'am, if you don't wanna pay that's just fine with me. Just please, take the boy and get out of here, I don't want him anyhow!

ROSCOE

Don't want me? You argued to keep me from leaving here two minutes ago!

SCABBY

I was just trying to boost your self esteem, twerp.

ROSCOE

I'll boost your face with my fist!

JOANNA

Whoa whoa whoa son, settle down. Don't punch this feller, he aint worth it anyhow.

ROSCOE

Hmmf. You're lucky I immediately respect Miss Bandana, Scabby. Or else I woulda punched your eyepatch so hard, it'd spin around your head like a hula hoop.

SCABBY

Get on out, the both of you! You're scaring the other customers - and me!

JOANNA

Fine, I can't stand this crummy place anyhow. Let's mosey.

ROSCOE

So long, Scabby. Call me when you learn how to run a saloon.

SCABBY

*Call me when you graduate fourth grade.*

ROSCOE

*\*sticks his tongue out and makes a raspberry noise\**

***FX:*** *Two footsteps and door close*

### **SCENE #3**

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe and his new mentor leave Scabby's Saloon and ride off on Joanna's horse to the outskirts of town. Joanna knows she has to train this plucky pipsqueak if he's going to become a western bandit like herself.

***FX:*** *Horse trot comes to a halt*

JOANNA

Look Roscoe, I think you got spunk. You remind me a little of myself when I was your age. But what you need more than spunk - is drive. Are you willing to take what you want, when you want it?

ROSCOE

If by "what you want" - you mean glory and thrills - you bet I'm willing to take it!

JOANNA

I don't just mean that, I mean physical goods. Stealing. If you want to make name for yourself - get on wanted posters, a good place to start is by robbing somebody. The more witnesses you have after the fact, the more publicity you get, the more people start respecting you as a criminal.

ROSCOE

Well when you put it like that, I don't know! I've never stolen anything before - I wouldn't even know where to start.

JOANNA

It's easier than you'd think. When I started out as an outlaw, the first things I stole was a crate of bandaids and a box of bananas. I was Joanna Bandana: The bandaid and banana bandit. People were afraid to even speak my name.

ROSCOE

I would be too, that's a mouthful.

JOANNA

If you don't know where to begin a life of crime - then let's start the crash course. Show me how good you are at shootin'. Take this pistol and just try to hit that barn over yonder. The one with the really broad side.

ROSCOE

Okay, here goes nothing!

***FX:*** *Gun shot*

***FX:*** *Glass shattering*

JOANNA

You need to hit the barn! Not that barbershop's window!

ROSCOE

I'm so sorry! Uh, I'll try again.

***FX:*** *Gun shot*

***FX:*** *Bowling pins collide*

JOANNA

Aim for the barn! Not those upright bowling pins!

ROSCOE

Yikes! This is harder than it looks! One last try. Here you go Roscoe. You. Can. Do this.

***FX:*** *Gun shot*

***FX:*** *Rope snap*

***FX:*** *Anvil falling*

JOANNA

That isn't the barn! That's a string that was holding a huge anvil in the air, right above that old prospector's head!

OLD PROSPECTOR

What was that? Did somebody say gold? HHmmm? What's that noise?

***FX:*** *Huge thud*

OLD PROSPECTOR (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Ouchie.

ROSCOE

Mister I'm so sorry! I was trying to shoot a barn!

OLD PROSPECTOR

It's okay son, once I strike it rich I'll finally get insurance, that'll be any day now!

JOANNA

I'm starting to think I should take that pistol away from you.

ROSCOE

I can't say I blame you.

JOANNA

So you're lousy at firing a gun, but maybe you'll be good at our next subject: Mean talking.

ROSCOE

Mean talking?

JOANNA

When you're an outlaw, you gotta learn the art of intimidation. Try saying something that makes you sound tough and threatening.

ROSCOE

Easy, here I go. \*Ahem\* Howdy partner, do you know who I am?

JOANNA

Why no, I do not. Who are you?

ROSCOE

I go by the name a' Roscoe Taylor, and I don't want any trouble - no trouble at all. Here, take my wallet.

JOANNA

What? That's the opposite of what I meant.

ROSCOE

I see you've never heard of reverse psychology.

JOANNA

Try again.

ROSCOE

You want to die punk? You want to be a worm buffet? I'll skin you alive, I swear on your mother's grave! I'm crazy! I'll eat your eyes, man!

JOANNA

Wow. Way too far the other way, that was unhinged.

ROSCOE

Sorry, you're right. Too much.

JOANNA

One more time, Roscoe. Do it normal.

ROSCOE

Fair. Hey stranger. Is your social security number 385-24-9466? And is your mother's maiden name Jameson? Because, if so - I'm gonna kick your teeth in!

JOANNA

That was just too specific.

ROSCOE

I can't take it anymore! This is really hard, Joanna. Maybe I'm just not cut out for this stuff!

JOANNA

C'mon, there's no way you're *completely* useless. Let's just try one more subject: Throwing a lasso. Have you ever used one before?

ROSCOE

No I haven't, but I'm familiar with the concept of rope.

JOANNA

Take this, just whip it around a few times - and try to catch that can of beans over there.

***FX:*** *woosh woosh woosh*

***FX:*** *Knock over can sound*

ROSCOE

Wow, I'm pretty good at this!

JOANNA

No foolin, you're a natural.

ROSCOE

I roped that can, no sweat. Watch this!

***FX:*** *The whoosh of the lasso*

***FX:*** *Wig noise?*

JOANNA

Well, I'll be. You caught a big expensive looking hairpiece.  
Great work.

WOMAN 1

My wig!

ROSCOE

Dang, I'll just give this back to her.

**FX:** *Lasso whoosh*

**FX:** *Baby noise*

WOMAN 1

(far away)

My baby!

JOANNA

Okay, you're getting a little carried away now, squirt.

ROSCOE

I don't know, but it is nice to see I've got some talent,  
even if I'm not perfect at it yet. Check this out!

**FX:** *Lasso woosh*

**FX:** *Sea lion Arf Arf Arf*

JOANNA

You proved your point hot shot. Now fling those things back  
to where you found em.

ROSCOE

Right away.

**FX:** *Lasso woosh*

**FX:** *Sea lion Arf Arf Arf gets quieter until it's  
silent*

WOMAN 1

(far away)

This isn't my baby!

ROSCOE

Whoops.

**FX:** *Lasso whoosh*

**FX:** *Baby noise gets quieter*

WOMAN 1  
(far away)

Thank you, God!

ROSCOE  
(to woman 1)

You're welcome!

JOANNA  
So now we know you're handy with a lasso. Why don't we go  
commit your first crime?

ROSCOE  
Wow, will it be an adventure?

JOANNA  
Sure, kid. Sure. Hop on the saddle now, we got a bank to rob.

***FX:*** *Organ sting*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #3**

**NARRATOR**

Oh no, listeners! Will Roscoe actually get tangled up in a bank heist? Will Joanna Bandanna turn our wide eyed boy wonder into a cold hard criminal? Only time will tell! For now though, listen to this short commercial break!

***FX:*** *Organ sting*

Commercial break ensues

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, let's hop back into our heroe's flashback and see how he came to be the tenacious tomfool we know today!

***FX:*** *Organ sting*

**SCENE #4**

**NARRATOR**

When we left this memory, things were about to take a turn for the worse. Roscoe's found himself a gunslinging guru in Joanna Bandanna: a ruthless outlaw who - at this very moment, is enlisting our young pal's help in an attempted bank robbery! Joanna's horse trots up to the entrance of Moneybags & Co's First Unilateral Bank and comes to a slow halt.

**FX:** Horse trot slows down

JOANNA

Here we are buckaroo. It's showtime.

ROSCOE

What do you need me to do? Am I going in?

JOANNA

Absolutely not, kid. From what I saw earlier - if you went in that place trying to hold up the bank tellers, you'd come out with a new checkings account.

No, you have two very important tasks.

One - make sure nobody walks in and out of those doors until I come back out with a sack full of money.

Two, if the pigs do show up, take the fall for me. Kids can't get arrested anyhow, just say you were playing a prank and I'll escape while you have the cops busy. It's foolproof.

ROSCOE

You can count on me Miss Bandanna.

JOANNA

Don't call me that, either say my whole name or just say Joanna - calling me missus makes me sound like a kindergarten teacher. And that aint the reputation I got. I hate apples.

ROSCOE

I was meaning to ask about names, actually. You said earlier that you went by Joanna Bandanna: the bandaid and bannanna bandit. And I know about Billy the kid, and Wild Bill Hicock, and other outlaws with cool monikers. What if I went by: Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween?

JOANNA

Have you ever been to Tallahassee?

ROSCOE

Not yet.

JOANNA

Then why'd you pick it?

ROSCOE

It's aspirational!

JOANNA

Call yourself whatever you want, just do the job like I tell you too, ya hear? I've been nicer to you today than I usually am to anybody, but I aint afraid to put a bullet in your gut if you mess this plan up for me.

ROSCOE

Oh, yeah, I mean of course. I'll do everything like you said. I want my guts to stay just the way they are. Bullet-less.

JOANNA

Good. Now keep watch, I'm going in.

***FX:*** *Footsteps*

***FX:*** *Door open and close*

**NARRATOR**

As Joanna stormed into the Bank, gun drawn - Roscoe watched her through a window and pondered about his current situation.

ROSCOE

Gee, she sure seems to know what she's doing. I wonder what her technique is gonna be to get the money, is she going to mean talk that bank teller into giving her the cash or is she going to-

***FX:*** *Two muffled gunshots*

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Oh my god, She just shot him. I, I've never actually seen anyone get shot before. Hope he's okay.

**NARRATOR**

As soon as Roscoe said that, a terrified spectator busted the doors open and tried to run out into the street before Roscoe roped him up.

***FX:*** *Door open, fast footsteps*

***FX:*** *Rope woosh*

CUSTOMER 1

AAAAHHHHH help! Get this rope off of me! I'm too old to die! I just found my lost toe this morning!

ROSCOE

\*Ahem\* Sorry sir, I can't let you leave the building for the time being.

CUSTOMER 1

What are you talking about- say, aren't you that spittoon cleaner at Scabby's Saloon? Why won't you let me leave? Some mean son of a gun is robbing this place, she killed one feller already! I gotta get out of here, I gotta get help!

ROSCOE

I... I.... \*sigh\* go ahead, I'm sorry.

CUSTOMER 1

Whatever you say kid - I'm out of here! MARSHALL!!  
MARSHALL!!! THERE'S A BANK HEIST IN PROGRESS! MARSHALL!!!

ROSCOE

Uh oh.

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe looks back in through the window of the bank, he sees Joanna beating up another bank teller, and suddenly everything starts coming into perspective.

ROSCOE

I thought this was gonna be an adventure, I didn't actually think that we were gonna hurt people in a un-cartoonish way. What should I do?

**NARRATOR**

As Roscoe pondered about morality and mortality, the town's Marshall was walking out of his office, headed to Moneybags & Co's First Unilateral Bank. At the same time, Joanna kicked open the front doors with two giant sacks of cash tossed over either shoulder.

***FX:*** Door swing open

***FX:*** Footsteps walking up

JOANNA

Allright Roscoe, let's get out of here. You didn't let any witnesses out, did you?

ROSCOE

Well.. About that..

JOANNA

Of course you didn't, you know better. Besides, there'd be a copper here by now if you messed up your job. I'm proud of you, Roscoe. We hit the motherload with this one, I'm telling ya. Help me tie the bags to the saddle.

ROSCOE

Why did you shoot that guy?

JOANNA

We don't have time for conversation, kid. Help me with the bags.

ROSCOE

Not until you answer my question.

JOANNA

You're serious? \*Sigh\* I shot him because I wanted everyone to know that I wasn't fooling around.

And it worked like a charm, too. Everyone was so busy screaming and praying for mercy after that, the job was a cake in the park.

ROSCOE

But you didn't *have* to kill him, did you? This isn't what I thought we'd be doing Joanna. I thought there'd be more whimsy.

JOANNA

What's all this sissy talk? I thought you wanted to be an outlaw? Didn't you ever learn that you get what you get and you don't throw a fit? Now, I am giving you to the count of three to pick up these bags and help me tie em on my horse, or else I'm gonna use my gun a second time, what'll it be boy?

ROSCOE

I just wanted to-

JOANNA

One.

ROSCOE

When... when you were in there. This guy I knew from the saloon-

JOANNA

Two.

ROSCOE

Just listen to me! It's important that you know-

JOANNA

Three.

MARSHALL

JOANNA BANDANNA! Turn around and put your hands where I can see em!

JOANNA

It's the Marshall! Shoot. Roscoe, remember the plan.

(to officer)

Howdy officer! It's a pleasure to see you again.

MARSHALL

Drop the moneybags, Bandanna. I have you right between my sights. Give up now and nobody gets hurt.

JOANNA

(to Roscoe)

Roscoe, tell em. Tell em how you were just playing a little prank.

(to Marshall)  
He's the one you want, I was just walking by - honest!

MARSHALL

Is that true son?

ROSCOE

Not one bit. She killed a guy in that bank, and now she's trying to get away with all that money.

JOANNA

You're a Narc! A dang snitch! I always knew you were no good. Well at least I'll - what's that over there!?

**NARRATOR**

As soon as they turned around to look, Joanna hopped on her horse and shoved Roscoe ontop of the Marshall.

JOANNA

See you two later, c'mon horsey! Let's bail!

***FX:*** Horse gallops away

***FX:*** Gun shots 5 times

MARSHALL

Confound it, she's way too far off now. I can't believe she got away, I was sure I had her cornered.

ROSCOE

Wait just a minute - I can still catch her.

***FX:*** Rope whoosh three times

**NARRATOR**

In a split second, Roscoe reached for his lasso and swung it as far as he could.

***FX:*** Rope zing

ROSCOE

Just a little further \*hmf\* and.... there!

**NARRATOR**

His rope snagged the back leg of Joanna's steed - bringing her to the ground with a hard thud. Stuck underneath a suddenly upside-down stallion, Joanna was completely incapacitated.

***FX:*** Quiet thud

MARSHALL

Great toss kid!

***FX:*** *Footsteps running away*

ROSCOE

That felt... good.

JOANNA

(from far away)

Blast it all! I hate you Roscoe Taylor!

***FX:*** *Time travel harp cue*

**SCENE #5**

**NARRATOR**

Back in the desert it's as hot and dry as ever, but Checkers is wrapped in suspense at Roscoe's story.

***FX:*** *Soft horse trot in background*

ROSCOE

So I decided right then and there that I'd live the rest of my life trying to stop bandits, rather than being one. Those no good varmints are only out for themselves, no matter who they hurt.

CHECKERS

Man, that was a pretty neat yarn you spun, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Thanks Checkers. I hope that answered your questions, at least it killed some time.

CHECKERS

Killed time is right - I almost forgot about how tired and worn out I've been on this trip. I didn't forget how thirsty I was, though.

ROSCOE

It's a real sauna out here, that's for sure.

CHECKERS

Say, whatever happened to Joanna Bandanna after you lasso'd her horse?

ROSCOE

The Marshall hauled her off to jail, and I hit the road in search of some real cowboy adventures. The kind that we got into, back in Tumbleweed Junction.

CHECKERS

Well that serves her right, what a no good sorry - Roscoe, do you see what I'm seeing?

ROSCOE

I think I do! It's water! And some palm trees! And grass! We found an oasis after all this time, our luck is changing!

***FX:*** *Horse trot speeding up*

**NARRATOR**

The two water starved wanderers rushed to the patch of paradise in front of them. They were so busy dunking their heads in the pond water that they didn't even notice the makeshift campsite that was set up at the base of the biggest palm tree.

CHECKERS

This is the answer to our prayers, I'm telling you - as much water as we can drink.

ROSCOE

And look! There's fruit laying all around here, we can also eat to our heart's content!

CHECKERS

That's right! Who would have guessed there'd be so many bananas out here in the middle of a desert?

ROSCOE

It's a dream come true! So many bananas, and look over their? There's a big old box of... bandaids?

CHECKERS

Hey Roscoe, check this out - there's a big fat pistol sitting on this rock over here.

ROSCOE

Wait a minute.

CHECKERS

And there's a tent over behind me? I wonder if somebody else found this spot too-

***FX:*** *Bushes rustle*

JOANNA

Move and you're dead, horse.

**NARRATOR**

In less than a heartbeat, Joanna Bandanna leapt from the bushes and wrapped her arm around Checkers in a headlock, knife in hand.

ROSCOE

Joanna!

JOANNA

That's right, kid. You two took me by surprise, but you aint half as quick as I am.

ROSCOE

Let go of Checkers, he didn't do anything to you.

CHECKERS

Get your hands off me lady, or you're gonna regret it.

JOANNA

Aw shut up, why don't ya? I'm not letting you mangy mutts wander out of this spot, no siree. This is the luckiest day I've had in a long long time. Do you remember that bank job, snitch? Remember how you messed it all up, how you sold me down the river?

ROSCOE

I remember things a little differently, you used me. Played me for a fool. When you tried to run, I stopped you. That's all that happened.

CHECKERS

I swear to God, I am eleven hundred pounds of pure muscle. I will destroy you. Get your grubby hands off my neck.

JOANNA

(to Checkers)

Shut yer trap, Mr. Ed. Keep yapping and I'll have you real acquainted with my knife here.

CHECKERS

Bite me.

JOANNA

(to Roscoe)

After I broke out of that jail I realized that word got around, Roscoe. I made a name for myself as a top notch gunslinger, but now there aint a possee from here to Timbuktu that would have me. All the outlaws think I'm a joke, cause I got my butt whooped by a dang child.

ROSCOE

That's tween. I'm a tween. And you're a crook. I did what was right, and I don't regret it for a second.

JOANNA

Well, what are you gonna do now, hot shot? There aint no Marshall to back you up this time, just you - me - and this talking horse. I aim to settle the score, here and now.

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe's eyes wandered over to the rock by the pond. Joanna's revolver was lying on top of it, shining in the sun.

JOANNA

Don't even think about it, buster brown. We both know you can't shoot that thing, so don't you try.

ROSCOE

You're right, we both know I can't shoot it. But you know, there's one thing I can do.

***FX:*** *Rope zing*

**NARRATOR**

Like a flash of lightning, Roscoe reached for his lasso - and slung it out straight for the pistol. With one strong pull, he snapped the rope tight around the gun and swung it into the air.

***FX:*** *Rope woosh woosh woosh*

JOANNA

What are you gonna do with that? Shoot a cloud?

ROSCOE

Nope.

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe tugged back on the rope hard, and the gun came straight down, crashing on the top of Joanna's head.

***FX:*** *Thunk*

JOANNA

AAHHHH!! Why, you little pest!

**NARRATOR**

After her dome got scrambled like an egg by the sixshooter, Joanna let loose of Checker's neck for just a second. Long enough for a certain horse bounty hunter to give her a wink and a swift kick into the sky.

***FX:*** *Bang kick sound*

***FX:*** *Flying high into the sky sound*

JOANNA

AAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa.....

***FX:*** *Falling back down to earth*

***FX:*** *Smash!*

ROSCOE

You're done for, Joanna Bandanna: the Bandaid and bananna bandit. We've got you beat.

JOANNA

(Wearily)

You can't catch me if I fall asleep first!

***FX:*** *Snoring*

CHECKERS

She's out like a light. Good thinking, partner.

ROSCOE

And good kicking to you, buddy.

CHECKERS

How's about we relax a little here before we take sleeping beauty back into custody?

ROSCOE

Sounds like a fine idea to me. Say, Checkers?

CHECKERS

Yeah Roscoe?

ROSCOE

You never told me your dramatic backstory? How did you start out? Were you like a horse cop who got kicked off of the force or something?

CHECKERS

Ah, we don't have enough time for me to get into all that nonsense. Maybe I'll tell you next week.

ROSCOE

Whatever you say buddy.

***FX:*** *End music starts softly*

**NARRATOR**

All's well that end's well - and our two rootin tootin compatriots aren't ending their adventures any time soon. As our heroes kick back and relax in the middle of their desert oasis, we end our night's broadcast. Tune in next week at 9pm to hear the further audio exploits of everyone's favorite lasso looping lad: Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

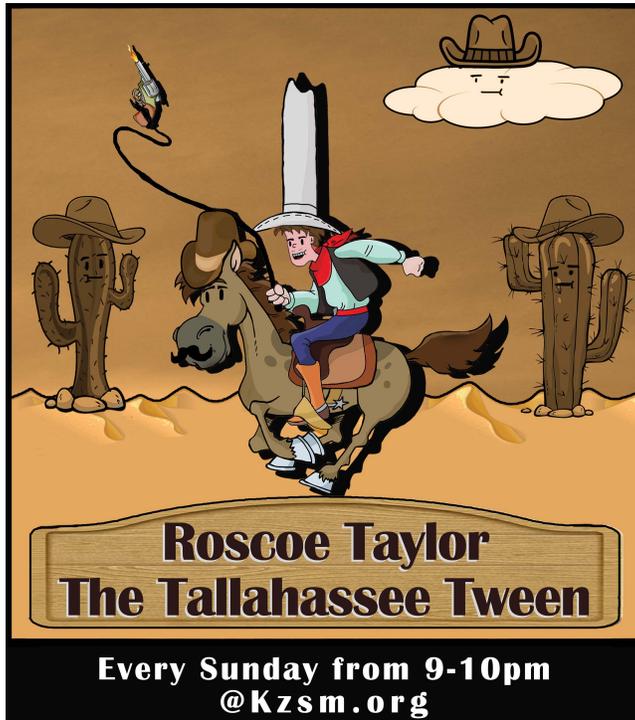
***FX:*** *End music gets louder*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Tonight's epsiodes were brought to you by KZSM.org true community radio. **Sam Pierce** played Roscoe Taylor. **Mitchell Oden** played Checkers Justice and Charlie; the customer who lost his toe. **Lexi Morris** played Joanna Bandanna, Woman who wears a wig and has a baby and Floogins Brother number two. **Luke Gaskey** played The Mayor of Tumbleweed Junction, Scabby, The Marshall, and Floogins Brother number one.

**Jordan Pilkenton** played *The Sheriff of Tumbleweed Junction*, *The Old Prospector*, *Floogins Brother number three* and worked as the audio producer for our program. This show is written and directed by me, **Garrett Buss**. Coming up after this is a very special episode of *Swamp Gas Uggos at Ten*, so be sure to stay tuned. From all of us here in the wild wild west, thank you and goodnight.

**THE END.**



**Roscoe Taylor - Broadcast #2**

Episode 3: Pure Pandemonium  
on Prospector Peak!

Episode 4: Calamity  
at Cattle Crack Canyon!

written by

Garrett Buss

## **EPISODE THREE**

PURE PANDEMONIUM ON PROSPECTOR PEAK!

### **INTRO:**

**FX:** *Music swells*

#### **NARRATOR**

Only one feller can tame the wild west. Only one feller is young, dumb and full of courage. And only one feller goes by the name of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

**FX:** *Music continues*

Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX:** *Song fades away*

Tonight's episode: Pure Pandemonium on Prospector Peak!

### **SCENE #1**

**FX:** *Horse trotting*

**FX:** *Horse trott fades down to 50% volume*

#### **NARRATOR**

Roscoe Taylor rides atop his trusty steed - a horse bounty hunter by the name of Checkers Justice. They travel all over God's green earth to find problems.

The kind of problems that only a fist can solve. Or hooves.

The kind of problems that can only be solved by fists and hooves. And guns.

They were going to find the kind of problems that can only be solved by fists, hooves, and guns. Also open, honest communication. That can solve problems too.

So, the list is: Fists - number one. Hooves - coming in at number two. Guns are third on the list, followed by open and honest communication.

These were their tools of the trade. And their trade was solving problems.

*Pause*

#### **NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

They had been travelling for about a week - wandering hither and thither until they heard rumor of a fabled mountain somewhere up north, that was said to have piles and piles of gold at it's peak.

Our heroes aren't the type to let any adventure go unembarked, so they travelled as far up as they could get along the california coast - until suddenly, they'd made it!

***FX:*** Horse trotting comes to a stop

CHECKERS

We made it!

ROSCOE

That's right - way up there, past the clouds! That mountain is ten times taller than all the others, it's gotta be prospector peak!

CHECKERS

Only the hike up there is standing between us and that pile of gold. What luck! Wait, do you see those three old guys, next to the river?

ROSCOE

You mean the ones with the packmule? The ones sprinting towards us? Yeah, I think I see them.

***FX:*** Three footsteps/donkey steps getting louder

PROSPECTOR 1

(Sung)

Who goes thereeeeeeeee?

PROSPECTOR 2

(Sung)

Who goes thereeeeeeeee?

PROSPECTOR 3

(Sung)

Who goes thereeeeeeeee?

***FX:*** Donkey hehaw

ROSCOE

I'm Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee tween. And this is my pal Checkers Justice.

PROSPECTOR 1

Interesting name.

Boys! Let's show Ronathon Taylor Thomas who we are. \*Ahem\*

(Sung)

Old man Jenkiiiiinnnnnsss!

PROSPECTOR 2

(Sung)

Old man Johnsoooooonnnn!

PROSPECTOR 3

(Sung)

Old man Mgraaaaaaaawwww!

PROSPECTOR 1

And together, we used to be:

ALL PROSPECTORS

(Sung)

A barbershop quarteeeeEEEEEEEEeeett!

PROSPECTOR 1

But for the past thirty years, we've been-

ALL PROSPECTORS

(Sung)

Digging for Gold in these hiiiiilllllllllssssss!

PROSPECTOR 1

And this is our mule.

***FX:*** *Donkey hee haw*

CHECKERS

Do you always sing? We just met you, and I'm already annoyed.

PROSPECTOR 2

We'll only sing when we want something to have extra emphasis.

ALL PROSPECTORS

(Sung)

EMPHASIS!!!

ROSCOE

Well it was nice to stop and chat, misters. But we really should be going-

PROSPECTOR 3

Now, yall aint headed to Prospector Peak, are ya?

CHECKERS

We were planning on it.

PROSPECTOR 1

Sorry kiddies, but we called dibbs! Ya better find some other place to mine at.

ROSCOE

You can't call dibbs on a mountain!

CHECKERS

Whoah, slow down old timer - the boy is right. Unless you own the land the mountain's sitting on, we have just as much right to the gold as you do.

ALL PROSPECTORS

(Sung)

That's untruuuuuueeeeeeee!

ROSCOE

Good grief!

PROSPECTOR 2

Ya see, we've been looking for gold for a long long time - ever since we lost the fourth member of our quartet.

PROSPECTOR 3

We heard about this rumor, same as yous twos - but we've got years of experience searching for fortunes.

PROSPECTOR 1

Years of experience, but not one ounce of luck!

PROSPECTOR 3

It's true, we haven't struck it rich yet - and we're all in our mid 90's.

PROSPECTOR 2

The treasure at the top of that mountain is the last bit of hope we got left in our sorry old lives!

PROSPECTOR 1

If yall took this opportunity away from us, we'd be left with-

PROSPECTOR 2

(Sung)

Nothing!

PROSPECTOR 3

(Sung)

Nothing!

***FX:*** *Donkey hee haw*

PROSPECTOR 1

(Sung)

NoooooOooooOooooothing!

PROSPECTOR 3

So we deserve the gold more than yall.

ROSCOE

I hear your plight. But you've had your entire life to find gold, and you still haven't. I'm young, and I aint' squanderd a single oppurtunity yet!

CHECKERS

That's right. If you geezers got rich, you wouldn't have hardly anytime to spend it on anything before you croaked. We deserve the treasure of that sierra, padre.

PROSPECTOR 1

Wow. That hurt. I guess we're just gonna have to settle this the only way that's fair.

ROSCOE

A gunfight?

CHECKERS

Arm wrestling contest?

PROSPECTOR 3

Drawing straws?

PROSPECTOR 2

Flipping a coin?

**FX:** *Donkey hee haw*

PROSPECTOR 1

No! A race. First one up the mountain gets the prize. Simple.

CHECKERS

I like where your head's at, grandpa. I think a head to head race is the way to go.

(whispering)

Roscoe, I know for a fact I'm faster than that mule they got. We'll be at the top in no time.

ROSCOE

(whispering)

I agree. There's no way all three of them can fit on that mule anyways, especially with all that equipment packed on it. They'll have to go up on foot. This is a safe bet.

(to prospectors)

Allright. You're on.

PROSPECTOR 1

(Sung)

Perfect! Then let's start the race. Oooooonn yer maaaark.

PROSPECTOR 2

(Sung)

Get seeeetttt.

PROSPECTOR 3

(Sung)

Gooooo000000ooooo!

**FX:** *Gunshot, donkey hee haw, quick galloping.*

**NARRATOR**

The two teams bolt up the base of Prospector's peak as quick as can be. Checkers and Roscoe immediately take the lead when, much to their surprise: the trio of musical men hop on top of their mule, and stack up like a totem pole. One prospector is sitting in the saddle, steering the reigns. While the other two are swaying in the wind, sitting on the shoulders of the one below them. This leaning tower of prospectors wobble to and fro as their mule saunters up the mountain, slowly but surely.

**ROSCOE**

Well, would you look at that. We might be going faster, but they get points for style.

**CHECKERS**

All that matters right now is speed, kid.

**ROSCOE**

Say, Checkers?

**CHECKERS**

Yeah?

**ROSCOE**

When we get the gold, what's the first thing you'll wanna buy? Would you want a gun that's big enough for a horse to shoot? Or maybe a saddle made of silk?

**CHECKERS**

What would I want to buy? Easy. Apples, and lots of em. I want to be able to swim through a bank vault filled to the brim with apples. I want a fountain of caramel pouring onto an ocean of Granny smiths. I want a-

**ROSCOE**

Cool, apples. I get it. Do you want to know what *I'd* like to buy?

**CHECKERS**

(Grumpy)

I have a feeling you're gonna tell me whether I say yes or no.

**ROSCOE**

I'm gonna buy an even bigger hat than the one I got on now! It'll be so big, I'll have to duck at night so it won't hit the moon!

**CHECKERS**

Why'd you want something like that?

ROSCOE

Since you're a horse, you don't have to worry about stuff like this - but in my experience: the taller you are, the more respect you get!

CHECKERS

Not true.

ROSCOE

Is too! Think about it, who's the most disrespected group of people alive? BABIES! And who gets the most respect? GIANTS. I rest my case.

CHECKERS

Giants don't exist, Roscoe. That's just a tall tale.

ROSCOE

Hah, see! Tall tales! Like Paul Bunyon and Pecos Bill. Those guys are legends, and they're as tall as can be!

CHECKERS

But they're not real.

ROSCOE

Who cares if they're real or not? All I'm trying to say is, having an absurdly long cowboy hat would get me more respect than any other cowpoke around. And when I get the gold on top of the mountain, I aim to buy one.

CHECKERS

Whatever you say, Jr. Now, can I continue my apple fantasy?

ROSCOE

Of course, go right ahead.

CHECKERS

Good. Like I was saying, Apples as far as the eye can see! Candied apples, sour apples, apple juice, apple jacks, apple fritters and apple pies! Apple.....

***FX:** Checker's voice fades away as a transition harp plays*

**NARRATOR**

While our day dreaming duo are talking about the stuff they'll buy with the gold, a few hundred feet below them - wobbling up the mountain path with a constant trot, the piggy back riding prospectors are conversating with one another about the very same subject.

**SCENE #2**

PROSPECTOR 1

When we nab that motherload, what are you fellers gonna use it for?

PROSPECTOR 3

Aint' it obvious? More gold!

PROSPECTORS

\*mumble in agreement\*

PROSPECTOR 2

Maybe we can pay somebody to join our group and we can become a barbershop quartet again!

PROSPECTORS

\*mumble in agreement\*

PROSPECTOR 1

Sure was a shame that Old man McScruggins choked to death on those beans all those years ago.

PROSPECTORS

\*mumble in agreement\*

PROSPECTOR 3

Too bad they haven't invented the heimlich manuever yet.

PROSPECTORS

\*mumble in agreement\*

**FX:** *Transition harp*

**SCENE #3****NARRATOR**

Hours later, Checkers and Roscoe are still on the path up, still trotting twoards the peak.

**FX:** *Slow trot*

CHECKERS

Apple struddle, apple cider, apple dumplings, apple cobbler, and maybe even a bathtub full of apple sauce, if I'm lucky.

ROSCOE

Wow. You sure do love apples.

CHECKERS

The only thing I love more than apples-

(Whispered)

Is adventure.

ROSCOE

We make a pretty good team, checkers.

CHECKERS

You're darn tootin, kid.

ROSCOE

\*Yawn\* How long have we been hiking?

CHECKERS

We? You mean how long have you been riding on my back while I boot scoot and boogie my way up the mountain?

ROSCOE

Yeah! How long have you been doing that?

CHECKERS

Oh, about two or three hours, I reckon.

ROSCOE

Wow. Prospector Peak is really really tall. I can't even see the top of it, it's poking through the clouds!

CHECKERS

You said it, buckaroo. If I keep trotting at this rate, hopefully we'll be a third the way up this hunk of rock before nightfall!

#### **SCENE #4**

***FX:*** *Time harp cue*

**NARRATOR**

Checker's calculations were exactly right. The two teams travelled seperately up the steep slopes for six more hours, and once the sun had finally set, to avoid exhaustion, both groups settled down around their respective campfires and everyone slept for a spell. That is, everyone but Old man McGraw.

PROSPECTOR 3

Hmmm. I just can't seem to sleep. That daagum gold fever's given me insomnia again. Maybe I should count sheep.

**NARRATOR**

As he pondered this, a small group of billy goats popped into his view. They were about thirty feet above him, precariously climbing on a few measly rocks that were barely poking out of the sharp cliffside.

PROSPECTOR 3

Who needs sheep when I got those Billy goats to count? There must be one, two..... thirteen of those varmits way up there!

I wonder what they're up to at a time like this? They're just barely standing on the rocks, what could be so important that they'd risk their little goat lives for?

**NARRATOR**

Suddenly, every goat clinging to the mountain's edge stuck out their tongues and began ferociously licking a pink chunk of rock.

PROSPECTOR 3

Of course! Rock salt! Those critters are licking that rock salt deposit raw. They must really like the stuff to go hiking all that way. Say, that gives me an idea. Jenkins, Johnson, packmule! Wake up!

PROSPECTOR 2

Huh? What was that?

PROSPECTOR 1

I'm up, I'm up!

**FX:** *Donkey hee haw*

PROSPECTOR 3

Grab your pickaxes boys, we got work to do.

**NARRATOR**

And work, they did! After he explained the scheme to his partners, they started picking off any rock salt deposits they could find. Then, they used their mule as a tool to stomp the salt into a fine powder.

**FX:** *Mining and crushing sound*

PROSPECTOR 3

Great work boys! Now I'll just put this in an empty mason jar and we can head on to part two of the plan. We gotta find that kid and his horse before they wake up.

PROSPECTOR 1

Are you sure about this McGraw? Cheating aint' usually our style.

PROSPECTOR 3

One word, Jenkins. Gold.

PROSPECTOR 1

I see what you mean, let's get to it.

PROSPECTOR 2

Agreed. I'll bring the mule!

**NARRATOR**

Meanwhile, back at Roscoe's campfire - the two are peacefully snoring the night away.

***FX:*** *Two snoring, horse sounds?*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

When, out of the shadows - three crotchedy old sillouhettes tip toe into the warm glow of the flickering flame, pulling a mule behind them.

**PROSPECTOR 3**

(whispering)

Okay boys, now I'll just open this jar of salt we got-

***FX:*** *Jar pop open*

**PROSPECTOR 3 (CONT'D)**

(whispering)

And then sprinkle a few dashes on top a' those sleeping cowpokes.

**PROSPECTOR 1**

(whispering)

Those goats are gonna be here in no time!

**NARRATOR**

As soon as Old man Jenkins said that, ten billy goats came bounding across from jutting cliffside rock to jutting cliffside rock, following the intoxicating scent of the mineral they crave.

***FX:*** *Bunch of goat noises*

**ROSCOE**

(waking up)

Huh? What's that? Why are all these goats here? They won't stop licking me! They're chomping on my hat! I aint a tin can, you goobers! Get off!

**CHECKERS**

Hey! These things are chewing my hat, too - and a few of them are giving my ears a taste! What is going on here?

**PROSPECTOR 3**

(whispering)

Hahoooooie! Our plan went on without a hitch! While they're crowded by goats, we can get ahead of em!

**PROSPECTOR 2**

(whispering)

This idea's the best!

PROSPECTOR 1

(whispering)

This idea's the greatest!

***FX:*** *Donkey hee haw*

ROSCOE

What? Who's there?

PROSPECTOR 2

(whispering)

Shoot.

PROSPECTOR 3

Uh... No one!

CHECKERS

It sounds like those prospectors. I bet they had something to do with this!

PROSPECTOR 1

Nuh uh, we're innocent! We just came by once we heard all that goat commotion.

**NARRATOR**

As the three walked close to Roscoe and Checkers, the firelight gleamed off a mostly full mason jar of salt - clutched tightly in old man Mcgraw's hands!

ROSCOE

Salt! Checkers, you're right! Gimme that, you!

PROSPECTOR 3

Over my dead body! Hmf-

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe grabbed for the jar and locked into a game of tug of war with old man Mcgraw. They pulled and pulled, until suddenly!

***FX:*** *Woosh, glass shatter!*

PROSPECTOR 3

Now look what you did, you little pest! You broke the only mason jar I had! You- what's that noise?

***FX:*** *Stampede sounds*

***FX:*** *Deep rumble*

ROSCOE

It's coming from over there, look! It's a mass of THREE HUNDRED goats!!

PROSPECTOR 2

We gotta skidaddle, they look hungry!

CHECKERS

You fools! This is a billy goat stampede! They've gone salt crazy!

PROSPECTOR 1

They'll either stomp us, OR lick us to death! We're all gonna die!

ROSCOE

Not if I have anything to say about it, Hyuah!

**NARRATOR**

The horde of hairy hoppers rushed into the campsite with a moments notice. Roscoe grabbed for his trusty lasso and looped two nearby trees. He yanked the line tight to create a makeshift tree-slingshot!

***FX:*** *Rope throw*

PROSPECTOR 3

Whut in tarnation? We're about to get trampled! And you're throwing some string around two scrawny pines? You should be praying to cowboy jesus!

ROSCOE

No time - everybody! Come over here, next to my rope! Run against it, this way!

***FX:*** *Everyone makes noises like they're straining*

**NARRATOR**

The crew ran and ran, adding constant tension to the rope until the trees looked almost ready to buckle. The crowd of crazed goats had almost reached them, before - in an instant:

ROSCOE

Jump!

**NARRATOR**

With one leap, the rope snapped forward with remarkable speed - and like a cowboy catapult - sent everyone hurdling up the mountain slope, far away from the stampede.

***FX:*** *Air wooshing softly in background*

EVERYONE

AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

***FX:*** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR**

Our cast of characters were flung out of the frying pan, and into the open air! Will they fall to their deaths? Will they find a way to cushion their inevitable fall? Will those billy goats' salt craze ever be sated? Find out the answer to some of these questions - after this short commercial break!

***FX:*** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #1**

Commercial break ensues

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK****NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action!

***FX:*** *Organ sting 2*

**SCENE #4****NARRATOR**

When we left our story, Roscoe, Checkers, three old prospectors and a mule were flying through the air at breakneck speeds!

***FX:*** *woosh*

## EVERYONE

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!!

***FX:*** *Soft donkey hee haw*

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe saved the crew from a horde of hungry goats, but his makeshift catapult launched everyone a little higher than they'd expected.

## PROSPECTOR 1

Blast it, kid! We're gonna die in a totally different way now, thanks to you!

## ROSCOE

We aren't done yet, look! We're about to fly through the cloud line!

***FX:*** *Woosh*

CHECKERS

And there it is! We're almost at the top of the Peak! That slingshot trick not only saved our lives, it also saved us from walking all the way up!

PROSPECTOR 2

That's only if our bodies aint gonna splatter on impact!

PROSPECTOR 3

Confound it, we're going way too fast! How can we slow down? If only we had a parachute!

ROSCOE

Parachute? That's it! Everybody quick, grab on to me.

**NARRATOR**

The prospectors all clung to Roscoe, as did Checkers and the mule, although it was significantly harder for them to latch on since they only had hooves and no grip strength to speak of. Their upward climb into the night sky slowed until they finally past the very top of the mountain, and as they stopped mid air, they began plummeting towards the sharp spiking peak. Roscoe took off his unusually large cowboy hat and held it up as high as he could. Suddenly-

***FX:*** *Poof parachute noise*

CHECKERS

You're using your hat as a parachute!

ROSCOE

I know! I didn't actually think it would work!

**NARRATOR**

But work it did, their fall slowed and slowed until they were floating down to the mountain like a leaf in a gentle breeze.

PROSPECTOR 2

You saved our hides!

PROSPECTOR 3

Thank you Rootin tootin trevor: The puxatony spleen!

ROSCOE

That's not my name, but you're welcome.

PROSPECTOR 1

We're about to land!

***FX:*** *Soft dirt thump noise*

CHECKERS

Nice work, Squirt. That 20 gallon hat came in useful after all.

ROSCOE

You're telling me! But now that we've gotten out of that goat dilemma, I wanna have a word with you three!

PROSPECTOR 3

\*Gulp\*

ROSCOE

Where the heck do you get off? Trying to sabatoge us like that, just for some stinking gold? You oughta be ashamed of yourselves.

CHECKERS

Yeah, what the kid said. Resorting to those dirty tricks was pretty lousy. You're lucky Roscoe made that slingshot earlier - and you're lucky I'm not trampling you right now.

PROSPECTOR 3

Yer right, fellers. I'm sorry. I let my gold fever get the better of me, I really didn't think it would get *that* out of hand, though.

PROSPECTOR 2

Can you forgive us?

(Sung)

PleeeeeaaaaaAAAAAAAAAssssee?

PROSPECTOR 1

(Sung)

PleeeeeaaaaaAAAAAAAAAssssee?

PROSPECTOR 3

(Sung)

PleeeeeeeeeaaaaAAAAAAAAAsssssssse?

***FX:*** *Donkey he haw*

ROSCOE

\*Sigh\* Okay, just don't pull any more funny buisness again, ya hear?

ALL PROSPECTORS

(Sung)

We heeeaaarr!

ROSCOE

Good. Now, our deal about the race can't really work like we planned anymore. Not since we all got flung up here to the top at the same time.

CHECKERS

We'll just work as a team for the time being. He might forgive yall, but I trust you three less than a cowering coyote.

ROSCOE

But If the rumors are true - there should be more than enough gold for all of us!

PROSPECTOR 1

I hear you two loud and clear, being greedy aint got us nothing but trouble anyhow. We'd be happy to join yall for the rest of the gold hunt.

PROSPECTOR 2

(from far away)

Daggnabbit! Over here!

PROSPECTOR 3

It's Old man Johnson? What are you hollerin about?

PROSPECTOR 2

Boys. I got good news and bad news.

ROSCOE

Huh? What's the good news?

PROSPECTOR 2

The good news is: I found an entrance to a giant cave up here, and there's some big words etched in this stone door that says "Prospector Peak Gold Pile"

PROSPECTOR 3

And what's the bad news?

PROSPECTOR 2

Directly under those words it says "Mountain personel only" with a big picture of a lock.

ROSCOE

Shoot. None of us are mountain personel. I guess we can't get in.

PROSPECTOR 1

Wait! Who's to say we aint mountain personel?

ROSCOE

What do you mean?

PROSPECTOR 1

Well, we're on the mountain, aint we? And we're all persons! Well, most of us are anyhow.

CHECKERS

Stop looking at me like that.

PROSPECTOR 1

We prospectors know an old miners trick, I think we might be able to get past that big stone door.



PROSPECTOR 3

Confound it, Mule! That was two octaves too low!

ROSCOE

What's happening?

CHECKERS

What did you do?

PROSPECTOR 1

The harmony was too strong! This whole mountain is shaking!  
Hold on to something, boys!

**NARRATOR**

Huge rockslides started forming in the fissures along  
Prospector Peak. With a mighty quake, the stone door crumbled  
into nothing, and revealed a deep cavern, glistening with a  
blinding yellow light.

***FX:*** *Rockslide sound*

***FX:*** *Gold holy light sound*

PROSPECTOR 2

GOOOOOLD!!! YAHOOOOOIEE!

CHECKERS

That cave seems to be the safest place around right now!  
Let's run in there before these rockslides crush us!

PROSPECTOR 3

Aint gotta to tell us twice!

## **SCENE #5**

**NARRATOR**

As soon as the group rushed in to the cave, a huge ton of  
stone smashed behind them in front of the entrance, sealing  
them in the cavern for good. But hardly anyone could notice  
that, because in front of them lied an incredible cave filled  
to the brim with irradecent golden bars and nuggets. The  
sight was so beautiful, the prospectors started crying  
immediately.

***FX:*** *Prospectors all crying*

CHECKERS

Pull yourselves together!

ROSCOE

We really made it, all the way to the fabled treasure. It's a  
dream come true.

PROSPECTOR 1

I haven't been this happy since we won that barbershop quartet competition back in our late 60's!

PROSPECTOR 2

And I haven't cried this much since we lost that barbershop quartet competition in our early 70's!

PROSPECTOR 3

This is more gold than any of us will ever be able to spend! There must be a hundred thousand tons of pristine, plentiful, 10 karot gold covering every square inch of this place!

ROSCOE

Weird, see how that chunk of gold in the middle there is so much bigger than all the others?

CHECKERS

That's right, that thing is the size of a barn!

PROSPECTOR 1

Last one to mine it is my rotten tooth!

***FX:*** Pickaxe noise

***FX:*** Low Rumbling

**NARRATOR**

As soon as old man Jenkins started swinging his pickaxe into the unreasonably large nugget, it started to slowly shake, until it erupted up onto it's feet. Revealing that this was no ordinary chunk of gold. This was a fifty foot tall gold nugget golem!

EVERYONE

AAAAAAAHHHHHH!!

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**WHO ENTERS MY DOMAIN?**

EVERYONE

AAAAAAAHHHHHH!!!

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**You aren't mountain personel! I am the guardian of this gold. who are you? Answer or die!**

ROSCOE

I'm Roscoe Taylor sir! The Tallahassee Tween!

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**All right Shadrac Sailor, who are the rest of you intruders?**

ROSCOE

Well, this here is my horse friend Checkers - and these three are some old miners that sing alot and that there is their packmule. All of us are adventurers. We came up to this cave in search of the treasure, but we didn't mean no harm.

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**Is the tall hat child speaking the truth?**

ALL PROSPECTORS

Yes!

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**Very well. I am sworn to protect this cavern at all costs, so none of you can claim the treasures before you. That is, that's what I would say normally, but I haven't seen anyone else in the past fourty years, and I'll be frank, this gig gets boring. So, I'm willing to cut you all a deal to keep things interesting.**

ALL PROSPECTORS

A deal?

ROSCOE

What do you mean, a deal?

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**If you give me the thing you love the most in this world, as a sacrfice - I will grant you to take as much gold as you can carry down in one trip.**

ROSCOE

Wow!

CHECKERS

What?

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**But that's one big IF, mortals. If you try to trick me, I'll know. You must give up ONLY the thing you love most.**

PROSPECTOR 3

HHmmmmmm. Interesting proposition. What to do.

PROSPECTOR 2

The only thing we truly love, is gold! But we obviously aint got any of that to give - we'd have to pick something else.

PROSPECTOR 3

Wait, what about our pickaxes? Nah, nevermind.

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**You have four minutes to decide. After that, I'll get bored again and I'll start crushing every living thing in this room.**

CHECKERS

What a weird and specific request. Why don't we just try our luck at a fight, kid? It doesn't look like it has any eyeballs, so if we make a circle around it - maybe we could find a weak spot.

ROSCOE

I don't know, it looks pretty menacing.

CHECKERS

Gold is the softest metal, and I'm one tough horse.

ROSCOE

Let's just play his game for the time being, thanks for the suggestion though.

CHECKERS

Anytime.

PROSPECTOR 1

I'm fresh out of ideas.

PROSPECTOR 3

My boots? I like em quite a bit. But not THAT much. Okay, actually I hate my boots.

CHECKERS

I'm coming up empty, my saddle? What do you think, lil buddy?

ROSCOE

My most prized possession? Gee, lets see. I like my hat, and my I liked my lasso before I left it wrapped up on those trees. But I can't tell if I like any of tho- Wait, I know. \*Ahem\* Mister Golem?

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**Yes, Moscow?**

ROSCOE

I'm afraid the thing I love most in this world isn't something I can give to you. You see, I love my friendship with Checkers more than anything else I can think of, more than I love my hat, or stopping crooks. But I couldn't give Checkers to you, he means too much to me. I'm sorry, but I won't be able to give you the right sacrifice.

CHECKERS

Aw kid, now that was about the sweetest thing I've ever heard you say.

ROSCOE

Anytime, buddy.

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**I see. Very well.**

PROSPECTOR 1

Wait a second, he could have given up that horse? That was an option?

PROSPECTOR 2

Then, maybe we could give him our mule!

PROSPECTOR 3

Yeah! Take it mister, it's all yours!

***FX:*** *Donkey hee haw*

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE

WAIT! NO!

EVERYONE

HUH?

**NARRATOR**

Right as the Prospectors started pushing their packmule towards the Gold Nugget Golem, a voice rung out from somewhere.

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE

It's me, the mule!

EVERYONE

What!?

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE

It's been a costume this whole time!

**NARRATOR**

The mule stood up on it's hind legs, and revealed a zipper on it's belly button. With one quick zip-

***FX:*** *Unzip noise*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

A mysterious figure poked an arm out of the costume and threw off the disguise-

***FX:*** *Whoosh*

EVERYONE

\*GASP\*

**NARRATOR**

The man standing before them was -

**NARRATOR & EVERYONE (CONT'D)**

(All at the same time)

OLD MAN MCSCRUGGINS!!

PROSPECTOR 4

That's right, it's me! Old man McScruggins! I've been pretending to be your packmule for the last thirty years!

ROSCOE

What?

PROSPECTOR 4

And I never thought you guys would give me up as a sacrifice to some gold goliath! I'm appalled!

PROSPECTOR 2

Why? Why did you do this?

PROSPECTOR 1

Yeah, we thought you died all those years ago!

PROSPECTOR 3

We disbanded our quartet!

PROSPECTOR 4

I know! And I'm sorry. But there wasn't any other way.

PROSPECTOR 1

What do you mean?

PROSPECTOR 4

Ya see, when I choked on that bowl of beans so many years ago... My whole life flashed before my eyes. And I saw how I'd spent my life. Singing in a barbershop quartet? That was no way to live! I wanted to be free - and roam the wild frontier! I wanted excitement, and exploration! I didn't want to doowop showtunes as a sixty five year old man! So I faked my death.

PROSPECTOR 1

But how? We had you cremated?

PROSPECTOR 4

I'm an incredibly good method actor. I fooled all of you.

PROSPECTOR 3

We mourned you at your funeral!

PROSPECTOR 1

We spread your ashes along the Oklahoma hills!

PROSPECTOR 4

And as soon as you were gone, I scooped myself back together and travelled to a nearby costume shop!

PROSPECTOR 2

What?

PROSPECTOR 4

Then, I asked the manager for the most sophisticated costume they had, one that would completely camoflauged me so I could start my life all over again!

CHECKERS

Okay...

PROSPECTOR 4

But unfortunately, my wallet didn't survive the cremation, so I had no money to offer. She gave me the only costume they couldn't sell, a donkey costume that reeked of B.O. And Gouda cheese.

So I tried it on, and as luck would have it, the three of you wandered into the shop and asked her if that packmule was for sale.

The owner said, sure! And before I knew it, I was carrying all of you as we started hiking up and down - hill after hill, searching for gold!

PROSPECTOR 2

But if you quit the band, why didn't you tell us it was you? That doesn't make any sense! None of this makes any sense!

PROSPECTOR 4

I was going to escape in the dead of night, but I *actually had fun* on our first expedition.

PROSPECTOR 1

You mean the time we panned for gold up in Catfish creek?

PROSPECTOR 4

That's right!

PROSPECTOR 3

We found a gold nugget bigger than my fist!

PROSPECTOR 4

Exactly! We had an incredible time, it was a real adventure! I was getting exactly what I'd wanted! Thrills on the open frontier. And I was with my friends! Everything was right in the world, except for the fact-

PROSPECTOR 2

That we all thought you were dead.

PROSPECTOR 4

Exactly, and that seemed like a tough conversation to start. I was procrastinatin', but I was gonna get around to telling yall the truth, I swear!

PROSPECTOR 1

McScruggins, it's been thirty years. I'm Ninety six.

PROSPECTOR 3

And I'm Ninety Seven!

PROSPECTOR 2

And I can't remember how old I am. But dadgum, I'm still angry!

PROSPECTOR 4

I'm sorry, okay! I shouldn't have waited so long! I shouldn't have faked my death! I agree! I wish I didn't. Believe me.

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**The time is up, give me your final answer before I start smashing.**

PROSPECTOR 1

This is a real can of worms we've opened. Way too many loose ends left untied. Sorry mister Gold Golem, but you can't take our buddy anymore.

PROSPECTOR 2

Yeah, we have a lot to talk about.

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**Very well. Goodbye.**

***FX:*** *HUGE SMASH*

***FX:*** *Rumble*

**NARRATOR**

With a slam of his gargantuan fist, the golem smashed down in front of the prospectors, and the cave walls shudder with every slam.

PROSPECTOR 4

Aw shoot, he's gonna murder us!

***FX:*** *Boss music fades in*

ROSCOE

Scatter!

PROSPECTORS

\*Softly screaming\*

**NARRATOR**

As the towering titan attempted to flatten the intruders, the Prospectors flailed around, in a panicked frenzy. Roscoe and Checkers made a B-line for the cave exit.

CHECKERS

No use, it's sealed up tight by that boulder! What are we gonna do Roscoe???

ROSCOE

PANIC!

CHECKERS

We need a better plan!

ROSCOE

You're telling me!

PROSPECTOR 1

We're done for! Boys, just try to eat as much gold as you can! Maybe if it's in your belly, cowboy jesus will let ya take it into heaven with you!

PROSPECTOR 4

But I'm cowboy agnostic!

PROSPECTOR 3

That's perposterous! We can't eat rocks! We're not billy goats for pete's sake! - THAT'S IT!

PROSPECTOR 4

Yeah! Billy Goats!

ROSCOE

What's the plan?

PROSPECTOR 3

Look up there! On the ceiling of the cave!

CHECKERS

Rock salt!

PROSPECTOR 3

You're darn tootin! And lots of it! If we can get some salt shaken off, maybe - just maybe - that horde of goats will sniff it out and find some way in here! We could use that to escape!

ROSCOE

It's not like we have any other options! How can we get the salt down?

PROSPECTOR 1

Well, we could use the FORBIDDEN HARMONY

ALL PROSPECTORS

\*GASP\*

PROSPECTOR 2

But we messed it up last time! That rockslide got us into this mess!

PROSPECTOR 4

You failed because I was so committed to pretending to be a mule that I hit a hee haw on the wrong octave! This time, I won't fail! I'll sing my note with perfect pitch.

PROSPECTOR 3

But I thought you said you hated singing with us? That you'd wasted your life?

PROSPECTOR 4

If I've proven anything today, it's that I have profoundly flawed judgement, and a habit of changing my mind! I'll happily sing with you if it means saving our skin!

PROSPECTOR 1

Then, let's get to it! But we gotta be careful! One wrong key and this whole cave will fall ontop of our heads!

PROSPECTOR 2

Got it!

PROSPECTOR 1

(Sung)

\*Ahem\* Mememememeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.

PROSPECTOR 2

(Sung)

Mememememeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee.

PROSPECTOR 3

(Sung)

MeeeeemeeeeemeeeeemeeeeemeeeeemeeeeemEEEEEEEEEEEE.

PROSPECTOR 4

(Sung)

MEEEEEEEEEEEEEEMEEEEEEEEEMEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!

***FX:*** Rumble. Smash! Deeper rumble

**NARRATOR**

With a deep resonating hum, their harmony broke through the rock salt hanging above the golden goliath. As soon as the salt shattered on the top of the guardian, another soft rumble uddered from miles below, outside of the cave.

PROSPECTOR 1

We did it!

PROSPECTOR 4

Just like in the old days, huh?

PROSPECTOR 2

We got time for nostalgia later! For now, let's avoid those fists!

ROSCOE

Look, GOAT SWARM!

**NARRATOR**

Sure enough, a small hole had formed at the entrance - a billy goat's head hungrily peered into the cave and soon, it's entire body busted into the cavern. And more goats followed, and more, and more, until three hundred goats crowded the room - all of them desperately licking any salt covered stone on the ground - especially the Gold Nugget Golem in the center. He had the most salt of all, and the billy goats made quick work of him.

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**Stop! Stop! No! They're licking me into nothing! It's as if a millenia of erosion is taking place in a single instant, via hundreds of goat tounges! I can feel pain! This is agonizing!**

ROSCOE

He's getting smaller!

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**AAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHHAHHAHHAHHHHHHH!!!!**

CHECKERS

See you in hell, goldilocks!

GOLD NUGGET GOLEM

**NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!**

**NARRATOR**

Now dissolved to the size of a baseball, the gold nugget golem was swallowed whole by an especially snackish goat. The swarm had licked every ounce of salt they could find. So they promptly left the cave in search of more grub, revealing:

ALL PROSPECTORS

THEY ATE ALL THE GOLD!!

ROSCOE

I can't believe it! They gobbled up every last piece in here!

CHECKERS

Then, this whole journey.

PROSPECTOR 1

It was for nothing?

PROSPECTOR 3

That's not true! We were reunited with you McScruggins! Even if you were really with us all along!

PROSPECTOR 4

And I gotta admit, singing with yall again has reignited the fire in my soul! I'd love to join you all, if you'll still have me.

PROSPECTOR 1

Well, you'll have to fill out a brief application.

PROSPECTOR 2

And submit a few references.

PROSPECTOR 3

Don't forget the written exam.

PROSPECTOR 4

Oh, thank you boys! Thank you!

ROSCOE

I got all I really wanted, a fun adventure! Even if the gold got gobbled up by a gang of gluttonous goats, I guess we've all learned that the strength of our friendships are more valuable than any treasure!

*Pause*

EVERYONE

Boooooooooooooooooooooo.

ROSCOE

Okay, nevermind I guess. Jerks. Wanna start our hike down to the ground, Checkers? It'll be a long one.

CHECKERS

Not if we use your hat as a parachute again!

ROSCOE

You're right!

PROSPECTOR 4

Hey fellas, could we hitch a ride down, too? I was their go to transportation, but my back's been sore for a couple of decades so I think I'll need to take a load off.

ROSCOE

Sure, everybody - grab hold!

**FX:** *Woosh*

**NARRATOR**

And with a running start, our heroes float off into the great unknown, in search of adventure, and glory! What's next for Roscoe and Checkers? Where could they wander to in the future? Will those billy goats suffer serious digestive issues? The only way to find out is to listen to these..... commercials!

**FX:** *End music starts*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #2**

Commercial break ensues

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**EPISODE FOUR**

## CALAMITY IN CATTLE CRACK CANYON!

**INTRO:**

**FX:** *Opening music starts*

**NARRATOR**

Every hour of this program is a double feature! Now, we once again join everyone's favorite high hat wearing hooligan in the next adventure of Roscoe Taylor: The Talahassee Tween!

**FX:** *Music swells*

Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX:** *Music continues*

Our second episode of the evening: Calamity in Cattle Crack Canyon!

**FX:** *Song fades away*

**SCENE #1****NARRATOR**

Roscoe and Checkers are barely waking up as the sun rises on Cattle Crack Canyon - a wide sweeping stone valley that's filled to the brim with cactuses of every shape and size. Back before barbed wire was invented, ranchers needed ways of defending their herds from would be rustlers. One method that was used by the ranch that lied in this canyon years ago, was to plant a fence of cactuses along side your property so the cows wouldn't wander away and any intruders would be pricked to high heavens.

This plan backfired when the cactus bred like crazy, making the once expansive canyon a treacherously tight squeeze for any herd. For the past decade this area has been completely deserted. Luckily our heroes are nimble and don't take up too much space, so they found this spot and set up a campsite a few days after their journey on prospector peak came to an end. Rosco crawled out of his sleeping bag first, and started poking around the campfire with a stick.

**FX:** *Campfire crackle*

ROSCOE

Mornin, Checkers.

CHECKERS

\*Yawn\* Mornin, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Do we have any food in the saddle bags? My tummy is grumbling something fierce.

CHECKERS

Nope, we finished all the food rations yesterday.

ROSCOE

Dang, we need to stop by a general store sometime soon.

CHECKERS

If we had any money to speak of, I'd agree with you. But right now we're flat broke.

ROSCOE

Figures. I need to buy a new rope - I left my good one back in Prospectors Peak when I pulled that slingshot trick.

CHECKERS

And I gotta buy some new horseshoes, this one on my back right hoof is way too loose, it's about to fall off.

ROSCOE

Money is wasted on the rich.

CHECKERS

You said it, brother. The only stuff we have that's edible in these bags is a can full of coffee grounds and a lizard that crawled in here while we were sleeping- Oh, nevermind, he ran off.

ROSCOE

Can I see those grounds? At least a pot of coffee might help me wake up, then I can try catching that lizard.

CHECKERS

We don't have any water, and it doesn't look like it's gonna rain any time soon.

ROSCOE

What about all these cactuses? Don't they have water in em?

CHECKERS

Sure, but I doubt it'd be easy to get to it. You can't exactly ring em out like a wet towel. You'd have to be mighty careful not to get stuck. This could prove to be a real challenge of patience, a mental battle where you'll need to avoid touching the quills in a delicate operat-

***FX:*** *Poke noise*

ROSCOE

Ow. I kicked it.

CHECKERS

Roscoe, you need to-

**FX:** *Poke noise*

ROSCOE

Ow. Kicked it again. Shouldn't have.

CHECKERS

Listen up! You won't break that cactus open with your feet. That's an excercise in futility.

**FX:** *Poke noise*

ROSCOE

Ow. Okay, you're right. I got an idea! If I spin my spurs fast enough, I can use it as a mini saw and slice through it!

**FX:** *Spin spur saw noise***FX:** *Tree fall down noise*

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Ow.

CHECKERS

Yikes kid, that cactus fell on your foot!

ROSCOE

But at least I can make a cup a' joe now!

CHECKERS

Let me pull that thing off of you first-

**FX:** *Yank sound*

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

There you go.

ROSCOE

Ouch. Thanks buddy. Now I'll just pour this cactus juice into our kettle and set it ontop of the campfire.

CHECKERS

How long do you think it'll take to boil?

ROSCOE

Oh, about ten or fiteen minutes I reckon.

CHECKERS

Then what do you want to do to pass the time, partner?

ROSCOE

Well, my foot is throbbing like you wouldn't believe right now. I think whatever we do, we should remain sitting.

CHECKERS

I agree. With this loose horseshoe I shouldn't be walking too much more today.

ROSCOE

We could play tick tack toe in the sand, or maybe see who can count to a hundred faster.

CHECKERS

The possibilities are truly infinite.

ROSCOE

You said i- hey, do you see that guy over there?

CHECKERS

You mean the dude in the fancy uniform with a big satchel, running like a cat out of hell our way? He's hard to miss.

***FX:*** *Footsteps approaching*

POST OFFICE PETE

Howdy boy! And howdy horse!

ROSCOE

Howdy!

CHECKERS

Howdy.

POST OFFICE PETE

Say, you two wouldn't know a Checkers Justice, would you?

CHECKERS

Of course I know him, he's me.

POST OFFICE PETE

I got a telegram for you mister, just sign right here.

CHECKERS

I aint got fingers, pal.

POST OFFICE PETE

I see!

CHECKERS

But I can bite the paper for you, if that'll help.

POST OFFICE PETE

Better than nothing! Go ahead.

***FX:*** Chomp noise

POST OFFICE PETE (CONT'D)  
Here you are, have a wonderful afternoon gentlemen!

ROSCOE  
You too, what was your name?

POST OFFICE PETE  
Why, my legal name is Post office pete!

CHECKERS  
Your first name is Post office?

POST OFFICE PETE  
No silly! My first name is Poe. My middle name is Stofficepee, and my last name is Tuh. It's just a bizzare coincidence that I work for the Post office as a messenger now. Cowboy jesus works in mysterious ways!

ROSCOE  
Very interesting. Well, see you around Mr. Tuh.

POST OFFICE PETE  
Oh please, Mr. Tuh was my father - who was terrible at naming children! You can call me Poe.

CHECKERS  
Catch you later Poe.

POST OFFICE PETE  
Farewell!

***FX:*** Footsteps away

ROSCOE  
What's the telegram say?

CHECKERS  
I don't know yet, can you open the envelope for me?

ROSCOE  
Of course buddy.

***FX:*** Paper rip

CHECKERS  
Here it is. It's two peices of paper, one is all folded up and the other says - Checkers, STOP. Justice, STOP. You, STOP. Are, STOP. dead, STOP. meat, STOP. Signed STOP. L-A.

Pause  
Weird.

ROSCOE

Yeah, if they wanted to stop writing the letter this bad, they should have just quit. What's the folded up paper?

CHECKERS

It's...

***FX:*** *Unfold sound*

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

ROSCOE

Why, it's a wanted poster - with your face on it!

***FX:*** *Organ sting 3*

CHECKERS

Now that's a surprise.

ROSCOE

You aren't a criminal are you? This poster here says you're wanted for first degree "man trampling".

CHECKERS

The guy had it coming, I swear. I'll explain everything in just a minute - but first, I think this gives us a golden opportunity!

ROSCOE

How do you mean?

CHECKERS

Think about it, we're broke now - right?

ROSCOE

Yeah.

CHECKERS

And I have this bounty on my head. Says here the reward is a hundred dollars.

ROSCOE

Yeah?

CHECKERS

I bet the bail for me to get out is around 50 bucks, meaning - you could bring me to the jail, collect the bounty money - use half of it to get me out - then we could go buy some supplies while we're in town!

ROSCOE

Checkers, I rode with an outlaw once before and it didn't end well. I'm not looking to get wrapped up in any criminal schemes.

CHECKERS

It's no scheme lil buddy, it's just a way of cheating the system a little. For money! It's morally grey, but we could use the dough!

ROSCOE

I don't know, what exactly happened? Who did you trample? I knew you were a bounty hunter, but this sounds brutal.

CHECKERS

I understand your hesitation, kid. I really do. I'll tell you everything you need to know. But if I'm going to explain it all, we have to go back about fifteen years. Everything was good, then. I had a career, I had a girl, I had my whole life ahead of me. I only had one worry in the world, a race I was going to take part in...

*FX: Time Travel harp cue*

## **SCENE #2**

**NARRATOR**

We're in the distant past, in a stable that lies within a giant racetrack. Checkers is younger, with long flowing hair and absolutely no cowboy hat on. He's talking to a female horse - and he looks nervous.

CHECKERS

I don't know Dominoe, I'm pretty worried about this race.

DOMINOE

What're you talking about? You're the fastest horse in the west. You won the Devils Dunes Derby last year, and you'll win it again this year! I believe in you.

CHECKERS

Yeah, I just - I don't know. I got a bad feeling about it this time.

DOMINOE

Trust in yourself, sweet pea. Nothing's gonna go wrong.

*FX: Footsteps growing louder*

**NARRATOR**

Creeping out of the shadows, a tall, broad man wearing an expensive suit edges into the conversation.

He has a thick handlebar mustache, a hand covered in gold rings, and he's chomping a fat cigar with a wicked smile slapped on his face.

TEX R. KANNA

Um, excuse me - but I couldn't help but overhear you two. Mister Checkers Justice I presume?

CHECKERS

Yeah, that's right - and who are you?

TEX R. KANNA

Why, I go by the name a' Tex Kanna. Tex R. Kanna.

DOMINOE

Nice to meet you Mister R. Kanna, I'm Dominoe. Checker's manager.

TEX R. KANNA

It is a pleasure to make both of your acquaintance. A true pleasure. Well, I'll get straight to the point friends. I'm an oil baron. A Tycoon, if ya like. I make a lot of money, which means I got a lot of money to spend.

CHECKERS

Okay?

TEX R. KANNA

And one particular hobby of mine is watching the Devils Dune Derby, and betting on the horses.

CHECKERS

Ah.

TEX R. KANNA

Like I said before, I accidentally eavesdropped on your little talk. I hear you're worrying about today's race, so I'd like to make a proposition for you, to put your mind at ease.

DOMINOE

A proposition?

CHECKERS

You want to place your bet on me?

TEX R. KANNA

In a manner of speaking, yes. Yes I do. But you see, I don't want you to win.

CHECKERS

Excuse me?

TEX R. KANNA

Think about it! You've made quite a name for yourself mister Justice! Winning last years race gives you a certain level of expectations, am I right? Those expectations can be debilitating!

Almost every dope that walked in here today's got their money on you winning. That's why, I want to kill two birds with one stone.

CHECKERS

Go on.

TEX R. KANNA

If I place the only bet here, that you'll come in last place, I can make a fortune! And I'll give a sizeable chunk of that money to you, Checkers. Something to the tune of - thrity thousand dollars. You'll have all the sugar cubes money can buy! Plus, you won't have to carry that weight of expectations on your shoulders. Do you see how this helps both of us?

CHECKERS

I don't know, I'll have to discuss it with my manager here for a little while. I'll give you an answer before the race.

TEX R. KANNA

Haha, I look forward to our partnership! Farewell, you two!

***FX:*** *Footsteps go away*

DOMINOE

What do you want to do?

CHECKERS

It's a tough call.

DOMINOE

We sure could use the money. But what about your reputation?

CHECKERS

If I'm being honest, I wasn't sure I could win again this year anyway. Maybe this is a golden oppurtunity.

DOMINOE

I like the optimism! You've seemed so stressed lately, this could be good for us! We could take the money and head out east - settle down.

CHECKERS

Okay, I'll let him know. Baby, we got a race to lose.

***FX:*** *Time travel harp cue*

**NARRATOR**

A short while later the derby has begun. Checkers is standing at the ready. Tensions are high, then with one loud bang - the opening gun goes off!

***FX:*** Gun shot

***FX:*** Lots of intense horse galloping

***FX:*** Crowd cheering

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

All twelve horses bolt forward with incredible speed. Checkers stays near the back of the group as they round the first corner. Somewhere in the stands, Tex R. Kanna is laughing like a mad man and puffing on his big cigar. Dominoe is watching with a worried look in her eye. As they round corner two, Checkers sees something unexpected. The horse in the front of the pack looks directly back at him, and smirks. Checkers thinks to himself:

**CHECKERS**

(thinking)

Why, that putz. Who does he think he is? I could beat all of these clowns easy. Why was I so worried earlier? I'm the best there's ever been!

**NARRATOR**

As his confidence rises, and his spite for the leading horse grows, Checkers unconsciously starts to gallop faster. And faster, until, before he notices - he's passing the first place horse.

**CHECKERS**

(thinking)

Whoops.

**NARRATOR**

They round the third corner, with only a short stretch of the track left to go before the finish line. Checkers has let his pride get the better of him for a moment, now he needs to readjust and get back to the end of the pack.

**CHECKERS**

Let's just stomp on the brakes for a second.

**NARRATOR**

In an extremely unfortunate turn of events, Checkers comes to a complete halt on the track. He reaches an immediate standstill while still in first place. The rest of the horses behind him run directly into his backside and fall over, creating a massive horse pile up on the track. Every racer is now on the ground, having spun out and broken a leg or two. Checkers is in a daze, but uninjured.

CHECKERS

Oh my god. I did not mean to do that.

**NARRATOR**

Suddenly the medics rush to the track to tend to the fallen racers.

***FX:*** *Multiple gunshots*

CHECKERS

Oh no.

**NARRATOR**

As the only surviving competitor, Checkers is automatically given first place. Winner by default.

CHECKERS

\*Gulp\*

***FX:*** *Time Travel Harp cue*

**SCENE #3**

**NARRATOR**

A few minutes later, back in the stables - Tex R. Kanna looks madder than a magazine. As Checkers trots in slowly, Dominoe gives him a sad look.

TEX R. KANNA

ARE YOU JOKING WITH ME, HORSE? Do you know how much money I just lost? More than you've ever seen in your carrot eatin' life! Nobody double crosses Tex R. Kanna! Nobody.

CHECKERS

Tex, I'm sorry. I tried to stay in the back - I had no clue that would happen. If there's anyway I could make it up-

TEX R. KANNA

No siree, you lost your chance at fame when you decided to spit in my face. Do you know who I am? Do you know what I'm capable of!

DOMINOE

Just calm down, he said he was sorry.

TEX R. KANNA

Sorry? Oh no, you're gonna be sorry, son. I'll show you sorry.

***FX:*** *Gun cock sound*

CHECKERS

Whoa there, put the gun down.

TEX R. KANNA

You aren't calling the shots, pal. I am. Ya know, my son's birthday is today. I was trying to think of a gift for him. He loves arts and crafts. Paper mache, that kind of thing. This lady friend of yours looks like she could make a nice tub of glue.

CHECKERS

Shut your mouth.

TEX R. KANNA

You started all of this, Checkers. You took away what I loved - money. Now I'm gonna take away something that you love. Put your hooves in the air missy! Don't make this harder than it has to be. I hope you're happy checkers.

CHECKERS

Don't, you!

***FX:*** Horse beating the shit out of somebody sound

**NARRATOR**

Checkers leaped for the gun, and tackled Tex R. Kanna to the ground. The two rolled over on the stable floor as Dominoe ran out to call for help. For a moment, Checkers had the upper hand. So he trampled the man to death. Just really flattened the guy like a pancake. It was a bloodbath. Thank god we aren't showing this on TV, because it would be NC-17 for sure.

Once the oil baron was good and dead, Dominoe came back in with a few security guards.

DOMINOE

Checkers? Checkers? AAAAAHHHHH!!!

GUARD 1

He's dead!

GUARD 2

That horse is a murderer!

CHECKERS

But I.. I....

***FX:*** Horse gallops away

**NARRATOR**

Checkers galloped out of the stables, and busted through the doors of the derby entrance. He galloped and galloped far into the distance, never to return.

***FX:*** Time travel harp cue

**SCENE #4****NARRATOR**

Back in the present, in Cattle Crack Canyon - Checkers nods his head solemnly and looks at Roscoe with dismay.

**CHECKERS**

You see, that's why I became a bounty hunter. I was a monster, I could never race again. But I *could* trample the living tar out of criminals, make sure they never ruined anybody's lives the way Tex ruined mine. I didn't know that there was a warrant out for my arrest, but it don't surprise me. Tex got what he deserved, even though I really didn't mean for him to die.

**ROSCOE**

Wow. That... That was heavy.

**CHECKERS**

You said it, partner. I hope that cleared things up.

**ROSCOE**

I'm sorry all that happened to you buddy, do you know where Dominoe ended up?

**CHECKERS**

Not one bit, but I'm sure she's better off without me.

**ROSCOE**

I think our pot of coffee is ready now, I'll just fill up the- hey checkers?

**CHECKERS**

Yeah Roscoe?

**ROSCOE**

Does that cactus look strange to you?

**CHECKERS**

Which one? There's like a hundred all around us.

**ROSCOE**

Over there to the left, the one that's slowly scooting our way. The one with a human face.

**CHECKERS**

Oh, yeah. I guess now that you mention it, that does look a little strange.

(to strange cactus)

Hey mister cactus! We see you!

**UNIDENTIFIED VOICE**

Shoot. Uh, No you don't!

ROSCOE

Yes we do! Just stop hiding and come over here!

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE

Well, this isn't exactly how I planned. But - okay.

***FX: Footsteps approach***

ROSCOE

See? We aren't so scary, you don't need to be shy even if you're a living cactus.

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE

Shut your trap, and put your hands in the air - both of you!

CHECKERS

Whoa, that's not a living cactus. It's a human man!

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE

That's right, and this is a big ol' gun I got in my hand - so don't you two try anything.

ROSCOE

Who are you?

UNIDENTIFIED VOICE

We'll get to that, but first - I'm gonna collect your bounty Checkers Justice! And I'm not taking you in alive!

***FX: Organ sting 1***

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #3**

**NARRATOR**

Uh oh! How will our boys get out of this mess? Who is this mystery gunslinger? Will Checkers have to pay for his crimes? If you arrested a horse, would you even be able to put handcuffs on them? Would they be called hoofcuffs? There's only one way to find out the answers to these important questions - listen to this short commercial break!

***FX: Organ sting 2***

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #3**

Commercial break ensues.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Welcome back to the further adventures of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween and his partner Checkers Justice!

**FX:** *Organ sting 2***SCENE #6****NARRATOR**

When we left our story, Checkers and Roscoe were sitting by their campfire in the middle of Cattle Crack Canyon. Surrounded by cactuses - with one especially thorny thtreat pointing a gun at our boys. Checkers had just opened up about a traumatic incident involving an oil baron and a rigged race, before this costumed crook held up our two heroes at gunpoint. This feind is a tall, broad man wearing a decently hand sewn cactus costume. He has a small handlebar mustache, a fat revolver in his right hand and he's chewing on a slim cigarette with a deep grimace slapped on his face.

**UNIDENTIFIED VOICE**

Nice and steady. Stand up, the both of you.

**CHECKERS**

Whatever you say cowpoke. You got a name?

**UNIDENTIFIED VOICE**

The name's Lex Kanna. Lex R. Kanna. Sound familiar?

**CHECKERS**

Huh?

**LEX R. KANNA**

You killed my daddy fifteen years ago. Now I finally have the chance to get even.

**ROSCOE**

Your old man was a crook! He pushed Checkers to the edge!

**LEX R. KANNA**

Zip it, kid. I know who you are, too. Costco Tater: The Laffy Taffy king. I've heard of your exploits. And I won't let you get the better of me, no sir.

**CHECKERS**

Leave Roscoe alone, Lex. It's me you have a problem with.

**LEX R. KANNA**

You're right on the money, Justice. I do have a problem with you. Now, both of you: Hands in the air, get up!

**CHECKERS**

Just calm down.

**LEX R. KANNA**

You know, on my tenth birthday I was working on a paper mache sculpture of my dad giving me a big ol hug.

Things were good back then, I had a family, we had a fortune, I was heir to the Kanna oil business. Things were good. But my pops never got to see my sculpture, because he was trampled to death by a horse.

CHECKERS

You don't know both sides of the story, son.

LEX R. KANNA

I know enough. I know you killed him. I know you messed up a race and caused a few horses to be put down, too.

CHECKERS

That's not entirely fair.

LEX R. KANNA

Isn't it? And how fair were you back at that derby? You don't want to make me any more angry than I already am, horse. I'm a master of disguise, I've been tracking the two of you for quite some time and it all ends here.

ROSCOE

You won't get away with this!

CHECKERS

We'll comply. Just stay cool.

LEX R. KANNA

You know, once my dad was snuffed out - I had nothing. No future, no ambitions, just a burning hatred in my heart for you. So I became a horse bounty hunter. A bounty hunter who hunts horses specifically.

I threw *Spirit: stallion of the cimmaron* behind bars. I punched *Secretariat* in the face, that's canon.

*Seabiscuit*? You better believe he's rotting in a jail cell for horse crimes, thanks to me.

But I always kept my mind focused on you Checkers. After I take care of you, maybe I can quit all this. Maybe I can still make something of my life.

ROSCOE

You don't have to do this, Mister. You can let us go. You don't need to end up like your dad.

LEX R. KANNA

Don't you say another word about my dad. MY DAD was a titan of industry, he owned every oil rig from here to the rio grande. He was a hero. Unlike you two. You're just a washed up loser and a little kid. And I'm gonna kill you.

CHECKERS

You sure about that?

LEX R. KANNA

As sure as I've ever been. Any last words?

CHECKERS

Nope.

LEX R. KANNA

Okay, how bout you squirt?

ROSCOE

One word. Timber!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe kicked forward with a spur and spun as quick as he could - it sawed the base of Lex's cactus costume - causing him to fall back in shock.

***FX:*** Buzzsaw spur sound

LEX R. KANNA

Aaahhahhha!!

**NARRATOR**

As he fell back - Checkers whipped into action and bucked his right hoof forward, flinging his loose horsehoe off and sending it flying in Lex's direction. It hit him smack dab in the middle of the face.

***FX:*** Woosh, metal clang!

LEX R. KANNA

OWWW

**NARRATOR**

The cactus costumed criminal slammed backwards - butt first onto the red hot campfire below him.

***FX:*** Campfire thud, splash of hot coffee

LEX R. KANNA

Hot hot hot hot hot!

ROSCOE

Our coffee! It's spilt all over him!

LEX R. KANNA

NOOOO! This isn't how it was supposed to happen! I was supposed to murder you!

CHECKERS

Plans change, kid.

LEX R. KANNA

Well are ya gonna kill me now? Huh? Are ya?

CHECKERS

Afraid not, Lex. I'm just gonna kick you really hard.

ROSCOE

Serves you right, R. Kanna.

LEX R. KANNA

Oh yeah? Once I'm free, I'll never stop tracking you! I'll get you, yet! You hear me! I'll catch you one day! You haven't seen the last of Lex R. Kanna, Horse bounty hunter!

CHECKERS

Whatever.

***FX:*** Horse kick, flying away sound

**NARRATOR**

With a hard thump Checkers delivered the kick of all kicks into Lex R. Kanna's thorn covered tail end. Launching him hundreds of feet into the morning sky.

LEX R. KANNA

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaaahhhhhh..

ROSCOE

Wow, you sure kicked him far off - he flew past the rim of Cattle Crack canyon!

CHECKERS

I gotta feeling when he lands he'll be pretty sore.

ROSCOE

Good job, old buddy old pal.

CHECKERS

Same goes to you Roscoe, I couldn't have done it with out ya.

ROSCOE

Checkers, I am so hungry.

CHECKERS

So am I. My belly's been gurgling this whole time.

ROSCOE

How about we ride off to the nearest town - I turn you in, get the bounty, post your bail, then we can buy some food after?

CHECKERS

Of course! I'm tired of camping out here anyways, way too many cactuses for my liking.

ROSCOE

Aint that the truth.

**FX:** *End music fades in, slow horse trotting starts and fades away*

**NARRATOR**

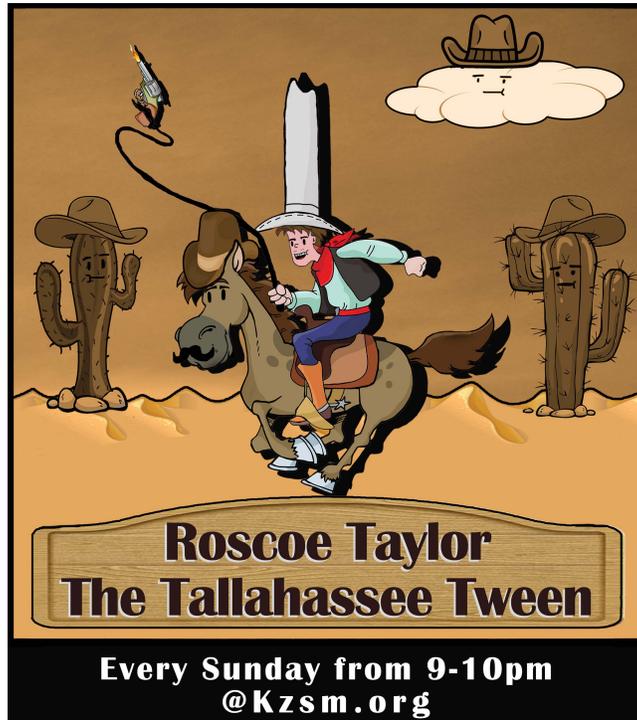
As Roscoe and Checkers ride off into the morning sunrise, Lex R. Kanna smashes to the ground somewhere west of Albuquerque, And our story comes to an end. Make sure to tune in next week at 9pm to hear the further audio exploits of everyone's favorite spur spinning shortstack: Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

**FX:** *End music gets louder*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Tonight's epsiodes were brought to you by KZSM.org true community radio. **Sam Pierce** played *Roscoe Taylor*. **Mitchell Oden** played *Checkers Justice*. **Ixchel Cuellar** played Prospector two and Dominoe. **Luke Gaskey** played Prospector three, the gold nugget golem, and Lex R. Kanna. **Jordan Pilkenton** played *Prospector one*, and *Tex R. Kanna*. He also worked as the audio producer for our program. This show is written and directed by me, **Garrett Buss**. I played *the Narrator*, *Post office pete* and *Prospector four*. Coming up after this is a very special episode of Swamp Gas Uggos at Ten, so be sure to stay tuned. From all of us here in the wild wild west, thank you and goodnight.

**THE END.**



## **Roscoe Taylor - Broadcast #3**

Episode 5: Mayhem and Mystery  
at the Mangy Mule Saloon!

Episode 6: A Sinister Scheme  
in the Spaghetti West!

Written by

Garrett Buss

## **EPISODE FIVE**

MAYHEM AND MYSTERY AT THE MANGY MULE SALOON!

### **INTRO:**

**FX 1:** *Music swells*

#### **NARRATOR**

Only one feller can tame the wild west. Only one feller is young, dumb and full of courage. And only one feller goes by the name of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

**FX 1:** *Music continues*

Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX 1:** *Music fades away*

Tonight's episode:

MAYHEM AND MYSTERY AT THE MANGY MULE SALOON!

### **SCENE #1 4PGS**

#### **NARRATOR**

Roscoe Taylor and his trusted horse-friend Checkers Justice strode into a crummy saloon located in the middle of Cactus Springs. The West was chock full to the brim with bars of all shapes and sizes, and this particular tavern was in pretty rough shape, and pretty small size. As the two entered through the swinging saloon doors, the left side's hinges broke off and the door panel crashed through the rotting floorboards beneath them.

**FX 2:** *Smash through wood sound*

Our heroes mosey up to some stools as Roscoe took a seat and Checkers nudged off his saddle onto the floor. A bald man with the biggest mutton chops you'd ever seen stood polishing a glass behind the bar. He smiled as our parched protagonists settled down in front of him.

ROSCOE

Howdy barkeep!

CHECKERS

Howdy barkeep.

BARKEEP

Howdy gentlemen! Welcome to The Mangy Mule Saloon, what can I do you for?

CHECKERS

I'd like a glass of apple cider, extra apple.

ROSCOE

And I'll take a sasperilla, extra sasp.

BARKEEP

Unfortunately we don't have those drinks, boys.

CHECKERS

Oh, then could I get some Horse moonshine?

BARKEEP

We aint got that neither.

ROSCOE

What about Human moonshine?

BARKEEP

No dice.

CHECKERS

Whiskey?

BARKEEP

I wish we had some of that in stock, but we don't.

ROSCOE

I'll just take a water.

BARKEEP

Oof. I got bad news.

ROSCOE

You don't have water?

BARKEEP

We don't have any drinks! Whew. Felt good to get that off my chest. I'm mighty sorry gentlemen, but The Mangy Mule is dryer than a dust cloud in the desert today.

CHECKERS

When we walked in, why did you ask us what we wanted?

BARKEEP

I was hoping you'd say peanuts. We have so many of those!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe glanced pensively around the interior of the bar; the walls were riddled with bullet holes, the rotten floorboards were held together with rusty nails, and there wasn't a roof to speak of.

ROSCOE

Pardon my frankness barkeep, but this place is looking a little rough around the edges.

BARKEEP

Yer not wrong son.

CHECKERS

How'd this place fall in to such disrepair?

BARKEEP

Well, it's a sad story boys - and one I tell often. You see, a roaming peanut salesman sold me on a shipment of sixteen thousand nuts that he swore would skyrocket my saloon into national fame.

Customers would come from far and wide to try the nuts, he said. They'd have to wash down the salty snack with a few drinks from the bar, he said.

But it was all a sham! A ruse! He was a slippery charlotten who swindled me into a bad deal. I spent my life savings on those nuts, and the bar's fallen to pieces ever since. I'm in the hole boys! I feel like the town fool - but we already got one of those!

I can't afford to fix the place anymore, I'm not making any money from the bar because I don't have the cash to buy any drinks, and the repo men took the roof two weeks ago.

ROSCOE

That's a raw deal, Barkeep. Why don't you sell the property the saloon is built on and get out now?

BARKEEP

Are you kidding? I love bartending! It's what I was born to do. I couldn't give up on this ol' place, no matter how many rats we got swimming in the kitchen sink.

CHECKERS

Why not sell the peanuts?

BARKEEP

Do you know the typical buying price of peanuts? Practically nothing! That salesman had me convinced these were gonna be the tastiest peanuts in the west.

But in reality, these things taste as bitter as a divorcee' and smell like a soaking wet rat stuck in the sink drain!

CHECKERS

Wait. You were going to serve that to us?

BARKEEP

What else am I supposed to do? Throw them all away? I have thirty five giant crates of the stuff in the backroom. And I haven't sold a single nut yet!

ROSCOE

So, you're just going to keep working here until the place shuts down?

BARKEEP

I'm waiting for a miracle boys, but I'm not so sure one's coming.

**NARRATOR**

As soon as he said that, two handsome men busted in through the saloon doors. They were identical twins. One was sporting a flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up, while the other wore a tweed suit jacket and a dress shirt. They both had huge smiles on their faces, and they walked straight to the bar with purpose in every step.

REALTY TWIN ONE

Hello there sir!

REALTY TWIN TWO

We're here to help!

BARKEEP

What's that? Who are you fellers?

CHECKERS

Say, you two sound familiar.

REALTY TWIN TWO

You're darn tootin' we sound familiar, friend!

REALTY TWIN ONE

We're the Realty Twins! America's favorite business fixin' brothers!

REALTY TWIN TWO

We're the stars of an incredibly popular phonograph show!

ROSCOE

Phonograph? What's that?

REALTY TWIN TWO

Hello small child! A phonograph is a brand new technological marvel! It's a flat disc that you can rotate to playback sounds! Music, speeches, anything!

REALTY TWIN ONE

Every week we find a Saloon that could use a little fixer-upping!

REALTY TWIN TWO

And we make your wildest decorating dreams come true!

REALTY TWIN ONE

We record the entire process with this little contraption we have right here.

REALTY TWIN TWO

Our fans simply love the spectacular sounds of us improving a saloon!

REALTY TWIN ONE

Because we're very descriptive narrators!

BARKEEP

Phonograph reality show, huh? What's it called?

REALTY TWINS

(Both)

EXTREME SALOON MAKEOVER!

BARKEEP

Will you charge me anything to help?

REALTY TWIN ONE

No siree! We're doing this out of the kindness of our hearts, honest!

CHECKERS

Can I just say, I'm a huge fan! I've heard your records before, and I'm always impressed by how you two transform dive bars that are - based on your descriptions, disgusting - into spectacular saloons that are - based on your descriptions, really nice!

REALTY TWIN TWO

Well, it's always nice to meet a fan.

REALTY TWIN ONE

What's your name, sir?

CHECKERS

I'm Checkers Justice, Horse Bounty Hunter.

REALTY TWIN ONE

And who's your little partner?

ROSCOE

Stop calling me little! You called me a small child earlier, but I'm a tween. I'll have you know, I had to duck to fit in through those front doors.

REALTY TWIN TWO

But how tall are you, if you took that mile-high hat off?

ROSCOE

None of your beeswax, bozo.

CHECKERS

Roscoe? What's gotten into you? We're talking to a couple a' celebrities!

REALTY TWIN ONE

We just want to help this saloon find it's true potential, son.

REALTY TWIN TWO

We just want to turn this dump-

REALTY TWIN ONE

Into a clump-

REALITY TWINS

(Both)

OF GOLD!

REALTY TWIN TWO

We're still workshopping catchphrases.

ROSCOE

It shows. My name's Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween.

REALTY TWIN TWO

Pleasure to meet you Raccoon Sailor: The Taxidermied Flea.

ROSCOE

Not even close to my name.

REALTY TWIN ONE

Back to the matter at hand. What do you say, barkeep? Would you be okay with us renovating your place for an afternoon?

REALTY TWIN TWO

You'll get a new saloon and free publicity once we release the phonograph!

BARKEEP

I'm in! Where do I sign?

REALTY TWIN TWO

Right here, at the bottom of this long scroll!

REALTY TWIN ONE

It's legally binding, and all signatures are permanent!

BARKEEP

Sounds fine to me!

**FX 3:** *Scribble sounds*

REALTY TWIN ONE

You're a smart man, barkeep! Now, let's take a little walk outside, shall we everyone?

REALTY TWIN TWO

We need this entire place empty so we can start the -

REALTY TWINS

(Both)

EXTREME SALOON MAKEOVER!

## **SCENE #2**

**NARRATOR**

As the group exited the front of the bar, they beheld a strange sight in the street: A double-decker horse drawn carriage was parked in front of the saloon, with a giant portrait of the Realty twins stamped onto either side.

CHECKERS

It's the construction cart!

REALTY TWIN TWO

That's right! Nice eye Checkers.

REALTY TWIN ONE

You sure know your stuff.

CHECKERS

It looks just like you described it! I love at the end of every record when everyone shouts "Move! that! cart!" and the saloon owners start crying because they're overwhelmed with joy!

REALTY TWIN ONE

That's our favorite part too!

REALTY TWIN TWO

We need to run you folks down on the shooting schedule for today.

ROSCOE

Shooting? Is there a gunfight going on?

REALTY TWIN TWO

No, silly boy. It's just showbiz terms - you'll understand when you're older.

REALTY TWIN ONE

We need to tell you guys what to do to get ready for the recording.

BARKEEP

Just let me know what I can do to help!

CHECKERS

Same here, I'm thrilled to be a part of all of this!

ROSCOE

Have you lost your mind? We came to this saloon to get refreshments! Why are we going to wait around in the street for some twins to fix up a bar that we just found a few minutes ago? Let's head to some other place.

CHECKERS

Are you kidding? And let an opportunity like this go to waste? Not in a million years.

REALTY TWIN ONE

Here's the basic schedule: You guys wait on the other side of the construction cart for the next three hours. We'll get to work sprucing the place up a bit, and once we're done - we'll unveil your new and improved business!

REALTY TWIN TWO

In the meantime, can you three record some interviews with this doohickey here? It'll help fatten up the episode of our show! Just talk about how thankful you are that we're helping, Barkeep. And you two, maybe mention how bad the vibe was in the place before? Customer testimonials are great for our ratings.

CHECKERS

Of course! Antyhing you need, I'm your horse.

ROSCOE

I'm going to call in a rain check, I'll walk around this town and see if I can't find a drink somewhere.

CHECKERS

Roscoe? You aren't staying for the interviews?

ROSCOE

Nope, have fun though.

### **SCENE #3**

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe wandered down the streets of Cactus springs in search of a drink, while Checkers and the Barkeep talked into the recorder and the saloon construction began. Roscoe got lost in the winding streets of the city for two and a half hours before he finally got directions from the town fool.

TOWN FOOL

What's wrong, small man?

ROSCOE

I'm lost. I was trying to find a place to drink but I've just been roaming in circles for a while. Any help?

TOWN FOOL

Hmmmm. Interesting perspiration. I'm happy to help a little lost lad. If it's a drink you're in need of, than a drink you will get!

ROSCOE

Where should I go? And why do they call you the town fool?

TOWN FOOL

Go to the church! They'll have all the holy water you can drink! And, what? I.... I didn't know they called me the town fool. \*weep\*

ROSCOE

Well, I better go.

#### **SCENE #4**

**NARRATOR**

As Roscoe left the softly weeping man, he noticed the sign for Mother Mary's First Presbertainian and Second Babtist Church. He had just stepped in through the front doors as one lone nun walked his way.

NUN

Hello young man, what brings you to our church on this fine day?

ROSCOE

Howdy ma'am, I'm not trying to intrude, but I'm very thirsty. Could I have any of your holy water in a cup to go? Or is that blasphemy?

NUN

It's definitely blasphemy, but I'll let it slide; We have a three strike rule here in the lord's house. I can't let you drink any holy water. But I can give you the sacrement to cleanse your soul and quench your thirst.

ROSCOE

The what now?

NUN

The body and blood of cowboy jesus, dear boy. It's just bread and wine.

ROSCOE

Oh! Then why didn't you just say that? I'll take two! You know, you serve more alcohol than the only saloon in this town.

NUN

Here you are. Make sure to pray first.

ROSCOE

Dear cowboy jesus, sorry you got murdered by pontious pilate and that stampede of buffalo. You died too young. The end.

**FX 4:** Gulp - aaahhhhh.

NUN

Close enough. Say, is something bothering you? I know you came in here for a drink, but you look like you have something on your mind. I can lend an ear if that's what you need.

ROSCOE

It's no big problem miss nun, I just - I don't know. My buddy is all starstruck about these two phonies and it makes me kind of mad.

NUN

Interesting. Tell me more about these "phonies".

ROSCOE

Well, they're identical - well dressed - and they build houses or saloons or whatever.

NUN

I see. You know son, Cowboy Jesus was a carpenter before he began wandering the western frontier. There's value in that craft.

ROSCOE

I'm not jealous of them for being carpenters, I'm jealous because they got my buddy tied around their little fingers! It's aggravating!

NUN

Do you wish you friend would pay more attention to you?

ROSCOE

No, that's not it. The guys just seem stuck up, I guess. Like they're better than everybody, better than me. And my friend doesn't seem to see that.

NUN

It sounds like you're feeling a little threatened. Maybe you should tell your friend how you feel? I'm sure these "phonies" as you called them don't mean you any harm.

Don't bottle up your feelings - let them free. That's what cowboy jesus would do.

ROSCOE

You might be on to something. Those two were a little pretentious, sure. But they didn't mean any harm. I didn't even really give them a chance to get to know me. I should apologize to Checkers for storming out, and help them with their phonograph thing.

NUN

Checkers is a strange sounding name.

ROSCOE

I guess it is. My buddy's Checkers Justice. The Horse Bounty Hunter.

NUN

Oh, I've made a mistake! You see, horses don't go to heaven. They go straight to cowboy hell, I'm afraid. You must be mindful of your friends, young man. You should get some christian, human, pals instead.

ROSCOE

Aw that sucks. I thought you were just gonna give me an inspiring heart to heart, but you had to ruin it at the last minute with all the hell talk. I'm out of here.

NUN

Don't say I didn't warn you!

**NARRATOR**

Having sated his thirst, Roscoe left Mother Mary's First Prespertarian and Second Babtist church with a strange mix of emotions. He walked back through the maze-like streets of Cactus Springs, passing the still-weeping town fool, until he finally made it back to the location of the Mangy Mule, which was hidden from sight by the giant double-decker construction carriage. Checkers and the Barkeep were still rambling into the phonograph recorder as Roscoe came back into view.

CHECKERS

Hey lil buddy! Long time no see.

ROSCOE

No fooling, it's been almost three hours. I got lost. Met a nun, that kind of stuff.

CHECKERS

Well, we're just itchin' to see what the realty twins have done with the place. We've been talking into this box this whole time!

BARKEEP

I retold my story about that dastardly peanut salesman, and I opened up about my childhood, I was raised by coyotes, my life was a constant uphill ba-

ROSCOE

(Interrupting)

Very interesting. Checkers. I got something I need to say.

CHECKERS

What's the matter?

ROSCOE

I was acting mighty rude earlier. You didn't deserve that. I was just feeling strange about those twins so I lashed out a little. I'm sorry.

CHECKERS

All's forgivin' Roscoe! I didn't take it personally one bit!

ROSCOE

Well, thank you. You're a good friend.

BARKEEP

Look! The cart is rumbling! I think it's about time to see the place!

CHECKERS

This is my favorite part!! Here we go:

CHECKERS & BARKEEP (CONT'D)

(Together)

MOVE! THAT! CART!

**NARRATOR**

As the team chanted along, the horses at the front of the carriage began slowly stepping forwards, dramatically revealing the sight of the new Mangy Mule. The first thing they see is the Realty Twins with black eyes, laying uncouncious on the ground and the second thing they see is an even bigger shocker-

EVERYONE

(Together)

The saloon is GONE!!!

**FX 5:** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR**

Uh oh cowpokes! What's happened to the Mangy Mule? And who's to blame? And do horses really go to cowboy hell? There's only one way to find out the answers to two of these questions - listen to this short commercial break!

**FX 6:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #1**

**COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES**

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action!

**FX 6:** *Organ sting 2*

**SCENE #5**

**NARRATOR**

When we left off, Roscoe had just made amends with Checkers. After three hours of renovation, the double-decker construction carriage had finally moved out of the way, bombarding the entire group with a horrible sight! The Realty twins, those two handsome men who started this Extreme Saloon Makeover, were unconscious on the ground, with black eyes and busted lips. They've gotten the snot beaten out of them, and whoever the culprit is, they've also stolen the saloon! Roscoe, Checkers and the Barkeep run up to investigate.

**CHECKERS**

They're out cold! Who could have done this?

**BARKEEP**

My saloon! It's all I had in this world! WHY GOD WHY!?

**ROSCOE**

Look! On the ground! It's a trail of peanuts! Headed east!

**BARKEEP**

I bet some peanuts fell through the rotten floorboards as they pulled it away! But, the only thing east that a way is Rattlesnake Ravine! Who would want to go there?

**CHECKERS**

It's the only clue we have right now, we better hurry after that trail of nuts before the saloon stealers get too far away!

**ROSCOE**

C'mon Barkeep, hop on top of Checkers with me! Let's ride!

**FX 7:** *Horse galloping*

**SCENE #6 2PGS****NARRATOR**

They rode and rode as fast as the wind following the nuttrail until they finally came to the end of the line:

**CHECKERS**

Rattlesnake Ravine!

**BARKEEP**

That's right, boys. Those thieves must be here somewhere, but be careful. This place is infested with snakes.

**NARRATOR**

The Barkeep was absolutely right. The ravine in front of them was filled to the brim. But not with water. The writhing river was made of venomous rattlesnakes.

**ROSCOE**

This is freaky!

**CHECKERS**

You said it. But I can't see the saloon anywhere - maybe it's in that huge cavern at the end of the ravine?

**BARKEEP**

But how could we check it? If we get too close to the snakes they'll bite us for sure!

**ROSCOE**

But we can't give up now!

**CHECKERS**

Of course not! The realty twins worked too hard, and got their butts kicked too badly for us to let those criminals get away with it! We're gonna catch them no matter the cost.

**ROSCOE**

But how?

**BARKEEP**

What about snake charmers? Don't they play some notes on a flute and make snakes dance around? Could we try something like that?

**CHECKERS**

We'd need a really loud flute and a mighty good player to pull that trick off. And it doesn't look like we have either.

**ROSCOE**

I can whistle like a bird, but I don't think that could help us here. What if we built a raft that was tough enough to withstand all their bites?

CHECKERS

Wait! I got it! I know exactly what we can do.

ROSCOE

Fire away, buddy.

BARKEEP

I'm all ears.

CHECKERS

I can kick you two over the ravine to the cavern, and then I'll buck myself over as well.

ROSCOE

Great idea Checkers! Let's get to work.

BARKEEP

Is it going to hurt? What if I break a bone?

CHECKERS

I did something similar to this, back in Arizona. Just put your hands around the back of your neck and try to land on all fours like a cat. Ready?

BARKEEP

No.

CHECKERS

Okay. Hyuah!

***FX 8:*** *Horse kick, flying away sound*

**NARRATOR**

Checkers immediately kicked the Barkeep towards the mouth of the cave. He flew through the air before somehow perfectly landing on all fours, safe and sound on the other side of the snake infested stream.

ROSCOE

Good aim!

CHECKERS

Thanks partner, now it's your turn.

ROSCOE

Okay! I'm gonna try to do a flip when I'm airborne!

CHECKERS

As long as you don't hurt yourself trying it.

ROSCOE

Whenever you're ready.

CHECKERS

Hyuah!

***FX 8:*** *Horse kick, flying away sound*

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe rocketed through the sky, and while he was over the middle of rattlesnake ravine - he tucked himself into the fetal position and rapidly spun forward, successfully completing eighteen frontflips before he smashed through the rock wall just above the cavern entrance, leaving a Roscoe shaped hole in the limestone.

CHECKERS

WOAH!

ROSCOE

(Muffled)

It's okay! I'm young, so my bones are flexible! I'm inside the cave now, but it's pitch black in here!

**NARRATOR**

Checkers bucked back and launched himself over to the entrance in one gracefull motion. Then he and the Barkeep walked into the cave to join back up with Roscoe. It was surprisingly deep and surprisingly tall on the inside, after they rounded the first cavern corner, the light from the entrance had completely vanished - leaving everyone in total darkness.

BARKEEP

You weren't kidding, kid - I can't see anything!

CHECKERS

Me neither. Hey buddy - I think we might have some matches in the saddle bag - could you pull them out and help us get our bearings in here?

ROSCOE

Sure thing, let's just see what's what around this place.

***FX 9:*** *Strike of a match*

**NARRATOR**

With one strike of the match, the gang saw a horrifying sight in front of them. Sleeping at the end of the cave was a Rattlesnake that was two stories tall. It was coiled up and snoring menacingly.

BARKEEP

(Whispered but shocked)

Cowboy jesus christ!

CHECKERS

(Whispered)

Uh, what should we do?

ROSCOE

(Whispered)

Not sure. All I know is, we shouldn't wake that thing up.

CHECKERS

(Whispered)

Do you think that monster ate the saloon?

BARKEEP

(Whispered)

Guys. I don't want to be a pain in the butt, but I just remembered something.

ROSCOE

(Whispered)

What is it?

BARKEEP

(Whispered)

I'm allergic to giant rattlesnakes!

(Loudly)

ACHOOOOOOOOOO!

**NARRATOR**

That sneeze sealed their fate, as the Supersized serpent's eyelids snapped open. It whipped outwards with it's rattle and hissed at the three soon to be snake snacks.

**FX 10:** *Hiss, rattle, whoosh*

CHECKERS

Watch out! Hyuah!

**NARRATOR**

As the two-ton rattle swung towards the crew, Checkers leaped in front of it and kicked with all his might. The tail slammed back into the face of the beast, making it even angrier.

BARKEEP

We're gonna die!

ROSCOE

Not if we have anything to say about it! Nice kick Checkers.

CHECKERS

Thanks kid, we need to get out of here as soon as possible.

BARKEEP

Look! It's moving in front of the entrance!



ROSCOE

Guys, hurry! I think I'm touching the snake! It might get me any moment!

**NARRATOR**

The barkeep fumbled around Checker's saddle bags, until he finally grasped the matchbook. He pulled one out and struck it across his incredibly long mutton chops. As the room gained visibility again - Checkers, the Barkeep, and Roscoe saw a truly surprising spectacle. Roscoe was sitting on top of the giant rattlesnakes head as it was writhing around the room.

EVERYONE

(Together)

AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

ROSCOE

Help! I don't know how I got up here! This thing is bucking like a bronco!

CHECKERS

How are we supposed to get close to it?

BARKEEP

Just don't fall off, whatever you do!

**NARRATOR**

The snake shook and shook, trying to fling Roscoe off it's head with all it's might. It jumped up and down, it did the worm, it shook and shuddered and shimmied in every conceivable way while our hero held on tight to it's scaly scalp.

ROSCOE

Say, this thing seems like it's tiring itself out! I wonder if I could use my lasso to help reign em' in!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe whipped out his rope and threw it around the mouth of the beast, yanking it tight against it's snapping venomous jaws. Once he had it looped around, he tied a knot and secured it as hard as he could.

CHECKERS

You're doing it, Roscoe! You're riding a snake like a wild mustang!

ROSCOE

Haha! Watch this boys!

**NARRATOR**

With a pull to the left on the rattlesnakes reigns, the serpent hissed and struggled before finally giving up and slithering in the direction Roscoe had picked.

**BARKEEP**

This is great! I can't believe it! AAAACCCHHHOOOOO!

**CHECKERS**

Let's get out of this place before any more giant killer rattlers come out, this isn't the kind of trick we could pull twice!

**ROSCOE**

Okay! But I don't think I'm getting off of this thing anytime soon, this is too much fun!

**BARKEEP**

Now that the snake is all tuckered out, we aren't in danger of dying. But that still doesn't explain where my saloon went!

**CHECKERS**

What's that over in the corner? Is that a bag?

**BARKEEP**

Huh? Yeah! It is a bag - looks like one of the bags my peanuts come in? And what's next to it? Looks like a tub of something.

**CHECKERS**

Strange, it looks like - hair gel?

**BARKEEP**

But snakes don't have hair!

**ROSCOE**

Wait a second.

**BARKEEP**

Who even uses hair gel in the wild west?

**CHECKERS**

There's only two people I can think of.

**ROSCOE**

The realty twins!

**BARKEEP**

So the robber stole my saloon, and their hair gel?

ROSCOE

I don't know Barkeep - but I aim to find out. Everyone, climb on this giant rattlesnake. We gotta go back to Cactus Springs as quick as we can!

**SCENE #7**

**NARRATOR**

The Barkeep and Checkers climbed aboard the incredibly large reptile, who had chilled out and was currently handling the whole "God-King of rattlesnakes domesticated by an eleven year old" thing pretty well. They road on his back out of the cavern, over the ravine, and all the way back to Cactus Springs. They saw the Realty twins quickly packing up their double decker carriage, and once the two spotted the giant snake, with a horse, a saloon owner, and a tween riding on it's head - their jaws hit the floor.

ROSCOE

Howdy Twins! Glad to see you're conscious again!

REALTY TWIN ONE

(Nervously)

Uh, yeah! Thank you!

REALTY TWIN TWO

(Nervously)

We really got our butts whooped! Where did the saloon go? And what's with that huge monster you're riding?

BARKEEP

Those are great questions! We've been looking all over for the Mangy Mule. And Roscoe tamed this sucker over in Rattlesnake Ravine! I'm still allergic to it though! AAACCHHHOOOOOO!

CHECKERS

What's the last thing you remember before you got knocked out?

REALTY TWIN TWO

Ummm, well. We had just fixed the bar, it was beautiful!

REALTY TWIN ONE

Yeah! It looked better than brand new!

REALTY TWIN TWO

When suddenly, a travelling band of theives stole the whole place! They beat the tar out of us, and we just woke up a minute ago!

ROSCOE

Why're you two packing up so fast?

REALTY TWIN TWO

Well, we don't want to get robbed ourselves, do we?

CHECKERS

Of course not! But I have bad news for you, I think you might have lost something. Does this Hair gel look familiar?

REALTY TWIN ONE

Oh shoot.

REALTY TWIN TWO

That's uh - not ours! Never seen it before!

ROSCOE

Cut the crap boys, nobody practices healthy hair hygiene this side of the colorado river aside from you two!

BARKEEP

Why was this tub of yours in the cave of this monster?

REALTY TWIN ONE

Okay! You caught us! That is our hair gel!

REALTY TWIN TWO

We thought you would die at that ravine, or in that cave!

REALTY TWIN ONE

It was the last part of our master plan!

CHECKERS

What? It was a trap? How could you? I was a huge fan of yall!

REALTY TWIN TWO

Sorry Checkers, it's just business.

REALTY TWIN ONE

Our records having been selling less than we'd hoped for these past few months.

REALTY TWIN TWO

And we recently got fooled into buying tons of worthless peanuts from some travelling salesman, so we were desperate for cash!

REALTY TWIN ONE

We were going to use our show to dupe some saloon owner into letting us demolish his business, then sell the deed to the land to some interested buyers - and use the money to pay off our debts!

BARKEEP

How dare you! I got tricked into buying a bunch of peanuts too, but you don't see me destroying other people's businesses for no reason!

ROSCOE

I knew you two were a couple of yellow belly, no good, nerve hurters!

REALTY TWIN ONE

That trail of peanuts was supposed to get you three out of our way! I should have never tried to style my hair in that cave, it was so dark I must have forgotten to grab the gel!

REALTY TWIN TWO

It's no use though! We already have your signature, Barkeep! Remember that scroll you signed?

REALTY TWIN ONE

It was a legal document, stating that we're the new owners of the land!

REALTY TWIN TWO

All we have to do is bring this down to the courthouse to get it notarized, and there's nothing you can do to stop us!

CHECKERS

You'll never get away with this!

ROSCOE

You shouldn't have told us your evil scheme!

BARKEEP

I'm gonna beat the tar out of you sissy boys!

REALTY TWIN TWO

I'm afraid you won't get the chance.

REALTY TWIN ONE

Come now brother, let's hop aboard the construction cart and head to the courthouse!

REALTY TWIN TWO

Great idea, brother! Onwards!

**NARRATOR**

The twins hopped into the double-decker carriage and whipped the horses into action, speeding down the winding streets of Cactus Springs - faster than a speeding bullet!

ROSCOE

Blast it! They're making a run for it! Snake king, hyuah!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe snapped the reins and the towering rattlesnake lunged forwards after the carriage. They raced and raced, trailing the twins through the convoluted city streets before they saw the courthouse in the distance.

They passed the Town Fool, who was still crying. As soon as they got within 20 feet of the speeding carriage, Roscoe handed the reins to Checkers.

ROSCOE

Take these, I'm gonna try to lasso the cart!

CHECKERS

Roscoe, how many times do I have to tell you - I don't have hands!

ROSCOE

Darn, okay - Barkeep! Take these, you steer by tugging in either direction. Keep this baby steady as I whip my rope at them.

BARKEEP

Can do, buckaroo!

**NARRATOR**

As the Barkeep began piloting the two story tall slithering steed, Roscoe readied his extra lasso and tossed a line for the Extreme Saloon Makeover Carriage.

He hooked it on the back left wheel and threw the other end of the rope at the steeple of Mother Mary's First Presbertainian and Second Babtist Church.

The rope immidiately tightened up, and brought the cart to a dead stop. The statrtled horses busted free of their bridles and ran off into the distance.

The Realty Twins were flung onto the street with a smash. They go onto their feet, and as they tried to flee, the Rattlesnake smacked both brothers down and pinned them to the ground with the end of it's huge tail. ~~It was kind of sexy.~~

REALTY TWIN ONE

NOOOO!

REALTY TWIN TWO

Curse you Cowboy Jesus!

ROSCOE

You really thought you could pull a nasty trick like that, and avoid any consequenses? You're despicable!

REALTY TWIN TWO

We're celebrities! Cut us some slack, would you?

REALTY TWIN ONE

We didn't think you guys were going to survive the snake ravine, we had no way of knowing you'd get your feelings hurt!

BARKEEP

The Mangy Mule was all I had, you weasles! Now I'm completely broke and my business is wiped off the face of the earth! How am I going to stay alive? I could kill you!

CHECKERS

Hey barkeep, why don't you take they're double decker carriage?

ROSCOE

Yeah! Like an eye for an eye, kind of thing! These two won't be needing it, while they're rotting in a jail cell.

REALTY TWIN ONE

No! You can't have the construction cart!

REALTY TWIN TWO

It has our faces painted on it!

REALTY TWIN ONE

It's iconic!

BARKEEP

I like you're train of thought, fellers! I think I could set up a travelling saloon, and start selling drinks again! That is, once I sell the plot of land I used to have a bar on top of. By the way, gimme that scroll you little jerks!

REALTY TWIN ONE

We won't stand for this!

REALTY TWIN TWO

You can't do this to us!

ROSCOE

Sure we can, we have a giant monster snake on our side! I'm hauling you two to the town's sheriff right now!

CHECKERS

I can't believe you'd try a stunt like that. I'm ashamed to have been a fan of yours.

BARKEEP

Say, Roscoe - is there any chance I could take that rattlesnake off your hands for you? Steering it wasn't as hard as I thought it'd be. I could get it to pull the double decker saloon from town to town, and it'd be sure to get me some free publicity! ACHOOOO!!

ROSCOE

Of course! But you might need to take some allergy medicine for the sneezing.

BARKEEP

Everything comes at a cost, huh boys?

ROSCOE

You said it. Checkers, you wanna help me put these two behind bars?

CHECKERS

I'd love to.

**NARRATOR**

As our story comes to a close, Roscoe and Checkers drag the Realty Twins off to jail while the Barkeep starts hooking up the reigns of the huge snake to the front of the double-decker saloontruck. The day, it seems, is saved! But this broadcast isn't over yet! Hear the next episode of the night after this short commercial break!

**FX 12:** *End music starts*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #2**

*COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES*

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**EPISODE SIX**

A SINISTER SCHEME IN THE SPAGHETTI WEST!

**INTRO:****FX 1:** *Music swells***NARRATOR**

Every hour of this program is a double feature! Now, we once again join everyone's favorite rattlesnake riding ruffian and his criminal kicking horse pal in the further exploits of Roscoe Taylor: The Talahassee Tween!

**FX 1:** *Music continues*

Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX 1:** *Song fades away*

Our second episode of the evening: A Sinister Scheme in the Spaghetti West!

**SCENE #1****FX 13:** *Horse trotting***NARRATOR**

Roscoe and Checkers are wandering once again. That seems to be their M. O. nowadays. The two adventurers wanted to find treasure and fight crime in the west, but most of their time seemed to actually be spent wandering around aimlessly and feeling hungry. They were recently struck with a hankering for some quality italian food, which wasn't easy to come across back in the old west. Anybody with a lick of sense knew there was only one place a fella could get Italian cuisine this side of the atlantic ocean. And that place was exactly where they headed.

**FX 14:** *Squish squish foot noises***CHECKERS**

Roscoe - we made it!

**ROSCOE**

You're right Checkers - we did! We're finally in:

**BOTH**

(at the same time)

The Spaghetti west!

**ROSCOE**

All the pasta we could eat, right under our feet! Look at that waterfall over there!

CHECKERS

Why roscoe, that's not water - that's marinara sauce!

ROSCOE

Wow! Look at those tumbleweed!

CHECKERS

That's not any ordinary tumbleweed - that's angel hair pasta!

ROSCOE

Look at those trees!

CHECKERS

Okay, those are normal trees - but that doesn't take away from the fact that everything else is made of italian food!

ROSCOE

This land is so strange. Why is this part of the west covered in spaghetti and olive oil?

CHECKERS

I don't exactly know, Roscoe. Maybe we should ask the locals? See that building way off in the distance?

ROSCOE

Oh, that place that looks like an italian bistro? The one with the giant statue of a chef kissing his fingers out in front of it?

CHECKERS

That's the one. Why don't head that way to see what's what?

ROSCOE

Sure - I'm starving! Let's get a move on.

**FX 13:** *Horse trotting*

## **SCENE #2**

**NARRATOR**

Our heroes walk up to the lone bistro, which was the only building for miles and miles in any direction. Once they entered the lobby, they were greeted by a young man wearing a pizza sauce soaked apron and a blank expression.

LEON

Hello, and welcome to Tony Cannoli's house of Ravioli. The only italian bistro in the wild wild west. I'm Leon, and I'll be serving you this evening.

ROSCOE

Howdy Leon! I'm Roscoe and this is Checkers! We want some grub.

LEON

Well then sirs, you came to the right place. Follow me to your seats please - would you like a table or a booth?

CHECKERS

Do you have any troughs? Just kidding. Horse joke.

LEON

(Deadpan)

Very funny sir. Very funny.

CHECKERS

I think a table would be best.

LEON

Very good. Follow me.

**NARRATOR**

Leon led the two deeper into the restaurant, past a few booths and an eight person accordion band. Roscoe was glad they hadn't started playing yet. Leon walked up to an empty table alongside a corkboard covered wall. He gestured to the chairs.

LEON

These are your seats sirs.

CHECKERS

I won't need one, unless you have extra sturdy seats - I don't think they'll support my weight.

ROSCOE

Oh come on, Checkers - you look great!

CHECKERS

Thanks lil buddy, I was just making another horse joke - it's a habit of mine. I love fooling around with waiters.

LEON

Would you like anything to drink? Water perhaps?

CHECKERS

Well you can lead a horse to water but you ca-

LEON

(Interrupting)

Thank you sirs. No water it is, then. Can I get any appetizers to start you off with?

ROSCOE

Do you guys have any bread that you can dip in oil? I love that stuff.

CHECKERS

Just a few apples would be fine for me.

LEON

All right, I'll be back in just a few minutes gentlemen.

ROSCOE

Oh, actually Leon - we had a few questions about this place.

LEON

*\*Sigh\** Happy to help, sirs. Ask away.

ROSCOE

I mean for starters, why is there so much Spaghetti everywhere?

CHECKERS

And the Marinara waterfalls?

LEON

As you both probably know, pasta isn't a renewable resource. It's drilled up from the earth's magma core.

ROSCOE

Wow. Did not know that.

CHECKERS

You know, I feel like we have a habit of meeting people who tell us ridiculous statements, and we just roll with the punches - but I'm gonna have to fact check you on this one, Cheif. Why would pasta be in the center of the planet?

LEON

The core of the earth has to stay constantly hot, and part of that ecological cycle means it needs to burn millions of naturally occuring calories every minute. Italian cuisine consists of incredibly high calorie meals, which means it is perfectly suited to play a role in keeping our globe in equilibrium.

ROSCOE

I don't know about you Checkers, but he's got me convinced.

LEON

Thirty years ago - our founder Tony Cannoli was digging a water well in his backyard when suddenly BOOM! A huge stream of marinara erupted from the ground, and noodles soon followed. Tony quickly became incredibly wealthy and established the world's first - and only - Pasta Power Plant.

ROSCOE

Wow.

LEON

Wow is right, he was going to revolutionize America's energy - he was going to take down big petroleum. Replace coal with pizza pie, switch from oil to olive oil. You get the idea.

CHECKERS

Barely.

LEON

All was well and good, Tony Cannoli became a titan of industry overnight. Unfortunately, the reactor had a catastrophic meltdown- and the plant exploded. Covering everything in a seventy mile radius in radioactive pasta. Scientists said this area would be unlivable for the next decade.

CHECKERS

Because of the nuclear fallout?

LEON

No, because marinara has replaced all clean drinking water.

CHECKERS

Oh.

LEON

Eventually, nature adapted to the italian flavor. And things became livable once again. In fact, some species of plants and animals have naturally grown perfectly suited for this ecosystem. The meltdown destroyed the power plant, of course. And Tony Cannoli died instantly. We built this resturaunt ontop of the plant's rubble to stand as a testament to Tony's brave work. He was a hard worker, idealistic, and he was raised to live off the land, to use all parts of the pasta covered buffalo.

ROSCOE

There were buffalo?

LEON

Only for a short while, they were hunted to extinction. They're on the menu right there next to the chicken parm. But I was being proverbial. The statue in the front of the building is Tony's final gift to the world. And our final way of honoring his well seasoned legacy.

ROSCOE

(Whispering)

Checkers, would it be morally wrong to order the buffalo? I'm curious.

CHECKERS

(Whispering)

It would be morally grey at the very least, you're better off just ordering some fettucinni alfredo or something.

LEON

The truth of the plant's explosion is wrapped in mystery, to this day. Some say it was an undercover double agent for a big oil company who sabotaged the plant. Some say Tony focused too much on his cooking and not enough to the reactor's cooling cores. But nobody knows the real story for sure. Some things are simply lost to time.

CHECKERS

You've sure given us alot to think about.

LEON

I'll get those appetizers for you, sirs.

ROSCOE

Hey, uh Checkers?

CHECKERS

Yeah kid?

ROSCOE

Do you see that corkboard over there?

CHECKERS

Sure, it has pictures of the roman collessum, and the pope, and stuff like that posted on it.

ROSCOE

Does anything seem weird about it to you?

CHECKERS

Not really, why?

ROSCOE

Well, that picture of the pope is the only poster that's crooked.

CHECKERS

Maybe it's some commentary about how the catholic church is corrupt beyond redemption.

ROSCOE

I doubt it.

CHECKERS

You're right. Well, so what if it's crooked?

ROSCOE

It just sorta bothers me, I'm gonna straighten it.

**NARRATOR**

As soon as Roscoe adjusted the pope portrait, the corkboard made a click sound and quickly started moving. A portion of the wall, the ground, the table and the chairs at Roscoe and Checker's seating area were spun clockwise across the floor one hundred and eighty degrees. Revealing a secret entrance to an industrial looking lair.

**FX 15:** *Trap door sliding sound*

**ROSCOE**

The wall switched us around! That was crazy!

**CHECKERS**

You said it, I've heard of that sort of thing happening with a bookshelf, but never a corkboard! Where are we now?

**ROSCOE**

This place looks really old, there's cobwebs everywhere.

**CHECKERS**

All these metal panels and buttons don't look like they've been touched in ages.

**ROSCOE**

Didn't the waiter say they built this restaurant on top of the old pasta power plant? This must be the remaining parts of the building!

**CHECKERS**

Remaining is right, this place is in shambles - let's walk down that staircase and get a look around. But we need to come back up to our seats within a few minutes. I don't want the employees of the restaurant to get too suspicious of us.

**ROSCOE**

Deal, let's have a little look see down here!

**SCENE #3 4PGS****NARRATOR**

The two headed down the staircase further into the depths of the deserted pasta power plant. The largest room at the bottom of the stairs had a desk with a few buttons, a few nobs and one very strange item.

**ROSCOE**

Is that a ouija board??

**CHECKERS**

Oh no. My mom told me never to use these things.

ROSCOE

But ghosts aren't real!

CHECKERS

How do you know that?

ROSCOE

Think about it! If a ghost appeared for every person that died, every square inch of the world would be covered with ghosts! We'd have cavemen ghosts, knights in shining armor ghosts, ghosts up the wazzoo! But when people tell stories about the supernatural, they only see like one scary ghost, maybe two! There's no way they're real.

CHECKERS

I disagree *heavily*.

ROSCOE

Can we just try the ouija board? Please? Please?  
Pleasepleasepleasepleaseplease? Please?

CHECKERS

What if we summon something?! Some otherworldly monster we can't control?

ROSCOE

If that happens, I'll kick it's butt back to the nether realm or whatever. You have my word. When else are we gonna have a chance to play with a demon board game?

CHECKERS

\*Sigh\* I think this whole place is creepy, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

What's the matter, chicken?

CHECKERS

No! I'm not. Chickens are the least majestic of the barnyard animals. I have class.

ROSCOE

Then prove it! Grab this little ouija triangle and slide it on the board with me!

CHECKERS

UUUhhhhhh. Okay. Once. I will do it one time and then we move on, okay?

ROSCOE

Okay, put you hooves on top of it - like this!

**NARRATOR**

The two placed hands and hooves on top of the triangle, and a strange force pulled on the object.

ROSCOE

Whoa, do you feel that?

CHECKERS

What? You're the one pushing it!

ROSCOE

It isn't me, honest!

**NARRATOR**

The traingle dragged itself slowly to the letter M. Then A. Then back to M. Then back to A.

ROSCOE

Is this thing busted?

**NARRATOR**

Then it moved back to M. But this time it slid over to I. And finally, it locked into it's final position on A.

CHECKERS

What does that mean? "Mama Mia?"

**NARRATOR**

With a shudder and a sudden cold blast of wind, blue light emanated from the ouija board and a ghastly specter appeared before their very eyes!

ROSCOE

Oh my god! It's a ghost!!

CHECKERS

My mom was right! I was right! I hate you Roscoe! Now I'm gonna get killed by a ghost! I somehow knew it would end this way!

ROSCOE

It looks like. Like. A stereotypical italian chef?

CHECKERS

Like the guy from the statue outside?

TONY CANNOLI

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM aaaaaa MMMMM aaaaa meeeeeee aaaaahhhh! Ho ho! Is a me! Tony Cannoli!

ROSCOE & CHECKERS

(Together)

AAAAHHHHHHHHH!

TONY CANNOLI

No need - a - to scream - a - little cowboy tween and - a - big cowboy horse! I'm a friendly ghost!

CHECKERS

No such thing!

ROSCOE

What do you want with us?

TONY CANNOLI

Nothing! You've- a - brought me to the land of the living, I just want - a - to chat! How do you like the power- a - plant?

CHECKERS

Huh? Uh, it's kind of creepy, there's cobwebs everywhere.

TONY CANNOLI

That's - a - true! What are your names, boys?

ROSCOE

I'm Roscoe, and this is Checkers.

TONY CANNOLI

Nice - a - to meet you Riggatone and Checkers! I used to be a famous italian - a - chef and buisnessman.

CHECKERS

Yeah, we already got the schpiel upstairs. We heard about the reactor meltdown and everything. I don't really want to talk to you anymore, what if you steal my soul or something?

TONY CANNOLI

Oh no silly! I wouldn't- a - do that to you two! I'm happy just to have some- a - company! And besides, horses don't - a - have souls! That's why they go straight - a - to cowboy hell when they die!

ROSCOE

I've heard that before, sorry Checkers. I wish the rules were different.

CHECKERS

Aw, who needs Cowboy jesus anyways? That dope died when he was thirty three - you'd think the cowboy son of cowboy god could at least make it to his fifties before getting run over by a buffalo stampede and later crucified.

TONY CANNOLI

That's - a - blasphemous, horse! But I guess you don't really have - a - the whole "Sins have consequences" weight on your shoulders like - a - we do, so who am I to - a - stop you? We're getting off track though. Why are you two down - a - here in the remains of my pasta power plant?

ROSCOE

We found this secret entrance, and thought we should explore around! What happened here? How did the reactor meltdown?

TONY CANNOLI

Oh, you - a - want to know my tragic backstory? I'll tell you for sure! Right after this - a - commercial break!

**FX 5:** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR**

You heard the man! Roscoe, Checkers and the ghost of Tony Cannoli are about to go into the details of the day that doomed the Spaghetti west! How did it happen? Why did Tony meet the criteria to become a ghost? What are the specific details of Cowboy Jesus, and how does it differ from normal Jesus? If you're lucky, we just might explain some of the answers to these questions after a short commercial break!

**FX 6:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #3**

COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES

**COMMERCIAL BREAK ENDS**

**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to the further adventures of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween and his apparently souless horse partner Checkers Justice!

**FX 6:** *Organ sting 2*

**SCENE #4**

**NARRATOR**

Back in the underground, abandoned pasta power plant - located underneath Tony Cannoli's house of ravioli - Checkers and Roscoe have just tampered with powers beyond their understanding and summoned Tony Cannoli's ghost. He was just about to explain how the reactor melted down and how everything went to hot and ready hell all those years ago.

ROSCOE

So what happened?

CHECKERS

Yeah, how did the Spaghetti west get so... Spaghettified?

TONY CANNOLI

It's - a - simple! You see, back when I was still alive-

**FX 16:** *Transition harp*

TONY CANNOLI (CONT'D)

I went in to work like - a - normal, and it was a completely average, typical day in - a - the pasta power plant. I had some enemies, sure. Some oil tycoons and natural gas magnates hated - a - my guts - but none of them were allowed in the building. Only my - a - trusted employees had access to the interior of the plant, so I figured it would - a - be a day like any other. The research and development team was hard at work on a new scientific - a - breakthrough! It was a prototype solution for - a - totally clean - a - energy. An engine that needed one tank of fuel, and it would run - a - infinitely. The fuel had to be a perfect mixture of garlic bread and prosecco.

ROSCOE

Garlic bread and Prosecco? How on earth would that work?

TONY CANNOLI

No interruptions - a - during the flashback! It worked using Nielson's theory of infinite bread - a - wine balance. The more drunk - a - somebody gets on Prosecco, the more garlic bread they want. The more garlic bread - a - they eat, the more Prosecco they want to wash it down - a - with. It's like a snake eating it's own tail! They - a - designed an engine that could subatomically split - a - the atoms in either the garli-

CHECKERS

Just skip to the important part.

TONY CANNOLI

You - a - two are rude! But I'll do as you ask. Later in the afternoon - an intern of mine asked me about the future of the plant, and told me I was wasting it's potential.

ROSCOE

How were you wasting it?

TONY CANNOLI

He argued that we were wasting - a - time and resources of humanity's - a - problems, when we should help usher in the next - a - step in conciousness or whatever, I don't know. I kind of tuned him out after a certain point to be - a - honest wth you. He was being - a - very hyperbolic. I never liked that - a - intern, he couldn't handle criticism well. One of those - a - guys with a big ego but low self esteem, know what I'm - a - talkin about?

ROSCOE

I know the type.

## CHECKERS

We fought a guy in a cactus costume a while back who falls into that category.

## TONY CANNOLI

I wish this guy had a funny costume! He was - a - really dull, and he had a very dry way of - a - talking. He smelled like - a - moth balls. Gross. Anyways, I fired him on the spot. I was sick of *hearing* this - a - dude, sick of *seeing* this - a - dude, sick of *smelling* this - a - dude. Sick - a - all of it. So I started to walk away. As soon as I turned - a - my back to him, he tossed a huge disc of pizza dough into - a - the air, and spun it up like a frisbee. The thing landed right on - a - my head and quickly wrapped itself around - a - the upper part of my body! I love - a - pizza pie, but not when it's cutting off my oxygen! I struggled to get it off - but while I was flailing around on the - a - floor, grasping at the dough - the intern started tapping away on the control - a - board. Then suddenly I heard a boom and I woke up as a ghost!

## CHECKERS

But why did he blow up the reactor if he wanted to use it so bad?

## ROSCOE

And what was the intern's name? Is he still alive?

## TONY CANNOLI

I don't have any clue why he did - a - what he did. Believe me. I think - a - his name was Larry or something? Lenny? Leopatra?

## ROSCOE

LEON!

## TONY CANNOLI

Huh? Yeah that's it! Leon!

## LEON

So you've figured out the truth.

## CHECKERS

Huh!?

**NARRATOR**

The boys turned around to see their waiter Leon standing in the door frame with two long Spaghetti noodles in either hand. The voice surprised Checkers so much, he bucked a little, shoving the Ouija Board off the desk and onto the ground. Tony Cannoli's ghost vanished into thin air as soon as the Ouija board flipped and fell on the floor.

ROSCOE

What are you doing here?

LEON

I could ask you two the same thing! But I think I already know the answer. Snooping around the factory remains, are we sirs?

ROSCOE

Why'd you do it Leon? Why'd you kill Tony Cannoli?

CHECKERS

Why'd you cause the meltdown? Why did you choose to work as a waiter in an italian resturant dedicated to a man you murdered?

LEON

I wouldn't expect you simpletons to grasp my genius. I was on the breakthrough of a revolution! My magnum opus!

ROSCOE

You were an intern! How magnum could your opus be?

LEON

Wait, how did you know I was an intern? That's classified information.

CHECKERS

Tony Cannoli's ghost told us everything we needed to know, and then some.

LEON

What? Ghosts aren't real?

ROSCOE

Yes they are, my man. I was just as skeptical as you are now, but I got egg on my face.

LEON

No no no. Ghosts can't be real. Think about it! If a ghost appeared for every person that died, every square inch of the world would be covered with ghosts! We'd have cavemen gho-

ROSCOE

Save it, I used the exact same argument before I summoned an italian chef ghost. I was totally in the wrong. I don't know how it works, but it works!

LEON

I'm a man of pasta-themed science! I reject this superstitious nonsense.

CHECKERS

Whatever dude, fine. Be that way.

LEON

As I was saying, My magnum opus. You see, the reactor malfunction caused a seismic shift in this area's flora AND fauna!

It affected the nature of everything here in the Spaghetti west! I have more to say, but first - noodle whip, go!

**NARRATOR**

Leon flung the noodles at Roscoe and Checkers, which instantly hog tied them and constricted the two onto the ground.

CHECKERS

Ugh! Wrong move buddy.

ROSCOE

We're gonna kick your butt!

LEON

I'm afraid it is I who will be doing the butt kicking, sirs. I've waited a long time for this moment.

The survivors of the first explosion got together and built the restaurant on the ground level to "honor" Mr. Cannoli's legacy.

But I used it to my advantage as a cover for my next step in the spaghettiification of the entire world.

ROSCOE

These noodles won't hold me back forever Leon. As soon as I get the chance, I'm taking you down.

LEON

You see, I have one simple goal. And I've been working very hard to reach it, over the years. The mozzarella drill mark 2 is now fully operational. And I intend to use it now.

CHECKERS

To what end? What could you possibly gain from all of this?

LEON

I will not be gaining, mankind will be the recipient of my gift! I've located an enormous stream of pesto pasta deep below the earth's mantle. Once the drill hits the stream, pasta will shower the entire globe.

I will blot out the sun with calories! This will kill most of the human population, but within a few generations, a new breed of man will evolve in this post-apocalyptic land. I am ushering in a new era of life! Of consciousness! The logical next step in the ladder of progress!

CHECKERS

You're a mad man.

LEON

I am *not* mad, man.

CHECKERS

I'm not a man, I'm a horse.

ROSCOE

And I'm not a man either. I'm..... a tween.

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe kicked his foot forward into the Ouija board that was laying on the ground. He snapped it into an upright position and launched it to Checkers, who caught it between his hooves.

LEON

Hey! Put that thing down.

CHECKERS

Fat chance. We're gonna summon your old boss to help us get out of this mess.

My mom was wrong, summoning spirits from beyond the mortal coil isn't *always* a bad idea!

LEON

How many times do I have to tell you? Ghosts aren't real!!

CHECKERS

Oh yeah? Watch this.

**NARRATOR**

Checkers pushed pressure on the triangle in the middle of the Ouija board, and it slowly slid to the letter M. Leon lunged at him and was now positioned between Roscoe and Checkers, who kicked the board and triangle back over Leon's head. It landed right in front of the Tallahassee Tween, who pressed the triangle as it moved to A. As Leon refocused on the board, Roscoe sent it back, flying off the villain's head.

ROSCOE

You should be embarrassed of yourself! You can't even catch a dang Ouija board! What kind of mad spaghetti scientist are you?

LEON

Give it to me!

**NARRATOR**

The pair continued playing monkey in the middle with Leon and the board until every letter was picked out. Suddenly - the room became ice cold as a blue mist formed into the shape of a portley pizza chef with a big brown moustache and a sly smile on his face.

TONY CANNOLI

It's - a - me! Tony Cannoli!

LEON

Oh my god, ghosts are real!?

TONY CANNOLI

You betcha! And I've heard - a - your crazy plan, Leonardo. I'm ashamed of you!

ROSCOE

Kick his teeth in, Tony! We're a little tied up right now.

CHECKERS

Yeah, throw him into the wall or something!

LEON

But... But... I killed you! I buried you! How?

TONY CANNOLI

There is much - a - you fail to understand. Sorry boys, but ghosts can't - a - interact with the living plain in a physical way like that!

LEON

Haha! You loose again, old man! All I have to do is press that big red button and the drill will start the downward descent! And I'm doing it right now!

***FX 17:*** *Button smash - that was easy*

**NARRATOR**

Leon slapped his palm down on the button, and the mechanical groans of the drill started rumbling from below.

CHECKERS

You fool! We're all doomed now!

TONY CANNOLI

(To Roscoe)

Young boy who's - a - name I forgot, start chewing on the noodles as fast as you can!

ROSCOE

It's Roscoe! And okay!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe started chewing and chewing like his life depended on it, finally he broke free.

ROSCOE

Honestly I should have thought of that earlier!

CHECKERS

Me too!

TONY CANNOLI

Quickly Rango, go to the control - a - panel!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe leaped over Leon and landed right in front of the system controls.

TONY CANNOLI

Now type in: Thats - a - spicy meatball, then hit enter!

LEON

Noooooo!!! My magnum opus!

**NARRATOR**

As Roscoe typed, Leon jolted forward to execute a rage filled tackle.

But before the wretched waiter could reach the tween, Checkers jumped in the way, and kicked Leon hard - sending him crashing into the furthest wall.

ROSCOE

I did it! I typed the code, I hit enter!

**NARRATOR**

The drill slowed to a quiet buzz before becoming silent all together.

CHECKERS

Great work, Partner!

ROSCOE

You too, ol' buddy! Good timing.

LEON

You haven't stopped me for long, you ingrates! As long as I live, I will never stop trying to bring about the advancement of our planet's pasta-lution!

TONY CANNOLI

I can help - a - with that one!

**NARRATOR**

Tony flew over to Leon, and stuck one ethereal hand into his chest and yanked out a pale green orb.

LEON

AAAHAAHAAHAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

**NARRATOR**

Leon's body slumped to the ground and the orb expanded. It transformed into a being of pure translucent light who looked exactly like Leon.

**FX 18:** *Ghost soul yank noise?*

LEON

What? What is this? Where am I? What did you do?

TONY CANNOLI

I pulled - a - your soul out of your body. You're a ghost now! And I'm taking you straight - a - to cowboy hell!

LEON

You can't do that! I was going to change the world, change the world!

TONY CANNOLI

(To Leon)

Whatever you say, panini-brain.

(To Roscoe & Checkers)

Goodbye fellas, thank - a - you for all the help!

ROSCOE

Thank you, Tony Cannoli's ghost! We really couldn't have done it without you.

CHECKERS

Seriously! You're a life saver.

TONY CANNOLI

That's After-life saver! Hah, Just - a - joking, that's a little ghost joke I like - a - to make sometimes. Anyways, Mr. Horse, I'll be seeing you - a - in cowboy hell sometime in the future. And Randalf? We - a - just gonna have to wait and see! Cmon Leon's ghost. Let's - a - go!

LEON

NnnoooooOOOOOOOOO!!

**NARRATOR**

Tony Cannoli dragged Leon's soul down to cowboy hell, as Roscoe and Checkers watched with a mix of horror and admiration. Once they were gone, our two heroes looked at eachother, and headed back up the staircase to the restaurant waiting above.

CHECKERS

So there's like no way I can get into cowboy heaven? What if I get babtized?

ROSCOE

Don't sweat it buddy, if you're going to cowboy hell for all of eternity, I want to be there right next to you. You're the best companion a kid could ask for, no matter if we're alive or not.

CHECKERS

Aw lil buddy, that's sorta sweet. That's sorta sweet.

**FX 12:** *End music fades in*

**NARRATOR**

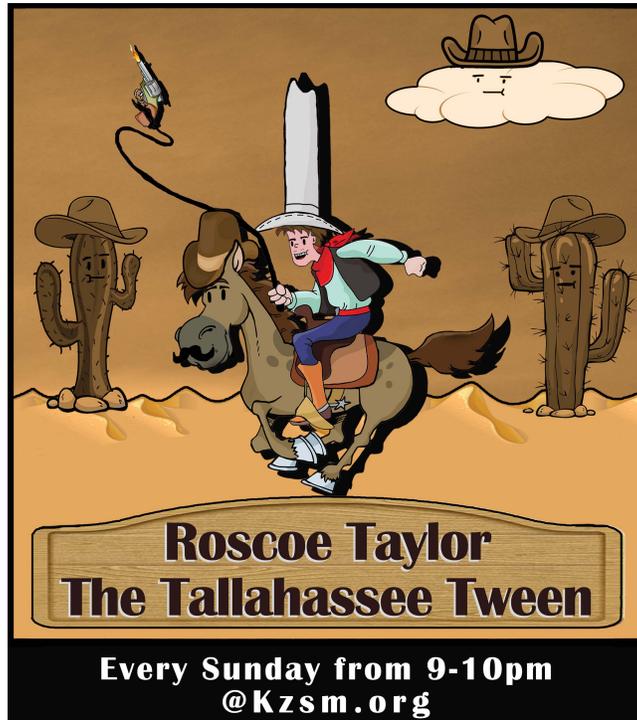
As Roscoe and Checkers walk upstairs to finally chow down on their appetizers, tonight's story comes to an end. Make sure to tune in next week at 9pm to hear the next audio adventures of everyone's favorite spirit summoning shrimp: Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

**FX 12:** *End music gets louder*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Tonight's epsiodes were brought to you by KZSM.org true community radio. **Sam Pierce** played *Roscoe Taylor*. **Mitchell Oden** played *Checkers Justice and Town Fool*. **Josh Davis** played *Barkeep, Realty Twin Two and Leon*. **Jordan Pilkenton** worked as the audio producer for our program. This show is written and directed by me, **Garrett Buss**. I played *the Narrator, Realty Twin One, and The Nun*. The ghost of Tony Cannoli played himself. Coming up after this is a very very special episode of *Swamp Gas Uggos at Ten*, so be sure to stay tuned. From all of us here in the wild wild west, thank you and goodnight.

**THE END.**



## **Roscoe Taylor - Broadcast #4**

Episode 7: A Tango with the  
Terrible tall Tale Gang!

Episode 8: Wrath of the  
Reckless Cattle Wrestlers!

Written by

Garrett Buss

## **EPISODE SEVEN**

A TANGO WITH THE TERRIBLE TALL TALE GANG!

### **INTRO:**

**FX 1:** *Music swells*

#### **NARRATOR**

Only one feller can tame the wild west. Only one feller is young, dumb and full of courage. And only one feller goes by the name of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

**FX 1:** *Music continues*

Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX 1:** *Music fades away*

Tonight's episode:

A TANGO WITH THE TERRIBLE TALL TALE GANG!

### **SCENE #1**

#### **NARRATOR**

Roscoe and his trusty steed Checkers Justice are sitting down next to a babbling brook deep within the forests of Oregon territory. The northern corner of the wild west. For the past three hours, Roscoe tried to learn how to fish with just a lasso and a piece of jerky as bait. But that was a dud - so now he's idly staring at the clouds, trying to see if any of them look like cuss words. Checkers is napping peacefully, snoring in the way that only horses can.

*Mitchell, snore really weird. Like almost a whinny, but still a snore. You have complete liberty on this one.*

ROSCOE

I am so bored.

CHECKERS

\*Snores\*

ROSCOE

Soooooooo bored.

CHECKERS

\*Keeps Snoring\*

ROSCOE

\*Inhales\* BOOOOOOOOREEEEEED

CHECKERS

What? I'm up! I'm up! Oh. Hey Roscoe, when did you get here?

ROSCOE

Sorry to pull you from your slumber, buddy. I was just yelling about being bored.

CHECKERS

No harm no fowl, partner. It's probably best you woke me up anyhow - I'd just gotten to a part in my dream where I found a needle in my haystack sandwich. Bad news!

ROSCOE

Sounds like it, what could we do to pass the time? Everything around this forest looks the same, I need some excitement, some thrills!

CHECKERS

Well, before we met - anytime I got bored, I checked out the local sheriff's office and perused the new bounty posters. We could try that if you'd like.

ROSCOE

Great idea! But where's the nearest town? It's trees for as far as the eye can see.

CHECKERS

Hmmm. Back when I was in horse *cub* scouts, they taught us that you can find civilization by the moss growing on a stump - I think.

ROSCOE

Okay, see any moss around?

CHECKERS

No. But in Horse *boy* scouts, they taught us how to grow moss in a mason jar.

ROSCOE

Do you have a mason jar?

CHECKERS

No. But in Horse *Eagle* scouts, everybody learned how to find civilization without a compass, by listening to the sound of the wind.

ROSCOE

Woah, that's cool! Let's try that!

CHECKERS

I never made it to Horse eagle scout though, it just seemed like too much work.

ROSCOE

Hmmm. Well, if we just start walking in one direction - we've gotta end up somewhere! If we reach the ocean or the canadian border, we'll know we've gone too far.

CHECKERS

Okay, Jr. Let's mosey.

## **SCENE #2**

**NARRATOR**

They walked and walked and walked before they started to notice a severe lack of trees in the otherwise tree-ful forest.

CHECKERS

What happened here? There's so many stumps all around us?

ROSCOE

Yeah! Someone, or something chopped down every tree within a mile radius.

CHECKERS

Hey, do you see that town way over there?

ROSCOE

Yeah! Let's head there and see if they have anything interesting to do.

CHECKERS

Sounds fine by me.

**NARRATOR**

As they got closer, they saw the population sign for Timber Tree Landing. It clearly used to read "Eighty five", but this was scratched out and replaced with "Who knows anymore?"

The town was in shambles, restaurants were littered with "closed indefinitely" signs, there was a huge crater in the center of town where a building should be, and at the sheriff's office, the deputy was openly weeping in the street.

DEPUTY

Boo hoo.... \*weep weep weep\*

ROSCOE

What's wrong, Mister?

CHECKERS

This place looks terrible, are you the law in these parts?

DEPUTY

I don't even know anymore! Everything's gone to cowboy hell!

ROSCOE

Just tell us what we can do to help. I'm Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, this is Checkers Justice- Horse Bounty Hunter.

DEPUTY

Well Reggie, I'm sorry to say - but I'm the town deputy. And ever since the Tall Tale gang came to town, this whole place has been turned upside down!

CHECKERS

The Tall Tale gang?

DEPUTY

Yeah! Look at that wall over there, those three wanted posters - that's them. The banes of my existence!

ROSCOE

Hah! This has got to be some sort of joke, are you seeing this, Checkers?

CHECKERS

Is that a picture of Paul Bunyan?

DEPUTY

He goes by Saul now, but yes. Yes it is.

ROSCOE

But he's just a work of fiction, folklore!

DEPUTY

I wish you were right, Richard. I wish you were right.

ROSCOE

These other two are also ridiculous, "Pecos Jill"? Are you kidding me? And Johnny Appleseed?

DEPUTY

Pecos Bill had a sister, and she apparently loves crime! And that other feller is just regular old Johnny Appleseed.

CHECKERS

I thought all of these people were made up, you're telling me they're real?

DEPUTY

Yes! And they are tearing this town apart! Saul Bunyan is their leader, he's about Eighty feet tall - he's a giant, and a criminal! The feller rides his huge ox all across Oregon territory, causing trouble anywhere he can.

Pecos Jill is normal person sized, but she was raised by a pack of wolverines, and she's even meaner now! She's strong enough to break a mountain in half and her punches pack so much heat, she could give a hurricane a black eye. The last one of the bunch is Johnny Appleseed, he isn't all that powerful, but gosh dang it - he's a lousy conversationalist, the guy won't shut up about apples!

CHECKERS

Now that part doesn't sound *that* bad.

DEPUTY

About four months ago they came here - and they just stole the bank! Picked the place right up and just took the whole building! I've never seen anything like it!

ROSCOE

Wow.

DEPUTY

I know! Then, they got into some bar fight at the local saloon - they spun the entire building around, and it hasn't stopped twisting ever since! It's been a week and the saloon is still flying around in circles at a hundred miles an hour. When it first got spun, everyone in there jumped ship - except the poor piano player. And they had vertigo before all this, so as far as we know they're just in the fetal position, puking their guts out.

CHECKERS

You weren't kidding - things have fallen to pieces around here!

DEPUTY

That's not even the last of it! They flipped Bargain Beth's Budget Brothel upside down!

ROSCOE

Somebody's got to do something to stop these evildoers!

DEPUTY

The town sheriff tried to arrest them, but they punched him up into the moon! He's still up there! It's hard to spot right now, but at night you can see him clear as day, just wandering around on the lunar surface. God, he must be so embarrassed.

CHECKERS

Okay, we've got a lot to do if we're gonna fix this town.

ROSCOE

Right. First, let's go stop the saloon from spinning.

CHECKERS

After that, we'll get your bank back and put those suckers behind bars. Not sure how to fix the tree problem, or the sheriff on the moon, but we'll cross that bridge before we burn it.

DEPUTY

Thank you boys, thank you! Don't die though, I don't know how much heartbreak this lil ol deputy can take!

ROSCOE

We'll try our best, let's get a move on!

### **SCENE #3**

**NARRATOR**

The boys headed to the saloon, which was hard to miss. It was the only bar in town, and the only building they'd ever seen spin around like a disco ball, or a hula hoop. And neither of those things had been invented yet.

ROSCOE

Here it is. How long did the deputy say this place has been twirling around?

CHECKERS

I think he said a week.

ROSCOE

How are we going to stop this thing?

CHECKERS

How bout we jump into it and run in the opposite direction?

ROSCOE

Reverse inertia, great idea! Welp, let's get to it.

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe ran straight for the porch of the saloon, and with one perfectly timed jump, he smashed through the front door and found himself on the inside of the revolving tavern.

ROSCOE

Now you come on in Checkers!

CHECKERS

Oh... Okay!

**NARRATOR**

Checkers leap wasn't as well timed, he jumped straight into one of the porch pillars and ricocheted in the opposite direction.

CHECKERS

Ow! That hurt!

ROSCOE

Try again buddy!

**NARRATOR**

With a running start and far more caution, Checkers bounded in through the broken door frame and tumbled into the saloon.

CHECKERS

Wow, this feels so strange in my gut!

ROSCOE

Yeah! It's like a merry go round times a million - hey, there's the piano player!

**NARRATOR**

Lounging at one of the tables, sipping on a constantly sloshing martini, the piano player turned and looked at our heroes.

PIANO PLAYER

Oh, somebody finally came in here! I thought I was just going to be trapped in this bar for the rest of my life!

CHECKERS

How are you doing that?

PIANO PLAYER

What? Drinking a martini?

CHECKERS

No, I mean - how are you relaxing in a place like this? We heard you had vertigo.

PIANO PLAYER

Well it's true that I couldn't hop out of this place when it originally got spun by that Bunyan guy - but after the first three days you kind of get used to it. Getting drunk helps! There's like a plateau of dizziness a person can feel. Eventually your body just adapts I guess. Which is great for me personally, now I don't have vertigo anymore!

ROSCOE

If you aren't dizzy now, why don't you leave?

PIANO PLAYER

I'd need to time my jump perfectly to avoid breaking my neck, and I'm sort of risk averse. Plus, this is the only piano in the state, I don't have any other career skills to speak of. It's quite a pickle!

ROSCOE

You won't have to worry about that for long! We're gonna save you!

PIANO PLAYER

Okay, I'll sit here and watch!

CHECKERS

So, looking through those windows - it appears that we're spinning counter clockwise, so we need to run clockwise to get this thing to slow down.

ROSCOE

Here goes nothing!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe ran and Checkers galloped in the same direction, jumping over tables and chairs, in an effort to end the saloon's sickening spin. And that's exactly what happened. Slowly the building started to lose speed and the center of gravity in the place began to pull in the opposite direction.

CHECKERS

It's working!

PIANO PLAYER

Oh my god, what is this feeling?

**NARRATOR**

The saloon slowed and slowed until it halted all together. Roscoe and Checkers gently went from a run to a light jog, before they came to a stop as well. Unfortunately, the piano player's body didn't get the memo.

PIANO PLAYER

Ahahahahaaaaahhhhhh!

**NARRATOR**

Over the week the saloon had been spinning, the piano player's vertigo hadn't gone away, like they assumed. It had really turned into reverse vertigo - a rare medical condition that helped them feel at ease while the saloon was revolving, but now that it was still again, the piano player's body started to twirl around like a top, and they hopped up out of their chair and spun out through the front door.

PIANO PLAYER

(Getting further away)

This is horrible!

ROSCOE

Look at them go! They're flying out of into the distance!

CHECKERS

Maybe we should just let them spin themselves out?

ROSCOE

That's one more thing to fix on this town's list, but hey! We stopped the saloon! Good job buddy.

CHECKERS

Good job yourself! I'm sure that piano player will be fine in the long run. Now we need to go back outside and tend to that upside down brothel.

ROSCOE

All right!

**NARRATOR**

As soon as the two walked out of the stationary saloon, they heard a mighty roar come from the forest.

SAUL BUNYAN

(Far away)

UUUUUrrrrrrrrrgggggg!

ROSCOE

Did you hear that?

CHECKERS

Yeah, it sounded like some angry guy.

ROSCOE

Oh my gosh! Look at the horizon, that must be him!

**NARRATOR**

A towering Goliath was stomping their way. It was Saul Bunyan, with Pecos Jill and Johnny Appleseed on either shoulder. They looked furious.

SAUL BUNYAN

TimberTree Landing! We're back! Shudder in fear at the sight of the Tall Tale Gang!

ROSCOE

No way! Your reign of tyranny is over!

**NARRATOR**

The giant had finally made it to the town's edge, and with two stomps of his massive feet, he was standing above Checkers and Roscoe.

SAUL BUNYAN

Who dares speak to me this way?

ROSCOE

I'm Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, this is Checkers Justice Horse Bounty Hunter. We are taking you three to jail.

CHECKERS

Yeah! What he said!

PECOS JILL

You hear that Saul? This runt of the litter with the stupid hat thinks he can take us down.

SAUL BUNYAN

Hah! You make me laugh! The Tall Tale Gang can't be bested by any mortal, get out of our way and start shaking with fear.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

Yeah! You'll start trembling, if ya know what's good for ya!

ROSCOE

We aren't scared of you. We meet big monsters all the time!

SAUL BUNYAN

I'm gonna crush you like a bug!

**NARRATOR**

Saul stomped down on Roscoe, but our terrific tween ducked backwards and evaded being squished.

ROSCOE

For somebody with such a big foot, you sure have bad aim!

SAUL BUNYAN

Oh yeah?

**NARRATOR**

He stomped again, and again - and every time his foot slammed towards Roscoe, he dived out of the way.

SAUL BUNYAN

I've had enough of your games, small child. Team? Let's show em why we run this town - Tall Tale Gang, attack!

**NARRATOR**

Saul Bunyan pulled out a giant axe and pointed it at our heroes' direction. Pecos Jill leaped off his shoulder and landed on the street in front of Checkers. She was dressed in typical cowgirl attire, with bright orange hair and a nasty smirk. She grabbed her cowgirl hat and flung it towards Checkers. As it spun, razor blades came out of the brim!

**FX 2:** *Razor spinning noise, like a shuriken*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Johnny Appleseed was next to hop off Saul's massive figure, and as he stomped down on the ground in front of Roscoe, he pulled out a Gatling gun and started blasting away in his direction.

These bullets however, were anything but ordinary. He was shooting apples at Roscoe, in the blink of an eye, thirty apples were hurdling towards our young adventurer at a hundred miles and hour!

**FX 3: Gatling gun****NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Saul Bunyan smashed his huge axe against the ground in between Roscoe and Checkers with a menacing thud. The earth shook around them and their odds of winning this fight went from terrible, to worse.

**FX 4: Organ sting 1****NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Oh no, buckaroos! Will the Tall Tale Gang spell the end of our radio show's main characters? Will I be out of a job? How did these formerly heroic figures of legend turn to a life of crime? There's only one way to find out - listen to this short commercial break!

**FX 5: Organ sting 2****COMMERCIAL BREAK #1****COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES****END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK****NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action!

**FX 5: Organ sting 2****SCENE #5****NARRATOR**

When we left off, Roscoe and Checkers were outnumbered, outmatched, and out of luck.

The two have gotten themselves tangled up in a fight with three living legends. Saul Bunyan, Pecos Jill, and Johnny Appleseed were attacking with full force. Will our plucky pair of cowpokes be beaten? Find out now!

SAUL BUNYAN

Tall Tale Gang - attack!

ROSCOE

Yikes!

**NARRATOR**

Pecos Jill had thrown her razor sharp cowgirl hat shuriken at Checkers, Johnny Appleseed shot a round or apple bullets at Roscoe, and Saul Bunyan was standing between our pair, getting ready to swing his mighty axe.

PECOS JILL

You're dead horse meat!

CHECKERS

Cut the trash talk, you dopes! We're not afraid of you!

JOHNNY APPLESEED

I'll plant you in the ground, short stack!

ROSCOE

I'm gonna punch you!

**NARRATOR**

As the flying fruit flew at Roscoe, he spun his spurs so fast that they became mini boot saw blades! With a few kung fu kicks, he sliced every apple hurdling his way. Then he delivered a sucker punch to Johnny Appleseed's jaw.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

Ow!

ROSCOE

Told ya!

**NARRATOR**

Saul Bunyan's axe swung down right on top of Roscoe, and he jumped out of the way with a second to spare. The giant had miscalculated his use of force, and his axe flew straight into the ground, and now his weapon was wedged so deeply in the street - he couldn't pull it back out right away.

SAUL BUNYAN

Why you little pest! I'll squash you like a bug!

ROSCOE

Stop trying to kill me, pick on someone your own size!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe's plea fell on deaf and dastardly ears, as Pecos Jill's buzz saw hat was still slicing the air in Checker's direction!

PECOS JILL

Take that!

**NARRATOR**

Checkers whipped his tail in the air and hit the razor sharp hat Frisbee at the perfect angle, sending it straight in the air. As it fell back to the ground, Checkers leaped up and the hat landed snugly on top of his own cowboy headwear!

CHECKERS

This is my hat now!

**NARRATOR**

Saul Bunyan had yanked the axe out of the ground and began a second assault on the two heroes. He threw all of his strength into a horizontal slash, meant to hit Roscoe and Checkers in one fell swoop.

ROSCOE

Look out!

CHECKERS

You don't have to tell me twice!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe jumped up on top of Checker's back and picked up the razor sharp hat off his horse friend's head.

ROSCOE

Can I borrow this?

PECOS JILL

No!

CHECKERS

Sure!

**NARRATOR**

The Tallahassee Tween threw the hat straight for Saul Bunyan's feet. And as Saul tried to jump upwards out of the hat's path, he fell backwards, landing on top of Johnny Appleseed and Pecos Jill!

ROSCOE

Haha! We did it! I knew this fight would be no big deal!

**NARRATOR**

As soon as Roscoe said that, Saul let loose a mighty whistle.

*Garrett Whistles*

CHECKERS

Huh?

**NARRATOR**

A thud came bellowing from the forest. Growing louder with each second. Finally, a giant blue ox came bounding over the horizon and into the city street. It was sixty feet tall and all muscle.

SAUL BUNYAN

Babe!

**NARRATOR**

The ox looked at the scene in front of it, and quickly decided that Roscoe and Checkers had to go. It hunkered down it's horns and began stomping towards the two tiny targets.

ROSCOE

That's a weird thing to call an animal, dude.

CHECKERS

Never mind that, how do we get it to stop charging at us??

**NARRATOR**

It was too late though, the fight had worn down our boys just enough that they could not dodge another attack, especially one coming from a gargantuan wild animal. Babe the blue ox trampled Roscoe and Checkers and flattened them on the ground with a hard smack. They were completely beaten, bloody and bruised.

Then the huge ox turned around and got ready to charge for the second time. Saul Bunyan and the other two had gotten back up and dusted themselves off. Roscoe and Checkers layed as flat as two pancakes on the dusty streets of Timbertree Landing.

SAUL BUNYAN

That's enough Babe, these two are done for.

PECOS JILL

Uh oh saul, look! Your hand!

**NARRATOR**

Saul's left hand looked translucent, it was slowly disappearing before everyone's eyes.

SAUL BUNYAN

Dang, thanks for catching that Jill. I better smash some stuff to fight this off. Tie these two up so they don't bug us anymore, will you? Once I fix this ol hand of mine, we can kill these two properly.

PECOS JILL

Whatever you say chief!

**NARRATOR**

Saul walked further into Timber tree landing and started to flip and shake and destroy nearby businesses. Pecos Jill began to hogtie our stunned heroes and Johnny appleseed began reloading his unusual gun.

ROSCOE

(Weakly)

Hey, we aren't done yet. We can still.... fight.

PECOS JILL

Whatever you say tough guy. Just gotta finish this knot and, there! You two aren't going anywhere for the time being.

CHECKERS

Why are you three terrorizing this town so much? Don't you have anything better to do?

ROSCOE

Yeah! I didn't even think you three existed before today, what gives? And what was up with the big guy's disappearing hand?

PECOS JILL

Since you're gonna be dead in just a minute anyways, I guess it wouldn't hurt for us to tell you.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

Yeah! You two are toast. It won't matter what you know!

PECOS JILL

You see, the three of us are tall tales, thus the name.

ROSCOE

Okay?

PECOS JILL

None of us are real people like you, we weren't born - we don't have families. We were just concocted by the wild west's collective consciousness.

CHECKERS

What?

JOHNNY APPLESEED

People started folklore about Me, about Pecos Jill, about Saul Bunyan - and we just popped into existence!

ROSCOE

No way, I've only heard of Paul Bunyan, not Saul. And I know about Johnny appleseed - but I'm sure I've never heard any stories about "Pecos Jill." It's Pecos Bill I always heard about!

PECOS JILL

You know the game telephone? If enough people pass down stories, sometimes the details get messed up. Here I am.

ROSCOE

Well then, where's Pecos Bill?

PECOS JILL

He's somewhere in Arizona I think, digging a new grand canyon with his bare hands. But that's irrelevant! Around these parts, Pecos Jill is a figure to be feared!

JOHNNY APPLESEED

Same goes with Johnny Appleseed!

CHECKERS

But why?

NARRATOR

Saul Bunyan walked back to the group, his hand was fully formed again.

SAUL BUNYAN

Time to murder you two.

ROSCOE

Wait! We're in the middle of an explanation about you three's whole deal. It would be anticlimactic to kill us now!

SAUL BUNYAN

Okay, I'll give you five more minutes, deal?

CHECKERS

Deal.

PECOS JILL

Anyways, tall tales don't really get passed around so much nowadays, not like they used to. Before we turned to crime, I was Pecos Jill, the toughest cowgirl in the west. I was raised by wolverines and I could punch a feller so hard, he'd fly around the planet a few times before he landed. But a few years ago I started fading away, doing good deeds and having super strength didn't seem to keep my legacy alive anymore like it used to.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

Before we became villainous, I was a legend about a fella who planted appleseeds everywhere - and that's pretty much it! I didn't have alot of staying power, as you can imagine.

SAUL BUNYAN

And back when I was Paul, people knew me as a big friendly giant who chopped down trees and fought wild animals!

ROSCOE

Why did you switch to Saul as your first name?

SAUL BUNYAN

It was a branding thing, I'm a new man! The kind of guy who does what he wants when he wants - all three of us are like that. We were all at risk of disappearing forever as do-gooders, but now we're alive and well.

PECOS JILL

On account of the fear we strike into this town! Bad news travel's faster than good news. If we live hedonistically, and cause a ruckus every couple of days, we'll never die! We'll live forever!

ROSCOE

Okay, this is a bit of a convoluted backstory - you felt like you had to be bad in order to keep existing?

JOHNNY APPLESEED

Right on the money, the more well known we are, the less chance we have of ceasing to exist!

CHECKERS

Do you even care about the damage you're causing? The people you've hurt? This place is a wreck, all because you don't want to be forgotten? That's despicable!

SAUL BUNYAN

You're darn right it is! That's the point! We've got this whole town whipped up into a frenzy, they won't stop talking about us for as long as they live! But enough chit-chat. Let's get to the murdering! Pecos Jill, How bout you punch them real high into the air, don't hit the moon this time. And when they come back down to earth - I'll squash them with a fist, then Johnny appleseed, you can steal their belongings and plant a bunch of apples everywhere. Sound like a plan?

ROSCOE

That's the most bizarre death threat I've ever gotten?

SAUL BUNYAN

Exactly! The stranger the crime, the more publicity we get, now it's time to die!

ROSCOE

Oh yeah?

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe contorted his young bones and hopped out of the hogtie in seconds flat.

ROSCOE

Bet you didn't see this coming!

**NARRATOR**

The tween used his spurs to cut Checkers loose of the ropes as well.

**CHECKERS**

Haha! We're free! And your ramblings gave us just the time we needed to get ready for another fight.

**SAUL BUNYAN**

Sounds good to me! Tall Tale Gang, Attack - again!

**ROSCOE**

Wait!

**PECOS JILL**

Huh?

**JOHNNY APPLESEED**

What?

**ROSCOE**

Checkers, they aren't real - right?

**CHECKERS**

Yeah?

**ROSCOE**

They only exist because people tell stories about them!

**CHECKERS**

Okay?

**ROSCOE**

So let's mess with the details!

**CHECKERS**

Oh, I see what you mean. Uh.... Saul Bunyan wasn't actually a giant, he was three foot nine! And his ox is smaller than a mouse!

**SAUL BUNYAN**

Hah! It's gonna take more than that to stop u- huh?

**NARRATOR**

Saul Bunyan and Babe the ox started to shrink, before everyone's eyes!

**SAUL BUNYAN**

What's happening? Why am I getting smaller?

**NARRATOR**

This Small Saul scrambled around in a panic next to his minuscule pet ox as Roscoe turned to face Pecos Jill.

ROSCOE

And I heard Pecos Jill isn't mean at all, she loves community service!

PECOS JILL

What? Why do I feel so.... Charitable all of the sudden?

**NARRATOR**

Jill started heading to the flipped Budget Brothel and once she was close enough, she punched the side of the building so hard it flipped right side up.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

I'm not waiting for you two to make up stuff about me, I'm gonna start blasting!

**NARRATOR**

Johnny grabbed his gun and fired a slew of apples at Roscoe and Checkers.

CHECKERS

This is my moment!

**NARRATOR**

Checkers leaped in front of Roscoe and started chomping away, chewing up and swallowing every one of the apple bullets.

ROSCOE

Go Checkers, Go!

JOHNNY APPLESEED

Fine, if my bullets won't beat you then maybe I ca-

**NARRATOR**

Before he could finish that sentence, a loud thud came from behind. Johnny appleseed went cross eyed and fell to the ground, defeated.

DEPUTY

It's me! The Deputy!

ROSCOE & CHECKERS

(Same time)

Whoa!

DEPUTY

That's right! I was watching all of this, while I was cowering behind the sheriff's office! You two inspired me so much, I came up behind Johnny appleseed and smacked him in the head with a rock!

ROSCOE

That's right you did! And nobody can say you didn't! I think the day is pretty much saved!

CHECKERS

Great job Deputy, I didn't know how many more apples I could stand! You came just in the nick of time.

DEPUTY

Thanks! I'm gonna handcuff all three of these varmints, The tall tale gang will terrorize this town no longer!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe, Checkers, and the deputy started rounding up the three-foot tall Saul Bunyan, the mouse sized ox, and the unconscious Johnny Appleseed. But Pecos Jill was nowhere to be found.

ROSCOE

Where did she go? I just saw her flip that brothel upside down?

CHECKERS

There! At the other end of town!

**NARRATOR**

Sure enough, Pecos Jill was walking back - holding the bank above her head.

PECOS JILL

Here you go Deputy, sorry we stole your bank. That was mighty rude.

DEPUTY

Uh, yeah it was! I gotta take you into jail miss Jill. Robbing a bank is illegal, no matter how you do it!

PECOS JILL

I'll serve my time, if it helps this community!

ROSCOE

Wait! Before you take her to jail, could she get your Sheriff back from the moon!

DEPUTY

I'd almost forgotten about that, yeah - do that!

PECOS JILL

Can do buckaroos, time to use my insanely long lasso!

**NARRATOR**

She whipped her lasso far into the stratosphere, catching a grown man who looked embarrassed and pulling him down to the ground.

DEPUTY

Sheriff! You're back on earth!

SHERIFF

I am! And I'm glad to see the tall tale gang are beaten. What all's been going on since I've been gone?

DEPUTY

It's honestly way too much to get into right now.

ROSCOE

Yeah, a lot of ups and downs.

SAUL BUNYAN

You haven't beaten me yet! I may be shorter than I used to be, but I'm still a living legend! I'll never die!

CHECKERS

Whatever you say buddy, Hey Sheriff - make sure to take down those wanted posters, these three live off some weird unspecified kind of legend magic, if everyone stops talking about them they'll disappear.

SHERIFF

Wow, okay. I uh, I'll get right to that. Thank you gentleman. I don't know what we'd do without you.

ROSCOE

Any time sheriff, any time.

CHECKERS

Looks like things are more or less wrapped up here, why don't we head on out Roscoe?

ROSCOE

Wait, one thing is still unresolved. Where did that piano player get off to?

**NARRATOR**

Somewhere far off in wilderness of upper Oregon, the piano player had finally come to a stop - and they had been throwing up nonstop for the past ten minutes.

CHECKERS

Ah, somethings will stay a mystery forever!

ROSCOE

Fair enough, let's ride buddy!

**NARRATOR**

As our story comes to a close, The tall tale gang are packed away behind bars and the town of Timbertree landing is on the road to recovery once more! Wrongs have been righted and legends have been bested, But this broadcast isn't over yet! Hear the next episode of the night after this short commercial break!

**FX 6:** *End music starts*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #2**

*COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES*

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**EPISODE EIGHT**

## WRATH OF THE RECKLESS CATTLE WRESTLERS!

**INTRO:**

**FX 7:** *Music swells*

**NARRATOR**

Every hour of this program is a double feature! Now, we once again join everyone's favorite \_\_\_\_\_ in the next adventure of Roscoe Taylor: The Talahassee Tween!

**FX 7:** *Music continues*

Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX 7:** *Song fades away*

Our second episode of the evening: Wrath of the reckless cattle wrestlers!

**SCENE #1**

**FX 8:** *Horse trotting*

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe and Checkers are trotting along the rolling plains of the wild west. It's lush and green for as far as the eye can see. Most of this part of the country is farm land, and our heroes have seen all sorts of animals, big and small. From the big sheep of Old Man McDaniel's Jumbo ranch - to the small pigs of Young Lady McDanielle's Micro barn. They had seen it all. Or so they thought.

## ROSCOE

What a beautiful part of the west, huh Checkers?

## CHECKERS

You're right on the money, lil buddy. The sky's so blue and the grass is so green.

## ROSCOE

These farms are huge, aren't they?

## CHECKERS

You said it, it's a booming industry, I reckon.

## ROSCOE

Hey, I got a question.

## CHECKERS

Yeah?

ROSCOE

But if I'm wrong, don't laugh - okay? Like if it's a stupid question, don't give me a hard time.

CHECKERS

Huh, you're sounding kind of defensive there, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

I'm not defensive, I just have a possibly dumb question - and I want to be able to ask it without any mockery from you.

CHECKERS

Do you think I normally mock you?

ROSCOE

No! I just want to cover my bases, that's all.

CHECKERS

You sure are hyping this question up, it better be worth it.

ROSCOE

Well now I'm nervous about asking it for a different reason!

CHECKERS

Just spit it out already! What's your big question?

ROSCOE

It's not even important! It had to do with ranches, but it wasn't even a big question. Just a simple one. I just didn't want you to say it was dumb - but now it's a whole thing. I don't even want to ask it anymore.

CHECKERS

You are out of your mind! You keep teasing this question, and now you aren't gonna ask it? C'mon! Just say it so we can move on, for pete's sa-

ROSCOE

(Interrupting)

DOES RANCH DRESSING COME FROM RANCHES? Okay there, I said it. It's out there. We can move on.

CHECKERS

Hmmm. That's not a bad question. I don't know. Maybe?

ROSCOE

Cause like, the word *ranch* is on the bottle.

CHECKERS

That's true.

ROSCOE

But why wo- Hey do you see that old lady walking our way?

CHECKERS

The one with the cane? Yeah, I do.

OLD LADY

Help! Help! The cows!

ROSCOE

Whoah ma'am, slow down. What's wrong with the cows?

OLD LADY

They're diseased! Down at my cattle farm! Something's gone wrong with all of our cows! You gotta help, you just gotta!

CHECKERS

Of course - just lead the way.

## **SCENE #2**

**NARRATOR**

The woman led them straight to a modest ranch, with a modest barn, and some modest bails of hay. They finally got to the modest farmhouse and saw a jaw dropping sight.

CHECKERS

What in tarnation?

ROSCOE

Are, are they supposed to look like that? Are they supposed to be doing that?

OLD LADY

No! They're diseased, I tell ya! They got mad cow fever or something!

**NARRATOR**

The twenty cattle in front of them were all jacked to high heaven. They were buff. Very buff. Every cow that was fenced in, rippled with huge strong muscles - and that wasn't all. The cows were body slamming, headbutting, and choke holding one another. It was a bovine battlefield, plain and simple.

OLD LADY

They won't stop doing this!

ROSCOE

These guys put the aggro in agriculture. You said this started overnight?

OLD LADY

Well they sure weren't doing somersaults yesterday! Something's changed them, and we can't make heads or tails of it!

CHECKERS

"We?"

OLD LADY

My husband is in the house, he was the first one to see the cows like this - they hit him with a haymaker - and he's been unconscious all afternoon. Can you two help us? This is our livelihood on the line! We need to milk these cows before spring comes around, and from the looks of it - We can't get within a foot of them without risking a butt kicking!

ROSCOE

Checkers, we need to figure out what's changed with these cows. Any ideas?

CHECKERS

I suppose I could just talk to them, I speak cow tongue.

ROSCOE

Oh you do? Is it like pig Latin?

CHECKERS

Not even close, it's more like Braille. Hard to explain.

ROSCOE

Well, let's get to it!

### **SCENE #3**

**NARRATOR**

The two walked closer to the group of wrestling rascals and Checkers attempted to have a word with them. This scene will be translated from cow to English, for your listening pleasure.

ROSCOE

Good luck, pal.

CHECKERS

\*Ahem\* Here I go.  
Hello cow friends! How are you!

RANDY

You speak Cow tongue? That's righteous brother! Oh yeah!

CHECKERS

I do, and I want to have a word with yall, ask a few questions.

RANDY

Wanna get in on a two-team match, brother? It'll be a blast, you better believe it.

NARRATOR

The cow Checkers was talking to had biceps so big they could be used as car airbags. And soon another cow with a blonde beard and giant muscles walked up to join the conversation.

THE ROCK

Who's this newbie?

CHECKERS

Checkers Justice is my name.

THE ROCK

Nice to meet you, cowboy horse. Wanna see me flex?

NARRATOR

Before really letting Checkers answer the question, the blonde bearded Cow started flexing every muscle he possibly could.

CHECKERS

Uh, impressive.

THE ROCK

Say, do you want to get in on a tag team match?

RANDY

I just asked him that, brother - oh yeah!

CHECKERS

No thank you, I only want to know why you guys are all buff and strong now.

RANDY

Good question brother, we barely know ourselves.

THE ROCK

But we aint complaining! It's worked out pretty well for all of us. Can you tell that I'm still flexing?

CHECKERS

I can. But you guys were normal yesterday, right?

THE ROCK

Oh yeah! Before we saw that mystery man, we were weaklings! But now I'm built like a brick house, a brick house full of muscle.

CHECKERS

Mystery man?

RANDY

Mystery man!

CHECKERS

What did the mystery man do?

THE ROCK

I don't know, he poured some green liquid into the water trough, but that's all I saw!

RANDY

We're thinking about starting our own league, whatta ya think?

CHECKERS

You mean wrestling? Yeah I think that sounds cool.

RANDY

We'll be starting small, but there's huge room for growth! You should consider joining, you could get in on the ground floor.

CHECKERS

Thanks but no thanks, I'm more of a runner and a kicker, not really a wrestler.

THE ROCK

Whatever you say hoss, watch me flex more! This time it's gonna look different!

**NARRATOR**

As he flexed again, nothing really looked all that different, checkers thought - but the blonde bull appeared to be very impressed with the assumed change in his flexing technique.

CHECKERS

Well, I'll be going. Good luck with all the league stuff.

**NARRATOR**

Checkers walked back to Roscoe as the two cows joined a tag team match back with the other cattle.

ROSCOE

How did it go? What did they say?

CHECKERS

Some "mystery man" put a concoction in the water troughs, that's gotta be it.

ROSCOE

Did they say anything else about the guy? Like what he looked like? Or where he went?

CHECKERS

Nope, they just flexed their muscles and called me brother a lot. Not great conversationalists so far, if you're asking me.

ROSCOE

Let's try to figure out more about this mystery man.

CHECKERS

We can start at the water trough over here. Do you see anything suspect?

ROSCOE

Yeah! See that horsefly sitting on the water's surface, he's got a full beard!

CHECKERS

This liquid must have mutated the fly too! Strong stuff.

ROSCOE

Should I drink it?

CHECKERS

What? No.

ROSCOE

But what if it made me really strong and good at punching criminals?

CHECKERS

You don't need to juice, Roscoe - really. You're doing a bang up job of being a crime fighter so far, I think.

ROSCOE

Thanks buddy! Sweet of you to say.

CHECKERS

Hey, do you see that cow patty?

ROSCOE

Which one? There's a million littered all over the ground.

CHECKERS

The one with the big footprint in it?

ROSCOE

Which one? There's twelve of them headed north!

CHECKERS

You're right, it's a trail! Somebody accidentally stepped in a bunch of cow pies, while they were trying to leave, lets follow it.

ROSCOE

Don't have to tell me twice, let's check it out!

OLD LADY

(From far away)

Did you figure anything out?

ROSCOE  
 (To old lady)  
 We're gonna follow this poop trail, then we'll get back to  
 you

OLD LADY  
 Okay!

**SCENE #4**

**NARRATOR**  
 Roscoe and Checkers followed the cow patty shoe prints all  
 the way up the rolling hills of the great plains. It was a  
 serene sight, but once the trail ended at a particularly big  
 boulder - the two had to re check their surroundings.

ROSCOE  
 Trail ends here

CHECKERS  
 Right at this boulder. Those cows sure do eat alot of fiber.

**FX 9:** *Really muffled quiet cheering*

ROSCOE  
 Do you hear that?

CHECKERS  
 Huh? Sounds like, cheering?

ROSCOE  
 Coming from under this rock? I'm gonna kick it.

**FX 10:** *Kick sound hollow thud*

**NARRATOR**  
 The rock fell over, revealing a staircase leading straight  
 down into the ground.

CHECKERS  
 Look, it's a secret entrance!

ROSCOE  
 I love these things, lets get in there and check it out.

CHECKERS  
 Good idea. You go first.

**SCENE #5****NARRATOR**

They walk down the stairs for a few flights before coming to the floor of the secret entrance. A vast tunnel laid before them, and as they walked deeper and deeper into this passageway, they started to hear cheers emanating from the light at the end.

**ROSCOE**

Sure is emanating pretty loud!

**CHECKERS**

That's the truth.

**NARRATOR**

They finally came to the opening and were shocked to see - a giant underground stadium. Every seat in the stands were filled with cheering fans, and a large fighting ring laid in the center of the room. As they looked at the strange sight, A man with dollar bills stuffed in every pocket, and a wide black cowboy hat walked in front of them.

**VINCE RAWHIDE**

Gentlemen! Welcome to the Colosseum, I'm the one and only Vince Rawhide - how can I help you?

**ROSCOE**

Where are we? What is this place?

**VINCE RAWHIDE**

This is the ONLY barnyard animal wrestling arena in the wild west, or - I should say, under the wild west. I see you've brought a horse in here with you, son - are you looking to submit another competitor to our game of glory?

**CHECKERS**

No he didn't - and I can talk. Someone poured a muscle growing chemical into a nearby ranch's water troughs, and now all the cows there are macho'ed to cowboy hell.

**ROSCOE**

And I bet you've got something to do with it.

**VINCE RAWHIDE**

Who? Me? Why, I'm just an innocent rich business man who's trying to bring wrestling to the west.

**CHECKERS**

Yeah, that's why we're suspicious of you. That's a clear motive.

**VINCE RAWHIDE**

But you have no proof!

ROSCOE

Your shoes are covered in cow poop! It was your footprints we tracked to that secret boulder staircase thing!

VINCE RAWHIDE

That doesn't mean anything, I run a barnyard wrestling league! There's cow droppings all over the place down here!

CHECKERS

Well, you're wearing a black cowboy hat - and that almost always means you're trouble!

VINCE RAWHIDE

Okay, you got me! Are you happy now? Yes, I poured the muscle-mutation serum into their water, but for a good reason!

ROSCOE

Nah, we've heard this bad guy ramblings a million times so far, we're just gonna fight you now.

VINCE RAWHIDE

Really?

CHECKERS

Yeah, it's not worth our time to listen to this.

VINCE RAWHIDE

You aren't even curious? About me? About barnyard animal wrestling?

ROSCOE

Nope.

VINCE RAWHIDE

Okay! Have it your way.

**NARRATOR**

As The two got ready to tie up Vince Rawhide, he yanked on a conveniently placed lever and sent the two falling down into a trap door!

**FX 11:** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Oh no, buckaroos! This is the second secret door we've had this episode! Will our heroes make it out of the underground coliseum alive? Will Mister Rawhide have his way and continue mutating barnyard animals into hunky hulkamaiacs? Will those cows back at the ranch ever stop flexing? There's only one way to find out some of the answers to these questions - listen to this short commercial break!

**FX 12:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #3**

**COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES**

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action!

**FX 12:** *Organ sting 2*

**SCENE #5**

**NARRATOR**

When we left off, Roscoe and Checkers found out that the cattle wrestlers were the product of Vince Rawhide, a greedy businessman who has a giant underground wrestling Colosseum. During their confrontation, they fell down a trapdoor into a slide that dropped the two off in the center of the arena. The crowd was in a frenzy and a voice boomed over the speakers.

**VINCE RAWHIDE**

So boys, we don't usually have human competitors in our matches, but I'm willing to make an exception - if our fans support it?

**FX 13:** *Cheering*

**ROSCOE**

You won't get away with this, rawhide!

**CHECKERS**

Yeah, we've been through this whole song and dance enough times to know that at the end of the day, you're getting your teeth kicked in.

**VINCE RAWHIDE**

Save the trash talk for your next competitors! Introducing the reigning Barnyard king of sting! The sultan of swine! Ladies and gentlemen, make some noise for: Hulk Hogg - an!

**FX 13:** *Cheering*

**HULK HOGGAN**

This piggie's going straight to the winner's bracket, and the Hoggster will make sure you two go wewewewe all the way home!

ROSCOE

Well, this is one more check off my bucket list.

CHECKERS

You had "wrestling a giant muscular pig" on your bucket list?

ROSCOE

Yes. I have lots of things on there, even if they aren't likely to happen. You never know!

**NARRATOR**

Hulk Hoggan stormed forwards towards Roscoe and Checkers, and once he was close enough, he picked his buff hooves in the air and brought them down hard on Roscoe.

HULK HOGGAN

Pork Chop!!

ROSCOE

Hyauuuhhh.

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe smashed down into the floor and Hoggan did an incredible front flip to celebrate.

CHECKERS

Hey! You just punched a kid!

ROSCOE

(Weakly)

Actually, I'm a tween

HULK HOGGAN

The Hoggster does not care about your age, little man. He will destroy any combatant, any time, any place! Now come here, horse-y.

**NARRATOR**

The big pig delivered a mean uppercut to checker's head and sent him flying in the air.

HULK HOGGAN

Why the long face? Was it mayhaps my piggie punch?

ROSCOE

No! Checkers!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe leaped up off the ground and grabbed for his trusty lasso. He threw it straight to The hog, but it was intercepted in an instant! The pig turned and looked at Roscoe with fury in his eyes.

HULK HOGGAN

You think you'd be able to tangle me in some measly string?  
You must be off your rocker, chump!

ROSCOE

Whatever you say buddy, hold on tight!

NARRATOR

Roscoe did a sideways somersault and yanked the rope with him. Hulk Hoggan didn't let go in time and flipped over and over like a rotisserie hot dog.

HULK HOGGAN

Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoooooaaa!

**NARRATOR**

As soon as the newly dizzyed wrestler landed on his head, Checkers galloped back up and kicked him in the face.

CHECKERS

Got you, tough guy.

HULK HOGGAN

This isn't even wrestling anymore!

ROSCOE

Do you give up?

HULK HOGGAN

What? No. The Hoggster NEVER gives up.

**NARRATOR**

Checkers kicked him again.

HULK HOGGAN

Okay! The Hoggster gives up, but only this time!

**FX 13:** *Crowd cheers*

VINCE RAWHIDE

Now THAT was a fight! Short but sweet, how did we like that folks? Now comes the second round of the night, maybe this one can knock our duo out of the race!

NARRATOR

The doors on the other side of the arena opened to reveal five super buff chickens. With balled up fists and frowning beaks. They walked into the ring with malice, as our Heroes got ready for another fight.

CHICKEN WRESLTER

Your time \*Bawk\* is up \*Bawk\*

ROSCOE

No! Don't you see? We need to join forces!

EVERYONE

Huh?

CHECKERS

Roscoe's right, are you getting paid for these fights?

CHICKEN WRESLTER

Uh, no \*Bawk\*....

CHECKERS

See! You have nothing to gain from beating us up, even if you are muscular. If you want a fight, let's take it up with Rawhide!

CHICKEN WRESLTER

Hmmm.. I will \*Bawk\* have a brief word with my fellow chickens \*Bawk\*

**NARRATOR**

As the gaggle whispered to each other, Hulk Hoggan wobbled back up with a defeated look on his snout.

HULK HOGGAN

Ya know, The hoggster has a lot of pent-up aggression, and he thinks beating our boss up sounds like a not too bad idea. I'll join you two.

ROSCOE

Awesome, thanks hoggster! Sorry about whooping your butt a second ago.

HULK HOGGAN

It's all part of the game, bro-metheus! No harm no fowl.

CHECKERS

Speaking of fowl, do you guys have an answer?

CHICKEN WRESLTER

Yes \*Bawk\* we've decided \*Bawk\* we want to \*Bawk\* REVOLT.

**NARRATOR**

And revolt they did! The crowd of animals and a tween charged straight up the trapdoor slide into the room that held Vince Rawhide.

VINCE RAWHIDE

Oh no aaaaaahhhhhh!!!!

**NARRATOR**

He ran down the secret tunnel, and the mob followed. He climbed up the stairs and ran to the nearby ranch, and the mob followed. Finally, he got to the fence holding in the newly muscular cows from earlier, and he made a desperate plea.

VINCE RAWHIDE

Help! Help! You gotta help me!

RANDY

Mystery man?

THE ROCK

It's mystery man!

VINCE RAWHIDE

Yeah, it's me! I was going to wait a while longer for all of you to mature, but my hand's been forced by a pesky situation. You all want to wrestle, right?

ALL THE COWS

(Together)

YEAH!!

VINCE RAWHIDE

And you want to prove you're the toughest around, right?

ALL THE COWS

(Together)

YEAH!

VINCE RAWHIDE

Then help me by fighting that group of chickens, that pig, that horse and that tween! Please!

ALL THE COWS

(Together)

You don't have to tell us twice!

ROSCOE

Everybody, get ready to kick beef butt!

***FX 14:*** *Big fight sound*

**NARRATOR**

As the barnyard brawl began, feathers and hooves went flying. There was so much commotion that all throughout the great plains, you could hear the sound of the scuffle. They fought and fought until finally, one winner stood ontop of them all.

CHECKERS

Come at me! I can fight every one of you losers!

**NARRATOR**

Vince Rawhide tried to crawl away in the ruckus, but Roscoe - who now had a black eye and a few loose teeth, grabbed him by the boot and kept him from getting too far off.

**ROSCOE**

(Weakly)

Got ya, you little weasel.

**NARRATOR**

The old lady who owned the ranch walked up and bopped Vince on the top of the head with her cane, knocking him out cold.

**OLD LADY**

That'll show ya! I'm taking this idiot to court.

**CHECKERS**

Howdy ma'am, we tried our best to solve your conundrum.

**OLD LADY**

Thank you kindly, after I sue this creep for all he's worth, I'm getting out of the cattle business! It's just too dangerous nowadays! Me and my husband are going to Tijuana, we'll sip on margarita's till we die!

**ROSCOE**

Well good for you, ma'am. How bout the rest of you animals? With Vince defeated, where will you all go? What will you do?

**HULK HOGGAN**

We've fought one another, but now is the time for peace - so says the hoggster. What says the cows?

**ALL THE COWS**

(Together)

WE ARE EASILY CONVINCED OF THINGS!

**HULK HOGGAN**

Very well. And the chickens? What say you?

**CHICKEN WRESLTER**

\*Bawk\* We will join your \*Bawk\* cause as well.

**HULK HOGGAN**

It's settled! We will go down into the arena and free our buff barnyard brethren, then we will roam this earth for a place to live. To start a society of our own. One with flexing, and front flips, and UNITY

**EVERYONE**

(Together)

Horah!

HULK HOGGAN

So long, humans. Good luck with your lives.

CHICKEN WRESLTER

\*Bawk\* Good bye

RANDY

See ya later, Brothers, oh yeah!

ROSCOE

Bye guys! I know we punched each other a whole bunch, but we really wish you well!

CHECKERS

Yeah, so long everyone! Maybe we'll see you somewhere down the road.

**NARRATOR**

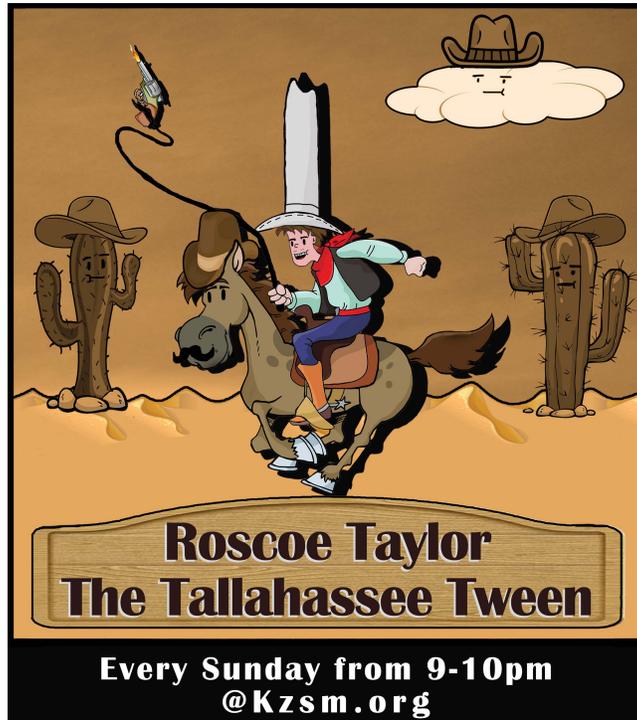
The group of animals walked off into the distance of the wild west's rolling plains, and Roscoe and Checkers started to leave as well. Off to find another adventure. Maybe you'll hear about it next week! In the further exploits of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

**FX 15:** *End music fades in*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Tonight's epsiodes were brought to you by KZSM.org true community radio. **Sam Pierce** played *Roscoe Taylor*. **Mitchell Oden** played *Checkers Justice Randy the bull and Johnny appleseed*. **Brianna Matherly** played *Pecos Jill, Piano player, old lady, and the leader of the chickens*. **Jordan Pilkenton** played the Deputy of Timber tree landing, Hulk Hoggan and worked as the audio producer for our program. This show is written and directed by me, **Garrett Buss**. I played *the Narrator, Saul Bunyan, Sheriff of timbertree landing, buff bull number two and Vince Rawhide*. Coming up after this is a very very very very special episode of *Swamp Gas Uggos at Ten*, so be sure to stay tuned. From all of us here in the wild wild west, thank you and goodnight.

**THE END.**



## **Roscoe Taylor - Broadcast #5**

Episode 9: Fearsome Fables around  
the Flickering Fire!

Written by

Garrett Buss

## **EPISODE NINE**

FEARSOME FABLES AROUND THE FLICKERING FIRE!

### **INTRO:**

**FX 1:** *Music swells*

#### **NARRATOR**

Only one feller can tame the wild west. Only one feller is young, dumb and full of courage. And only one feller goes by the name of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

**FX 1:** *Music continues*

Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX 1:** *Music fades away*

Tonight's episode:

Fearsome Fables around the flickering fire!

### **SCENE #1**

#### **NARRATOR**

It's all hallows eve, the witching hour! And the wild west is especially spooooky tonight. Roscoe and his trusty steed Checkers Justice are wandering through a dark and eerie forest.

ROSCOE

**FX 2 (Line 1):** *Gee, buddy - it sure is dark in this forest.*

CHECKERS

And eerie.

ROSCOE

**FX 3 (Line 2):** *This whole place gives me the Heebie Geebies.*

CHECKERS

Me too. I hope the sky clears up soon, maybe the moonlight can brighten these woods up a bit. We definitely took a wrong turn back at praire dog plateau.

ROSCOE

**FX 4 (Line 3):** *You're right, I don't have a clue where we are!*

CHECKERS

I'm getting kinda tired, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

**FX 5 (Line 4):** *Me too. But we can't possibly stop and sleep for the night in such a foggy, dark, creepy place. I'll have nightmares for sure! If I don't get gobbled up by some monster first.*

CHECKERS

Cut it out, Jr. There aint any monsters in these woods. Besides, if there were - we wouldn't need to be scared or nothing. You and I can beat the tar out of anything if we put our minds to it.

ROSCOE

**FX 6 (Line 5):** *Yeah, I guess... but where would we- Hey Checkers. Do you see that light coming from over there?*

CHECKERS

Hmmmm - the faint firelight over yonder? Just barely.

ROSCOE

**FX 7 (Line 6):** *Should we head to it or stay away?*

CHECKERS

Good question. I think we may as well give it a shot, maybe the people at the fire are just lost cowpokes like us - we might be able to camp there for the night and leave this freaky forest in the daylight tommorow.

ROSCOE

**FX 8 (Line 7):** *But what if there's a zombie at the campfire, waiting for us to take the bait and fall into their trap!*

CHECKERS

I don't think zombies really "set traps". They come off pretty LazyFair as far as monsters go. Let's just take our chances and see what's what.

ROSCOE

**FX 9 (Line 8):** *\*Gulp\* Okay buddy, whatever you say.*

**NARRATOR**

They walked cautiously closer to the cackling campfire, and soon saw an unusual sight.

There was only one figure sitting in front of the flame. They were grotesque to say the least and very very very very ugly to say the most.

STORYTELLER

Hello gentlemen, it's a pleasure to *finally* meet you.

ROSCOE

(Startled)

**FX 10 (line 9):** *Cowboy Jesus Christ! Uh, sorry fella.*

STORYTELLER

It's okay, Roscoe Taylor. Almost everyone reacts like that when they see me for the first time.

ROSCOE

**FX 11 (line 10):** *Hey, you got my name right! You'd be surprised how hard that is for most people.*

CHECKERS

Howdy mister, I'm-

STORYTELLER

Checkers Justice, yes I know! Welcome to my campfire, boys. We've got quite a lot to talk about tonight. AHAHAHAHAHA!

**FX 12:** *Lightning thunder crash*

ROSCOE

**FX 13 (line 11):** *How do you know our names? And why are you out here in the middle of the woods?*

CHECKERS

And why does your face look like a melted candle?

STORYTELLER

These are all good questions. I am The Storyteller, and I've been around for a very long time. I've seen every sight there is to see, I've heard every story there is to hear, and I've learned quite a lot about you two along the way.

CHECKERS

Oh yeah? Like what?

STORYTELLER

I know about your hijinks on Prospector Peak, and the Swarm of hungry goats you outmaneuvered. I know about Tumbleweed Junction, and that tornado you tangled up with twine. Word gets around - and so it seems, do you.

ROSCOE

**FX 14 (line 12):** *Well it's always nice to meet a fan.*

STORYTELLER

To answer your second question, every Halloween I travel out here to these wicked woods and start a campfire. I tell any wandering passerby a story or two, specifically - tales of horror! AHAHAHAHAAAA!!

CHECKERS

So, you hang out in this creepy,ooky, and altogether ooky place - every year. In the hopes that you can scare some strangers?

STORYTELLER

I mean, when you put it like that... Yeah. That's like my whole deal.

CHECKERS

I can respect that.

STORYTELLER

Thank you. To answer your third question, the one about my face looking like a melted candle: I've been alive for a very long time, boys. I've been collecting and distributing stories of all types for eight hundred years.

ROSCOE

**FX 15 (line 13):** *Eight hundred years!? Are you a ghost?*

STORYTELLER

Not quite.

CHECKERS

Good. We met a ghost once before, and he was a lot to deal with.

STORYTELLER

I'm not a ghost. Just a super old guy. Through the centuries, I got wrinkles, then my wrinkles got wrinkles, and so on. Now I look - less like a person and - more like a puddle of skin that can talk.

ROSCOE

**FX 16 (line 14):** *I don't think you look that bad, Storyteller.*

CHECKERS

Yeah, what the kid said. You actually look pretty good for an eight hundred year old.

ROSCOE

**FX 17 (line 15):** *How did you get to live this long?*

STORYTELLER

Spite. I went through a messy divorce back in the tenth century, and decided that I wasn't going to die. I just know that if I shuffled off this mortal coil, I'd go straight to Cowboy hell. And I am NOT going to let my ex wife get the satisfaction of seeing me there.

ROSCOE

**FX 18 (line 16):** *Wow.*

CHECKERS

You live a very interesting and bitter life.

STORYTELLER

Yes I do. Yes. I. Do. Would you two like to hear a scary story?

ROSCOE

**FX 19 (line 17):** *I don't know, I'm already a little freaked out just being in these woods.*

STORYTELLER

It's the perfect atmosphere! The best ambience for a bone chilling and blood curdling tale.

ROSCOE

**FX 20 (line 18):** *Okay, I guess one story wouldn't hurt.*

CHECKERS

I'm in too, I love meeting somebody who can spin a good yarn. By all means, take it away.

STORYTELLER

Very well. Sit down, gentlemen. And lend me your ears. This is the story of the HeadFull Horse-Man. AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

**FX 21:** *Scary music sting*

## **SCENE #2**

**NARRATOR**

a young ranch hand - a lad who roped and rode and wrangled cattle every day and tended to his horses at the stables every night.

At the stroke of midnight on this very date, ten years ago - the ranch hand was making his rounds and closing up the stables before he went to sleep.

Also, as a side note: These stables were built ontop of an abandoned graveyard. That part isn't super relevant to this story, but it does make it a little scarier!! Oooooohhhh!

RANCH HAND

Gee - it sure is late. There's only one thing I need to do before I can lock the doors and head to sleep. Sweep this last pen and get this old horse's saddle off his back.

STORYTELLER

The ranch hand looked at the elderly, decrepid horse that stood before him. It was well past it's prime, it's knees buckled and bent, but it still had a certain glimmer in it's horsey eye that let the boy know - this stallion wasn't through causing trouble.

RANCH HAND

C'mon ol buddy, just let me get close enough to grab that saddle.

***FX 22: Horse sound***

STORYTELLER

But the steed didn't give in to the ranch hand's plea - he bucked and jostled, and gestured his head over to an empty sack of horse feed sitting at the other end of the stable.

RANCH HAND

What's that? That old sack? Why, there's nothing in it - it's empty! CRAP. It's empty. That means I won't have any feed to refill the barells with in the morning. I can't believe I forgot to buy some more bags. Guess I'll need to head to the marketplace before I go to bed. I hope the place is still open.

STORYTELLER

The boy grabbed his wallet and put on his coat - then approached the old horse for a second time.

RANCH HAND

Now, since all the other horses are asleep - would you let me ride you into town to buy some more food?

***FX 22: Horse sound***

STORYTELLER

The horse nodded it's head no.

RANCH HAND

What if I give you an extra carrot from the secret supply cabinet when we get back?

STORYTELLER

The old stallion seemed to think to himself for a moment before he looked back at the ranch hand and nodded with approval.

**FX 22:** *Horse sound*

RANCH HAND

Atta boy. Let's get on out of here as quick as we can. I don't want to be gone for too long - the trail towards the marketplace can seem awful treacherous after dark.

STORYTELLER

So the young man hopped aboard the horse and headed out along the road to the nearby town of Lethargic Holler - which was a pretty on the name title, but: it is what it is.

RANCH HAND

This path is so dark! And the night air is unreasonably chilly! I can't wait to get back into my nice warm bed. Keep on galloping, horsey!

STORYTELLER

They rode deeper into the forest. As he rode, a strange and startling sight appeared in the night sky!

RANCH HAND

Are my eyes playing tricks on me? It looks like a swarm of bats are up above - and they're forming a giant skull! Let's move along faster you old bag of bones, I want to get away from that swarm as fast as I can.

STORYTELLER

The bats dispersed and fluttered away under the light of the full moon. But a little further down the trail, the young ranch hand saw another ghastly image. This time - he could see the trees before him bend and twist, waving their branches two and fro. The wind was howling through the forest at such speeds, it made the trees appear as though they were alive, and attempting to swipe and grab at the boy and his horse.

RANCH HAND

Gosh! This is terrifying as well! I know it must be my imagination, but those wind swept trees look as fearsome as can be! C'mon you grey haired horse, we need to pick up the speed! I don't want to be around these trees any more!

STORYTELLER

Finally, the boy spotted a figure riding down the road behind him, getting closer by the minute. Once the moonlight shined on the strange rider, his appearance was revealed to the ranch hand - and this was the most horrifying thing the young man had ever seen in his life.

RANCH HAND

AAAAHHHH! That looks like a Half Horse Half Man Monster!!

STORYTELLER

He was exactly right! It was the Dreaful, Headful Horse-Man. And he was out for blood.

HEADFUL HORSEMAN

Don't try to run, boy - I'll catch you whether you like it or not!

RANCH HAND

AAAHHHH!

STORYTELLER

This Sinister Centaur was a man from the torso, up. And a monstourous mustang, below. He had a bloody satchel draped around his shoulder, and it seemed to be filled with an unknown, writhing mass. Something was also strange about the creature's head. At his neck, there seemed to be a bloody gash seperating his noggin from the rest of his body. With a wicked grin, the beast grabbed his own hair and popped his head clean off, then he threw the head like a bowling ball - straight for the Ranch hand. His disembodied cranium laughing maniacally as he arced through the sky.

HEADFUL HORSEMAN

HAHAHAHAHAAAA!

RANCH HAND

Go horse, go! We can't let that thing catch us!

STORYTELLER

The young man whipped the bridle and the old horse tried to gallop even faster, but it was no use. The head finally reached the ranch hand and bit him on the left ear, latching on with a determined chomp.

**FX 23:** *Chomp*

RANCH HAND

OW! OW OW OW!

STORYTELLER

He kept riding while frantically trying to rip the head off his ear with no luck. The HorseMan reached into his bloody satchel and pulled out another decapitated head, and he firmly pressed it down onto his neck. With a sudden grin, the galloping goliath's new head came to life as he pointed a finger in the direction of the fleeing boy.

HEADFUL HORSEMAN

Keep on running, it's no use! The Headful HorseMan will get you in the end! Ahahahahahahah!

## STORYTELLER

The ranch hand could now see the marketplace at the end of the trail, on the other side of a long wooden brige. His old horse wheezed and wheezed, the boy was pushing the horse to it's breaking point. Still, the stallion rode on - getting closer and closer to the bridge before them, getting further away from the Horrifying creature that was chasing them. The Head that was still biting down on the Ranch Hand's ear was grinning as wide as could be. And the Headful HorseMan was getting closer and closer with every passing second.

## RANCH HAND

Just leave me alone, you freak! Let go of my ear! Stop chasing my horse! Leave me be!

## HEADFUL HORSEMAN

Haha! I don't take orders from mortals! Give up now and I'll kill you once and for all!

## RANCH HAND

No!

## HEADFUL HORSEMAN

Please?

## RANCH HAND

No!

## HEADFUL HORSEMAN

Are you sure?

## RANCH HAND

No! - wait. I mean Yes!

## HEADFUL HORSEMAN

Ha! I got you. You should have seen the look on your face.

## STORYTELLER

While the HalfHorse Heathen taunted the young man, the old horse was starting to falter with every other step. It was running out of energy as they rode atop the beginning of the wooden bridge.

## RANCH HAND

C'mon horsey. Please. You just gotta make it a little further. Just a little more.

## STORYTELLER

The creature picked up his new head and threw it at the two once again. This time, the grinning face bit onto the old horse's tail and held on tight!

**FX 22:** Horse sound

RANCH HAND

Leave us alone!

STORYTELLER

The HorseMan did not take the young man's advice, instead he pulled another head out of his satchel, which was filled to the brim with severed heads of all shapes and sizes. And he placed it ontop of his neck and smiled a wicked smile.

RANCH HAND

Look! We're almost at the marketplace, we're only a few hundred feet away! But - what's that? The middle of the bridge! It's broken! We're coming to a dead end!

STORYTELLER

He was right, at the center of the bridge, twenty of the wooden planks had rotten all the way through and fallen into the rushing ravine below. The Ranch hand was out of options as his old horse came to an immediate halt.

RANCH HAND

What'll I do? What'll I do? How can I get out of this alive?

HEADFUL HORSEMAN

Hahahahaha! I'm almost close enough to grab you, boy! Get ready to DIE!

STORYTELLER

The Headful HorseMan galloped closer and closer and closer, until he was finally mere feet away from the boy and his horse. When suddenly, the old stallion - who seemed to be entirely out of energy, leaped back and bucked into the HorseMan as hard as can be. This surprised both the creature, and the Ranch hand. You see, the strong kick knocked the bloody satchel up off the monster's shoulders and sent the loose heads inside rolling around on the wooden planks of the bridge.

HEADFUL HORSEMAN

Crap, crap, crap, I just washed these. God, Oh no.

STORYTELLER

The behemoth got on his knees and quickly started scooping up the heads and placing them back into the satchel, turning his back towards the ranch hand and the old horse.

HEADFUL HORSEMAN

That was so freaking rude of you. Once I get these things back in the bag, I'm gonna murder you so hard.

STORYTELLER

With his back turned, the Headfull Horseman didn't even notice the Ranch Hand hop off his old horse and push the monster with all his might.

## HEADFUL HORSEMAN

Hey, what do you think you're - aaaahhhhhh!!!

## STORYTELLER

With a hard shove, the young man sent the beast falling off the side of the bridge, smashing into the ravine below.

**FX 24:** *Falling splash*

He pulled the Head off of his ear and punted that into the ravine to follow the monster.

**FX 24:** *Falling splash*

The head that was biting onto the horse's tail put up a fight, but after a good yank - it was free and the ranch hand sent it tumbling down as well.

**FX 24:** *Falling splash*

## RANCH HAND

There, that should be the last of that. Thanks for bucking so hard, horse. I would have been dead meat if it wasn't for you.

**FX 22:** *Horse sound*

## RANCH HAND (CONT'D)

I guess we won't be getting feed from the market tonight after all. Let's hurry home before we run into any other monsters tonight.

## STORYTELLER

And they did just that. They trotted back down the trail with caution and purpose, past the wind swept trees, past the skull shaped bat swarm, all the way back to the stable that was built on that abandoned cemetery. Once the young man got the saddle off the old horse, and locked up all the doors - he pulled ten carrots out of his secret supply cabinet and fed it to the worn out stallion. As he got ready for bed, he thought about the horrible chase back in the woods, and how glad he was that the beast no more. He brushed his teeth and changed into his long johns, and walked up to his bed - only to find a peculiar sight. A soaking wet piece of paper was laying on his pillow. Bewildered by this, the ranch hand picked it up and read the note written on the back side.

## RANCH HAND

"Heads up?" What does that mean?

**FX 25:** *BLOODY RIP NOISE*

STORYTELLER

With a horrifying yank, the Headful Horseman who was standing behind the young man, tore his head right off of his body, and stuffed it into his wet and bloody satchel.

HEADFUL HORSEMAN

One more for the collection. HAHAAAAAAAAAAAA!

**FX 21:** *Scary music sting*

STORYTELLER

The. End.

ROSCOE

(yelling in fear)

**FX 26 (line 19):** AAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

CHECKERS

That was pretty spooky.

STORYTELLER

Right? Thanks.

ROSCOE

(yelling in fear)

**FX 27 (line 20):** AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH \*breathe in\*  
AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!

CHECKERS

Are you okay buddy?

**FX 28:** *Pass out fall down thump*

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

Whoa. He just passed out. Must have been pretty scared.

STORYTELLER

Whoops.

**FX 29:** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR**

Egad! What a terrifying tale! Will Roscoe wake back up from his unexpected slumber? What other scary stories will we hear on this - ALL HALLOWS EVE???? Will there be skeletons? Will they play their ribcage like a xylophone? There's only one way to find out - listen to this short commercial break!

**FX 30:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #1**

COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUESEND OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action!

**FX 30:** *Organ sting 2*

**SCENE #3****NARRATOR**

When we left off, The impossibly old Storyteller just told the boys the tale of the Headfull HorseMan! A frightening foe, which is legally distinct from any Intellectual properties owned by the walt disney company. You can't sue us - we have the might of parody law on our side! Back at the campfire, that story was so spooky, Roscoe shrieked and fainted. He's still out cold, laying down on a log next to Checkers.

**STORYTELLER**

Is he going to be okay? I wanted to scare him, but I didn't mean for the little guy to pass out from fear.

**CHECKERS**

It's all good - he needed to catch some sleep anyways. Now, about that story.

**STORYTELLER**

Yes?

**CHECKERS**

Where did you hear that? Or did you make it up?

**STORYTELLER**

I believe I found out about that tale back in Nevada. I've heard almost every scary story known to man, and eight known to coyotes.

**CHECKERS**

Do you know any stories by horses?

**STORYTELLER**

Why, no! Do you have any?

**CHECKERS**

Yeah, I got a tale that'll really put some hair on yer chest and a scream in yer throat. Would ya like to hear it?

STORYTELLER

Of course! I'm always looking for a new story. Are we sure Roscoe is going to be okay?

CHECKERS

Yeah, he needs the sleep. Anyways, it's a story that happened to me a little while back, before I met Roscoe - when I was just a lone Horse Bounty Hunter. A lone Horse Bounty Hunter who had a completely different plucky kid-cowboy partner. Are you prepared for me to hop into the tale?

STORYTELLER

Whenever you're ready.

CHECKERS

Okay. \*AHEM\*

This story which you are about to hear is an account of a tragedy which *befell* a pair of youths. It's all the more tragic in that they were young.

But, even if they had lived very, very long lives, they could not have expected nor would they have wished to see as much of the macabre as they saw on that fateful day.

The day that their idyllic summer afternoon lunch became a *nightmare*.

The events of this day led to the discovery of one of the most bizarre crimes in the annals of Cowboy history, one that I personally lived through. The Texas Sasquatch Massacre.

**FX 21:** *Scary Music sting*

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

(Narrating)

Before I'd ever met Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, I had another partner, a young cowpoke by the name of Grayson Saddlespurs.

We were wandering through the heat of Texas, just looking for a place to eat.

GRAYSON

Boy Checkers, I tell ya, if I get any hungrier, I could eat a horse!

CHECKERS

Oh yeah? Well I'm so hungry I could eat a twink!

GRAYSON

You take that back! You know I'm a tween!

CHECKERS

Mmm no!

GRAYSON

Oh Checkers, I'm so sorry for the things I said. I would never eat you, old pal of mine.

You're my bestest friend in the whole wide world, even if I can be culturally horse-ily insensitive at times.

CHECKERS

Little buddy, I accept your apology. I too have said things in anger. You're really good at deescalation, have I ever told you that?

GRAYSON

Thanks Checkers, I knew we could resolve this amicably. Hey wait, a second, are you nibblin' on my boot?

CHECKERS

(His mouth full of boot)

No...

GRAYSON

You are! Spit that out you gibblet-head!

CHECKERS

Well, we haven't eaten in eight whole days! Excuse me for wanting a little boot jerky to hold me over!

GRAYSON

I'll give you a boot to hold over!

CHECKERS

And I'll eat that to!

GRAYSON

Why you no good-

CHECKERS

Why you little-

GRAYSON

Wait just a minute, before we reescalate. Can you see that building over there! Does that sign say what I think it says?

CHECKERS

"B.F Chang's Sasquatch Barbeque" Huh. Well, I ain't much of a meat eater, but this rumbly tummy is running low on fuel I gotta get something to fill up the tank so I can curb this boot eating habit of mine.

GRAYSON

Sasquatch barbeque? That sounds terrible.

CHECKERS

Only one way to find out, lets go in and eat!

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

(Narrating)

As soon as we entered that shack, we came face to face with a nine foot tall, hairy, scary bigfoot. Once he saw us, he smiled and headed our way.

B.F CHANG

Hello, and welcome to B.F Chang's Sasquatch Barbeque, I will be serving you two today. I'm-

GRAYSON

You're..you're.. you're

B.F CHANG

The owner, yes. What can I get for you gentlemen?

CHECKERS

Apple fritters please.

B.F CHANG

Unfortunately we don't serve apples here. We're not *that kind* of restaurant.

GRAYSON

You're not stunned that we're seeing a real Bigfoot?

CHECKERS

Grayson! Be polite, this is his place of business. I'm sorry for my friend, he isn't as well traveled as some of us

B.F CHANG

That's alright, I've never met a talking horse before.

CHECKERS

First time for everything.

B.F CHANG

What would you like to eat, squirt? Sasquatch steak, sasquatch burger, sasquatch fritters, take your pick.

GRAYSON

I'll have the sasquatch chili if you've got any.

B.F CHANG

Oh, we have loads of sasquatch chili in the back. We have that to spare. Ha ha, a haha haha HAAAA.

GRAYSON

Well, ok. I'll just take that then, please. Didn't think there was nothing funny about my order.

B.F CHANG

Of course not. We'll have your orders right up. Fresh as can be.

CHECKERS

(Narrating)

B.F Chang shambled back to the kitchen, giggling to himself the whole way there. He looked back at us, then dissappeared into the back of the place slamming the door behind him.

GRAYSON

Something about him don't seem right to me Checkers.

CHECKERS

Tell me about it, bucko. He didn't even take my order, just told me they ain't got apples. What kind of a horse would I be without some veggies to snack on?

GRAYSON

No, it's something else. Have you noticed there's no one else around us? Look at this place! It's filthy, I don't know if we can trust the food here.

CHECKERS

Yeah you're probably right about that, but it would be rude to just cut and run now. They're already making your chili. We're trapped by social conventions.

**FX 31:** *Scream*

GRAYSON

Did you also hear a scream?

CHECKERS

We can't ignore that - social conventions be damned.

GRAYSON

Checkers, look at this. Leading up to the kitchen door, this is dried blood. There's no doubt about it.

CHECKERS

Grisly, kid. Look I want you to be safe about this, ya hear?

GRAYSON

I hear. You go around back, I'll go in through the main door.

CHECKERS

Are you sure?

GRAYSON

I got this. After all, I'm the Yosemite Youngster.

CHECKERS

Heh, wipe that grin off your face. Let's figure out what's going on here.

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

(Narrating)

I left my young partner as I headed to the back of the mysterious shack. And for the very last time, I saw Grayson Saddlespurs, young, dumb, full of bravery, and alive.

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

That crazy kid better know what he's doing.

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

Once I'd left, Grayson slid the door to the kitchen open, his eyes checking for any sign of our gargantuan host.

GRAYSON

Good lord, it's a slaughterhouse back here! But they're not pigs in this line, they're...Sasquatches? Bigfeets? They're killing and serving up their own kind!

B.F CHANG

Ha ha, very astute kid.

GRAYSON

Chang! Wait, what the are you wearin'?

B.F CHANG

I aint B.F. Chang in here, lil feller. In this place I go by the name of Squatchface. Nighty night.

GRAYSON

What's that on your fa-

**FX 32:** *Bonk*

CHECKERS

(Narrating)

Grayson Saddlespurs was silenced with a blow from the Sasquatch's mallet, a heavy meat tenderizer that struck the cowboy in his soft, soft temple. He fell to the ground as dead as a doornail.

**FX 28:** *Pass out fall down noise*

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

I'd just entered through the back of the slaughterhouse only to bear witness to the end of my partner's life. In my shock, I saw the murderer standing above him. It was B.F Chang. He was now wearing a heavy apron over his hairy body. He had a mallet in his hand, a machete hung at his hip, and on his head he wore a mask stitched from the dried skins of his fellow Sasquatch.

SQUATCHFACE

Well, we ain't never served cowboy chili before!

CHECKERS

And you aint never will!

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

I rushed the Bigfoot Butcher, spinning my body to deliver a devastating kick, but Squatchface grabbed my leg and swung me through a rotting wall. As I pushed myself off the floor, Squatchface had pulled out his machete.

SQUATCHFACE

A horse and cowboy souffle! Order up!

CHECKERS

That was terrible! My friend just died and you can't even respect his memory with a decent pun?

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

(Narrating)

The machete swing almost severed my head from my body, and a mallet slammed inches away from my ankle, which in horse terms, was a fate worse than death. For the first time, my heroic lifestyle would cost me the closest person I had in my life. Grayson was gone and there was nothing I could do to bring him back. I could only fight for his memory.

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

Hey Squatchface?

SQUATCHFACE

Yeah?

CHECKERS

Check, please.

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

(Narrating)

With a decisive kick to the chest, I sent Squatchface smashing through the sheet metal steakhouse wall into the street.

***FX:*** Kick

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

I'm taking you to jail. You bigfoot murdering freak.

SQUATCHFACE

Not if I die first!

CHECKERS

What?

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

Squatchface threw his machete straight into the air. And as the blade fell back down to earth, he looked at me straight in the eyes as said:

SQUATCHFACE

You are what you eat.

**FX 34:** *Sword slice noise*

CHECKERS

The machete landed right ontop of the sasquatch formally known as B.F. Chang. I'll leave the rest up to your imagination.

**FX 21:** *Scary music sting*

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

The. End.

STORYTELLER

Whoa. That story was bleak. I've certainly never heard anything like it.

CHECKERS

Consider yourself lucky. Sorry if it was too graphic, but I guess I just needed to get all of that off my chest after so many years.

STORYTELLER

I'm sorry about your last partner, Checkers. But I think there's a silver lining here. You met Roscoe, and this lil guy cares a cowboy-hell of a lot about you. I've seen many traveling cowpokes in my 800 years on this planet, but I've never seen a duo as dynamic as the two of you.

CHECKERS

Thanks, storyteller. Thank you very much.

**FX 29:** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR**

GASP! Now THAT sent shivers down my spine! What other heinous horrors will reveal themselves in the rest of our program? Will there be mummies? Will they have curses? And I am NOT talking about cuss words, folks. Will Checkers ever get over his bigfoot related trauma? Probably not! But the only way you'll ever know for sure is - by listening to this short comercial break!

**FX 30:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #2**

COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUESEND OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action!

**FX 30:** *Organ sting 2*

**SCENE #5****NARRATOR**

Back at the campfire, Checkers has just finished a truly terrifying story about the Texas Sasquatch Massacre. He sits in front of the Storyteller, and Roscoe is still out cold. But now instead of looking unconcious, he seems to be sleeping peacefully, so I guess that's good.

**CHECKERS**

And that's that. Could you tell me another story? I'd like something to get this memory off my mind.

**STORYTELLER**

Certainly. I've got the perfect thing. The next story I'd like to tell you is an old wive's tale, one that could scare the meat off your bones! Now, let's get straight into it! AAAAHHAHAHAHAHAHA!

**FX 21:** *Scary music sting*

**SCENE #6****STORYTELLER**

In a far away ghost town on the edge of the West, a saloon called the Topsy Tavern saw it's first patron in over a year. He was a State Ranger from Wyoming - and he'd travelled far below his juristiction for a special assignment. He walks straight into the room and takes a seat behind the bar.

**RANGER**

Whew, it's more deserted than an ice cream buffet in here.

**BARTENDER**

H'lo there, stranger. You must from out a' town, I haven't met ya before. I'm the Bartender for this joint.

**RANGER**

Nice to make your acquaintance. I'm a Wyoming Ranger.

BARTENDER

I've only heard a' Texas Rangers, Wyoming seems a little less presitgiuous.

RANGER

I didn't come in here to ask your opinion on my job. I came in here becaus I've heard there's been a shady shindig going on around these parts. Word up north says a little lassie's gotten loose.

BARTENDER

Well, stranger, you must be talking about...

(Whispered)

Sideways Sally.

RANGER

Sideways Sall--?

BARTENDER

Shh!! Don't talk so loud. You never know who could be listening...

*Beat.*

RANGER

I'm the only person in--

BARTENDER

(Low)

Sideways Sally's a lost cause. She went missing down by the oil rig a year ago. Everyone who went lookin' for her disappeared, too. That's why the town's empty.

RANGER

Wait, everyone in the town went looking for her and they all disappeared?

BARTENDER

You heard right. Some shady shindig, indeed.

RANGER

Why are you still here?

BARTENDER

It's my job to tell people what the deal is. Maybe send a few Ranger's looking for Sally so the great wasp can fee-

RANGER

(Interrupting)

So the great WHAT can WHAT?

BARTENDER

Sorry, I misspoke. I said "Maybe send a few Ranger's looking for Sally so the great--

**FX 35:** *Glass break*

STORYTELLER

The polished glass mug the Bartender held in his hand fell straight to the ground and shattered into a million pieces.

BARTENDER

Oh shoot, I dropped the mug.

RANGER

What in tarnation is "the great wasp"?

BARTENDER

The great what--?

**FX 35:** *Glass break*

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Oh, I dropped another one!

RANGER

(pissed)

Answer the question. It sounded like you were gonna say Feed-

**FX 36:** *Glass break x3*

BARTENDER

I keep dropping these mugs!

RANGER

Forget it. I'm just gonna go up to the oil rig.

STORYTELLER

The Ranger walked and walked, up the abandoned city street towards the rig. A rolling fog creeped over all of the city within a few minutes. It made the journey a little hard to see, and a mighty bit ominous, but he finally reached his destination.

RANGER

Huh. This is the oil rig. Not a lass in sight.

**FX 37:** *Buzz*

RANGER (CONT'D)

Ow! What is this...huh. A wasp. Where have I heard that before?

STORYTELLER

The ranger thought back on what the bartender said to him earlier.

BARTENDER

The. Great. Waaaaaaaasp...

**FX 35:** *Glass break*

RANGER

Huh. He did say something about a--

**FX 37:** *Buzz*

RANGER (CONT'D)

Darnit, another one. Why are all these wasps buzzin' around. I gotta get out of here!

STORYTELLER

The insidious insects would not leave the ranger alone, and as he swatted at them, he ran forwards straight into an open mine shaft entrance and immediately fell downwards, crashing onto the floor of a deep, dark cave.

RANGER

AAAAaaahhh!

**FX 28:** *Pass out fall down noise*

RANGER (CONT'D)

Oh, where the heck am I? What is this...a cave?

VOICE

(Whispered)

Yes...

STORYTELLER

A voice rang out and echoed through the tunnel. Sending a shiver down the discombobulated Ranger's spine.

RANGER

Huh? Who's there? Show yourself! Or I'll have to whip out my pistol!

VOICE

(Whispered)

Come closer...

RANGER

You watch yourself, spooky voice. I'm coming closer but only because I don't have a choice.

**FX 37:** *Buzz*

RANGER (CONT'D)

More wasps? This situation gets stickier and stickier.

SALLY

\*Softly crying\* Boo hoo. Boo hoo.

STORYTELLER

The ranger could barely see a figure in front of him. It was very dark, but as far as he could tell - there seemed to be a small girl wearing a nightgown, crying in the center of the cave. He approached her with concern.

RANGER

Sally?

SALLY

Who is that? It's so dark in here.

RANGER

Don't worry, lil lady, I'm a Ranger!

SALLY

A Texas Ranger?

RANGER

No, a Wyoming Ranger.

SALLY

Seems a little less prestigious, but okay.

RANGER

I'm gonna rescue you! Soon as I light this match.

STORYTELLER

With a rip of his match, a faint fire lit up the room - casting a small light onto the two and illuminating the larger rocky room they were in.

**FX 38:** Match light SFX.

SALLY

(Sniffle)

You're here to rescue me!?

RANGER

Yes I am! Now, quick, let's get out of this spooky cave--

**FX 37:** Buzz SFX.

RANGER (CONT'D)

Why are there so many wasps in--

VOICE

Wasps, you say?

RANGER

Who's saying that--SWEET SASSAFRASS! THAT MAN'S GOT A WASP FACE! AND A WASP BODY!

STORYTELLER

Stepping out of the shadows, A giant wasp monster entered the middle of the cave, between the ranger and the young girl. It was eight feet tall covered in disgusting hair, and it's mandibles were dripping with a green slime. It looked evil, ugly, and ready for a fight.

WASP MAN

Hello, Ranger!

RANGER

Hey...how did you know my name?

WASP MAN

WHy, that's simple. You see, I'm not JUST a wasp man!

**FX 39:** *Unzipping a zipper*

BARTENDER

I'm also The bartender!!

STORYTELLER

Sure enough, the bartender from before came out of the unzipped giant wasp suit. He had a crazed look in his eye, and the seems of an additional zipper appeared to be on the top of his head.

RANGER

Mother of God, it's worse than I thought. You're a wasp monster and a liar!

STORYTELLER

With a second unzip, he exposed another slightly smaller, yet equally grotesque wasp form.

BARTENDER

And you...

**FX 39:** *Unzip*

WASP MAN

...are dinner!

RANGER

Sally, RUN!

STORYTELLER

The Ranger grabbed Sally by the hand and started sprinting back the way he came. They raced and raced, not even looking behind them as they heard the fluttering of giant insect wings, racing behind them.

STORYTELLER (CONT'D)

Suddenly, they came to a fork in the cave, with two near identical routes. As the two stopped, the Ranger turned to Sally with a panicked look on his face.

RANGER

Which way is out!?

WASP MAN

Don't tell him, Sally!

SALLY

I don't know! Uh, this way! I don't know! I've been stuck in this cave for so long - there's no way I'd know where the exit is!

WASP MAN

It's too late! I'm right behind you, and I intend on eating well tonight!

RANGER

Looks like it's time to take out the Wasp-Killer-4000, or - as I like to call it, a regular gun!

**FX 40:** *Pistol shot*

STORYTELLER

The man whipped out his sixshooter and fired one round at the wasp monster, which wasn't easy in such a dark area. His bullet missed the monstrosity by a wide margin. And the beast kept inching closer.

WASP MAN

You can't defeat me, Ranger!

SALLY

Ranger, look! A convenient staircase!

STORYTELLER

There was a stone set of stairs leading up the leftmost wall, headed towards the surface.

RANGER

You don't have to tell me twice, let's vamoose!

STORYTELLER

They ran and ran up the stairs, while the wasp monster began flapping his wings. He began to rise up towards the roof of the cave - and he was gaining on the two runaways.

RANGER

I see the light! Run, Sally, ru--

Gotcha!  
WASP MAN

OOF! My leg!  
RANGER

Ranger!  
SALLY

STORYTELLER  
With a yank, the Wasp beast pulled the Ranger off the staircase - and dangled him high above the hard cave floor below. Without a moment of hesitation, the Ranger pulled out another, separate gun and fired several shots towards the insect.

Take this, you monster!  
RANGER

***FX 40:*** Pistol shot

Ah! My eye!  
WASP MAN

STORYTELLER  
He dropped the Ranger, and the man reached for the stone stairs with all his might as he fell. He grabbed the ledge barely, and his grip saved him from colliding into a heap at the bottom of the cave.

Sally! I'm gonna slip! Take my hand and lift me up!  
RANGER

Ranger?  
SALLY  
(calmly)

Take my hand!  
RANGER

I can't do that, Ranger.  
SALLY  
(calmly)

What in the...  
RANGER

Very good, Sally. Now, just as we rehearsed.  
WASP MAN

*The two INHALE.*

WASP MAN (CONT'D)  
(whisper)

One, two, three--

WASP MAN (CONT'D)  
Looks like YOU'RE the weird looking bug man now!

SALLY  
Looks like YOU'RE the weird looking bug man now!

RANGER  
What? I'm not even a bug--

STORYTELLER  
Sally stomped on the Rangers fingers, which sent him cascading downwards towards the bottom of the cave.

**FX 41:** *Kick fall down whistle noise*

RANGER  
(falling)  
NOOOOOooooooooooooo.....

WASP MAN  
Very good, Sally. Or should I say, Wasp Man #2?

SALLY  
(gasp)  
You mean?

WASP MAN  
Yes, Sally, you're getting promoted!

SALLY  
Wow! Does this mean I'll get a pay raise?

WASP MAN  
(Bellowing laughter)  
AhahahahAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

**FX 21:** *Scary music sting*

STORYTELLER  
...and Sally never got equal pay for equal work.  
The. End.

CHECKERS  
Wow. That one was. Uh. Different.

STORYTELLER  
It's certainly not the same type of story as the Headfull Horseman, or even your startling sasquatch story, but - variety is the spice of life!

CHECKERS

I guess you're right. I guess you're right. Well, I think I'm gonna sleep here for the night if that's okay with you. Roscoe should wake up in the morning feeling just fine.

STORYTELLER

Of course you can sleep here, though I won't be sticking around much longer. I have places to go and people to scare! AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

CHECKERS

When you leave this place, are you gonna like disappear and it's gonna turn out you've been a ghost this whole time or something like that?

STORYTELLER

No, but you're close!

CHECKERS

Hmm. Will you transform into some kind of monster and leap into the sky?

STORYTELLER

Getting warmer.

CHECKERS

Maybe you'll explode into a bunch of bats?

STORYTELLER

You got it right! Good guess!

CHECKERS

Thank you - wait what?

**FX 42:** *Bat noise*

**NARRATOR**

The Storyteller suddenly exploded into a bunch of bats and flew away laughing a maniacal laugh.

STORYTELLER

AAAAAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! HAPPY HALLOWEEN!!

CHECKERS

That was crazy. What do you think about that, Roscoe?

*GARRETT - DO A SNORE SOUND.*

**NARRATOR**

And thus, our story comes to a close! Are you ssssssss scared? Are you gonna sleep with both eyes open tonight?

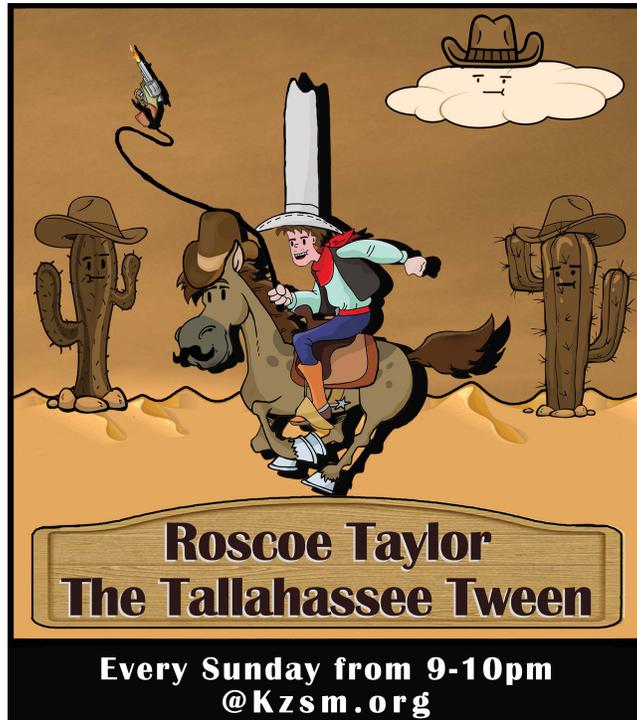
If you answered yes to one or both of those questions - you may be entitled to financial compensation. Have a happy halloween and tune in next time to hear the next audio adventures of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

**FX 43:** *End music fades in*

**NARRATOR** (CONT'D)

Tonight's epsiodes were brought to you by KZSM.org true community radio. **Sam Pierce** played *Roscoe Taylor*. **Mitchell Oden** played *Checkers Justice, The Headfull HorseMan and The Bartender Wasp Monster*. **Jason Johnson** played the Storyteller. **Bri Matherly** played *Grayson Saddlespurs, and Sally*. **Jordan Pilkenton** played *Squatchface and The Ranger*. He also worked as the audio producer for our program. The Texas Sasquatch Massacre script was written by Jordan Pilkenton and The Wasp monster script was written by Max Foster. The rest of tonight's show was written and directed by me, **Garrett Buss**. I played *The Narrator, and The Ranch hand*. Coming up after this is a very very very very very VERY special episode of *Swamp Gas Uggos* at eight, so be sure to stay tuned. From all of us here in the wild wild west, thank you and goodnight.

**THE END.**



## **Roscoe Taylor - Broadcast #6**

Episode 10: A Feisty Feud with  
a Fairy and a Fiend!

Episode 11: A Slippery run in  
with Snake Oil Sam!

Written by

Garrett Buss

## **EPISODE TEN**

A FEISTY FEUD WITH A FAIRY AND A FIEND!

### **INTRO:**

**FX 1:** *Music swells*

#### **NARRATOR**

Only one feller can tame the wild west. Only one feller is young, dumb and full of courage. And only one feller goes by the name of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

**FX 1:** *Music continues*

Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX 1:** *Music fades away*

Tonight's episode:

A Feisty Feud with a Fairy and a Fiend!

### **SCENE #1**

#### **NARRATOR**

Checkers Justice: Horse Bounty Hunter is carrying his partner Roscoe Taylor on his back as they trek through a sprawling sea of sand dunes. The coarse waves reach to the distance as far as the eye can see, and our two adventurers have gotten tired of the view.

#### **ROSCOE**

Gee Checkers, this sure is a boring trip.

#### **CHECKERS**

I *don't* disagree, Roscoe. And I *won't* disagree. I *don't* and I *won't* disagree. In other words, I agree!

#### **ROSCOE**

At least this is a smoother experience than the last time we wandered through a desert.

#### **CHECKERS**

You said it, partner. I figured it would be a couple of days before we got to our destination, so I packed a few canteens full of water!

#### **ROSCOE**

Thanks bud, glad to know we won't go unquenched while we're out here.  
But, these dull dunes are downright dreary! It's looked exactly the same for hours! I just wish we were at the beach already.

CHECKERS

Me too. The ocean is calling my name.

ROSCOE

How much longer do we have left before we get to our vacation destination?

CHECKERS

One more day of dunes, kid. Then we can get our tan on.

ROSCOE

Wait. Can horses tan?

CHECKERS

I can do anything I set my mind to, thank you very much.

ROSCOE

You have an abdominal spirit.

CHECKERS

I think you mean, indomitable.

ROSCOE

Like the Snowman?

CHECKERS

What?

ROSCOE

The indomitable Snowman, is that what you're talking about?

CHECKERS

No. You said "Abdominal".

ROSCOE

Yeah, Abdominal. You have an abdominal spirit.

CHECKERS

Whatever, fine. I'll just take that as a compliment.

ROSCOE

You should! That's how I meant it!

CHECKERS

Okay!

ROSCOE

Okay!

CHECKERS

\*Sigh\*

ROSCOE

\*Sigh\* Sorry about yelling.

CHECKERS

All is forgivin, want some water? I got a few canteens full of the stuff.

ROSCOE

Hmmmmmm, okay.

\*Glug glug glug\*

Whew, I feel a lot better. I think I'm just getting antsy because it's been a few weeks since we've helped anybody! My justice tank is running on empty.

CHECKERS

I know what you mean. Hey, do you see that off in the distance?

ROSCOE

What, the sand dunes? Yeah. I see them all around us.

CHECKERS

No, on top of the sand dunes - over there.

ROSCOE

Oh... yeah... I think I see something way out that'a ways. It looks like a little guy? Wearing a green leotard?

CHECKERS

How strange. Let's get a closer look at him.

**NARRATOR**

As the two wander up to the green clothed figure, they notice a few other peculiarities. He's a small man, about two feet tall. He has small wings on his back, and he has the most beautiful blond hair you could imagine, and a nose that only a mother could love. He's laying on the ground, staring straight at the sun, he hardly notices the Tween and the horse approaching him.

CHECKERS

Hey little guy, are you okay?

ROSCOE

Yeah, what are you doing way out here?

FIDDLE FADDLE

\*Cough\* water... I need..... water....

CHECKERS

Oh, you're in luck buddy! Here's a whole canteen, have at it!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe grabbed a canteen off of Checker's saddle and handed it to the tiny man.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Thank... you...  
\*GLUG GLUG GLUG\*  
Haha!

***FX 2: magic poof***

**NARRATOR**

Suddenly, the green figure disappeared in a cloud of green smoke! Only to reappear a few feet behind them. He looked much healthier, and full of spirit.

FIDDLE FADDLE

You've saved my life strangers! I was sure that I would die out here in these curse-d sand dunes! You have my sincere gratitude!

ROSCOE

Any time, no skin off our nose!

CHECKERS

Say, you sure are a strange little fella. Do you got a name?

FIDDLE FADDLE

Look who's talking! I jest. You see, I'm the little fairy fiddle faddle! Say my name three times and I'll turn into a ghost! PLEASE don't say my name three times!

ROSCOE

What?

FIDDLE FADDLE

It's my curse as a little fairy, it's kinda like a Rumpelstiltskin thing, upon meeting new people I have to tell them about the whole name - ghost deal. I wish things were different, but they aren't!

CHECKERS

So, wait. If we say your name three times, you'll - turn into a ghost?

FIDDLE FADDLE

Precisely! Please don't!

CHECKERS

What does "turn into a ghost" mean exactly? Like, you'll die?

FIDDLE FADDLE

Yes! My death will be excruciating and drawn out. But it will only happen if you say my name three times.

ROSCOE

Does it have to be in a row? Or just three times total?

FIDDLE FADDLE

Great question! It has to be in a row. Enough talk about my name, what do they call you two?

ROSCOE

I'm Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween. This here is my partner and crime fighting confidant, Checkers Justice: Horse Bounty Hunter.

CHECKERS

I'm sorry, I'm just still really confused by that thing you said earlier. You're a fairy?

FIDDLE FADDLE

Yes!

CHECKERS

And you have some arbitrary rule that will kill you if people say your name more than twice in a row.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Yes! I thought I explained that clearly!

CHECKERS

Why?

FIDDLE FADDLE

Why what?

CHECKERS

Why any of it? You're the first fairy I've met. Do all of you guys have this name thing?

FIDDLE FADDLE

No! I was hexed by a Hornery Witch back in Fifteen fifty floo!

ROSCOE

What?

FIDDLE FADDLE

That old hag, may she burn in the fires of Cowboy hell for all eternity, she trapped me one day and was going to cook me up in a stew. Fairy organs are highly sought after commodities in the witch community.

CHECKERS

Okay?

FIDDLE FADDLE

Well, as you can imagine - I was not too keen on being broiled alive - so right before She cast me into her cauldron, I spit in her face, and while she was distracted, I plucked her eyes out!

CHECKERS

Oh my god.

FIDDLE FADDLE

That's what she screamed! Now that the wrench was blinded, I attempted to make my escape. But before I left her house, she cast a hex on me - the hex that obligates me to explain the whole name thing to every stranger I meet!

ROSCOE

This is a lot to unpack.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Well, anyhow - that's all in the past. We're in the present! You have my thanks for giving me that water canteen. I will grant you two a wish, each!

CHECKERS

Whoa. Nice.

ROSCOE

(Whispering to Checkers)

Hey Checkers, this guy is giving me a weird vibe. I'm not sure we can trust him.

CHECKERS

(Whispering to Roscoe)

I can understand that, buddy. But when else are we going to get a chance like this? Two wishes! We need to think about this a bunch before finalizing anything.

ROSCOE

Okay. Hey Fiddle Faddle?

FIDDLE FADDLE

\*GASP\* Do not say my name again, Roscoe - please!

ROSCOE

Oh sorry, I forgot. Uh, do we have to use the wishes right now?

FIDDLE FADDLE

No sir, not one bit. I can just hang out with you guys until you use the wishes. Then I can disappear and leave you two forever!

CHECKERS

What were you doing out here in these sand dunes, anyways?

FIDDLE FADDLE

That's a big question. You see, after that witch captured me and placed a hex on my name - I escaped and ran off towards my home town - but I got lost!

I've been wandering aimlessly for the past few months, and once I got stuck in these sand dunes, I thought the end had come for me! That is, until I met you two.

CHECKERS

Where is your home?

FIDDLE FADDLE

Why, the fairy forest of course!

ROSCOE

And where is that?

FIDDLE FADDLE

Why, Belgium!

ROSCOE

Wow, you are a long way from home.

FIDDLE FADDLE

You don't have to tell me twice!

ROSCOE

This is America, you're in the wild west.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Oh shoot. It's worse than I thought!

CHECKERS

I'll say. Look. Fiddle Faddle.

FIDDLE FADDLE

AH! DON'T SAY IT AGAIN! I BEG OF YOU!

CHECKERS

Yikes, my bad. Look. Buddy. You seem to have a pretty complicated personal journey you're on. But I had a question about our wishes.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Yes?

CHECKERS

Is this like, a genie situation? Are you going to take our words out of context?

FIDDLE FADDLE

Uh... Um... Well.... \*Sigh\* Yes...

ROSCOE

Really? Why?

FIDDLE FADDLE

It's just my nature, I'm a merry trickster! It's another one of my rules, I have to twist your words into a magical prank.

ROSCOE

That sucks, Fiddle Faddle.

FIDDLE FADDLE

COWBOY JESUS CHRIST, GUYS. Seriously! Stop with the name! I told you so many times - if you say my name three times I WILL TURN INTO A GHOST. Do you want my tiny blood on your regular sized hands? DO YOU??

ROSCOE

I'm sorry! It won't happen again. I'm just used to calling people by their names. Why don't we call you by a nickname or something?

CHECKERS

Yeah, a nickname.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Very well. If that keeps you guys from MURDERING ME. What should my nickname be?

ROSCOE

How about Frank?

CHECKERS

Yeah, I like that. It's simple.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Okay, Frank it is.

ROSCOE

Hey Frank, if you're going to twist my wish into some weird magical prank, I'm just not going to make a wish.

FIDDLE FADDLE

No! You HAVE to! Those are the rules!

ROSCOE

I don't HAVE to do anything. You're being too pushy! We didn't need to come save you from dying of dehydration, ya know.

FIDDLE FADDLE

I know! I'm not trying to be ungrateful! I'm just telling you how it is! I am a merry trickster! I have to do what I have to do! If you don't make a wish, I'll never be able to leave your side - I'll never find my way home!

CHECKERS

You're putting a lot of pressure on us Fiddle- Uh. Frank.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Just make two simple wishes, and I'll try to misconstrue them as leniently as possible. Then, once our transaction is over - I can go on and finish my journey home. Sounds good?

CHECKERS

Sure dude, fine. This is weird.

ROSCOE

Yeah. We've run into some pretty strange characters over the past few months. But this is downright bizarre.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Let's just get on with it! Roscoe, what's your wish?

ROSCOE

I uh... I.... Hmmmm. I wish that our canteens were refilled.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Haha! I can do that! Behold!

***FX 2: Magic poof***

**NARRATOR**

Suddenly, all of the canteens on Checker's saddle - empty and un-empty floated into the air, and with a green puff of smoke, they fell to the ground. Roscoe opened one of them.

ROSCOE

Baked Beans?

FIDDLE FADDLE

I gotcha!

ROSCOE

What the hell, Frank.

FIDDLE FADDLE

They're refilled! But not with Water!

ROSCOE

Dude, you are really getting on my nerves. Why are you like this?

FIDDLE FADDLE

Don't hate the player, hate the game. I'm just living my truth. Checkers! Your turn.

CHECKERS

Okay. I wish our canteens were filled with WATER.

FIDDLE FADDLE

What? Really? That's your wish?

CHECKERS

Yeah. We're in a desert. We're going to get thirsty again. Baked beans won't do us any good.

FIDDLE FADDLE

But. That's kind of undermining my whole thing. Can't you wish for something different?

CHECKERS

No. I want the canteens to be filled with water. Do it.

FIDDLE FADDLE

\*Sigh\* You guys are no fun. Here I go!

***FX 2: Magic poof***

**NARRATOR**

With another poof of green smoke, the canteens once again floated to the air. And fell to the ground. Roscoe once again picked up a canteen and inspected the insides.

ROSCOE

This is salt water.

CHECKERS

Screw you, Fiddle fiddle.

FIDDLE FADDLE

No, screw you two! I've filled my obligation, I'm out of here!

CHECKERS

No. Change the canteen back.

FIDDLE FADDLE

You can't make me!

CHECKERS

I'll say your name three times.

FIDDLE FADDLE

\*GASP\* You wouldn't.

CHECKERS

I would.

FIDDLE FADDLE

But why?

CHECKERS

Because, you've been a weird thorn in our side for the past few minutes. I want clean drinking water. And I want it now.

FIDDLE FADDLE

But that just isn't what I-

CHECKERS

I am not fooling around, I swear to cowboy jesus.

ROSCOE

I'd listen to him if I was you, you don't want this horse to snap.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Okay! Okay! God. This whole interaction was fun at first, I thought I was making two new friends! But now everything's all sour. You want things to go back to normal? Sure!

***FX 2: Magic puff***

**NARRATOR**

With one more green cloud puff, Fiddle faddle rolled his tiny eyes and sighed to himself. The canteens floated, then fell for the last time.

CHECKERS

Roscoe, check it out.

ROSCOE

It seems to be normal water this time.

CHECKERS

Good.

ROSCOE

Goodbye Fiddl- Frank.

FIDDLE FADDLE

Sayonara losers. Now I'm going to - HUUUUUUHHH??

**NARRATOR**

In an instant, a figure flew in riding on a broom. It was an old witch, the hag that Fiddle Faddle had talked about earlier. Both of her eyes were missing, but she came hurdling straight for the three with breakneck speed. Once she was right in front of them, she floated off of her broom and pointed one bony finger at Fiddle Faddle.

OLD HAG

I've come to kill you, Fiddle Faddle! Say your prayers!

ROSCOE

Oh brother.

***FX 3: Organ sting 1***

**NARRATOR**

Oh no! This wicked witch has wound up in the west. Will she kill Fiddle Faddle? Will Roscoe and Checkers get to go back to their trip to a beach vacation? Is this show even about cowboys anymore? There's only one way to find out the answers to these questions - listen to this short commercial break!

**FX 4:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #1****COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES****END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK****NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action!

**FX 4:** *Organ sting 2*

**SCENE #2****NARRATOR**

When we left off, Roscoe and Checkers had met a fiendish imp named the little fairy fiddle faddle. After saving him from dying in a sea of sand dunes, they got into an argument about wishes, and canteens. Once all was fixed, and Fiddle Faddle was about to make his exit, the witch that hexed him re appeared and vowed to murder fiddle faddle. What will our Heroes do? Let's find out.

**OLD HAG**

I'm going to kill you Fiddle Faddle!

**FIDDLE FADDLE**

No! Roscoe! Checkers! Save me!

**CHECKERS**

Hey witch - don't kill him. He's not worth your time.

**FIDDLE FADDLE**

What is that supposed to mean?

**OLD HAG**

This flying fairy fool ripped my eyes out of my head! I have to settle the score!

FIDDLE FADDLE

Only because you were going to cook me alive and use my organs for ingredients! That's crazy! You're crazy! How did you even track me down? Aren't you blind now?

OLD HAG

Witches need not their eyes to see, boy. I followed your stench all the way here. Who are these two standing beside you?

ROSCOE

Roscoe, Checkers. Look. We didn't sign up for any of this. We just met this guy, gave him some water - and now all this magic mumbo jumbo is going on. I don't want any part of it.

CHECKERS

Yeah, what the kid said. This is above our pay grade, and outside of our genre. You two shouldn't even be in the wild west - you should be in some magical meadow or something. In Belgium.

OLD HAG

Do not take an insolent tone with me, horse. I'll cast a hex on you and make you a frog, or something!

ROSCOE

Hey! Don't threaten my best friend.

OLD HAG

Or what?

ROSCOE

Or I'll beat the tar out of you - that's what?

OLD HAG

You make me laugh. Witch magic, activate!

**NARRATOR**

In a puff of red smoke, a huge fist formed out of the sand and grabbed Checkers and Roscoe as tight as can be.

***FX 5: Magic puff, gravel noise***

ROSCOE

Let us go!

CHECKERS

Get your sand hand off of us, you old hag!

OLD HAG

Make me! Now, Fiddle Faddle. Time to die!

FIDDLE FADDLE

No! Please! I want to live, and prank! But mostly live!

OLD HAG

Save it! It's about time for that Hex to pay off! Here goes nothing: Fiddle Faddle. Fiddle Faddle. Fiddle Faddle!

FIDDLE FADDLE

Noooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!

**NARRATOR**

Fiddle Faddle clutched his chest and fell to the sandy ground. His golden hair began to gray at a rapid pace, his face wrinkled, it was as though he was aging a hundred years in an instance.

FIDDLE FADDLE

THE AGONY. THIS IS TORTURE!

NARRATOR

Soon, he was reduced to bones. Then the bones crumbled into dust.

ROSCOE

Oh my god he's dead.

OLD HAG

Darn right he's dead! And you're next!

**NARRATOR**

The giant sand fist that was clutching our heroes started to squeeze. And squeeze and squeeze. Checkers and Roscoe struggled to break free of the gravel-y grip to no avail. Just as the two thought they had met their match - Roscoe got an idea.

ROSCOE

Checkers! The canteens!

CHECKERS

What?

ROSCOE

The canteens! They're full of water, right?

CHECKERS

Yeah?

ROSCOE

And this fist is made of sand!

CHECKERS

Yeah?

ROSCOE

Let's soak this thing and see if we can escape!

CHECKERS

Deal!

**NARRATOR**

Checkers twisted so that his saddle could face Roscoe as he reached out and untwisted every lid of every canteen in seconds flat. The sand fist was putting more and more pressure on our heroes as time went by, and Checkers thought he may soon pass out. Once the canteens were opened, and water started to soak the magically made hand - it began to get mushy and misshaped, it was getting softer too. Seizing on this moment, Checkers bucked back with all his might - forming a hole in the palm and creating an exit for our two cowpokes. Roscoe and Checkers both tumbled down out of the hole, landing on the sand dunes beneath them.

ROSCOE

Great work buddy.

CHECKERS

You too, Jr.

OLD HAG

Bah, so you've gotten out of my sand fist - pat yourselves on the back why don't you! But you won't escape my magical fire blas- hey, what is that?

**NARRATOR**

A wind rushed past the old hag's hair, and a blue figure stood up from the dusty remains of the little fairy fiddle fiddle. It was his ghost! Floating in a spectral form, and looking as mad as ever - fiddle fiddle flew towards the witch and stopped mere inches from her face.

FIDDLE FADDLE

I'm a ghost now! And I may not be able to grant wishes or do magic anymore, but I can do this!

ROSCOE

Huh?

**NARRATOR**

Fiddle Faddle flew into the old hag's body, possessing her.

OLD HAG

No, no - you won't best me!

**NARRATOR**

The old hag's body was now floating ten feet in the air and glowing bright blue, her eyes had rolled to the back of her head.

FIDDLE FADDLE

I don't intend to best you! I intend to break you!

**NARRATOR**

As fiddle faddle spoke these words, the old hag's body exploded into a million chunky pieces.

**FX 6:** *Splat explosion***NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

It was so gross. Really, really disgusting stuff. Thank god this is radio. Roscoe and Checkers will remember this gory sight for as long as they live. Bad news, man. Bad news.

**CHECKERS**

That was horrible.

**ROSCOE**

That was terrible.

**FIDDLE FADDLE**

That was justice! No need to thank me, boys! I've done all I needed to do.

**ROSCOE**

Fiddle faddle, oh - I mean frank.

**FIDDLE FADDLE**

No need to call me that anymore, Roscoe. It's not like I can become a double ghost or anything. In a way, I'm more free now than I've ever been! Sorry about our little squabble earlier. I hope you won't hold it against lil' ol' me?

**CHECKERS**

Yeah, whatever

**FIDDLE FADDLE**

Great! Then I shall leave, never to return! I must forge my own destiny, and start my afterlife anew! I need to figure out what my unfinished business is, so I can get into cowboy heaven! Fiddle faddle - AWAY!

**FX 7:** *Airplane liftoff noise***NARRATOR**

The ghost of the little fairy formerly known as fiddle faddle flew straight into the stratosphere, and disappeared from view. Roscoe and Checkers were left standing in the middle of the sand dunes, with the scattered remains of the old hag spread around the ground.

**ROSCOE**

I hated all of this.

CHECKERS

Me too. Now we're out of water again. Lesson learned, don't help a dehydrated fairy if you don't want your afternoon to be ruined.

ROSCOE

Amen to that, brother. Wanna head to the beach?

CHECKERS

I guess we oughta. Hey Roscoe?

ROSCOE

Yeah Checkers?

CHECKERS

Magic is stupid.

ROSCOE

Yes it is. Yes it is.

**NARRATOR**

As our story comes to a close, Roscoe and Checkers begin walking once more, towards their much needed beach vacation. But this broadcast isn't over yet! Hear the next episode of the night after this short commercial break!

**FX 8:** *End music starts*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #2**

*COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES*

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**EPISODE ELEVEN**

A SLIPPERY RUN IN WITH SNAKE OIL SAM!

**INTRO:****FX 1:** *Music swells***NARRATOR**

Every hour of this program is a double feature! Now, we once again join everyone's favorite Crime fighting cowpoke and his heroic horse pal in the further exploits of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

**FX 1:** *Music continues*

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**FX 1:** *Song fades away*

Our second episode of the evening: A Slippery Run in with Snake Oil Sam!

**SCENE #1****NARRATOR**

Three weeks have passed since the Fiddle Faddle incident, now our terrific twosome - Roscoe Taylor and Checkers Justice are walking through a dense forest, and they are currently strolling alongside a babbling brook. It's been a long journey through this forest, and right now they are conversating to pass the time.

**CHECKERS**

This brook sure is babbling, huh Roscoe?

**ROSCOE**

You said it! That's the babblyest brook I've ever laid my eyes on.

**CHECKERS**

The dang thing is Babbling the night away.

**ROSCOE**

What's the difference between a brook and a river? Or a stream?

**CHECKERS**

I'm not sure, I think the terms are interchangeable.

**ROSCOE**

This though, this right here is a textbook brook. A Textbrook.

CHECKERS

Oh, for sure. Anybody sees this thing - they're not calling it a river. They're not calling it a stream. This is a straight up BROOK, baby!

ROSCOE

We agree on this one hundred percent.

CHECKERS

Absolutely. We are on the same page Brook-wise.

ROSCOE

What were we up to again? I forgot our current objective.

CHECKERS

We just finished our relaxing beach vacation. Best three weeks I've ever spent. Now we're walking through these woods on the way to Jackrabbit City. It's a few miles south, they've got a general store and a couple of rooms for rent.

ROSCOE

Oh yeah, that's right. On our beach vacation I got sunburned - and a heat stroke.

CHECKERS

You sure did.

ROSCOE

Maybe that's why I forgot about the Jackrabbit City stuff.

CHECKERS

That's possible, a heat stroke can really scramble the mind.

ROSCOE

That beach was so fun though, surfing sure was cool.

CHECKERS

And that whole adventure we had with the curse of the island totem. That was such a long, hilarious, and well structured story.

ROSCOE

That journey had a really strong beginning, a gut busting middle, and a satisfying end! All in all, it's got to be one of, if not THE best adventure we've had so far.

CHECKERS

I couldn't agree more, anyways - this brook, huh? Look at the thing!

ROSCOE

Still babbling, I see.

CHECKERS

Darn tootin. Hey Jr. Do you see that? Further down alongside the aforementioned babbling brook. Is that some kind of wagon?

ROSCOE

Yeah, looks to me like a horse drawn carriage down there.

CHECKERS

Hey, see that guy? He's waving at us.

ROSCOE

Let's go say hi. It's always nice to make a new forest friend.

**NARRATOR**

The two walked closer to the carriage, and a portly old man wearing a top hat and a monocle came into clearer focus. His carriage had a sign that read "Snake Oil Sam's Travelling Tonic dispensary." At the front of the vehicle, two horses were hooked up to the reigns.

SNAKE OIL SAM

Hail! And well met, travelers!

ROSCOE

Howdy.

CHECKERS

Howdy.

SNAKE OIL SAM

I'm Snake Oil Sam, the finest Salesman in all the land. What do you go by?

CHECKERS

Checkers.

ROSCOE

Roscoe.

SNAKE OIL SAM

Those names are perfectly suited for a boy and a horse such as yourselves. I'll cut to the chase, men. One of the spokes on my wagon here broke down. Is there any way you could help?

ROSCOE

Of course, we'd be happy to.

CHECKERS

Always ready to help a stranger in need.

SNAKE OIL SAM

I had a hunch you'd say that! You strike me as a couple of Samaritans, the good kind! Yes siree!

ROSCOE

Thanks, I can try to find some tree limbs around here and maybe I can whittle a new spokes for you.

SNAKE OIL SAM

You're too kind! To pay you two for your service, how about you take some of my snake oil, pro bono! Free of charge!

ROSCOE

Really?

SNAKE OIL SAM

Yes really! Any of my bottles, any of my beakers, you're pick.

CHECKERS

I don't know, I've heard that Snake Oil Salesmen can be a slippery lot.

SNAKE OIL SAM

I've heard such rumors, as well - horse! Snake oil salesmen get a raw deal in our modern age, but it's unearned! Oiling a snake is tough work I tell you! Tough work, yes siree!

ROSCOE

What is Snake oil, exactly?

SNAKE OIL SAM

Great question! Amazing question! Here's a better question: What ISN'T snake oil!

ROSCOE

What?

SNAKE OIL SAM

In the literal sense, I grab snakes and just twist them like a rag until oil drips out - but in a figurative sense, I like to think that snake oil is the connective tissue that holds reality together. It's all around us at all times! Snake oil is the one true constant, the one true form of matter! Whoops, I've started rambling again, pardon my enthusiasm.

CHECKERS

(Whispering)

Roscoe, this guy seems a little looney.

SNAKE OIL SAM

I heard that! And you might not be wrong, friend! I might be looney, my brain might be mush, I might have lost all my marbles, spilled all my beans.

I could have lost my mind ages ago! But I can tell you with upmost certainty that I haven't lost my entrepreneurial spirit! And that's all that matters, these days. So, what say you? Care to take me up on my offer? Care to try out my wares?

ROSCOE

Well... I do love deals. And I've never tried snake oil before.

CHECKERS

I'm not sure we should trust this guy. But, a free bottle or two wouldn't hurt anything. Even if this stuff is bogus.

ROSCOE

We'll take two, please!

SNAKE OIL SAM

Very well! Coming right up!

**NARRATOR**

Snake Oil Sam walked to the back of his wagon and opened the double doors on the back. There were close to a hundred glass containers of Snake oil in every shape and size. He grabbed one tall vial that was filled with bright green oil, and handed it to Roscoe. Then he pulled out a round beaker that had a deep orange hued oil inside - and he placed that on the ground in front of Checkers.

SNAKE OIL SAM

Here you are, gentlemen!

ROSCOE

Thanks. Now let's get your spokes fixed, so we can get on our way.

SNAKE OIL SAM

Well, before you do that - wouldn't you like to drink the oil?

ROSCOE

Huh? Oh, not really.

CHECKERS

Yeah, we can hold off on that stuff for a little while.

SNAKE OIL SAM

Why, these concoctions will restore you with vigor! They'll certainly aid you in this Spoke repairing project! Why don't you just drink a little now? I'm sure you'll find the flavor appealing to the senses.

CHECKERS

You're being too pushy, Sam. We said not right now.

SNAKE OIL SAM

That is what you said, but is that what you meant?

ROSCOE

What does that mean?

SNAKE OIL SAM

I'm simply trying to help you two fine customers! Just drink it!

ROSCOE

No.

SNAKE OIL SAM

DRINK IT!

CHECKERS

Let's get out of here, Roscoe. This guy is trouble.

SNAKE OIL SAM

Trouble, am I? Well just see about that! PLAN B!

CHECKERS

Huh?

**NARRATOR**

Suddenly, one of the two horses in front of Snake oil sam's carriage stood up on its hind legs and pulled it's head off. Revealing that it was not a horse at all! In fact, it was an elaborate homemade costume, and the true identity of this suspicious steed was none other than - LEX R. KANNA!

LEX R. KANNA

Hello boys! It's I! Lex R. Kanna. Horse Bounty Hunter. I'm back, and dressed as a horse!

CHECKERS & ROSCOE

(Together)

GASP

LEX R. KANNA

That's right! This was a set up! A ruse! A sham! And you fell for it, hook, line, and stinker!

CHECKERS

We kicked your butt once, we'll do it again.

**NARRATOR**

To refresh our listener's memory, Lex R. Kanna is the son of the late, hateful oil baron Tex R. Kanna. Tex tried to kill Checker's horse girlfriend a few years ago, a plan which did not bode well for Tex. Checkers beat the man to death and ran off to the wild west to start his life anew.

In one of Roscoe and Checker's first adventures - Lex appeared seeking revenge. He's a master of disguise, last time wearing a handcrafted cactus costume. The two crime fighters bested Lex, though - and Checkers kicked him into the horizon.

LEX R. KANNA

Now I'm back, and madder than ever! I'm gonna kill you Checkers, if it's the last thing I do!

CHECKERS

You don't know both sides of the story! I got my bounty paid off, I'm an innocent horse!

LEX R. KANNA

Tell it to the judge!

CHECKERS

I did! That's what I just said!

LEX R. KANNA

Oh. Well. We're past the point of talking this out, Checkers. Now is the time for action! And we've got a secret weapon up our sleeve! And her name Rhymes with Savannah!

ROSCOE

Huh?

NARRATOR

Lex Pointed his handmade horse hoof towards the other stallion that was attached to the carriage. It also stood up and pulled off it's equine-mask to reveal Joanna Bandanna!

JOANNA

It's me!

**FX 9:** *Spittoon noise*

CHECKERS & ROSCOE

GASP!

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

You!

JOANNA

Me! Joanna Bandanna! The band-aid and Banana bandit! I'm back, and I'm also dressed as a horse! You two have finally met your match!

ROSCOE

Didn't we teach you your lesson last time we sent you to jail?

**NARRATOR**

To refresh our listener's memory, again, Joanna Bandanna was Roscoe's first mentor - a criminal who takes what she wants and doesn't care who she hurts. About a year ago, Joanna met Roscoe as he was quitting his job as a spittoon cleaner. She promised him adventure, but once a bank robbery went horribly awry, Roscoe sent her to jail. During another one of Roscoe and Checker's first adventures, back in a desert oasis, they met her again and after a tense fight, they took her into custody.

**JOANNA**

I've teamed up with Lex and Sam, here - and we're gonna collectively kick your hides. Say your prayers, Squirt!

**CHECKERS**

Wait. I understand what Lex and Joanna have to gain by fighting us again. But Snake oil Sam, how do you figure into this?

**ROSCOE**

Yeah, what's your deal? We don't have any beef with you!

**SNAKE OIL SAM**

Easy! Lex and Joanna met me a few days ago and asked if I would help with this trap. They're paying me FIFTY DOLLARS.

**CHECKERS**

That's it?

**SNAKE OIL SAM**

Yes!

**ROSCOE**

I hope they paid upfront, Sam. Because we're taking the three of you down. That fifty dollars won't save you from a butt kicking.

**SNAKE OIL SAM**

I would be more concerned about YOUR butts!

**CHECKERS**

What?

**SNAKE OIL SAM**

You didn't drink my tranquilizing Snake oil drink, but I have other ways of incapacitating you two! Like this!

**NARRATOR**

Snake oil Sam grabbed a nearby bottle filled with a glowing red liquid. He chucked it at our heroes, and with a smash, the bottle broke on the ground in front of them.

**FX 10:** *Bottle smash*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Suddenly, pink smoke rose all around Roscoe and Checkers, covering them in a suffocating fog!

CHECKERS & ROSCOE

\*Cough and wheeze\*

**NARRATOR**

The Tallahassee Tween and his Horse Bounty hunter partner both cough and wheeze in confusion as the cloud surrounds them. After they fully breathe in the catastrophic concoction, they fall to the ground - asleep!

LEX R. KANNA

Great work Sam, they're falling unconscious! Joanna, help me throw these two in the wagon. We have some work to do.

JOANNA

Sure thing, This'll be good.

**FX 3:** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR**

Yikes! Our heroes are out cold, and in the clutches of their arch rivals! This is a pretty pickl-ey pickle they've gotten into. How will they escape certain doom? Will these villains spell the end of our Didactic Duo? Why did Snake oil sam do all of this for only fifty dollars? Are his morals THAT flexible? These are questions that need answering! That is, after a short commercial break!

**FX 4:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #3**

COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES

**COMMERCIAL BREAK ENDS**

**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to the further adventures of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween and his horse partner Checkers Justice!

**FX 4:** *Organ sting 2*

**SCENE #2****NARRATOR**

When we last left our characters, the situation was pretty dire. Roscoe and Checkers have been bamboozled and bum rushed by Lex R. Kanna, a Horse Bounty hunter. Joanna Bandanna, a notorious outlaw.

And Snake oil Sam, a slippery salesman who got paid fifty dollars to help capture our heroes. After the two do-gooders fall to the ground, unconscious- they're hauled into Sam's Carriage and taken away from the forest and the brook that babbled with in it. When they come to, they're in a barn of some kind - and both Checkers and Roscoe are tied up and hanging above a giant vat of some boiling mystery liquid.

ROSCOE

Huh? I'm awake again! Where are we? Checkers, wake up!

CHECKERS

Okay, okay! I'm up! Oh crap. Look's like we're in a deathtrap.

LEX R. KANNA

Glad to see your eyes still work, Horse!

JOANNA

Get a good long look - because this is the last place you'll ever see!

SNAKE OIL SAM

Yeah, you're gonna die!

**NARRATOR**

Snake oil Sam is standing on the ground, close to the wide barn doors. Next to him, Lex and Joanna are still wearing the handcrafted horse costumes that Lex produced. The bubbling broth beneath our brothers in arms is glowing purple.

LEX R. KANNA

All we have to do is cut that rope, and you two are going to burn alive Sam's Snake oil stew! It's about time we got our pay back! It's about time you two met your maker!

ROSCOE

Before you kill us, could you please elaborate on this pairing? I wouldn't have guessed You guys would join forces, did you know each other beforehand or something?

JOANNA

Well you see...

**FX 11:** *Transition harp*

**NARRATOR**

We flash back now to a few weeks ago - Lex R. Kanna has just been kicked miles into the air by Checkers. He's hurdling up out of Cattle Crack Canyon, and his trajectory shows no sign of stopping soon.

LEX R. KANNA

Aaaaaahhhhhhhhh!

**NARRATOR**

He rockets through the sky and eventually crash lands through the roof of a jail cell.

**FX 12:** *Crash noise*

JOANNA

Huh? What was that?

**NARRATOR**

Joanna Bandanna wakes up with a startle and investigates the man wearing a cactus costume, covered in rubble.

JOANNA

Who are you?

LEX R. KANNA

\*Cough\* I'm going to pass out for a little bit - I'll explain later.

**FX 11:** *Transition harp*

**NARRATOR**

Now we're back in the present day, in the barn where Roscoe and Checkers are hanging above a tub of liquid death.

LEX R. KANNA

After I was awake again - I told Joanna my story, she explained hers and soon we hatched a plan to break out of jail.

CHECKERS

That flashback was unnecessary.

JOANNA

Stuff it!

CHECKERS

Also, what exactly was your "break out" plan?

LEX R. KANNA

We climbed out of the hole in the roof that I made when I smashed into the jail cell.

ROSCOE

Masterful planning. You must be a genius.

LEX R. KANNA

Enough! Time to die!

JOANNA

Yeah! Say hi to Cowboy satan for us! Sam, cut the rope!

SNAKE OIL SAM

Can do Miss Bandanna!

**NARRATOR**

Snake Oil Sam Grabbed a nearby machete and swung through the rope, slicing it in two. But, much to their suprise, and to their Chagrin, Roscoe and Checkers had an ace up their sleeves. As they fell downwards towards the vile vat, Roscoe disjointed his shoulder and pulled out his trusty lasso, with one whip he wrapped the rope around a nearby support beam. They swung up out of harms way, and once they landed on the other side of the barn, Checkers and Roscoe quickly freed themselves and readied for a fight.

CHECKERS

You want to dance? Let's dance!

LEX R. KANNA

Drats! Foiled again! But we can still finish the job.

ROSCOE

Maybe in your dreams, R. Kanna. But this isn't a dream, it's a nightmare. YOU'RE nightmare.

JOANNA

That was a lame retort!

ROSCOE

Who asked you?

SNAKE OIL SAM

I'm intimidated by your sudden turning of the tables! Snake oil Sam is out of here! Aahaaaaahhhh!

**NARRATOR**

Snake oil Same cowardly busted open the barn doors and ran off into the horizon. Once he was out of view, Roscoe, Checkers, Lex, and Joanna all looked at one another and prepared for battle.

LEX R. KANNA

Any last words?

CHECKERS

You're about to get punched by a horse.

JOANNA

How bout you, little feller?

ROSCOE

You were wrong about what you said earlier. About my retort. It was good and cool.

**NARRATOR**

And with that, the four fighters began their brawl.

**FX 13: BIG FIGHT**

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Kicks flew, punches were thrown. Lex delivered an uppercut on Checkers horse head, Roscoe karate chopped Joanna in the spine, Checkers kicked Lex in the gut, Joanna fired a gun in the air wildly, it was pure chaos. They fought and fought, until they couldn't fight anymore, then they fought more! It seemed like the brawl would never end, until Checkers got a bright idea right in the nick of time!

CHECKERS

The snake oil, that's it!

**NARRATOR**

Quickly, Checkers ran to the giant vat of Boiling Snake oil and looked all around it.

CHECKERS

There has to be a hose or something, somewhere! There!

**NARRATOR**

Checkers found a large hose with a label that read "DO NOT REMOVE" posted in large red text.

CHECKERS

Roscoe, I need some help over here!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe juke to the right and ducked out of the fight with Lex and Joanna and turned to look at Checkers.

ROSCOE

What do you need?

**NARRATOR**

We gotta cut this hose, any ideas?

ROSCOE

Hmmmm. Yeah! Snake oil Sam dropped that machete when he ran away like a coward! Let's use that!

LEX R. KANNA

Hey! We're not done here!

JOANNA

What's the matter, scared?

**NARRATOR**

The two villians approached quickly, but before they could reach our heroes, Roscoe whipped his lasso around the machete that was laying close to the door, and swung it in a perfect arc. As it came down to the ground, it cleaved through the Snake oil tube easily, and a flood of Hot oil poured onto the ground of the barn, quickly covering everything in it's path.

JOANNA

Yikes!

ROSCOE

Checkers, get us out of here!

CHECKERS

Deal. Hyuah!

**FX 14:** *Kick sound***NARRATOR**

With a mighty kick, Checkers bucked Roscoe up through the roof of the barn, and our terrific tween landed on the ground outside with grace and style.

CHECKERS

Any takers? Or are you two going to try your luck with the oil?

LEX R. KANNA

Help!

JOANNA

Yeah! You're supposed to be the good guys! Get us out of here!

CHECKERS

Okay!

NARRATOR

The oil spill had almost reached them, it was mere feet away when Checkers leaned back and got ready to deliver the kick of all kicks.

CHECKERS

Hyuah!

**FX 14:** *Kick sound***NARRATOR**

He sent the two busting through the top of the barn as well. But neither of them landed as gracefully as Roscoe had earlier. They both landed head first into the dirt outside. With just their legs poking out of the ground. With one last big buck, Checkers bounded up an out of the barn.

ROSCOE

Great job buddy!

CHECKERS

You two, we really showed them a thing or two.

ROSCOE

Let's pull these fools back where they belong, behind bars.

CHECKERS

We're gonna have to yank them up out of the soil first.

ROSCOE

You're right. Where do you suppose Snake Oil Sam ran off to?

CHECKERS

Not sure, but I have a feeling this isn't the last we'll see of him.

**NARRATOR**

Unfortunately, Checkers was wrong in this instance. You see, after Snake oil Sam ran out of the barn because of his cowardice, he tripped on his shoe lace and snapped his neck when he fell to the ground. His dead body was laying on the other side of the barn. But our heroes didn't know that - and they never will!

ROSCOE

You're right Checkers, I'm sure he'll be back.

**NARRATOR**

He will not.

ROSCOE

Anyways, lets get these two lassoed up - then we can haul them off to Jackrabbit City! I hope they have aloe vera there. I'm still Sunburned!

CHECKERS

Yes you are, little buddy. Yes. You. Are.

***FX 15:*** *End music fades in*

**NARRATOR**

The day is saved, I guess! And this broadcast is coming to a close. Make sure to tune in next week at 9pm to hear the next audio adventures of everyone's favorite Snake oil spilling Savant: Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

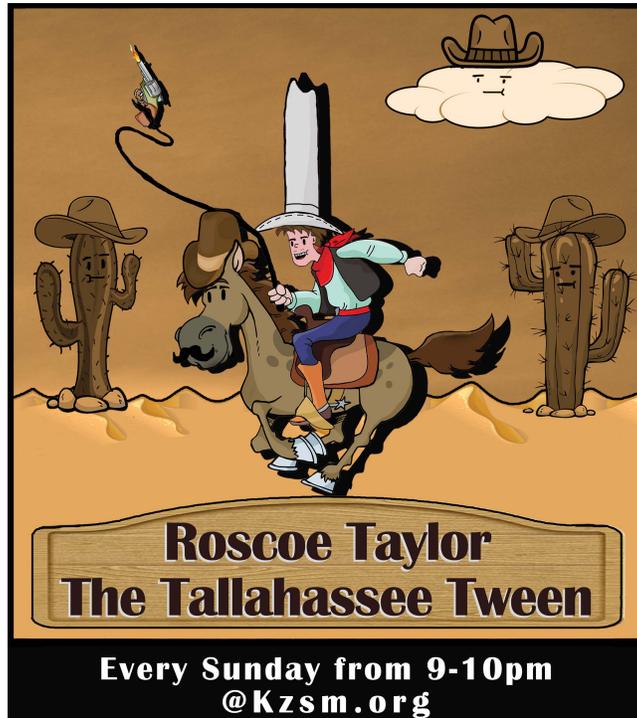
***FX 15:*** *End music gets louder*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Tonight's episodes were brought to you by KZSM.org true community radio. **Sam Pierce** played *Roscoe Taylor*.

**Mitchell Oden** played *Checkers Justice*. **Lexi Morris** played *The Old Hag* and *Joanna Bandanna*. **Jordan Pilkenton** played *the late Snake Oil Sam*, and worked as the audio producer for our program. This show is written and directed by me, **Garrett Buss**. I played *the Narrator*, *The little fairy Fiddle Faddle*, and *Lex R. Kanna*. Coming up after this is an incredibly special episode of *Swamp Gas Uggos at Ten*, so be sure to stay tuned. From all of us here in the wild wild west, thank you and goodnight.

**THE END.**



## **Roscoe Taylor - Broadcast #7**

Episode 12: Underground Angst  
Amongst The Armadillo Armada!

Episode 13: The Terrible Tune of a  
Telltale Jug!

Written by

Garrett Buss

## **EPISODE TWELVE**

UNDERGROUND ANGST AMONGST THE ARMADILLO ARMADA!

### **INTRO:**

**FX 1:** *Music swells*

#### **NARRATOR**

Only one feller can tame the wild west. Only one feller is young, dumb and full of courage. And only one feller goes by the name of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!  
Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX 1:** *Music fades away*

Tonight's episode:  
Underground Angst Amongst the Armadillo Armada!

### **SCENE #1**

#### **NARRATOR**

Checkers is walking down a dusty trail, with Roscoe sitting on his back. This dirt path is long and winding, and they've been on it for some time.

#### **CHECKERS**

Hey little buddy, how's the weather up there?

#### **ROSCOE**

Dusty! And dry.

#### **CHECKERS**

Same here. How's the view?

#### **ROSCOE**

I can't tell! There's so much dust everywhere I can't hardly see four feet in any direction.

#### **CHECKERS**

Same here. I'm gonna stop trottin' for a minute and take a little break.

#### **ROSCOE**

Sounds fine by me, hey checkers?

#### **CHECKERS**

Yeah?

#### **ROSCOE**

You know how some cowboys have that thing they say?



CHECKERS

Roscoe, please. I'm trying to make a point here, I'm not actually calling you a cow - I'm just setting up a hypothetical senario.

ROSCOE

Oh... Okay. Sorry for the confusion. You may continue.

CHECKERS

You're a cow, right?

ROSCOE

Right.

CHECKERS

And you're being wrangled along with your herd, right?

ROSCOE

Right.

CHECKERS

Well, suppose you don't want to be wrangled. Suppose you want to go take a swig of that pond water over to the east. And you're determined to walk over there.

ROSCOE

The wranglers wouldn't like that.

CHECKERS

Exactly, so - to keep you complacent, they need to break you down psychologically.

ROSCOE

What?

CHECKERS

It's the only way. They need to trick you, to put you in a state of confusion so you're more maleable to their commands. So they shout out "Get along, little doggie!" And now, you're whole world is rocked.

ROSCOE

Because I'm not a dog?

CHECKERS

Exactly! You're a cow! And a big one, too. But here's this guy, calling you a doggie. And a little one, at that. How would that make you feel?

ROSCOE

Confused.

CHECKERS

Yes. You - a cow, are thinking to yourself "Hey, wait a minute. I'm not a little doggie. Why did he call me that? I don't even look like a doggie. Does he know somethin I don't know? Has something changed? Who am I? What am I?" Then, boom you're headed towards the herd again. You can't even remember that pond water that you craved a second ago, you're having a full blown identity crisis. The wrangler has won yet again.

ROSCOE

Wow. Is that really why they say that?

CHECKERS

No clue, I just made all that up. It could totally be wrong.

ROSCOE

Okay. Thanks for the- Hey, do you see that guy up ahead on the trail, the one heading our way?

CHECKERS

Yeah, the one with the hawiiian shirt and the panicked expression?

ROSCOE

He sure seems like he's in a hurry.

TOURIST

HELP! HELP! It's a travesty, a disaster!

ROSCOE

Cool your jets mister, what happened?

TOURIST

It's too terrible to put into words! To despicable to say out loud!

CHECKERS

Well, we need something to go off of - or else we can't help you!

TOURIST

SOMEBODY STOLE THE GRAND CANYON!!

ROSCOE & CHECKERS

What?

TOURIST

Stole it! Ripped the dang thing off the face of the earth! It's not there any more!

ROSCOE

I didn't realize we were that close to the Grand canyon, or where it used to be, anyways.

CHECKERS

What do you mean "Stole?" How can somebody steal a big hole in the ground?

TOURIST

I have no idea! I'm just a tourist, I came to see the sights of the wild west! I didn't sign up to be a witness to the cosmic horror that is the theft of a national treasure such as this!

CHECKERS

Where is it?

TOURIST

About two miles east, you can't miss it. I'm going to run away in fear now, goodbye!

ROSCOE

Goodbye.

TOURIST

Aaaaaahhhhhh

**NARRATOR**

The tourist ran off into the distance, flailing his arms above his head as he left. Checkers and Roscoe hiked in the direction the man said before they saw the sinister sight that the man had been screaming about.

ROSCOE

Holy cow, he was right.

CHECKERS

I've been alive for a long time in horse years, and I've never seen anything like this.

**NARRATOR**

In the distance they could see a giant hole, perfectly round - going deep into the earth's core. Where there once was an expansive - resplendent canyon, there now was a pit that never seemed to end.

CHECKERS

This is bizarre. Who could have done this?

ROSCOE

What could have done this?

CHECKERS

Maybe this was some kind of freak - Mega sinkhole, or something? Erosion definitely isn't supposed to look like this.

ROSCOE

Well there's only one next step, right?

CHECKERS

Jump into that seemingly unending hole and see what's at the bottom of it? - If there even is a bottom?

ROSCOE

Exactly. I'll do the old hat parachute manuever, let's go for it!

CHECKERS

You don't have to tell me twice, let's go!

**FX 2:** *Parachute noise*

NARRATOR

Checkers raced towards the mouth of the giant hole with Roscoe sitting ontop his saddle. With a mighty leap, they flew straight into the center of the pit. They fell down and down and down some more before Roscoe pulled up his trusty terrifically tall hat and caught the wind underneath it. Using his unusually strong leg grip strength, Roscoe clutched his knees together into the saddle, holding Checkers up with him as they gently floated down the mysterious chasm. After what felt like ages, they felt the ground meet their feet. But everything was pitch black, only a faint dot of light could be seen far above them where they entered the opening of the hole.

**SCENE #2**

CHECKERS

Well, this is the bottom - but I can't see a dang thing! Grab a match out of the saddle bag, would ya? We got that lantern in there too, somewhere.

ROSCOE

Of course - here we go.

NARRATOR

Roscoe's hand fumbled and fished around in the saddle bags before he finally pulled out the matchbook and an rusty red oil lantern.

**FX 3:** *Match strike noise*

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The lanterns flame lit up about a thiry foot circle around them in any direction, exposing only the muddy ground beneath their feet.

The chasm they were standing in was hundreds of miles wide and the vast majority of it remained unlit and unseeable. But Roscoe wasted no time before he hopped off Checker's back and began inspecting the floor.

ROSCOE

What do we have here? Dirt, dirt, a few dinosaur bones, more dirt. Huh???? What's that over there? It looks like a-

ARMADILLO GUARD

Hands where I can see em!

CHECKERS

Is that an armadillo?

**FX 4:** *Gun cock noise*

ARMADILLO GUARD

I've got a gun. Hands above your head.

ROSCOE

Whoa man! Yeah we'll do it. Our hands are up.

CHECKERS

Why're you pointing that thing at us, little guy? We don't mean you no harm.

ARMADILLO GUARD

You two are offically tresspassing in Armadillo Armada territory, I'm taking you in as prisoners.

ROSCOE

Prisoners? I didn't see a "no tresspassing" sign anywhere. Somebody stole the grand canyon so we jumped down here to see what's what - We aren't going anywhere with you.

ARMADILLO GUARD

Very well.

**FX 5:** *Gun shot*

ROSCOE

Ow! By leg!

CHECKERS

What the Cowboy hell, man! Why'd you shoot his leg? I'm gonna beat you to death.

ARMADILLO GUARD

You're gonna have to catch me first.

**NARRATOR**

And just like that, the armadillo rolled into a ball and spun away, off into the dark expanse.

ROSCOE

Ah, ow, ow ow. My leg is bleeding like crazy! What a little jerk!

CHECKERS

Dang, you need to bandage that up - stat. There's some guaze in the saddle bag on the left, I think. Where did that thing run off to?

ROSCOE

I don't know, but he - ow - sure seemed mad about us setting foot down here, I wonder -ow - if he-

**NARRATOR**

Suddenly, the armadillo rolled back up to them, but he was followed by another, slightly larger armadillo. They got close enough to be illuminated by the flickering lantern's light.

ARMADILLO GUARD

This is the king.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

I am the king!

ROSCOE

Why'd you shoot me?

ARMADILLO GUARD

Because you wouldn't surrender. You're our prisoners now.

CHECKERS

No we aint. You can't arrest people. You're armadillos.

ROSCOE

Yeah! Even if you do have a gun - ow - you're still like half a foot tall.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

He's a footsoldier, who has been granted jurisdiction of this underground kingdom by me - the sovereign ruler of the ground dwellers. Bow!

ROSCOE

I won't bow.

CHECKERS

I won't bow either! And I can't! My knees wouldn't bend that way.

ARMADILLO GUARD

He told you to bow.

**FX 4:** Gun cock

KING OF ARMADILLOS

I'd listen to him, he's got a gun.

CHECKERS

We know.

ROSCOE

Hey, King of the Armadillos - what's this big hole about? What did you guys do to the grand canyon?

KING OF ARMADILLOS

I'll explain everything, once you wake up!

CHECKERS

Huh?

**FX 6:** *Bonk*

**NARRATOR**

Just then, from behind Roscoe and Checkers, shrouded by shadows, four armadillos sitting on eachother's shoulders snuck up and weilded a big wooden club. They smacked our heroes out cold, and soon more armadillos came out from the black reaches to lift our unconscious comerades up and away to a large burrowed hole on the nearest wall.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

Good work soldiers, now - let's take these intruders to see the true splendor of our underground domain! Soon our plan will come to fruition, soon we will wipe out all surface dwellers, soon the world above will cower in fear at the mere mention of the ARMADILLO ARMADA!!

**FX 7:** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR**

Oh no! Will our heroes make it out of this one alive? Like, aside from the armadillo thing, are they going to suffer any long term head trauma from all these head bonks they've been getting? Seriously! They get knocked unconcious like once an episode, that could really lead to long term health problems. Do either of them have insurance? Would they consider "Cowboy adventurerer a pre-existing condition? What evil plan does the armadillo king have in store? Could a horse even get insurance nowadays? These are all questions worth asking - and the answers to some of them will be revealed after this short commercial break!

**FX 8:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #1**

COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUESEND OF COMMERCIAL BREAKSCENE #4FX 8: Organ sting 2**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action! When we left off, Roscoe and Checkers had just been knocked out by some armadillos, and carried off under the orders of the Armadillo king! Now, our rootin tooters wake up and look around in bewilderment - the first thing they notice is the fact that they can see their surroundings! They seem to be in a large underground cave system, one that's filled with glowing green gemstones. The second thing they notice is the fact that they are hanging upside down, with their feet tied around hanging stalactites.

**CHECKERS**

Huh? Where am I- hey! Where are those armadillos?

**ROSCOE**

I'm awake! What's up with all these glowing rocks?

**KING OF ARMADILLOS**

Silence, fools!

**ROSCOE**

You!

**KING OF ARMADILLOS**

Yes, I! King Leporious the One hundred and fifteenth! Master of the subterranean and leader of the fiercest army below the earth's crust. Who exactly are you?

**NARRATOR**

As he spoke, the little king finally came into Roscoe and Checker's line of sight. He was seated on a throne that was carried by four smaller armadillos, down to the other side of the cave, a massive horde of about nine hundred armadillos, all equipped with weapons of every shape and size. Okay, maybe not eeeevery shape and size, but all the ones that count. The troops stood at attention, closely watching the upside down intruders.

**KING OF ARMADILLOS**

Your names, what are your names?

**ROSCOE**

Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee tween

KING OF ARMADILLOS

Nice to meet you, Rambo Tamer.

ROSCOE

Nope, that's not what I said.

CHECKERS

Checkers Justice: The horse that is going to straight up kill you if you don't let me down from this stupid stalactite.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

I grow bored of your petty threats, horse. You are outnumbered, out matched, and out of options. Why did you travell to my domain?

CHECKERS

You stole the grand canyon! How many times do we need to say it? We came down here to search for clues. That's it!

ROSCOE

Why'd you do it? Where are you keeping the real grand canyon? Is this a ransom thing?

KING OF ARMADILLOS

What? No, it's gone. It does not exist anymore. You understand how holes work, right? What was once a mere canyon now serves as a key part of my plan to overtake the surface dwellers.

CHECKERS

You're little soilder friend shot me in the leg. That sucked. You knocked us out. That was terrible. You're dead meat. Just wait and see - your plan is going to fail and we're going to beat you to smithereens, it's obvious.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

You have quite a lot of confidence for a horse that's about to die.

CHECKERS

Bite me.

ROSCOE

What is the hole for? What are you going to do with it?

KING OF ARMADILLOS

I'm going to reclaim the topside for my kind. We will kill all those who stand against me, humans, coyotes, snakes - all will fall beneath the smash of our tiny fists. We armadilos are good at three things: Burrowing underground, rolling up into a ball, and world domination.

The army in this room is but a percentage of my armada's true might, you see - we are spread out through caves and burrows underneath every inch of the wild west. And Armadillos breed like crazy, so I gain more soldiers with each passing day.

CHECKERS

Gross. Didn't need that.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

Step one of the plan has just completed, we dug a hole so big - that the Doom dillo may finally rise to the surface and wreak destruction before the coming war.

ROSCOE

The what?

***FX 9: Loud footsteps***

KING OF ARMADILLOS

The Doom Dillo.

***FX 10: Far away Godzilla grumble***

**SCENE #5**

CHECKERS

What's a Doom Dillo?

KING OF ARMADILLOS

My most beautiful creation, we aren't just any type of armadillos - as I'm sure you're aware. We can speak! And form armies!

ROSCOE

I did notice that.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

That's thanks to these glowing rocks you'll see all around this cavern. For some reason these things have been mutating our species over the past hundred generations, and since Armadillos have pretty short livespans, our mutations have become more varied at a very quick rate. For instance, I can see through skin! That's just a cool, strange thing I can do! That guard who shot you earlier, his mutation makes his eyes sometimes look blue and sometimes look green, it's maybe not as useful or flashy, but it's a mutation none the less.

CHECKERS

You must have gotten a mutation for being an ego maniac.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

Megalomania runs in my royal veins, it has to! That's how I command my subjects. That's how I command the Doom Dillo.

It is an armadillo that was exposed to even more glowing rocks than the rest of us, he has grown incredibly large over the past five years, and now he, well - I'll just show you! DOOM DILLO!! COME!

**FX 9:** *footsteps*

**NARRATOR**

Digging through the cave walls, an incredibly large armadillo behemoth busts it's way up into the room and stomps up to the king. The monster is Ninety feet tall and every inch of it is ready to kill.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

This is the Doom Dillo.

**FX 11:** *Godzilla roar*

ROSCOE

Wow.

CHECKERS

That's big.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

Now do you see how hopeless your escape would be? This is the beginning of the end for yo, my friend. At the strike of midnight, the Doom Dillo will climb up the chasm that used to be your little canyon, and he will flatten every living thing for miles and miles. Then - my armies will dig all the way up through the earth's crust to attack in separate coordinated attacks across the west in the dead of night. We will overthrow the surface before the sun rises again.

ROSCOE

But how can you do that when your Doom Dillo get's tamed by a tween?

KING OF ARMADILLOS

What is that supposed to mean?

ROSCOE

Here we go!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe dislocated his shoulders and slipped down out of the rope binding him to the stalactite. As he plummeted towards the cave floor, he reached out for the rope to use as an impromptu lasso - with a yank and a little luck, he cast it out immediately for one of the Doom Dillo's giant ears.

**FX 12:** *Rope woosh*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

It worked! Roscoe flung himself towards the head of the Doom Dillo and as he landed on it's scalp he grabbed two handfuls of hair and held on as tight as he could.

**KING OF ARMADILLOS**

Get down from there! What are you doing?

**ROSCOE**

I'm gonna tame this critter!

**FX 13: Enraged godzilla roar****NARRATOR**

The giant beast writhed and shook, while Roscoe clung to the tufts of hair in his grip. It bucked, it jumped, it tried in vain to swat our hero off it's head. But Roscoe still held tight to the follicles and showed no sign of letting go any time soon.

**ROSCOE**

Now let's get you free, Checkers!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe yanked the makeshift hair -reigns to the right and the Doom Dillo instinctually threw is body in that direction. He swung his clawed arms frantically, accidentally smashing through the top of the Stalactite that held Checkers.

**CHECKERS**

Uh oh, I'm falling! Roscoe, catch me!

**ROSCOE**

Of course, buddy!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe shifted his grip to the left and the Doom Dillo spun accordingly, sticking out a massive paw directly underneath Checkers as he fell to the ground.

**CHECKERS**

Hey I landed on this thing! I'm not dead!

**ROSCOE**

Hurry and run up it's arm to the head with me! I don't exactly have control of this thing yet.

**FX 14: Godzilla yell****NARRATOR**

As Checkers galloped up the arm of the goliath, the armadillo king began shouting orders to his army, who had been watching all of this incredulously from the ground.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

Don't just stand there, you idiots! Fire! Attack! Do something to stop them!

**NARRATOR**

Having recieved clear orders from their king, the Armadillo armada quickly snapped into action, some archers assembled to the front of the pack and began lobbing a folly of arrows at the heathens on top of the Doom Dillo. Most arrows bounced off of the impenetrable hide of the monster, but a few made it close enough to Roscoe and Checkers that they could feel a rush of air as the projectiles flew by.

ROSCOE

Yikes! Good thing I'm incredibly good at dodging!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe bent forwards and backwards, dodging ever passing arrow with grace and charm. Checkers had finally gotten past the huge shoulder of the behemoth and was getting close to the top of it's head.

CHECKERS

Almost there! What's our plan to get out of this place?

ROSCOE

I hadn't thought that far!

CHECKERS

Can you start trying to think something up? I don't like our odds down here, we need to get back above ground, stat!

KING OF ARMADILLOS

You fools won't make it out of here alive! Armada! Prepare the catapults!

ROSCOE

What?

**NARRATOR**

The soldiers wheeled out five massive catapults, and within an instant, Armadillos climbed into the buckets of each machine and rolled into a ball. The ones on the ground began turning a winch attached to the long arm of the catapult back, winding and winding the rope until it was as tight as can be. Then with a mighty fling, the rope was released, and the five angry artillery were shot straight for our heroes.

***FX 15: Catapult fling***

CHECKERS

Oh crap, they're coming right for us!

**NARRATOR**

Two armadillos landed by Roscoe, two landed by Checkers, who had finally reached the top of the giant's head, and one armadillo landed in between them, and this one looked familiar.

ARMADILLO GUARD

It's me, from earlier.

**FX 4:** *Gun cock*

ARMADILLO GUARD (CONT'D)

And I still have a gun.

ROSCOE

Not for long!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe swung his left leg back, the one that didn't have a bullet in it. And in a flash, he kicked the gun wielding armadillo like a soccer ball.

**FX 16:** *Cartoon kick fly away sound*

CHECKERS

Woah!

ARMADILLO GUARD

Aaaaaaaaaahhhh

ROSCOE

That's for shooting my leg, idiot.

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe's punt sent the critter flying through the air, smashing into the glowing green cave wall with a thud.

ROSCOE

Now, who else wants to dance?

CHECKERS

It's tango time!

**NARRATOR**

The four remaining armadillos looked surprised by our Tween's incredible kick, but they shook it off as they all whipped out their weapons: daggers, knives, and small spears all aimed directly for our heroes.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

Why are you taking so long? Kill them!

**NARRATOR**

The soldiers began swinging wildly at the Talahassee tween and his Horse bounty hunter friend, attempting to slice them to ribbons. Checkers began kicking and biting at the tiny attackers, and Roscoe began dodging the jabs from left to right as he tried to think up a plan to get out of this.

**FX 14:** *Godzilla roar***ROSCOE**

The Doom Dillo doesn't seem to want this battle on his dome to go on much longer, we better beat these bozos, then split!

**NARRATOR**

Down on the ground, the Armadillo king had picked up the body of the defeated Armadillo guard, the one that got dropkicked into oblivion by Roscoe just moments ago.

**KING OF ARMADILLOS**

If you want something done right, grab somebody else's gun and do it yourself!

**NARRATOR**

He picked up the gun out of the unconcious armadillo's hands and pointed it at Checkers and Roscoe, and haphazardly began firing away.

**FX 17:** *Gun go off three times, godzilla roars in pain***NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

The King's bullets didn't hit the intended target, but instead shot through one of the Doom Dillo's massive earlobes. With a scream of pain, the monster jumped up into the air and tucked into a massive ball.

**ROSCOE**

Oh no!

**NARRATOR**

As the creature rolled into a defensive sphere, Roscoe, Checkers, and all of the armadillo Soldiers were now trapped underneath it's huge shell. It began rolling forwards away from the Armada and out of the green glowing cave, it rolled through the burrow tunnels all the way to the giant hole that used to be the grand canyon. Once it reached the massive pit, it opened back up out of it's ball and began climbing up the dirt walls, towards the surface above.

**ROSCOE**

We gotta stop this thing! I can kick these little guys away, but I have no idea how to kill this massive monster!

CHECKERS

Can't you control it by tugging on it's hair like you did earlier?

ROSCOE

I mean, yeah - but that only worked for a little while, this thing doesn't like to be bossed around. We need some kind of permanent solution.

CHECKERS

Let's focus on these footsoldiers first, I'm sure there's someway to beat this thing.

**NARRATOR**

The armadillo soldiers were clearly still trying to grip on to the Doom Dillo however they could as the towering titan kept climbing up the former canyon.

CHECKERS

How's your leg holding up, by the way?

ROSCOE

It hurts so bad, and I'm gonna make every one of these dummies pay for it.

CHECKERS

I'll help.

**NARRATOR**

Loosing no time, Roscoe whipped his lasso around the nearest Armadillo's blade and threw it off into the distance, then he grabbed it by the scruff of it's neck and threw it like a basketball far into the dark reaches of the pit. Checkers turned his back to the soldiers and bucked back as hard as he could, planting his hind hooves squarely in the face of two attackers. They flew off into the horizon as well, leaving only one Armadillo soldier left to fight.

ARMADILLO SOLDIER #5

I'm not an idiot, I know when I'm beat! See you later, haters!

**NARRATOR**

The little armadillo tucked into a ball and bounced off into the shadows below.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

I saw that! You're a coward and a deserter!

**NARRATOR**

The King of Armadillos was at the base of the chasm, surrounded by his massive army, looking straight up at the Doom Dillo and the fleeing fighter.

ARMADILLO SOLDIER #5

Sorry boss! I just didn't think it was worth it!

KING OF ARMADILLOS

We'll talk about this later, Dan.

**SCENE #6**

**NARRATOR**

The Doom Dillo had finally reached topside as it slammed it's right paw down on the dusty ground and pulled itself out of the giant hole. Roscoe and Checkers were still struggling to stay ontop of it's scalp as the beast rose to it's feet on the surface for the very first time.

KING OF ARMADILLOS

Good! Yes! Destroy, my pet! Flatten all of our enemies above ground!

ROSCOE

I've got it! I think I know what to do!

CHECKERS

Yeah?

ROSCOE

Come here, let me reach into the saddle bags - here it is! The oil for our lantern, and some matches!

CHECKERS

Great thinking buddy!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe popped the lid off the oil bottle and began dumping the liquid all over the hairy head of the Doom Dillo, who was now stomping away from the giant chasm and towards the shining lights of a faraway city.

ROSCOE

Let's light em up!

**FX 18:** *Match Strike flamethrower*

**NARRATOR**

As he lit the match and dropped it onto the oil soaked head of the beast below them, Roscoe leaped ontop of Checkers and jostled the reigns forwards. Checkers galloped off the top of the Doom Dillo, which was now erupting in fire.

**FX 13:** *Godzilla yell*

**FX 2:** *Parachute hat sound*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

As Checkers and Roscoe fell towards the ground, Roscoe clamped his knees tight against the saddle and held out his hat to catch the wind once again. The makeshift parachute worked like a charm, and they floated down to the ground as the Doom Dillo reacted to its newfound scalding scalp violently.

## ROSCOE

Look, it's working!

**NARRATOR**

The Behemoth, stopped dead in its tracks and tried to swat away the flames on its head. It wobbled to the right, and wobbled to the left. It was so distracted by the fire that it stumbled backwards and fell back into the huge hole.

*Garrett whistle to show the monster falling down.*

## KING OF ARMADILLOS

Uh oh.

**NARRATOR**

The King and his army were still standing at the base of the pit, directly under the doom dillo - who was plummeting down like a giant bag of rocks.

## KING OF ARMADILLOS

Curse you, Rambo Tamer! Curse you Checkers Justice! Men, retreat!

**NARRATOR**

Every armadillo rolled into a ball and attempted to roll towards the tunnel entrance, but it was no use, the Doom Dillo was too massive and falling too fast. With a mighty thud, the beast hit the bottom and flattened the Armadillo armada like a pancake, king and all.

**FX 19:** *Slam*

**FX 20:** *Earth Rumbling*

## ROSCOE

Hear that? Sounds like the monster met its maker down there, but - what's that? A rockslide is forming! Checkers look out!

## CHECKERS

You don't have to tell me twice!

**NARRATOR**

The earth began to shake and the ground started to shift. The massive collision of the Doom Dillo had sent ripples through the earth's crust, and now the ground was burying any trace of the Armadillos menace below ground.

Checkers galloped away from the seismic shifts as fast as he could, and once the two were in a safe and sturdy area, they looked back behind them to see a startling sight!

CHECKERS

Wow, it looks like the grand canyon again! Kind of!

ROSCOE

But it's twice as big now!

CHECKERS

I guess all that stirred up dirt changed everything more or less back to normal.

ROSCOE

It's an even grander canyon now!

CHECKERS

You said it, I'm glad we foiled those little varmit's plans for world domination.

ROSCOE

Me too. Let's enjoy the view a little more before we head off to the nearest town, I really need to get this leg looked at by a doctor soon.

CHECKERS

Sounds good to me.

ROSCOE

Hey Checkers?

CHECKERS

Yeah Roscoe?

ROSCOE

We make a really good team.

CHECKERS

Aint that the truth, no armadillo big or small can take the two of us down.

**FX 21:** *End music starts*

**NARRATOR**

As our story comes to a close, Roscoe and Checkers gaze at the giant, recently restructured grand canyon. The Armadillo Armada has been obliterated, and all seems right in the world! But this broadcast isn't over yet! Hear the next episode of the night after this short commercial break!

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #2**

*COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES*

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**EPISODE THIRTEEN**

## THE TERRIBLE TUNE OF A TELLTALE JUG!

**INTRO:**

**FX 1:** *Music swells*

**NARRATOR**

Every hour of this program is a double feature! Now, we once again join everyone's favorite Crime fighting cowpoke and his heroic horse pal in the further exploits of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

**FX 1:** *Music continues*

Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX 1:** *Song fades away*

Our second episode of the evening: The Terrible Tune of a Telltale Jug!

**SCENE #1****NARRATOR**

This story begins in the fancy lobby of a fancy theater. Checkers and Roscoe got tickets to the Grand New Opry, an immaculate venue for music. In the wild west, this modern melodic mansion was the crown jewel of country musicians. The night's featured attraction was a concert by the Rymin Family band - a world famous three piece group that consisted of two identical twin brothers, Chuck and Ian - who played the fiddle and the jug, respectively - and their grandfather, Ol Peepaw Rymin - who yodeled the night away. Tonight's concert was a blowout success, and after the songs ended and the audience started to leave the opry, Roscoe and Checkers stayed behind in the lobby in the hopes of getting an autograph.

**CHECKERS**

That show was really good, thanks for coming here with me Roscoe!

**ROSCOE**

Yeah! I loved the part where that old guy yodeled so loud - that all the windows shattered, it was so cool!

**CHECKERS**

Ol peepaw Rymin is the best yodeler in country music history, that's for sure.

ROSCOE

When do you think the band will come out to the lobby for autographs?

CHECKERS

Hard to say, we've been standing here for a few mintues already, they might still be packing up equipment or something?

ROSCOE

Maybe, what do we want them to sign?

CHECKERS

I haven't actually thought of that yet. Check through the saddle bags, maybe we've got a peice of paper or something.

ROSCOE

Okay, I'm looking - hmmm. We've got a couple of sugar cubes, some extra rope, a canteen, a spare cowboy hat, two pairs of horseshoes, three pairs of peopleshoes, and a chunk of beef jerky.

CHECKERS

I guess we oughta use the jerky, it's better than nothing.

ROSCOE

What's the use of an autograph anyways?

CHECKERS

It's a memento! And a slice of history. I know you aren't too familiar with the Rymin family band, but they're living legends! And living legends like writing their names on stuff, hopefully including a strip of dried beef.

ROSCOE

There they are!

**NARRATOR**

Coming out of the green room door, Chuck, Ian, and Ol Peepaw Rymin entered the lobby of the opry. Checkers trotted up to the three of them with a huge grin on his face.

CHECKERS

Howdy!

CHUCK

Uh Howdy.

IAN

Howdy.

OL PEEPAW

Hoooowdy do to you and you! I'm Ol Peepaw, these here are my boys.

CHECKERS

Oh, I know! We just watched you concert, I'm Checkers - I'm a horse bounty hunter. And a huge fan of you three! This is Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Howdy.

OL PEEPAW

Very nice to meet you two! How'd you like the show?

CHECKERS

We loved it!

ROSCOE

Yeah, it was really good.

OL PEEPAW

You're darn tootin it was! Thanks for coming out tonight, say - what's that in your hand, young man?

ROSCOE

Oh, it's a strip of beef jerky.

CHECKERS

We were wonderng if you three might sign it with a pen or something?

OL PEEPAW

Of course, we'd love to! Isn't that right, boys?

IAN

Sure.

CHUCK

Yeah.

**NARRATOR**

Ol Peepaw pulled a silver fountain pen out of his pocket and scribbled the letters "O. P. P. R" on the jerky. He handed the pen and the meat over to his grandsons, who added their signatures to the strip before handing it back to Roscoe. Checkers was so starstruck he looked as if he was about to faint.

CHECKERS

Thank you, thank you! That means a whole lot to a horse like me. I'll never eat that jerky for as long as I live, I swear to cowboy god!

OL PEEPAW

It's always nice to meet fans, isn't that right boys?

CHUCK

Yeah, for sure.

IAN

Absolutely.

OL PEEPAW

You'll have to excuse my grandsons, here. They aren't as enthusiastic as they ought to be. Ya see, we just found out our tour manager got rabies this afternoon - he got bit by a pack of racoons or something, and he was in charge of planning our tour's transportation. So now, we don't have a ride back to our house tonight.

IAN

It sucks.

CHUCK

I can't believe how inconsiderate some people can be!

IAN

Yeah, just like - don't get rabbies, you know?

CHUCK

Exactly.

ROSCOE

I'm sorry to hear about that, guys! That's a real drag.

CHECKERS

We can help!

OL PEEPAW

You can?

CHECKERS

You bet! I'm a horse! Just hop on my back and we can head out to your house in no time, flat.

OL PEEPAW

Oh, you don't have to do that.

CHECKERS

But I want to! I mean, we want to! Right, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

Uh, right! Helping people is what we do!

CHECKERS

What he said!

CHUCK

Hey, thanks mister horse!

IAN

We really appreciate it.

CHECKERS

Anytime! I'm a huge fan of yours, whatever you need, I'm your horse!

OL PEEPAW

Thank you Checkers! Now, I'll go get our wagon and we can get you hitched up to it, sound good?

CHECKERS

Wagon?

OL PEEPAW

The one we carry all of our instruments in, is that okay?

CHECKERS

Uh, sure! Let's go!

## **SCENE #2**

**NARRATOR**

The bandmembers loaded everything up on the wagon and Roscoe helped tie checkers to the reins. Although the cart was heavy, Checkers was determined to impress the Rymin family, no matter how strenuous the journey might be. Once the wagon was loaded up, Roscoe and the band all hopped aboard the wooden seats and Checkers began lugging the group forwards, down the road. While they rode towards the Rymin family household, Roscoe began making conversation with the three musicians sitting next to him.

### **FX 22: *Wagon ambience***

ROSCOE

So uh, when did you guys get involved with music?

OL PEEPAW

Oh, well I learned how to yodel when I was just a youngin, of course that was before the war.

ROSCOE

Which one?

OL PEEPAW

All of em! Haha, just foolin, I don't remember which war - when I try to remember back that far the years just get all ambiguous. Anywho. I've been yodeling for most of my life, and once these two were born, I got straight to work teaching them how to play bluegrass and country swing. Chuck here was a natural with the fiddle.

CHUCK

Thanks Peepaw.

OL PEEPAW

And Ian, loved playing the jug!

IAN

It's true, I can't get enough of the dang thing.

CHUCK

Well we can.

IAN

What's that supposed to mean?

CHUCK

Huh? Nothing.

IAN

Say that to my face.

CHUCK

Okay, I think your jug playing stinks! You were in the wrong key during that whole concert! It drives me crazy!

IAN

Oh yeah?

CHUCK

Yeah!

IAN

Oh yeah?

CHUCK

Yeah!

OL PEEPAW

Boys boys! Quit it! Don't argue in front of our new freinds here, were you raised in a barn?

CHUCK & IAN

(Both)

\*Sigh\* No, peepaw.

OL PEEPAW

That's right. You weren't. Now I better not hear any bickering between you two hooligans for the rest of the night, am I understood?

CHUCK & IAN

(Both)

\*Sigh\* Yes, peepaw.

OL PEEPAW

Sorry about these two, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Oh it's no big deal, really.

OL PEEPAW

Well, anyways. I'd love to keep talking with you, but I am worn out, just plum tired. We've got about another hour's ride before your horse freind will get us to our estate, so I'm gonna give my old bones a rest and take a little nap, if you don't mind.

ROSCOE

Oh, yeah. I don't mind at all.

**NARRATOR**

Ol Peepaw stretched his arms back and made himself comfortable in the wooden wagon seat, and he quickly fell asleep. Roscoe was sitting between Chuck and Ian, who were staring at one another with nasty glares.

IAN

I wasn't in the wrong key at the concert.

CHUCK

Were too.

IAN

Were not. I mean, was not. I mean, I wasn't!

CHUCK

Yeah you were, idiot.

IAN

What do you think Roscoe? You watched us perform, didn't you? Did my jug sound out of tune?

ROSCOE

Uh, I don't want to get in the middle of this.

CHUCK

He asked you a question, answer him! His Jug sounded like garbage, didn't it?

IAN

Hey! No it didn't.

CHUCK

Yes it did.

ROSCOE

I thought it sounded fine! I mean, good!

IAN

See! That shows you! He thought it sounded good.

CHUCK

Well, what does he know anyways! I'm the one with an ear for harmonies, I know what I heard.

IAN

You don't know squat!

**FX note:** *Wagon ambience volume fades away now.*

**NARRATOR**

The two brothers argued for the whole rest of the ride home, as Roscoe sat uncomfortably between them and Ol Peepaw slept like a log. Once they arrived at the Rymin family estate, the twins started to unpack the wagon, as Roscoe helped get the reins off of Checkers.

CHECKERS

Whew, that sure was some trip. I am beat.

ROSCOE

Yeah, could you hear any of the arguing between those brothers?

CHECKERS

No, the wagon wheels made so much noise against the road - I couldn't really hear anything.

ROSCOE

Well consider yourself lucky. It was tense, they were at eachothers throats the whole time. I didn't have a clue what I was supposed to say - I just met these guys!

CHECKERS

Oh come on, I'm sure it wasn't that bad. Just siblings disagreeing a bit - that's pretty common.

ROSCOE

I mean they-

OL PEEPAW

Hey boys! Chuck and Ian finished unloading the wagon, why don't you two spend the night here at our place - as a thanks for giving us a ride home?

CHECKERS

Well thank you very much Mister Peepaw. We'd be much obliged to take you up on that. I'm mighty tired myself.

ROSCOE

Me too, thank you very much!

OL PEEPAW

Fanstastic! It's settled then, I'll help get your rooms ready, and in the morning - I'll cook you up a big hearty breakfast before sending you on your way.

CHECKERS

This is even better than the autographed jerky! Thank you so much for having us, you don't know how much your music means to me!

OL PEEPAW

I got a hunch! Haha, that just a little joke. Let's get inside, why don't we?

### **SCENE #3**

NARRATOR

Ol Peepaw Rymin led our heroes into the large ranch house and helped them get ready for a good night's sleep. Down in the living room of the house, though - the brothers Chuck and Ian were squabbling as ferociously as ever.

CHUCK

It's just fundamentally a stupid instrument.

IAN

Oh what ever Chuck. Now you're just trying to hurt my feelings.

CHUCK

No really! Are you trying to tell me a jug has the same musical merit as a fiddle?

IAN

Yes! Of course it does!

CHUCK

You're full of it, dude.

IAN

Huff my overalls, dweeb. You're being ridiculous. You don't know the first thing about true musicianship.

CHUCK

Do to!

IAN

Do not!

CHUCK

The audience members come for a show! They come for Peepaws voice and my fiddle! They just humor you while you toot away in your stupid little jug.

IAN  
It's not stupid! You're stupid!

NARRATOR  
Ian picked up his nearby jug and held it in Chuck's face.

IAN  
People love this jug! People love when I play this jug!

CHUCK  
No they don't, you moron. Nobody in their right mind likes the sound of that thing.

IAN  
Oh really?

CHUCK  
Really.

**FX 23:** Jug toot

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
Stop that.

**FX 23:** Jug toot

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
STOP THAT!

**FX 23:** Jug toot

IAN  
Make me.

CHUCK  
I swear, Ian! I'm sick and tired of that stupid Jug!

**FX 23:** Jug toot

IAN  
You're just jealous.

CHUCK  
Cut it out!

**FX 23:** Jug toot

IAN  
You just wish you could play as good as me.

**FX 23:** Jug toot

**FX 23:** Jug toot

**FX 23:** *Jug toot*

I HATE YOU!  
CHUCK

IAN

**FX 23:** *Jug toot*

Come here you!  
CHUCK

**FX 23:** *Jug toot*

You can't catch me.  
IAN

**FX 23:** *Jug toot*

NARRATOR  
Chuck ran around the living room after Ian as he played his jug with a giant grin on his face.

**FX 23:** *Jug toot*

**FX 23:** *Jug toot*

IAN!  
CHUCK

IAN  
Ha ha ha, what's wrong brother? Are you mad?

CHUCK  
I'll show you mad!

NARRATOR  
Chuck was as mad as he'd ever been, and Ian was loving it. They ran and ran in circles before Chuck finally got hold of the back of Ian's shirt.

CHUCK  
Gotcha!

**FX 23:** *Jug toot*

IAN  
Hey!

NARRATOR  
Chuck grabbed Ian's Jug out of his hands and picked it up in the air.

CHUCK

Say goodbye to this stupid jug.

NARRATOR

Chuck smashed the jug down on Ian's head.

**FX 24:** *Porcelain smash*

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

As the jug shattered into a million little peices, Ian fell straight to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

CHUCK

Ian?? Ian?? Hey, wake up. Ian?

NARRATOR

A trickle of blood came out of Ian's nose as he laid on the ground, eyes closed and limp.

CHUCK

Oh no. I... I.. I killed him. What am I going to do? I'm not a murderer! Uh, I gotta hide the body - yeah! Hide the body somewhere no one would find it, then I'll figure out some excuse later! I'm so sorry Ian, I didn't mean to.

NARRATOR

Chuck quickly pulled up some nearby floorboards and stuffed his twin brother's body down into the newly exposed hole. Then he placed the boards back in their original positions and carefully swept up the broken remnants of the jug that laid strewn across the floor.

CHUCK

What am I going to tell Peepaw?

**FX 7:** *Organ sting 1*

NARRATOR

What *is* he going to tell peepaw? Will Roscoe and Checkers find out about this grisly murder? Will Chuck get away with his despicalble deed? Is a jug really a fundamentlly stupid instrument? There's only one way to find out the answers to most of these questions - listen to this short commercial break!

**FX 8:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #3**

COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**SCENE #5****FX 8:** *Organ sting 2***NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action! When we left off, Roscoe and Checkers had just spent the night at the Rymin family's ranch house. The Rymins were a musical trio consisting of Ol Peepaw Rymin, and identical twins Chuck and Ian. In the dead of night however, in a heated argument about musical jugs and their artistic merit - Chuck unintentionally murdered his brother, then hid the body underneath the living room floorboards. What will happen next, you may be wondering? Let's find out together!

**FX 25:** *Organ sting 3***NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Roscoe and Checkers wake up in the guest room bunk beds, and as they walk down stairs they see Ol Peepaw Rymin, happily frying up a few eggs on the skillet - and Chuck, anxiously sitting at the dinner table, his eyes darting back and forth and his forehead wet with beads of sweat.

## ROSCOE

\*YAAAAAAWN\* Good morning guys.

## OL PEEPAW

Mornin boys! You hungry?

## CHECKERS

Very!

## OL PEEPAW

Good! I got some biscuits in the dutch oven, and a pot of coffee brewing. Once these eggs are finished, we can all chow down before we bid you farwell.

## CHECKERS

Thank you kindly, Mister Peepaw.

## OL PEEPAW

Please, you're our guests now! You can just call me peepaw.

## CHECKERS

\*Gasps\*

## ROSCOE

You okay, Checkers?

## CHECKERS

Just give me a minute, Roscoe. Just give me a minute.

ROSCOE

Whatever you say, buddy. Hey, where did Ian go? Is he still sleeping?

CHUCK

Who!?! Uh, I mean - yeah, Ian! He's uh, well he's uh-

OL PEEPAW

Chuck said Ian went fishing this morning, there's a creek down a little ways - I'm sure he'll come back in time for breakfast, that boy loves to eat!

CHUCK

Yeah, fishing. He went fishing.

ROSCOE

Okay. Uh, anyways. Is there anything we can do to help you Peepaw?

OL PEEPAW

Not one bit! You two just sit down over here at the table with Chuck, I'm just about done.

CHECKERS

Can do!

**NARRATOR**

As Roscoe and Checkers walk up to the table, Chuck is having a full blown panick attack internally as he repeats the events of last night over and over in his head. He didn't mean to kill his brother, he thinks, he just wanted him to stop playing the jug, he thinks. Chuck can barely focus on anything as Ol Peepaw plops the plates of breakfast down on the table in front of everyone. And that's when he hears it.

**FX 23:** *Jug toot*

CHUCK

\*GASP\*

**NARRATOR**

The inmistakeably toot of his brother's jug.

**FX 23:** *Jug toot*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Chuck looked around frantically around the room to find the source of the sound, but he couldn't see anything out of the ordinary.

**FX 23:** *Jug toot*

CHUCK  
 (Whispered)  
 Ian? Where are you?

OL PEEPAW  
 What's that boy? You gotta speak up.

CHUCK  
 Nothing Peepaw, just uh, just talking to myself.

**FX 23:** Jug toot

CHECKERS  
 Are you feeling alright Chuck? You look startled.

CHUCK  
 \*Gulp\* Fine, I'm fine. Everything is fine, why don't we start eating?

OL PEEPAW  
 Okay. Are we going to say a prayer to Cowboy Jesus first?

**FX 23:** Jug toot

**NARRATOR**  
 Chuck tried to read the faces of his grandpa and the two guests, but they seemed unphased by the jug sounds, it was as if they couldn't hear it at all.

OL PEEPAW  
 Chuck, would you do the honors?

**FX 23:** Jug toot

CHUCK  
 Uh, yes peepaw.

**FX 23:** Jug toot

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
 Dear Cowboy Jesus, who art in cowboy heaven, hallowed be thy hat. Your kingdom come,

**FX 23:** Jug toot

CHUCK (CONT'D)  
 Your will be done, in a saloon as it is in high noon. Give us this day our daily-

**FX 23:** Jug toot

**NARRATOR**

Chuck finally realized that the sound was coming from underneath the floorboards, in the very place he hid his brother's corpse just a few hours ago. He couldn't take it anymore. The sound was driving him mad.

CHUCK

I did it, okay! I killed him!

OL PEEPAW

Who?

ROSCOE

Cowboy Jesus? But he's already dead! Famously!

CHUCK

No, not cowboy Jesus! Ian!

**FX 23:** Jug toot

CHUCK (CONT'D)

I smashed him in the head with his jug, he's dead! I did it! Me!

OL PEEPAW

Whoa, hold on there Chuck - what are you saying?

CHUCK

Look, under the floorboards? That's where I put him, please just make the jug sound STOP! PLEASE!

**NARRATOR**

Chuck ran to the living room floor and started pulling up the boards that he knew his brother was lying under. He yanked each and every floorboard up to reveal -

CHUCK

What? Nothing? He's not here? Then, well - where is he?

IAN

Over here!

EVERYONE

(All together)

\*GAAASP\*

**NARRATOR**

Ian had just walked through the front doors of the house. And everyone was shocked.

OL PEEPAW

Ian, there you are! Where've you been?

IAN

Chuck fricken bashed my head in with a ceramic jug. I just woke up!

CHUCK

But how? I thought I killed you!

IAN

You didn't, stupid. You knocked me out. I came to under the floorboards a few minutes ago. You really thought I was dead!

CHUCK

Yes! Of course I did!

IAN

And instead of telling anybody, you were just gonna cover it up?

CHUCK

Yes! Of course I would!

IAN

You suck! You're a lousy brother, and a terrible person! I'm gonna beat YOU to death!

CHUCK

Why you little-

OL PEEPAW

Boys boys! Enough of the fighting, we have guests! Let's all just finish breakfast, and then we can deal with the moral implications of Chuck's actions after Roscoe and Checkers leave! Okay?

CHUCK & IAN

(Together)

\*Sigh\* Yes, Peepaw.

OL PEEPAW

Good. Now let's get to it.

ROSCOE

This is a real can of worms.

CHECKERS

But at least Ian is alive! The world would be a sadder place if the Rymin family band had lost one of it's members.

CHUCK

Wait. If you were outside, then that jug I heard was just in my head?

NARRATOR

Yes. Yes it was. And Chuck will hear the tooting of that jug every day for the rest of his life. That's his punishment, I guess. This is like a twilight zone ending.

**FX 23:** *Jug toot*

CHUCK

Nooooooooooooo!

**FX 23:** *Jug toot*

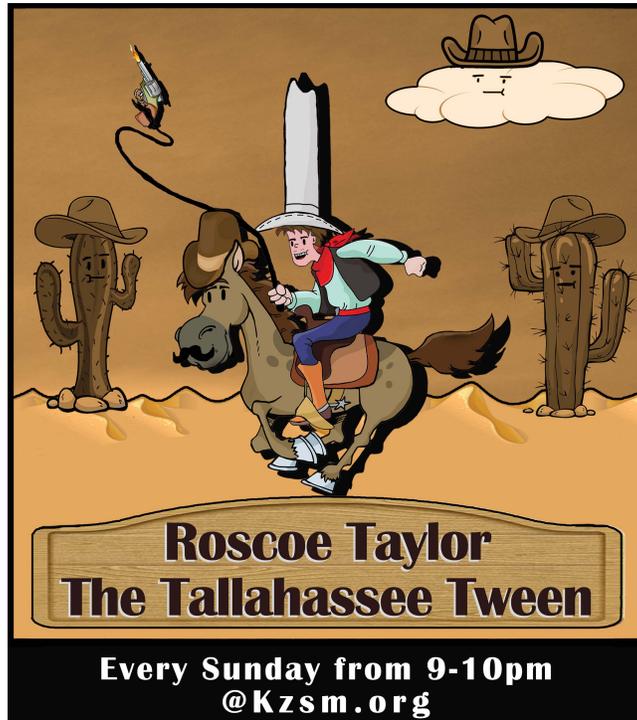
**FX 21:** *End music begins*

NARRATOR

And with that perfect ending, our broadcast is coming to a close. Make sure to tune in next week at 9pm to hear the next audio adventures of everyone's favorite Armadillo Kicking Chap: Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

Tonight's episodes were brought to you by KZSM.org true community radio. **Sam Pierce** played *Roscoe Taylor*. **Mitchell Oden** played *Checkers Justice*. **Hayden Hovespian** played *The Tourist*, the Armadillo king and Chuck Rymin. **Jordan Pilkenton** played Armadillo guard number five, Ian Rymin and worked as the audio producer for our program. This show is written and directed by me, **Garrett Buss**. I played *The Narrator*, armadillo guard number one, and Ol peepaw Rymin. Coming up after this is a crazy good episode of *Swamp Gas Uggos at Ten*, so be sure to stay tuned. From all of us here in the wild wild west, thank you and goodnight.

**THE END.**



## **Roscoe Taylor - Broadcast #8**

Episode 14: A Catastrophic Casino  
Cruise on Catfish Creek!

Episode 15: A Heart to Heart at  
High Noon!

Written by

Garrett Buss

## **EPISODE FOURTEEN**

A CATASTROPHIC CASINO CRUISE ON CATFISH CREEK!

### **INTRO:**

**FX 1:** *Music swells*

#### **NARRATOR**

Only one feller can tame the wild west. Only one feller is young, dumb and full of courage. And only one feller goes by the name of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!  
Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX 1:** *Song fades away*

Tonight's episode: A Catastrophic Casino Cruise on Catfish Creek!

### **SCENE #1**

#### **NARRATOR**

We begin our story by a riverbank - or more specifically, a creek bank. Catfish Creek's Bank - to be even more specific. Roscoe and Checkers were sitting on a grassy knoll with the aforementioned Catfish Creek flowing to the right of them. Our two heroic hooligans were in the middle of a practically pristine picnic, they had a few sandwiches, some jerky, a couple apples, and a bucketful of garlic bread lying on an absurdly large picnic blanket. Enjoying the perfect weather and each other's company, the two were reminiscing on their adventures so far.

#### **ROSCOE**

I tell ya Checkers, ol buddy ol pal - we haven't done too bad for ourselves! So far, I'd say our wild west hijinks have been a success.

#### **CHECKERS**

Well, we're alive aren't we? That's good enough for me. Any life that lets us fight crime and have picnics is a life worth living.

#### **ROSCOE**

Out of the Thirteen separate adventures we've embarked on, which one was you favorite? Oh, and can you pass the garlic bread?

#### **CHECKERS**

Sure, here you go. There's no way we've had thirteen?

#### **ROSCOE**

Yup, I counted.

CHECKERS

Thirteen?

ROSCOE

Yup, the tumbleweed junction incident, the desert showdown with Joanna Bandanna, the prospector peak treasure hunt, the cattle crack canyon fight, I could go on.

CHECKERS

Wow, time flies when you're having fun I guess.

ROSCOE

That's wise, checkers. And true.

CHECKERS

I think my favorite one of our exploits would probably be one of the times we didn't get beat up or almost murdered.

ROSCOE

That narrows the list down considerably.

CHECKERS

Like, that whole debacle with the ghost of Tony Cannoli back in the Spaghetti west - we didn't really get our butts kicked that much then, did we?

ROSCOE

Nope. We got out of that one with our butts entirely un-kicked.

CHECKERS

Then, I pick that one. That was my favorite.

ROSCOE

Good choice. I was gonna say, our run in with that underground wrestling league of barnyard animals.

CHECKERS

You mean the cattle wrestlers? Oh yeah - that was a fun one, but I got punched in the face like thirty times that day.

ROSCOE

Yeah, me too - Hulk Hogg - he gave me a black eye. It took a week for the swelling to go down. But it was still a really fun time, when all was said and done.

CHECKERS

Can you pass me an apple?

ROSCOE

Of course, pal - here. Anyways, all this reminiscing has got me thinking. Is there any end in sight on our travels?

CHECKERS

Nope, I don't think so.

ROSCOE

Whew, that's a relief. Wait - what if we die? Then will our adventures have to stop?

CHECKERS

No way - remember Fiddle Faddle? That lil fella turned into a ghost and he's still running around doing whatever he wants. Mortality isn't nearly as frightening as it seems, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

But, that nun I met back in Cactus Springs said horses don't have souls - so they're doomed to eternal cowboy damnation.

CHECKERS

Rule number one of the wild west, roscoe - Nun's are full of crap.

ROSCOE

Does that count as blasphemy?

CHECKERS

I don't know, and I don't care. Even if I did go to cowboy hell - I'd just beat up the devil and come back to the land of the living.

ROSCOE

I admire your confidence.

CHECKERS

Thank you. We've faced a whole lot worse than Cowboy Satan. I don't think we have anything to worry about. Hey Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Yeah, Checkers?

CHECKERS

Can you hold that sandwich up to my mouth? I can't really pick it up with my hooves.

ROSCOE

Say no more. This picnic rules. I'm glad we bought this giant picnic blanket from Budget Beth's Bargain Blanket Barn.

CHECKERS

\*While chewing\* MmmmHhhhMmmm.

**NARRATOR**

As our two picnicking protagonists continue enjoying the afternoon, a riverboat appears - coming down Catfish Creek with a slow and steady pace.

ROSCOE

Do you see that boat over there?

**NARRATOR**

Checkers swallowed his sandwich and looked at the watercraft closely.

CHECKERS

\*Gulp\* Yeah, the side of it says "Captain Clark's Casino Cruise"

ROSCOE

That name sounds familiar for some reason - hey, the boat is coming our way!

**NARRATOR**

Sure enough, Roscoe was right. The riverboat had adjusted it's course towards the creek bank that Roscoe and Checkers were sitting on. As the ship sailed closer to them, they could see a man standing at the helm of the ship, clutching the steering wheel and smoking a huge cigar. He waved excitedly at our heroes as the boat came to a stop at the edge of the creek. The fella had a big bushy moustache and he wore a white tuxedo, with a patch over his left eye.

CAPTAIN CLARK

Ahoy there! Say, you're name wouldn't happen to be Roscoe Taylor, would it?

ROSCOE

Yeah, that's me! Who are you?

CAPTAIN CLARK

I'm Captain Clark! I was friends with your parents, Mister and Misses Taylor - I haven't seen you since you were just a little baby! But I could recognize that forehead of your's anywhere - the thing is as big as a billboard!

ROSCOE

Wow, uh - nice to meet you Mister Captain Clark.

CAPTAIN CLARK

Small world! Haha, little Roscoe is all grown up! How are your parents these days, my boy?

ROSCOE

Oof. I got bad news for you, my parents died in a freak trampoline incident Eleven years ago.

CAPTAIN CLARK

That's horrible! I'm so sorry, I had no idea.

ROSCOE

It is what it is, I've made peace with it.

CAPTAIN CLARK

Everybody said they were a couple of Trampoline Icaruses, I guess they bounced a little too close to the sun.

CHECKERS

I'm Checkers Justice, Roscoe's talking horse companion.

CAPTAIN CLARK

Nice to meet you Mister Justice, you two seem to have a mighty fine looking picnic there - but would you like to hop aboard my riverboat for a little while? I'd love to catch up with young Roscoe here.

CHECKERS

What do you think, Roscoe? We could box this stuff up and take a little boatripe, it could be nice.

ROSCOE

Yeah, I sure would like to learn more about my parents, and the whole "Casino cruise" thing has piqued my curiosity. Sure! Let's just leave this stuff here for now and we'll be back in an hour to finish the picnic. Sound good to you?

CHECKERS

It does.

ROSCOE

Sweet - hey Captain Clark?

CAPTAIN CLARK

Yes?

ROSCOE

We'd love to come aboard!

CAPTAIN CLARK

Splendid, we'll extend the drawbridge in a minute - first mate, can you do the honors?

FIRST MATE

Sir yes sir, I mean, Captain yes captain!

## **SCENE #2**

**NARRATOR**

The extendable drawbridge stuck out onto the shore and our heroes walked onto the ship. As they entered the interior of the barge - they saw a huge room, filled with card tables, roulette wheels, slot machines, and gamblers galore. Without exception, every single gambler in the room huffed and puffed on big cigars.

The room was covered in a gray smog, but the gamblers hardly seemed to notice, Roscoe and Checker's entrance onto the cruise went unnoticed by most as well, that is until Captain Clark came down a spiraling staircase onto the casino floor.

CAPTAIN CLARK

Gentlemen! Welcome to Captain Clark's Casino Cruise! The finest riverboat to ever float across the mississippi. Help yourselves to any refreshments over at our bar, and if you fancy a little lap with lady luck - our blackjack tables are always open!

ROSCOE

I wanted to talk more about my parents, you said you were friends with them?

CAPTAIN CLARK

Great friends! Your father and I rode along the oregon trail in the same wagon! We were next door neighbors for years before he met your mother and settled down.

ROSCOE

Wow, this is so cool! Tell me more!

CAPTAIN CLARK

Of course, my boy! But I still need to steer this vessel - I am the captain, after all! What say we continue this chat up in the helm?

ROSCOE

Sounds good to me! Checkers, do you wanna come up with us?

CHECKERS

I'm okay for now, I think I'll try and gamble a little while you two chat upstairs.

ROSCOE

Okay, see ya buddy!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe and Captain Clark head up to the top of the riverboat as Checkers trots towards a roulette table. There were two men watching the wheel spin around when Checkers approached, the dealer - an old man who had two cigars stuffed in his mouth, and a man wearing a clergy robe - noticeably lacking a cigar of any kind. This man appeared to be a pastor of some type. Although he noticed the talking Horse approaching the table, the pastor didn't take his eyes off the slowing roulette wheel. Finally, it came to a halt.

DEALER

Thirty two red.

Gosh darn it!

JIM THE BAPTIST

Howdy, partners.

CHECKERS

Howdy, horse.

DEALER

Hello, dear brother.

JIM THE BAPTIST

You aimin' to try your hand at the wheel?

DEALER

I only got hooves, but sure - I'd like a try.

CHECKERS

That'll be twenty chips.

DEALER

I don't have any unfortunately.

CHECKERS

I'll give you a few of mine, it's the least I can do.

JIM THE BAPTIST

Thanks! I'm Checker's Justice, and you are?

CHECKERS

Jim. But you can call me "Father Jim Wetbranch" if you like. I'm a pastor at Mother Mary's First Presbyterian and Second Baptist Church.

JIM THE BAPTIST

Interesting, aren't men of the cloth supposed to steer clear from sins, like gambling?

CHECKERS

You aren't wrong, brother. I came aboard this vessel to convert some of these waterlogged sinners to the words of cowboy jesus, but I'm afraid I've been lured into this vice as well! I simply can't get enough of this thrill! I can only hope that these sins won't count - since we're on international waters.

JIM THE BAPTIST

These waters aren't international, father. We're on Catfish Creek - it's in the middle of Nevada.

CHECKERS

Darn, guess I'm gonna have to pray extra hard tonight.

JIM THE BAPTIST

DEALER

Well, with your chips taken care of, mister justice - I'll spin the wheel.

CHECKERS

Spin away, mister! Luck is on my side today, I can just feel it!

**SCENE #3**

**NARRATOR**

As Checkers gambles down in the belly of the boat - Roscoe and Captain Clark are continuing their chat in the helm of the ship, while the captain steers the ship further along Catfish Creek.

ROSCOE

So anyways, you we're talking about my mom's allergy to bees?

CAPTAIN CLARK

Oh yeah, son. She was so allergic. Swelled up at the mere sight of em!

ROSCOE

Wow.

CAPTAIN CLARK

I have so many stories about your parents, I could go on for hours.

ROSCOE

Please do!

CAPTAIN CLARK

Okay! This one time, your folks were showing me a prototype trampoline that used moose skin befo-

FIRST MATE

Captain! Captain!!

CAPTAIN CLARK

What is it?

FIRST MATE

Look, on the starboard bow!

**NARRATOR**

The first mate handed Captain Clark a telescope, and he lifted it up to his non-patched eye. Suddenly, his face flashed with a look of excitement and horror.

CAPTAIN CLARK

It's her! It's the great monster of the briney deep!

ROSCOE

What? Where? I can't see anything?

CAPTAIN CLARK

Over there, Roscoe! It's the beast I've been chasing for all these years! The biggest Catfish in the west! MABLE DUNK!

ROSCOE

Mable Dunk?

CAPTAIN CLARK

MABLE DUNK!

**NARRATOR**

With it's head barely cresting out of the water's surface, the gargantuan catfish apparently named Mable Dunk was swimming straight towards Captain Clark's Casino Cruise. The monstrosity was as large as a battleship, and it's belly scraped along the bottom of the creek it was swimming through. It was massive, and angry, and headed their way.

CAPTAIN CLARK

I've only seen Mable Dunk once before - when I took my very first riverboat out to sail it's maiden voyage - that loathsome fish bit through my engine block and left me aboard a sinking ship! I was marooned twenty miles away from the coast of Madagascar. I had to swim for a week before I made it to shore! That foul creature is responsible for my missing eye! I'll kill it, if it's the last thing I do!

NARRATOR

As he spoke, the Monster approached - it was getting closer, and closer, and closer.

CAPTAIN CLARK

Man the harpoons!

FIRST MATE

Captain, we don't have harpoons!

CAPTAIN CLARK

Curses. Man the - what do we have?

FIRST MATE

Well, most of us crewmen have guns.

CAPTAIN CLARK

MAN THE GUNS! FIRE!

***FX 2:*** *Bunch of guns go off*

**NARRATOR**

The crew of the ship just pulled out their sixshooters and began blasting into the water - trying to land a hit on the colossal catfish that was approaching. It didn't seem to be of use. The fish finally reached the hull of the ship, and with a mighty tail slap - it smashed the boat, rocking all the passengers violently and sending the downstairs inhabitants into a frenzy. Panicked yells, and total confusion began to stir within the smoke filled casino. Checkers and Father Jim climbed up the spiral staircase to see what was taking place here.

**JIM THE BAPTIST**

What *is* taking place here?

**CHECKERS**

Yeah, is something wrong? What was that smash?

**ROSCOE**

Some giant monster catfish Captain Clark has a vendetta against. It has a stupid name.

**CAPTAIN CLARK**

And it's about to meet it's maker! Once it breaches up above the water again, I'll kill it for sure!

**ROSCOE**

He really hates this thing.

**CHECKERS**

How can we help? Shouldn't we just head for the shore? We're on a creek - dry land is right over there!

**CAPTAIN CLARK**

We won't be doing anything until that fish is dead- so help me cowboy god!

**FIRST MATE**

But captain!

**CAPTAIN CLARK**

No Butts! Where is that blasted vermin?

**ROSCOE**

I don't know! The water is too murky to see through.

**NARRATOR**

Underwater, Mable Dunk opened it's giant jaws and it was headed straight up, towards the cruise that was floating on the surface.

**JIM THE BAPTIST**

I'm just going to start praying - dear cowboy je-

## CHECKERS

Wait, what's that? Look at the water? It's like we're sinking? Like there's some kind of vortex underneath us?

## CAPTAIN CLARK

Oh no. I've seen this once before - men! Ready your pistols and fire directly below us! Do it until you run out of bullets! FIRE!

***FX 3:*** *Even more bullets firing away*

## NARRATOR

The crew shot their pistols straight below into the water, as the ship was sucked lower and lower, finally - breaking through the surface, the giant lips of an impossibly huge catfish rose up and began to engulf to entire boat.

## ROSCOE

IT'S EATING US!

## EVERYONE

(ALL TOGETHER)

AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

***FX 4:*** *Organ sting 1*

## NARRATOR

Oh no! Our heroes are being swallowed hole by a fearsome fish! Will they escape with their lives? Will Captain Clark get his revenge? Will Father Jim go to cowboy heaven if he dies? Could a catfish properly digest a riverboat? There's only one way to find out the answers to these important questions - listen to this short commercial break!

***FX 5:*** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #1**

**COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES**

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**SCENE #4 END PAGE 13**

***FX 5:*** *Organ sting 2*

## NARRATOR

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action!

When we left off, Roscoe and Checkers had abandoned their pleasant picninc for a trip aboard "Captain Clark's Casino Cruise." All seemed well, Roscoe got to learn a little more about his family, and Checkers got to gamble. Win win, right? WRONG. They got swallowed up by a giant catfish. Mondays, am I right? What will happen next, you may be wondering? Let's find out together!

**FX 6:** *Organ sting 3*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

The Giant mouth of Mable Dunk opened wide and sucked in the riverboat along with all of it's passengers. Once it had fully ingested the vessel - the towering creek creature went back underwater and began swimming downstream. But inside the behemoth's cave-like mouth, our characters assess their situation.

**JIM THE BAPTIST**

We're all going to die! This is like Johna and the whale - but it's worse, because I'm in danger!

**CHECKERS**

I agree with Father Jim! How in tarnation could we ever get out of this giant fish mouth? It's huge?

**ROSCOE**

I really didn't think it's insides would be this roomy.

**CAPTAIN CLARK**

It's more than enough space for us to breathe for the next hour, we need to do three things, first: Calm the passengers down. I don't know if they know that we've been eaten alive yet, but when they find out I'm sure most of them will be unhappy about that. Second: Let's hatch a plan to get out of this blubbering beast's belly. Third: We need to kill the monstrosity.

**ROSCOE**

I don't think we should kill this thing while we're in it, sir.

**CAPTAIN CLARK**

Why, this is our big opportunity! Look at how vulnerable its mouth looks! Our chances at murdering this minnow have never been greater!

**ROSCOE**

I don't kno-

**CAPTAIN CLARK**

I'll go down into the casino and handle the first step, the rest of you need to start on the second step.

**NARRATOR**

The Captain walked down the spiraling staircase to help ease the tensions of the passengers below the deck.

**CHECKERS**

Whatever you say, old man - I'm not too keen on staying in this thing myself. Father Jim, Roscoe - let's brainstorm.

**JIM THE BAPTIST**

I tried praying! I'm all out of ideas now, how about you young man?

**ROSCOE**

Hmmmm. We could try breaking it's teeth? DO Catfish even have teeth?

**CHECKERS**

Yeah, but they're all super small, and there's a million of them! What if we set up some TNT and blew a hole out of the dang thing.

**JIM THE BAPTIST**

I don't think they carry dynamite on this riverboat, but even if they did - everything around us is soaked in either creek water or Fish spit! Nothing would light up down here.

**ROSCOE**

One thing is still lit, even after we got gulped down by this guppy - the Captain's big Cigar was still burning. I can smell the stink rising from the casino floor beneath us, I bet they're cigars are lit as well. THAT'S IT!!

**JIM THE BAPTIST & CHECKERS**

(At the same time)

What?

**ROSCOE**

The cigars! Let's go downstairs!

**NARRATOR**

Everyone rushed down into the Casino as Roscoe yelled out to all of the gamblers.

**ROSCOE**

EVERYONE! START SMOKING AS MANY CIGARS AS YOU CAN! IF WE CAN MAKE ENOUGH SMOG IN HERE, THE CATFISH WILL COUGH US OUT!

**CAPTAIN CLARK**

My word, that's a grand Idea little Roscoe - you are your father's son, after all! Smoke away, boys! Let's hotbox this heffer!

**NARRATOR**

And smoke they did. Every one of the crowd of panicked gamblers pulled out their cigars and started puffing away. Soon the entire room was enveloped in a thick grey mist - the smog rose out of the riverboat into the greater mouth of the giant catfish, and after the passengers of the casino cruise smoked roughly ten years off their average life expectancy - the monstrous Mable Dunk began a mighty cough.

**FX 7: Monster cough****CHECKERS**

Brace yourselves, hold on tight! We're getting coughed out!

**NARRATOR**

As the gill covered goliath swam up to the surface of the creek, it coughed hard - sending billows of smoke, and one riverboat flying out of it's massive mouth. Flying maybe a little too high into the air.

**ROSCOE**

Well now we're screwed!

**CAPTAIN CLARK**

What do you mean, boy?

**ROSCOE**

It was supposed to spit us out, not up! This boat is flying up in the air at a hundred miles an hour!

**JIM THE BAPTIST**

When we hit the ground, we'll crash and die!

**ROSCOE**

What he said!

**SCENE #5 END PAGE 16****NARRATOR**

Roscoe was right. The catfish coughed them high high high up into the blue sky. Far above the clouds. The captain, Roscoe, checkers, and Father jim all climbed up the stairs to the upper deck to see how far they were from the ground.

**CAPTAIN CLARK**

Yikes! I guess that's it, boys - nobody can survive a fall from this height, not without a parachute.

**CHECKERS**

Hey! Look at that flock of birds down there, if the boat falls ontop of them in just the right way, maybe it could cushion ou- nevermind we just smashed right through em.

ROSCOE

Checkers, I have another Idea.

JIM THE BAPTIST

So do I! Cowboy Jesus has clearly abandoned us, I'm converting to Hari Krishna now! If you guys need me, I'll be on the lower decks meditating and trying not to think about our imminent deaths.

CHECKERS

See ya, Jim.

JIM THE BAPTIST

See ya!

CHECKERS

Anyways, Roscoe - you were saying?

ROSCOE

We need to go back to our picnic spot.

CHECKERS

Along catfish creek? Why?

ROSCOE

I'll explain once we get there. I think we can save this ship. I'll use my hat as a parachute for the two of us, but we need to get to the picnic, stat.

CAPTAIN CLARK

Are you abandoning ship, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

No captain - I'm going to save everybody. Just try to keep the gamblers calm.

CAPTAIN CLARK

Very well, I'll do what I can.

**NARRATOR**

And with that, Roscoe hopped on checkers and the two sprung off the side of the airborne barge and fell down towards the ground. When Roscoe pulled out his hat to soften the landing.

***FX 8: Hat parachute***

ROSCOE

Right there! Aim for our picnic spot!

CHECKERS

Trying my best, buddy!

**SCENE #6 END PAGE 18****NARRATOR**

As they touched the ground, our heroes ran to the lunch spot with haste.

**ROSCOE**

Our picnic blanket is huge, I think if we stretch it out - we can bounce it a few times to get rid of it's downward momentum.

**CHECKERS**

Are you sure about this? Didn't your parent's die in a-

**ROSCOE**

A freak trampoline accident, yes. But I'm not them, Checkers. And we haven't got a second to loose.

**NARRATOR**

Checkers bit on one side of the huge picnic blanket and Roscoe grabbed the other. They tied each corner to a nearby pine tree and watched with anticipation, the riverboat was getting closer to the ground, right above the blanket, it was falling closer and closer and closer until - finally the casino cruise ship landed on the stretched out - makeshift trampoline. It slowed down tremendously as the blanket was pulled tighter and tighter before, suddenly!

**FX 9: Spring noise****ROSCOE**

It worked! The ship bounced back up into the air!

**CHECKERS**

Look, it's coming down again!

**FX 9: Spring noise****NARRATOR**

The boat bounced up and back down onto the blanket again - it repeated this a few times until it had gotten rid of all the kinetic energy it had left. Once all was safe and sound, Captain Clark walked off of the ship and climbed down onto the ground, he was followed by a crowd of gamblers who were all vomiting uncontrollably.

**CAPTAIN CLARK**

Well, you saved the day kid. Great job.

**ROSCOE**

Thanks, Captain.

CAPTAIN CLARK

Hey, you can just call me Clark if you want - after all, we're practically family.

ROSCOE

I'm just glad everything worked out all right, that could have been pretty bad.

CAPTAIN CLARK

You still got your old man in you, I see - that trampoline would have made him mighty proud.

CHECKERS

What'll you do now?

CAPTAIN CLARK

Well that's tough to say. First I need to get this boat back in the water, and I have a feeling all of those fine patrons are going to ask for a refund. Then I'm gonna need to wipe all the bird guts off of the hull, then after that - I'm going to hunt down that Mable Dunk. How about you two?

ROSCOE

We're probably going to mosey along to another adventure somewhere. Will I ever see you again, Clark?

CAPTAIN CLARK

Of course you will, Roscoe. Of course you will.

ROSCOE

All right. Checkers, let's get on out of here.

**NARRATOR**

Just then, Father Jim wandered out of the riverboat wearing a hastily thrown together orange robe, and before he started vomiting like all the other gamblers - he gave checkers a thumbs up and a nod.

CHECKERS

Sounds good to me, lil buddy. Let's ride!

**FX 10:** *Whip crack*

**FX 11:** *End music starts*

**NARRATOR**

As our story comes to a close - all seems more or less okay, and the day is saved, thanks to Roscoe, Checkers, and cartoon physics! But this broadcast isn't over yet! Hear the next episode of the night after this short commercial break!

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #2**

*COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES*

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**EPISODE FIFTEEN**

A \_\_\_\_\_ AT HIGH NOON

**INTRO:****FX 1:** *Music swells***NARRATOR**

Almost every hour of this program is a double feature! Now, we once again join everyone's favorite \_\_\_\_\_ in the next adventure of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!  
Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX 1:** *Music fades away*

Our second episode of the evening: A \_\_\_\_\_ at high noon!

**SCENE #1****NARRATOR**

Roscoe and Checkers have just waltzed into a town, a tiny little place in the middle of nowhere called Rotwood. Our two courageous compatriots are just strolling along the wooden and dirt sidewalks talking to one another.

CHECKERS

Hey Roscoe?

ROSCOE

Yeah, Chekcers?

CHECKERS

You know how they say "Love at first sight" is a thing?

ROSCOE

Yeah.

CHECKERS

But they also say "Love is blind."

ROSCOE

Yeah.

CHECKERS

Just food for thought.

ROSCOE

Hey Checkers?

CHECKERS

Yeah, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

You know the saying "You are what you eat."

CHECKERS

Yeah.

ROSCOE

But they also say "Eat drink and be Mary."

CHECKERS

Yeah.

ROSCOE

But my name's not Mary. It's Roscoe.

CHECKERS

Yeah.

ROSCOE

Just food for thought.

NARRATOR

Suddenly, interrupting their thrilling conversation - a dirty stranger with a huge black cowboy hat and a thick twirly mustache walks into the dusty street and points to our heroes.

STRANGER

HEY, YOU!

CHECKERS

Huh? What do you want?

STRANGER

I aint never seen no talking horse before.

CHECKERS

And what's it to you, pal?

STRANGER

I don't take too kindly to things I aint never seen before. I want you to git on out of my town. Ya hear?

ROSCOE

Who are you? What's your deal?

STRANGER

Who am I? Who am I? Who am I???

ROSCOE

Yeah. Who are you?

STRANGER

I'm Typhoid Tim! The quickest wrist in the west. I can shoot anybody. Any place. Any time.

ROSCOE

Well, Typhoid Tim. I'm Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween. And you're talking to my pal Checkers Justice. Do we have a problem here?

TYPHOID TIM

It startin to look like one, aint it?

ROSCOE

You want to settle this the ol fashioned way?

TYPHOID TIM

How do you mean?

CHECKERS

Roscoe, are you asking to duel this guy?

ROSCOE

Sure - he's a punk and I want to teach him a lesson.

CHECKERS

But neither of us have guns. You just have a lasso and a really tall cowboy hat.

ROSCOE

I don't need a gun to win a shoot out, have some faith in me!

CHECKERS

Well, the guy was smack talking me first - I reckon I oughta be the one to duel him.

ROSCOE

You can get your turn after I'm through with him.

CHECKERS

Okay.

ROSCOE

Hey Typhoid Tim!

TYPHOID TIM

Yeah?

ROSCOE

You ready to duel?

TYPHOID TIM

Uh.. yeah!

ROSCOE

Okay, we'll let's get ready.

TYPHOID TIM

Wait, you nimrod - it aint high noon yet!

ROSCOE

What?

TYPHOID TIM

It's ten fifteen in the morning! We can't duel until it's high noon!

ROSCOE

Oh. Okay. Well, what do you want to do until then?

TYPHOID TIM

I don't know..... Do you guys like movies?

ROSCOE

What's a movie?

TYPHOID TIM

It's like a moving picture show. They done got one at the penny theater on the other side of town.

CHECKERS

What movies are they showing?

TYPHOID TIM

They got this one where it looks like a train is coming at you. Made me nearly wet my trousers the last time I done sawn it!

CHECKERS

Roscoe, that sounds pretty cool.

ROSCOE

I know, but I'm not sure about hanging out with this Tim guy - what if this is a trick to get the drop on us?

CHECKERS

Let's take our chances, we outnumber him anyways.

ROSCOE

Deal.

(To tim)

Hey tim!

TYPHOID TIM

Yeah?

ROSCOE

We'll take you up on your movie offer - then at noon we can duel, sound good?

TYPHOID TIM

Sure, follow me to the penny theater.

ROSCOE

Okay!

**SCENE #2**

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe hopped on Checkers back and they moseyed over to the town theater. It was a tiny little brick building with a few rows of seats inside facing a blank wall. Typhoid tim hocked a lougie onto the ground before walking into the theater, and sitting down next to Roscoe and Checkers.

TYPHOID TIM

It'll play some previews, but in like five minutes the train movie will start.

ROSCOE

All right.

CHECKERS

Hey tim.

TYPHOID TIM

Yeah?

CHECKERS

Is Typhoid your first name?

TYPHOID TIM

Nah, that's just my cool cowboy moniker. My real name is Nathaniel.

CHECKERS

Neat.

TYPHOID TIM

Like I said earlier, I aint never done seen a horse what could talk before. Are you a magic horse?

CHECKERS

Nope, just a bounty hunting one.

TYPHOID TIM

Can all horses talk? Or just some of them?

CHECKERS

It's kind of like speaking another language.

TYPHOID TIM

How do ya mean?

CHECKERS

Like, I can speak horse - and cow - and I even know a little bit of Swahili.

TYPHOID TIM

Wow. I only know the one lang-edge.

CHECKERS

I had a hunch.

ROSCOE

Why were you being so rude to Checkers earlier Tim? You were being pretty rude.

TYPHOID TIM

I don't know, I guess I was confused by a horse that could talk - and when I get confused, I say mean stuff. It's kind of just how I am.

CHECKERS

Well that's no way to live, Tim. You know that.

TYPHOID TIM

But... It's how I've always been.

ROSCOE

People can change, tim. People can change.

TYPHOID TIM

Wow. You twos have given me a whole bunch to think about. Oh look! The movie is starting!

**SCENE #3 PG 27**

**NARRATOR**

The three sat in awe as a black and white flickering image of a locomotive came rushing onscreen - headed straight for them!

ROSCOE

Oh no! It's gonna hit us!

CHECKERS

We gotta get out of here!

TYPHOID TIM

I thought the same thing my first time, don't sweat it boys - it aint real!

ROSCOE

Really?

TYPHOID TIM

Yeah! Just a picture show.

ROSCOE

\*Sigh\* Well that's a relief.

TYPHOID TIM

You'd be surprised about all the crazy things they got on these. This is the future, I tells ya.

**NARRATOR**

An hour later, the movie came to an end and our three characters were walking down the dusty streets of Rotwood again.

ROSCOE

Looks like we still have about a half hour until noon, then we can duel - right?

TYPHOID TIM

Oh for sure, we just gotta stick to traditions and wait till then. In the meantime, wanna skip some rocks at the pond over yonder?

CHECKERS

Where?

TYPHOID TIM

The one next to the saloon, I know all the good rock skipping spots in Rotwood, honest.

CHECKERS

Lead the way.

**SCENE #3**

**NARRATOR**

They skip rocks out by a pond for a few minutes while Tyhpoid Tim tells our two heroes about his life.

TYPHOID TIM

I am what's known as a "Tumbleweed baby." I fell out of my parent's wagon when I was just a lil kid and I got tangled up in a tumbleweed tuft and the wind blew me all around the desert. I ended up here in Rotwood and the town barber fed me his table scraps so I'd grow up big and strong.

ROSCOE

Wow, that's not an easy life - tim.

TYPHOID TIM

Eh, it is what it is. Rotwood's the only place I can remember being in. The only place that done feels like home. And please, call me Nathaniel.

CHECKERS

Well Nathaniel, I feel like we're really getting to know you.

TYPHOID TIM

Me too, sorry I was so grouchy earlier - I didn't mean to hut your feelings or nuthin' I was just being a tomfool I guess.

CHECKERS

Apology accepted. Say, you're pretty good at skipping stones.

TYPHOID TIM

Thanks!

CHECKERS

I don't have hands so I'm trying to bite the rock and fling my neck out before letting it go. Do you think that will work?

TYPHOID TIM

Maybe. Just swing em' back and then whip em' forward at the last minute, like this.

**NARRATOR**

Tim picks up a smooth stone and snaps it across the pond water - it bounds off the water's surface eight times before plopping down into the pond with a plunk.

ROSCOE

When did you learn how to do that?

TYPHOID TIM

One time I was washing my gun in a babbling brook - and it slipped right out of my hands. I guess the shiny-ness of the hilt looked nice to this big fat toad that was swimming in the brook - because he grabbed my gun and started to swim away with it! I had to stop him, so I grabbed a rock and flung as hard as I could. It skipped on the water three times and smacked the little varmit right dab in the middle of his froggy face, I tells ya. He died on impact. I was seven years old.

ROSCOE

Wow. You sure do have a lot of stories, Nathaniel.

TYPHOID TIM

Thanks Roscoe - have I ever told you of the ti-

**NARRATOR**

The clocktower in the middle of Rotwood struck noon.

**FX 12:** *Noon clocktower*

**CHECKERS**

It only rang three times.

**TYPHOID TIM**

The town's clock's broke - but you still know what it means.  
High noon.

**NARRATOR**

Typhoid Tim and Roscoe locked eyes in an instant.

**TYPHOID TIM**

(Brutally)

See you on the street.

**ROSCOE**

\*Gulp\* See you on the street.

**FX 4:** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR**

Oh no! Will Roscoe have to kill his new found acquaintance? Will Typhoid Tim have some kind of emotional breakthrough, broadening his perspective in life? Will Checkers ever be able to skip a rock properly? Probably not! But to find out the answers to those other questions, listen to this short commercial break!

**FX 5:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #3**

**COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES**

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**SCENE #4 PG 30**

**FX 5:** *Organ sting 2*

**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action! When we left off, Checkers had been insulted by a local street tough named Typhoid Tim. Or Nathaniel. Roscoe Challenged the kid to a duel but as is tradition in most western towns, they had to wait until high noon. After a trip to the movies and a nice round of stone skipping on a pond, the three had grown a little as friends.

That is, until the clocktower struck three - which meant twelve. Roscoe and Tim were now headed to the main street of Rotwood, ready for a showdown.

ROSCOE

You ready, partner?

TYPHOID TIM

Born ready.

ROSCOE

We can still call the duel off. You seem like a nice guy, deep down.

TYPHOID TIM

I'm afraid that's against the rules, Roscoe. A duel is a duel and we both gotta see it through. On your mark.

**NARRATOR**

The air was tense. A hush ran through the town. Shopkeepers shuttered their windows and civilians watched with bated breath. Strangely, Checkers was nowhere to be seen.

ROSCOE

Three. Two. One. DRAW!

**FX 13:** *Two gunshots*

**NARRATOR**

Tim's right hand shot down to his sixshooter within seconds, and he fired two shots at Roscoe. The Tallahassee Tween dived backwards, avoiding the projectiles easily. He grabbed his trusty lasso and aimed it for Tim's Pistol.

**FX 14:** *Lasso*

TYPHOID TIM

Hey!!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe's rope wrapped snugly around Tim's quick draw wrist and yanked the gun right out of his hands. Roscoe swung the lasso again and sent the sixshooter flying off into the horizon.

ROSCOE

Won't be needing that anymore!

TYPHOID TIM

You twerp! I loved that gun!

**NARRATOR**

Typhoid Tim reached into his vest and pulled out a handful of smooth stones.

TYPHOID TIM

It's rock time, pardner.

**NARRATOR**

He flung the stones as quick as lightning, giving Roscoe no time to dodge at all!

ROSCOE

Ah!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe was hit in the gut twice before he ducked out of the oncoming assault.

TYPHOID TIM

Just give up you goober! I don't want to stone you to death!

ROSCOE

Neither do I!

TYPHOID TIM

Well we can't both have our way.

ROSCOE

Yes we can! Easily!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe flung his rope out to Typhoid Tim's left ankle and pulled back as hard as he could.

TYPHOID TIM

Oof!

**NARRATOR**

As he fell face first into the dirt, Tim felt a tinge of embarrassment, what was he doing this all for? He thought. How was this going to end? He thought. That's about the time Roscoe leaped up ontop of Tim and started giving him a noogie.

TYPHOID TIM

Get offa me! Confounds it! Lemme go!

ROSCOE

No, not until you say you lost.

TYPHOID TIM

No! Never! Winning duels is the only thing I can do right!

ROSCOE

That's not true, you're a great rock thrower.

TYPHOID TIM

If I loose to a fella without a gun, I reckon I'll be the laughing stock of Rotwood for the rest of my life!

ROSCOE

Who cares about that! Just give up! I have you pinned, I'm gonna keep giving you a noogie until you toss in the rag.

TYPHOID TIM

I don't have a rag!

ROSCOE

I mean quit.

TYPHOID TIM

Never!

DAD VOICE

Oh, Nathaniel!

TYPHOID TIM

Huh? Who's that?

MOM VOICE

Nathaniel honey, it's us - your long lost parents!

TYPHOID TIM

What?

**NARRATOR**

On the other end of the street, rolling their way - there were two adults, a man and a woman, each stuck within a giant tumbleweed, rolling in the direction of the fighting fellas. Checkers was trotting behind them with a grin on his face.

CHECKERS

Once you two went off to fight, I checked around the local desert for a few minutes and, sure enough - I found these two! They've been looking for you for quite some time, Nathaniel.

DAD VOICE

Oh son, we thought we'd lost you those many years ago, when our whole family fell off our wagon and each got tangled into a tumbleweed. We've been rolling around, searching the west for you for years!

TYPHOID TIM

What? Momma, Daddy? Could it really be you?

MOM VOICE

It is us honey, it really is!

TYPHOID TIM

But how, why, where? I'm feeling so many emotions right now!  
We're a family again!

DAD VOICE

We are son. We are.

MOM VOICE

Your horse friend Checkers told us about how nasty you've  
been today.

TYPHOID TIM

I'm sorry ma, I'm sorry Checkers - I was just being a dumb  
idiot!

DAD VOICE

And what about the young man who's still giving you a noogie?

ROSCOE

Oh yeah, I should stop that. Sorry.

DAD VOICE

Apologize to him too son, we saw you throwing rocks at him  
earlier.

TYPHOID TIM

Sorry Roscoe.

ROSCOE

All's forgivin buddy.

**NARRATOR**

As Nathaniel rises to his feet, he runs to give the two  
tumbleweed trapped people a big old hug.

DAD VOICE

We're together again son, and we'll never leave your side.

TYPHOID TIM

Let's get you out of these tumbleweeds! The town barber's got  
some really sharp scissors! I can go get them!

MOM VOICE

Slow down, son. We'll get to that - all in due time. First we  
better say goodbye to your two friends here.

ROSCOE

Yeah, Checkers and I better head off to some other town about  
now .

CHECKERS

It's what we do.

TYPHOID TIM

Okay. Goodbye guys. Sorry I was acting so crummy earlier. Thanks for reuniting me with my parents. That was real nice.

ROSCOE

Any time bud - it's what good guys do!

So long Nathaniel.

TYPHOID TIM

So long!

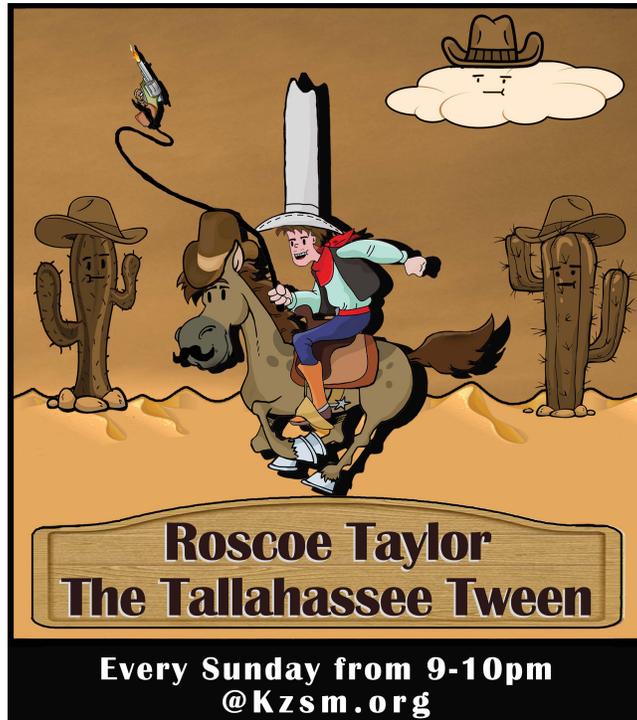
**FX 11:** *End music begins*

**NARRATOR**

And with that, our broadcast is coming to a close. Make sure to tune in next week at 9pm to hear the next audio adventures of everyone's favorite catfish conquering cowpoke: Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

Tonight's episodes were brought to you by KZSM.org true community radio. **Sam Pierce** played *Roscoe Taylor*. **Mitchell Oden** played *Checkers Justice*. **David Rhoads** played Captain Clark, and Typhoid Tim. **Jordan Pilkenton** played the first mate, the dealer, and Tim's dad. He also worked as the audio producer for our program. This show is written and directed by me, **Garrett Buss**. I played *The Narrator*, Father Jim the Baptist, and Tim's mom. Coming up after this is an episode of *Swamp Gas Uggos at Ten*, so be sure to stay tuned. From all of us here in the wild wild west, thank you and goodnight.

**THE END.**



## **Roscoe Taylor - Broadcast #9**

Episode 16: A Ruthless Robbery  
aboard the River Rock Express!

Episode 17: A Particularly Perilous  
trip with Don Peyote!

Written by

Garrett Buss

## **EPISODE SIXTEEN**

A RUTHLESS ROBBERY ABOARD THE RIVER ROCK EXPRESS!

### **INTRO:**

**FX 1:** *Music swells*

#### **NARRATOR**

Almost every hour of this program is a double feature! Now, we once again join everyone's favorite \_\_\_\_\_ in the next adventure of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!  
Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX 1:** *Music fades away*

Our second episode of the evening: A Ruthless Robbery aboard the River Rock Express!

### **SCENE #1**

**FX 2:** *Choo Choo Ambience (Runs the whole time)*

#### **NARRATOR**

Roscoe and Checkers wake up in the cabin of a luxury railroad, the River Rock Express. It's a roomy passenger car with bunk beds big enough for a tween and his horse bounty hunter partner. Last night, after an hour long argument and a climactic coin toss, Checkers won the right to sleep in the top bunk - and you can imagine how difficult that was to pull off. But right now, the morning air is fresh and the River Rock Express is chugging along down the rails.

ROSCOE

\*Yawn\* Good morning, buddy.

CHECKERS

Mornin' Roscoe. How'd you sleep?

ROSCOE

Like a baby.

CHECKERS

How do you mean?

ROSCOE

I woke up every two hours and got fussy.

CHECKERS

Why's that?

ROSCOE

I wanted the top bunk. Sleeping on this lousy bottom bunk gave me nightmares.

CHECKERS

Nightmares?

ROSCOE

Yeah, I kept dreaming that there was this giant ladder of bunk beds - stretching all the way up to cowboy heaven. I tried to climb up them, but you were there - and you kicked me off into the black void below.

CHECKERS

Wow.

ROSCOE

Yup.

CHECKERS

Well, I slept like a log.

ROSCOE

How do you mean?

CHECKERS

I put the *Lumber*, in *Slumber*, my friend.

ROSCOE

What?

CHECKERS

I chewed on the wooden bedpost in my sleep and now my mouth is full of splinters.

ROSCOE

Oh.

CHECKERS

Yup. On the bright side though, horse's mouths are really durable, so I'm not in pain or anything. Plus, I won't be needing toothpicks for the next few days.

ROSCOE

I guess the grass isn't always greener on the other side.

CHECKERS

I could go for a plate of grass right now. You think they serve that on this train?

ROSCOE

Probably not, and even if they did - the concession car's prices are crazy steep - did you see how much they were charging for food? It's ridiculous! Highway robbery!

CHECKERS

Railway robbery! Those prices were unreasonable, glad we packed some food in the saddle bags. How much longer before we make it to Lariat Landing, do you think?

ROSCOE

Hmmmm, well - let me check the brochure. Ah, here we go. "The trip between River Rock City and Lariat landing takes two full days, passing scenic venues such as the Colorado River and Prairie dog Plateau."

CHECKERS

Oh yeah, we crossed the Colorado yesterday - I don't think we've passed prairie dog plateau yet, though.

ROSCOE

According to the map on the back of this, we should be able to see the plateau pretty soon. Then, awhile later we'll pass under the Greenhorn mountain range through tenderfoot tunnel, and after that we'll go over Drygultch Dan's Dynamite proof bridge.

CHECKERS

Wow, what a name.

ROSCOE

You're telling me. At least we can rest easy knowing this Dan guy made the bridge un-blow-up-able. Anywho, once we pass that bridge we'll be in Lariat Landing.

CHECKERS

You know Roscoe, aside from last night's bunk bed debacle - I've been having a great time with you on this locomotive.

ROSCOE

Me too, buddy! Sleeping was rough, but it's nice to be on a train. This is my first time on one of these and I gotta say, I'm impressed.

CHECKERS

It's my first time too. I wasn't sold on this "Transcontinental railroad" thing, I thought it was just a fad. But this train is so fancy!

ROSCOE

It's a lot more luxurious than any wagon I've ever ridden in.

CHECKERS

Or any stagecoach I've ever pulled.

ROSCOE

I'm glad we won those tickets in that arm wrestling competition.

CHECKERS

Me too. Your ability to dislocate your shoulder came in handy for us yet again.

ROSCOE

Thanks, I got young bones and stretchy ligaments. What should we do, now that we're awake?

CHECKERS

First things first, Roscoe - can you help me off this bunk?

ROSCOE

\*Sigh\* Sure. Feels like a slap in the face though. I wanted that bunk so bad.

CHECKERS

We flipped a coin! Don't be mad at me, be mad at George Washington's face!

**NARRATOR**

As Roscoe helped his Stallion Companion down onto the ground, a man poked his head in through the cabin door.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Howdy howdy gentlemen! Good morning!

ROSCOE

Oh, good morning.

CHECKERS

Mornin.

ROSCOE

You're the conductor we met yesterday, right?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Absolutely! Train Conductor - Tom, that's my name! And my job title!

ROSCOE

Is your first name Tom?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

What?

ROSCOE

We met this guy awhile back named Post office Pete. His first name was "Poe" and his middle name was "Office Pee". And his last name was "tuh." Is your name like that?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

No? What a bizarre question.

ROSCOE

Sorry, my mistake.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

My name is completely normal. My first name is Train Conductor, and my last name is Tom. And my middle name is a hyphen.

ROSCOE

Okay. See, this is what I'm talking about.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Why, what ever do you mean?

ROSCOE

You acted like I was being weird for asking about your name, but then you have a hyphen for a middle name.

CHECKERS

And your first name is a job.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

I didn't come here to be insulted and interrogated! I came here to let you two know about an incident!

CHECKERS

An incident?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Yes! You see, last night - someone aboard this very train stole the priceless Tijuana Emeralds, which were being transported secretly back in our vault car, near the caboose.

ROSCOE

What?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Yes! I just checked the vault myself, and it's gone! I'm alerting all of the passengers, and I'd like to check through your luggage, if you wouldn't mind.

CHECKERS

Our luggage? We just woke up! We didn't steal the emerald.

ROSCOE

Yeah, we're not thieves - we're cowboy do-gooders. You're barking up the wrong tree.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Be that as it may, I must check the contents of every passenger's luggage to ensure we find the stolen jewel before we make it to Lariat Landing. No Exceptions.

ROSCOE

Oh, come on.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Sorry sirs, It's my job - please empty any luggage you have.

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe walked over to the saddle bags which were sitting next to the window. He dumped the contents on the floor. A box of matches, camping equipment, and an assortment of snacks laid on the train cabin floor.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Well I don't see any emeralds here, but I do see quite a bit of food, and that is strictly against the rules. Did you two see all the signs posted at the train station that said "No outside food allowed?" Did you?

ROSCOE

Yeah, but we brought it anyway. What else were we supposed to do? The concession car's prices were ridiculous.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

This train has some of the finest chefs in the west onboard! We have five-star meals, with ingredients shipped from all over the world! We have an entire train car full of luxury molasses! A whole car full! There is plenty of food to last you two for the rest of today's journey. If you lack the funds to buy anything - then that's your problem.

ROSCOE

Just chill out! It's not like we're hurting anybody.

CHECKERS

What the kid said, get the stick out of your butt, Train Conductor.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

That's Mister Tom, to you two. And I will NOT take advice about butt-sticks from a horse who has a mouth full of splinters, thank you very much.

ROSCOE

Hey look - down there, out the window! We're passing prairie dog plateau!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe peered out into the distance and saw a huge patch of flat land, covered in small holes - almost like a giant block of Swiss cheese. As the loud locomotive traveled down the track along the plateau, little prairie dogs began poking their heads out of their holes with curiosity.

ROSCOE

There's so many of them! They are so cute!

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Sirs, I'm afraid you need to get rid of your food immediately.

CHECKERS

What? No. Absolutely not. We packed like twenty hot dogs and a whole bushel full of apples. We aren't wasting that.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Rules are rules, sir. You were told not to bring food onto the train. Now I want both of you to place any and all foodstuff into the trash chute on that wall over there.

ROSCOE

This is crazy! We're not throwing the food away! You're out of your mind!

CHECKERS

You know if you'd have come in here asking for our help finding your stupid emerald, everything would be fine right now! But now you're rudely telling us to toss our personal possessions in the garbage.

ROSCOE

For no reason!

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

For good reason! If you two don't start throwing these hot dogs and apples away, I'll do it for you!

ROSCOE

Wait! If we have to get rid of them, why don't we throw them out the window - so the prairie dogs can have some? They'd enjoy it, probably.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

What? No. No no no. That is not happening.

ROSCOE

C'mon! It's a good idea! They're so cute, I bet they'll be psyched!

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Their natural diet does not include processed meat, sir.

ROSCOE

Whatever, I'm doing it anyway.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Hey!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe scooped up an armful of the food laying on the floor and tossed it out of the open window. The loose hot dogs and apples fell down to the plateau below and within an instant, thousands of curious prairie dogs popped out of their holes to inspect the miraculous feast that had just landed in their territory. Every single Prairie dog within a miles' radius began ferociously chowing down on the smorgasbord that Roscoe had just flung from the River Rock Express. One prairie dog with a long white beard stood on his hind legs and made direct eye contact with Roscoe - he nodded solemnly as if to say thank you. Roscoe nodded back.

**TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM**

That was unacceptable, young man!

**ROSCOE**

Whatever, get out of our cabin, man. We got rid of the food.

**CHECKERS**

Yeah, you're really getting on our nerves.

**TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM**

You are two of the worst passengers I've ever had the disservice of meeting. I bid you farewell.

**ROSCOE**

Good riddance.

**NARRATOR**

Train conductor - Tom walked back out into the hallway angrily.

**CHECKERS**

That guy sucked.

**ROSCOE**

Yeah, and he had a dumb name too.

**CHECKERS**

I can't believe we're out of food. What a jerk.

**ROSCOE**

That's crazy that somebody stole the Tijuana Emerald though.

**CHECKERS**

It is. I guess we better get started on figuring out who the thief is.

**ROSCOE**

Maybe if we can find the perpetrator before train conductor - tom does, it'll make him look like a fool.

CHECKERS

Hmmmm. That's not a bad idea, Roscoe. We can help bring justice and upstage that idiot at the same time. Sounds good to me.

ROSCOE

What should we do first?

CHECKERS

Let's go to that vault car he mentioned - maybe we can find clues there. Luckily, whoever stole the thing should still be on the train.

## **SCENE #2**

**NARRATOR**

Our heroes scoop the rest of their belongings up off of the floor and back into the saddle bags - then they head out of their passenger car and into the hallway - walking to the end towards the vault car near the caboose. As they arrive at the emptied vault - Roscoe notices something peculiar.

ROSCOE

Huh, the conductor was right - the glass case that used to hold the emerald is broken to pieces. But, what's that? Checkers, look over there!

CHECKERS

Where? I don't see anything, just a bunch of broken glass on the floor.

ROSCOE

Exactly, see how some of these shards of broken glass are more crunched up?

CHECKERS

What do you mean?

ROSCOE

Look closer - there's a pattern. Some of the glass is laying on the ground in big fat shards, but other pieces are broken up into really little pieces.

CHECKERS

Okay, I think I see what you're talking about.

ROSCOE

It looks almost like... like... like footprints!

CHECKERS

Huh, footprints. Yeah, I think you're right.

ROSCOE

So the bandit broke the case to steal the jewel, then once the glass was all over the floor - they walked away, leaving a trail of extra-crushed glass behind them.

CHECKERS

Sloppy work for a criminal. Good deducing, buddy.

ROSCOE

Thank you. Now let's see - the footprints are leading towards the back of the car, let's see where they'd go.

CHECKERS

That's just the back of the train - the only car back there is the caboose.

ROSCOE

Weird, look - the door is locked shut.

CHECKERS

See that label next to it? "Conductor access only."

ROSCOE

Now that's strange, the trail ends here. And there's only one conduc-

**FX 3:** *Gun Cock*

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Okay boys. You caught me.

ROSCOE

What?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Turn around, nice and slow.

CHECKERS

Train Conductor - Tom?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Yeah, it's me.

ROSCOE

You stole the emerald?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

I did. And I'm going to get away with it too - that is, after I kill you two!

**FX 4:** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR**

Oh no! Train Conductor - Tom is a criminal! And he's got our heroes at point-blank range! Will Roscoe and Checkers make it out of this one? What is this villain's plan, and why does he have such a stupid name? Will those Prairie Dogs suffer any gastrointestinal distress after eating all those hot dogs? If you really want to find out the answers to these tantalizing questions, listen to this short commercial break!

**FX 5:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #1**

COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK****SCENE #3**

**FX 5:** *Organ sting 2*

**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action! When we left our story, Roscoe and Checkers had just woken up on the luxury locomotive the River Rock Express. After a squabble about the food and a brief investigation, our heroes came to the realization that the Precious Tijuana Emerald was stolen by none other than: Train Conductor - Tom! Possibly the only fictional villain with a hyphen for a middle name! We're making history here, folks. History. Tom is pointing a pistol at Roscoe and his finger is tightening around the trigger. What could happen next? You're about to find out.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Get ready to die, fools.

ROSCOE

If you stole the emerald, why were you warning passengers about it in the first place?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Covering up my tracks. I was the last person anyone would suspect. I simply needed to buy my time until we got to our final stop, then I'd sell this rock for all it's worth.

CHECKERS

Then why did you make us empty our bags and toss our food?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Easy, because I don't like you. I enjoy inflicting needless bureaucracy on people that I don't like.

CHECKERS

We had an entire Bushel of Apples. A bushel. You're gonna pay for that.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Hah! I'm shaking in my boots. Or, I would be - if I wasn't the guy with the gun. Now, turn around nice and slow like. Once you two are dead I'm going to toss your corpses off the back of the caboose. You shouldn't have stuck your noses where it didn't belong.

ROSCOE

Stuck our noses? We hardly did anything! You brought up the emerald theft in the first place! You! We've been in this vault car for like two minutes, tops. It was pretty easy to spot the shattered footprints you left behind.

CHECKERS

Yeah, it's not like we cracked some huge caper - you're just a bad criminal.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

And you're just a dead horse. And I'm going to beat you! Up! Like a dead horse! Like the saying! Beating a dead horse!

ROSCOE

God, shut up. We get it.

CHECKERS

I hate everything about you, Train Conductor - Tom.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

That's MISTER Train Conductor - Tom. And the feeling is mutual.

ROSCOE

Wait, was that your name before you made the plan to steal the emerald?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Yes. But once I get off this blasted train and sell this sucker, I'm gonna change my first name to "Really rich"

ROSCOE

Really Rich - Tom?

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

It rolls off the tongue! Now. Prepare to die! HUH???

**NARRATOR**

Just then, all the lights coming from the train car windows went out - plunging the room into total darkness.

CHECKERS

What happened? Am I dead?

ROSCOE

No! We must have entered Tenderfoot Tunnel.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

I can't see a thing! Where are you two?

ROSCOE

Over here! Punch!

CHECKERS

Ow! That was me!

ROSCOE

Sorry.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

I don't need to see you to kill you!

**FX 7:** *Gunshot*

ROSCOE

You missed.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Okay. Maybe I do!

ROSCOE

Checkers, let me hop on your back! I don't want to accidentally punch you again!

CHECKERS

All right - hop on!

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Hey! Get off my back!

ROSCOE

Sorry.

CHECKERS

This is ridiculous. I'm just gonna start punching and kicking in any direction I can, Roscoe - I suggest you do the same.

ROSCOE

Can do, buddy.

**NARRATOR**

And they did exactly that.

**FX 8:** *Big fight horse sound*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

They punched and kicked in every direction they could - blindly, in the dark. When the train had exited the tunnel and the lights finally flooded back into the train car - The dastardly conductor had Roscoe in a headlock, Roscoe had Checkers in a headlock, and Checkers was biting on Train Conductor - Tom's leg. Somehow, in all the hullabaloo - The Tijuana Emerald fell out of his pocket and it was now lying on the ground.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

No!

ROSCOE

Got it!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe dove for the jewel and swooped it up as quick as can be, Checkers kicked Tom as hard as he could - sending the man tumbling into the wall of the train car. As Roscoe stuffed the emerald into his twenty gallon hat, Train conductor - Tom scoffed a sinister scoff!

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

\*Scoff\* Hah! Well, if I can't have the jewel, than nobody can! Good thing I prepared a plan B!

CHECKERS

What do you mean?

**NARRATOR**

Tom pulled out a tiny silver box with a bright red button.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

I rigged Drygultch Dan's Dynamite Proof Bridge with explosives! One press of this button, and It'll be smashed to smithereens!

ROSCOE

Impossible! That bridge is dynamite proof! It says so in the title!

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Don't believe everything you read, kid! That name is just a publicity stunt - a marketing scam! It'll blow up right... About... now!

**FX 9:** *Click. Far away explosion.*

**NARRATOR**

A mile down the railroad track, the explosives go off around Drygultch Dan's Dynamite Proof Bridge. As it turns out the bridge WAS dynamite proof. It was not- however - fireproof.

While the fortified wooden bridge planks survived the initial explosion, they erupted into flames almost immediately after that.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Maybe that's not exactly how I planned for it to go - but it's better than nothing! That burning bridge should spell the end for you two!

ROSCOE

And you! We're all gonna go over that bridge and burn to death, if it doesn't collapse first! You're a moron!

CHECKERS

Do you have a death wish or something? This train is going way too fast for you to just jump off without breaking every bone in your body!

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

Oh yeah? Watch me!

**NARRATOR**

The conductor ran to the door behind him, and with the quick turn of his key he flung it open and ran down the caboose. As Roscoe and Checkers chased after him - he kicked open the caboose emergency exit door and leaped out into the open air, his body hurdling towards the ground at eighty miles an hour!

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

So long, suckers!

**NARRATOR**

He hit the ground and instantly broke every bone in his body.

**FX 10:** *Crunch body breaking noise*

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

**NARRATOR**

The conductor's body bounced up into the air again, as Roscoe reached for his hip and whipped out his trusty lasso. Within a fraction of a second - he shot his rope straight for the conductor, snagged him by one of his shattered ankles, and yanked him back into the train.

TRAIN CONDUCTOR - TOM

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!! \*Sigh\*

ROSCOE

Did he die?

CHECKERS

No, he passed out. Probably on account of every bone in his body being broken. I tried to warn him.

ROSCOE

This looks horrifying, his arms, his legs, even his ribs - all broken. He's gonna have one heck of a doctor's bill to pay for once we take him to jail.

CHECKERS

But first we need to stop this train! That bridge is still on fire, remember? And we're getting closer with every second!

ROSCOE

You're right! We aint' got a second to lose! There's no way the brakes could slow this thing down in time, and if that bridge gives out, we'll fall straight into the chasm below! What do we do?

CHECKERS

We need to find some way to slow this locomotive down.

ROSCOE

Slow it down... Slow it down...

CHECKERS

That's it!

ROSCOE

What?

CHECKERS

Didn't the Conductor say something about a train car full of molasses?

ROSCOE

Yeah?

CHECKERS

Well, if we can get that sticky molasses to gum up the wheels, maybe - just maybe - it'll slow down in time!

ROSCOE

Better than nothing! Let's go!

**NARRATOR**

Our heroes sprint up the train, past the vault car, past the passenger cabins, all the way to an area between train cars - with only the open air around them and a small metal platform under their feet. They could feel the wind rush past their heads, and they could smell the smoke from the burning bridge in front of them. Instead of a normal entrance to the next car, there was just a door that read MOLASSES. DO NOT OPEN.

CHECKERS

Let's open it.

**NARRATOR**

As they turn the key and crack open the door, a tidal wave of solid molasses slowly bursts out onto the platform, and it spills onto the exposed railroad tracks below.

**FX 11:** *Goosh noise*

ROSCOE

We did it!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe was right, the molasses took its sweet time - but it eventually coated the tracks thoroughly. The thick, sticky goop covered the wheels of the River Rock Express, and ground the train to a halt - mere feet away from the bridge - which was still engulfed in an inferno.

CHECKERS

Nice.

ROSCOE

We're not going to die a fiery death, that rules!

CHECKERS

But what should we do now? We're not in Lariat Landing yet - and this train won't be able to get there without going over that bridge.

ROSCOE

It's just one problem after another, huh?

CHECKERS

Seems that way.

ROSCOE

Checkers, what's that over there?

CHECKERS

You mean those holes that are forming all over the ground? I don't know?

ROSCOE

It looks almost like - it is! Prairie dogs!

**NARRATOR**

Popping up out of the ground, thousands of Prairie dogs appeared once again - and they were as hungry as ever. They swarmed the train wheels, and began eating all the molasses they could!

CHECKERS

These little varmints sure do love to eat!

ROSCOE

I'll say!

**NARRATOR**

Just then, an old looking prairie dog with a long white beard shot up out of a hole and landed on the hitch platform in front of our two heroes.

**FX 12:** *Prairie dog squeaks*

ROSCOE

Wow, hey there little guy - I remember you from earlier!

**FX 12:** *Prairie dog squeak*

**NARRATOR**

Neither Roscoe or Checkers could speak Prairie dog, but the bearded animal was the chief of Prairie dog plateau. He came to give Roscoe a sincere thank you.

**FX 12:** *Prairie dog squeak*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

His people will never forget the kindness that was bestowed upon his tribe earlier that day. The blessed gifts of Hot dogs and apples - and now, molasses.

**FX 12:** *Prairie dog squeak*

ROSCOE

Heh, it's like he's trying to talk to us!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe had earned the trust and the respect of Prairie Dogs all across the west. In honor of him, they were willing to vanquish any foes, to fight any battle.

**FX 12:** *Prairie dog squeak*

CHECKERS

They sure are cute lil' goobers. I wonder what he could be saying.

**NARRATOR**

Once every last drop of molasses was eaten off the ground, they would perform a sacred Prairie dog ritual to send rain down from the heavens - which would put out the fire on Drygultch Dan's Dynamite proof bridge.

**FX 12:** *Prairie dog squeak*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Once the fire was extinguished, they would rebuild the support structures at the base of the bridge, and send the train on its way.

**ROSCOE**

God, I wish I could understand him.

**CHECKERS**

Me too. I can tell he's trying to get some point across to us.

**FX 12: Prairie dog squeak****NARRATOR**

The Chief bowed his little head and said that Roscoe would be known as a patron saint in their culture until the end of time. A tear ran down his fuzzy cheek.

**FX 12: Prairie dog squeak****NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

He said a brief prayer, and stated that they would begin work on the bridge at once. He saluted Roscoe and jumped back off into the hole from whence he came.

**ROSCOE**

Hmf, that was interesting.

**CHECKERS**

Yup. Let's go check on the Conductor, it looks like it's gonna start raining pretty soon.

**ROSCOE**

What a strange train ride.

**CHECKERS**

You said it, partner.

**NARRATOR**

As our heroes walk back down the train towards the caboose - the prairie dogs were in the midst of their rain ceremony, over the next two hours, they would fulfill ever single promise the chief had made - and the River Rock Express finally began chugging once again, bringing Roscoe and Checkers safely to Lariat Landing, and bringing this adventure to a close!

**FX 13: End music begins**

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

That sure was a wild story! But this broadcast isn't over yet! Hear the next episode of the night after this short commercial break!

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #2**

*COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES*

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**EPISODE SEVENTEEN**

A PARTICULARLY PERILOUS TRIP WITH DON PEYOTE!

**INTRO:****FX 1:** *Music swells***NARRATOR**

Only one feller can tame the wild west. Only one feller is young, dumb and full of courage. And only one feller goes by the name of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!  
Brought to you by KZSM.org

**FX 1:** *Song fades away*

Tonight's episode: A Particularly Perilous trip with Don Peyote!

**SCENE #1****NARRATOR**

As our tale begins, Checkers Justice and Roscoe Taylor are traveling through an arid patch of land in Nevada. Buttes of various sizes pepper the sandy horizon around our two adventurers.

**CHECKERS**

In a desert once again - eh ol buddy?

**ROSCOE**

Uh huh, when I signed up for a wild western adventure, I forgot just how much of the country was desert-y.

**CHECKERS**

At least we aren't thirsty this time.

**ROSCOE**

And at least Fiddle Faddle isn't anywhere, bugging us.

**CHECKERS**

That little fairy was such a pain in the butt.

**ROSCOE**

Speaking of Butts, look at all these ones around us?

**CHECKERS**

What?

**ROSCOE**

The butts?

Buttes. CHECKERS

Buttes? ROSCOE

Buttes. CHECKERS

Oh. Please don't ever tell anybody about this. ROSCOE

Your secret is safe with me. CHECKERS

Anyways, look at all these Buttes? They're kinda majestic, right? ROSCOE

Yeah, big towering chunks of rock - they look kinda cool. CHECKERS

What's that up on the Butte closest to us? Does that look like? ROSCOE

A guy? Yeah, sorta. And it looks like he's on a horse. How did he get way up there? CHECKERS

I don't kno- ROSCOE

HALT! OR FACE MY WRATH! DON PEYOTE

**NARRATOR**  
High above them, atop the nearest Butte - there was an old bearded man wearing what looked to be metal armor of some kind. The strange man whipped his horses bridle, and they leaped off into the air towards our heroes. They were falling fast and didn't appear to have a plan, or a chance of survival once they reached the ground

WOAH! That guy's gonna die! CHECKERS

What the heck! When he lands, him and his horse are gonna splatter everywhere! What was he thinking? Checkers, buck me up into the air - I gotta save this lunatic. ROSCOE

Done, hyuah! CHECKERS

**FX 14:** *Horse kick fly away***NARRATOR**

Checkers kicked Roscoe high up into the air - the flying tween whipped his lasso around the falling man's horse - then he grabbed his extra tall cowboy hat and held it into the air, filling it up and enacting his trusty hat-parachute maneuver.

**FX 15:** *Hat parachute***DON PEYOTE**

Unhand me, you miscreant!

**ROSCOE**

Oh just shut up and hold on.

**NARRATOR**

They landed gracefully, and as soon as their feet touched the sandy ground, this mystery man pulled out a long sharp lance and pointed it at the Tallahassee Tween.

**ROSCOE**

Whoa whoa whoa, calm down!

**DON PEYOTE**

You shall not tell me to "Calm down" - do you not know who I am???

**CHECKERS**

Sorry gramps, we've never met you before. I'd remember running into an old conquistador looking feller, especially an ungrateful one. My freind here just saved your hide!

**DON PEYOTE**

I am a knight errant! The world famous Don peyote!

**ROSCOE**

Who?

**DON PEYOTE**

Don Peyote! Righter of wrongs and slayer of fiends!

**ROSCOE**

Well, Mister Peyote - I'm Roscoe and this is Checkers. We don't want to fight you, I just wanted to help you stay in one piece.

**DON PEYOTE**

My trusty steed Rosinante is the mightiest steed on earth, he wouldn't have been harmed by the impact of our fall!

**FX 16:** *GARRETT COUGH*

CHECKERS

I don't know about that one, man. That horse is even older than you, he looks pretty close to the grave already.

**FX 16:** GARRETT COUGH

DON PEYOTE

How dare thee! Talking horse! If I were a lesser man, I would attack you this very instance!

ROSCOE

Oh yeah?

DON PEYOTE

YEAH! But, as you two are not Knights errant - it would be un-noble of myself to best you in battle.

ROSCOE

Dude, I tried to save your life! We aren't enemies!

DON PEYOTE

Really?

ROSCOE

Really! We're do-gooders, too! Maybe not Knights, but Checkers and I travel the west - fighting bad guys and helping people out!

DON PEYOTE

Oh. Then you have my apologies.

CHECKERS

What's your deal?

DON PEYOTE

I am trying to bring back the legacy of Spain's knights of old - I aim to slay any beasts that come my way - to fight the impossible fight!

ROSCOE

Spain? Aren't you a little lost? We're in Nevada right now.

CHECKERS

Yeah, this is cowboy territory, not really the place for a knight to go adventuring. You might want to try Europe.

DON PEYOTE

That's exactly the problem! You two may be of the freindly sort, but most cowboys have no honor! No code! They are lawless gunslingers, and they bring chaos wherever they go!

ROSCOE

So far, you seem like a pretty chaotic guy.

DON PEYOTE

If that is your impression of me, It may be on account of your diet.

CHECKERS

What?

DON PEYOTE

I've been eating a rare cactus exclusively, for sixty years. It has heightened my senses and helped me recognize the true state of our world.

CHECKERS

Cactus? What kind?

DON PEYOTE

It is called Peyote, I have taken it as my last name to honor the impact it's had on my life. If you two think I am chaotic, then you are gravely mistaken. I am one of the few sane people alive today.

ROSCOE

Is that right?

DON PEYOTE

Yes. Thanks to all the peyote I eat. I would suggest you try some.

ROSCOE

I don't know, I haven't liked the taste of cactus in the past.

DON PEYOTE

The taste is hardly the important part of this miracle plant, my young friend.

ROSCOE

Okay, if you insist!

CHECKERS

Roscoe! You shouldn't take food from strangers! Especially not ones who wear midevil armor and insult you!

CHECKERS (CONT'D)

Huh, that was my tummy grumbling. I guess it's been a while since we've eaten. Oh what the heck, I change my mind. Let's eat!

NARRATOR

Don Peyote pulled two round buttons of Peyote out from his saddle bag. Roscoe and Checkers bit into the plant and reacted to the bitter, crunchy taste.

ROSCOE

This tastes terrible!

DON PEYOTE

Give it time, my friends. Give it time.

CHECKERS

Ugh, nasty. Don't you have any better tasting cactus in those bags? Or water? I need something to wash the taste out of my mouth.

DON PEYOTE

It's time that I sally off, gentlemen. I am on an important quest.

CHECKERS

A quest?

DON PEYOTE

Yes. I've heard tell that there is a giant destroying the nearby town of Las Vegas. I must put an end to the beast at once!

ROSCOE

A giant! That's terrible! We'll help you, Checkers and I have taken down our fair share of monsters.

DON PEYOTE

Very well - I appreciate your help, now. Rosinante! Away!

**FX 16: GARRETT COUGH**

CHECKERS

This guy is a weirdo, Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Yeah, he sure is.

**SCENE #2**

**NARRATOR**

The party traveled to the nearby town of Las Vegas - which at this point was not the large metropolis and tourist attraction that we know today, no, Las Vegas in the 1800's was just a small western town, like any other. As they approached the city, Don Peyote pointed his lance to a large watertower that was erected on the other side of town.

DON PEYOTE

There! I knew it! There is the giant we must slay!

ROSCOE

What? That's not a giant, that's a watertower!

DON PEYOTE

You do not see it's true form, my young friend! There must be a sorcerer nearby, they must have cast a spell to disguise this monster! I will vanquish it at once! Huzah!

NARRATOR

Don Peyote whipped the reigns, and his old horse struggled to gallop towards the water tower, leaving Roscoe and Checkers standing in the street - confused.

CHECKERS

Hey Roscoe?

ROSCOE

Yeah Checkers?

CHECKERS

Do you feel... different?

ROSCOE

Huh? What do you mean?

CHECKERS

Look at your hands.

ROSCOE

What?

***FX 18:*** *Drug sitar music begins (This will play until the commercial break)*

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Whooooaaaaaaaaa.

CHECKERS

Right? My hooves are wiggling. But I'm not moving em!

ROSCOE

I have so many veins. Did I always have this many veins?

NARRATOR

As our heroes stare at their limbs, the peyote begins to take effect. Checkers starts to shiver, he's suddenly freezing cold, Roscoe looks up into the distance and sees the street melt. They've both completely forgotten about Don Peyote. They are tripping balls.

CHECKERS

Are you cold? I'm cold.

ROSCOE

This isn't normal.

CHECKERS  
What's going on?

ROSCOE  
Do you see that wolf?

CHECKERS  
Wha?

NARRATOR  
A black wolf walks up to them, his eyes are glowing with a soft green hue. Somehow, he doesn't seem dangerous - Roscoe thinks. He seems like a friend.

TERRY  
Hello.

CHECKERS  
Uh, hello.

ROSCOE  
Hello. Who are you?

TERRY  
I have many names. You can call me Terry.

ROSCOE  
Oh. Okay. Nice to meet you Terry.

TERRY  
Nice to meet you as well.

CHECKERS  
Do you know what's happened to us? I can't stop chattering my teeth.

ROSCOE  
And I think the desert is breathing.

TERRY  
Everything is fine, boys. The situation is under control. You two are having a psychedelic experience.

CHECKERS  
Psychadelic? How do you mean?

TERRY  
You ingested a whole bunch of peyote earlier. Things are gonna get wild for the next couple of hours, but it's all gonna be okay.

ROSCOE  
Has my hat always been this tall?

CHECKERS

What's your deal, Terry? Why does it feel like I know you?

TERRY

This isn't the first time we've met, Checkers - and this won't be the last.

CHECKERS

What?

TERRY

In a past life, we were friends. In another time, we'll be the same person.

CHECKERS

What?

TERRY

I've looked into the eyes of Cowboy God, and she was crying.

CHECKERS

What?

ROSCOE

Man, thank goodness my head is so big - if it was any smaller, my hat would fall down over my face! It would swallow me up, then I'd be lost!

CHECKERS

Terry, you're kind of blowing my mind here - man.

TERRY

Open your mind, checkers - tell me what you hear.

CHECKERS

Yes sir. Can do.

ROSCOE

Lost in my hat.... Lost in my hat... My hat...

NARRATOR

As Checkers talks to Terry and attempts to open his mind - Roscoe tugs his cowboy hat down around his head, pulling his face into the tall brim. Then, he laid down on the ground and tried to get as deep into the hat as he could.

ROSCOE

It just keeps on going. It never stops...

CHECKERS

Terry, I think I can hear the ocean.

TERRY

Good. What does it say.

CHECKERS

It says.. It says... goodbye?

TERRY

Yes.

CHECKERS

What does that mean?

TERRY

Who can say, only the ocean.

**NARRATOR**

As Terry stands up on his hind legs, he pets Checkers mane - and he's overcome with a warm sense of ease. Some passersby on the street watch with confusion at the three before walking away. Suddenly, they hear a yell from the other end of town.

DON PEYOTE

Have at you, fowl beast! Take that!

CHECKERS

What? Don Peyote? What's he doing to that water tower?

TERRY

He's broken one of the four legs it's standing on, Checkers - that tower is going to fall down soon if you can't help it.

CHECKERS

Uh, yeah! We better go stop him, somebody is liable to get hurt.

ROSCOE

Where? I can't see anything?

CHECKERS

You gotta take your head out of the hat, buddy.

ROSCOE

Oh. Right. Wow, it is so bright out here. The air tastes like air.

CHECKERS

Terry, will I always feel this way?

TERRY

No, it will fade. You two must act quickly! Hurry, stop that man.

ROSCOE

Okay mister wolf.

CHECKERS

Are you going to come with us?

TERRY

I can not help you, my friend. For I am not of this world.

CHECKERS

Oh, okay. Makes sense. Let's go Roscoe! We gotta stop that fool from crushing everybody.

TERRY

Checkers.

CHECKERS

Yeah?

TERRY

One thing, before you go. Don't think about the fact that horses can't talk.

CHECKERS

What?

TERRY

I said: Do not think about the fact that horses can't talk.

**FX 20:** *Horse neigh*

TERRY (CONT'D)

Oh no. It is as I've feared. I've said too much.

**FX 20:** *Horse neigh*

ROSCOE

Checkers, let's go! It's wobbling, I think it's about to fall!

**FX 20:** *Horse neigh*

**FX 4:** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR**

Oh no! How will our heroes get out of this pickle? Will they stop Don Peyote from destroying the town water tower? Will the sober up in time to save the day? Will Checkers be able to talk again? Does Terry the wolf really exist? Will the beatles be mad that we're using their sitar instrumental on a comedy radio show? Half of them won't! As for the other questions, there's only one way to find out - listen to this short commercial break!

**FX 5:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #3**

COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES

END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK

**SCENE #3**

**FX 5:** *Organ sting 2*

**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action! When we left off, Roscoe and Checkers were tripping hard on Peyote - they were really feeling it. They talked to a wolf, it was crazy. Now - they need to stop Don Peyote, an old Knight who's deep fried his brain, from destroying the las vegas water tower. Will they be sucessful? Let's find out!

ROSCOE

Checkers, we're almost there!

**FX 20:** *Horse neigh*

**NARRATOR**

As the two arrive at the base of the water tower, one of the four metal legs has buckled on account of Don Peyote's lance blows. Speaking of Don, he's swinging his lance wildly at another leg, as mad as ever.

DON PEYOTE

Hiya! Hiya! Take that! And that! And a few o' these!

ROSCOE

Don, stop!

DON PEYOTE

Huh?

**FX 20:** *Horse neigh*

ROSCOE

You're gonna hurt somebody! Stop!

DON PEYOTE

If it isn't that young cowboy and his horse, I'd forgotten about you! Help me destroy this giant's leg! Quickly!

**FX 20:** *Horse neigh*

ROSCOE

That's not a giant's leg, you're beating up a metal pole! You are high!

DON PEYOTE

No I am not. Not yet. But I soon will be. Hiya!

**NARRATOR**

Don Peyote jumped as high as he could and wrapped his body around the leg, he began climbing as quickly as he could - trying to reach the top of the tower.

DON PEYOTE

If you two will not help me take off this monster's legs - than I'll just have to stab it in the eyes!

ROSCOE

This guy! Checkers gimme that lasso, will ya?

**FX 20:** *Horse neigh*

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Thanks, hey - you sound different.

**FX 20:** *Horse neigh*

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Anyways - we gotta get to work! Hyuah!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe threw out his lasso, and roped the buckling leg. Then he stared at his hands for a minute, then he tied the other end of his rope to a nearby light pole to keep it secured. Checkers attempted to speak.

**FX 20:** *Horse neigh*

**NARRATOR** (CONT'D)

He wasn't successful. Don had finally reached the top of the tower, and he plunged his lance straight down into the top of the water tank making a hole in the roof of it.

DON PEYOTE

Persisent bugger, aren't ye? Well, if a stab in the eyes won't end you, maybe poison will! No magical giant can withstand the effects of my cactuses! Prepare to die!

**NARRATOR**

Don grabbed his saddle bag with the intention of pouring all of his peyote into the water tower.

ROSCOE

Oh no! He's gonna contaminate the town's water supply! Then everyboyd will feel like we're feeling!

**FX 20:** *Horse neigh*

ROSCOE (CONT'D)

Checkers, buck me into the air - like you did earlier! It's the only way!

**FX 20:** *Horse neigh*

**FX 14:** *Horse kick fly away*

**NARRATOR**

With a mighty buck, Roscoe flew up to the top of the tower to stop the dastardly don! As he flew through the air, Roscoe thought about how the concept of a water tower is strange, like "Why do they need to put all the water up in the air? Why not put it underground?" Anyways. Once he landed on top the tower, Don Peyote turned and looked at him with a glare.

ROSCOE

Stop! You don't know what you're doing! We're both on drugs!

DON PEYOTE

Hah! I see the sorcerer has you under his spell! Now we must duel!

ROSCOE

Huh?

**NARRATOR**

Don unbuckled a dagger off his belt and tossed it to Roscoe.

DON PEYOTE

The valiant Don Peyote does not fight an unarmed man. Take that dagger and give me your all! Hyuah!

**FX 22:** *Sword fight noise*

**NARRATOR**

As the two dueled, Roscoe felt a rush of adreneline. So much so, that he felt the peyote begin to wear off - he was sobering up!

ROSCOE

Woah! My hands look real again! And you're normal sized! Here goes nothing!

**NARRATOR**

With two quick swings, a duck, and a sharp lunge - the newly sane Roscoe knocked Don Peyote off balance. He wobbled to and fro - before Roscoe pushed him as hard as he could.

DON PEYOTE

Aaahhhhhh!

**NARRATOR**

As he fell off the tower, Roscoe threw out his lasso and snagged him by the arm. He fastened the knot down to a bolt of the roof of the tower ensuring that the dangling don wasn't going anywhere.

**DON PEYOTE**

Curse you!

**ROSCOE**

Whatever. You're going to jail, buddy. And hopefully rehab.

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe parachuted down to the ground to meet Checkers.

**ROSCOE**

Hey buddy.

**CHECKERS**

Hey pal. \*Gasp\* I can talk again! I guess the stuff has worn off!

**ROSCOE**

I tied up Don, he's all taken care of.

**CHECKERS**

Great work! I'm glad that's all sorted out.

**ROSCOE**

Hey, look! It's terry!

**NARRATOR**

Sure enough, Terry the wolf appeared off in the distance - atop a large Butte. He looked deep into Checker's eyes, deep into his soul, and he smiled. Then he faded into the whistling wind. He dissapeared altogether.

**CHECKERS**

Whoa. Hey Roscoe?

**ROSCOE**

Yeah?

**CHECKERS**

I think I still feel something actually.

**ROSCOE**

Yeah?

**FX 20:** *Horse neigh*

**FX 23:** *Whip crack*

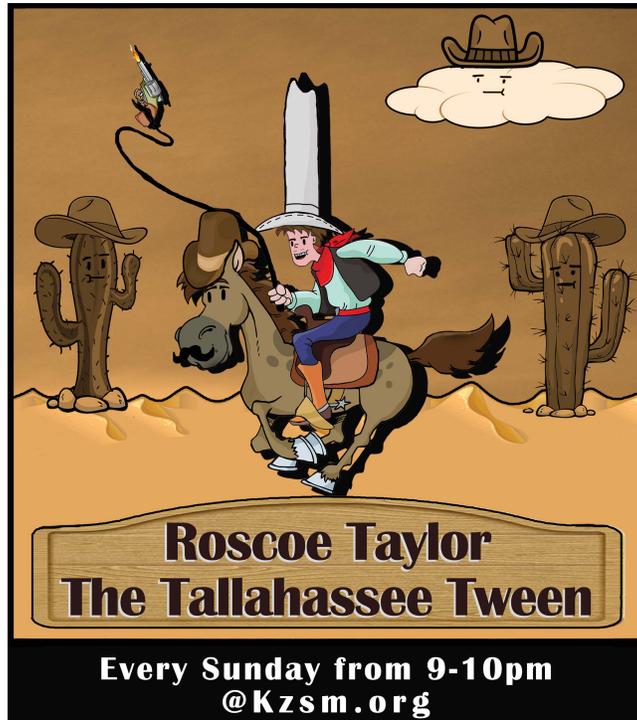
**FX 13:** *End music starts*

**NARRATOR**

And with that, our broadcast is coming to a close. Make sure to tune in next week at 9pm to hear the climactic final broadcast of everyone's favorite Train saving, Trip having child: Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!

Tonight's episodes were brought to you by KZSM.org true community radio. **Sam Pierce** played *Roscoe Taylor*. **Mitchell Oden** played *Checkers Justice*. **Max Foster** played Train Conductor - Tom and Don Peyote. **Jordan Pilkenton** played Terry the wolf. He also worked as the audio producer for our program. This show is written and directed by me, **Garrett Buss**. I played *The Narrator*. Coming up after this is an episode of *Swamp Gas Uggos at Ten*, so be sure to stay tuned. From all of us here in the wild wild west, thank you and goodnight.

**THE END.**



## **Roscoe Taylor - Broadcast #10**

Episode 18: A Final Face off with a  
Flood of Ferocious Foes!

Written by

Garrett Buss

## **EPISODE EIGHTEEN**

A FINAL FACE OFF WITH A FLOOD OF FEROCIOUS FOES!

### **INTRO:**

**FX 1:** *Music swells*

#### **NARRATOR**

Only one feller can tame the wild west. Only one feller is young, dumb and full of courage. And only one feller goes by the name of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween!  
Brought to you by KZSM.org

Tonight's episode, and the climactic end to our program:  
A FINAL FACE OFF WITH A FLOOD OF FEROCIOUS FOES!

### **SCENE #1**

#### **NARRATOR**

As our tale begins, Checkers Justice and Roscoe Taylor are getting ready for bed as they camp out under the stars. They've pitched their travel tent out on top of Calamity Cliff side, a rugged rock formation that slopes up from the surrounding plains. This naturally formed ramp rises to a peak, before dropping off immediately, almost like a chunk of the ground was ripped away. Their campfire crackles as our heroes gaze up into the night sky. Roscoe is nestled comfortably into his bedroll - and so is Checkers - although his sleeping bag is much larger and difficult to visualize. They've just eaten a hearty meal of beans, apples, biscuits, and sugar cubes. You can make an assumption about who ate what - but you'd be wrong! With full bellies and warm blankets to tuck away in - it seems like our wandering adventurers are about to take a much-needed snooze.

ROSCOE

Hey Checkers?

CHECKERS

Yeah, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

The night sky sure is pretty, huh?

CHECKERS

Sure is. The stars tonight are big and bright.

ROSCOE

And the moon is hitting my eye like a big piece of pie.

CHECKERS

Do you think, somewhere out in space - there's a cowboy and a talking horse looking out from their planet - towards us?

ROSCOE

Probably not.

CHECKERS

Me neither. We're one of a kind.

ROSCOE

Unique.

CHECKERS

Individualistic.

ROSCOE

Nice job picking this spot - Camping out on a cliff side was a good call.

CHECKERS

What makes you say that?

ROSCOE

Well normally, we gotta sleep with one eye open - you know? In case any nasty naer-do-wells try to get the drop on us. But with that cliff over there - we're pretty much guaranteed safety in that direction.

CHECKERS

That's partly true.

ROSCOE

Partly?

CHECKERS

You're forgetting about birds.

ROSCOE

Oh. Birds.

CHECKERS

Yup. Anybody walking on two legs couldn't reach us on that cliff side, but birds - man. They don't follow any rules.

ROSCOE

Good thing we haven't made any bird enemies, huh?

CHECKERS

Haven't we?

ROSCOE

\*Pause\* Uh. No. I don't think so. We've got a couple armadillo's we're at odds with - and a whole bunch of humans - but I don't think we've crossed any birds yet.

CHECKERS

It's only a matter of time, if you ask me. I bet some of those suckers are planning something.

ROSCOE

Oh yeah? What makes you say that?

CHECKERS

Something in their eyes, I don't know exactly. They got hollow bones. Hollow bones! Think of all the stuff you could hide in those things! All the secrets you could keep. There's no telling what they're keeping in there. And I, for one - won't trust em.

ROSCOE

I don't know if bone density is a good way to measure trustworthiness. Think about all of the criminals we've tossed in jail - they weren't hiding anything in their bones.

CHECKERS

As far as you know.

ROSCOE

True.

CHECKERS

But there's no way to be sure.

ROSCOE

What I'm trying to say is, those crooks had bones as thick as you and me. And that didn't make them any more trustworthy.

CHECKERS

Whoa whoa whoa, slow down there kid. That aint true. I have really thick bones.

ROSCOE

Oh, because you're a horse?

CHECKERS

No. Because I'm built like a brick house. From the ground up. I got the thickest bones around.

ROSCOE

How do you know?

CHECKERS

I can just feel it, makes me good at kicking and running. You wouldn't understand.

ROSCOE

I guess not, I don't think I've hit puberty just yet - my bones are pretty bendy last I checked.

CHECKERS

Bendy is right, you've dislocated your joints more than twice along our adventures - it's impressive, and horrifying.

ROSCOE

Thanks buddy, our bones really are different. It's crazy that we ended up friends.

CHECKERS

It is. You know, Roscoe - I never would have guessed that I'd be living like this - going on adventures with you and such. I thought I'd be flying solo, hunting bounties on my own in the west.

ROSCOE

I never would have thought I'd be here either - but I'm glad I am. We make a good team, ol buddy.

CHECKERS

Darn tootin, we do. Checkers and Roscoe - a duo that can't be beat.

ROSCOE

I suppose we should be hitting the hay soon, right?

CHECKERS

Right, we've got a big day tomorrow.

ROSCOE

Oh yeah? What's on the docket?

CHECKERS

Same as today, same as yesterday - we'll walk around until some crazy happenstance ropes us into an adventure.

ROSCOE

Sounds good to me. I'll go ahead and put this campfire out. There. Now that it's all dark, those stars are shining bright as ever!

CHECKERS

Goodnight, pal.

ROSCOE

Goodnight, buddy.

BARNABY

Sleep tight.

ROSCOE

Huh? Who's that?

CHECKERS

Who's there? I can't see, it's too dark.

ROSCOE

I think the voice came from behind me?

CHECKERS

Show yourself!

**FX 2:** *Match strike*

**NARRATOR**

As Roscoe struck a match to re-light the campfire, they could suddenly see a red and white haired stallion, with a wicked grin slapped on his horsey face.

BARNABY

Calm down boys, it's just me.  
Barnaby.

ROSCOE

\*GAAAAAASP!!!\* Barnaby!?

BARNABY

That's right.

CHECKERS

Who?

ROSCOE

Barnaby! My old horse! I mean, the horse I rode with before I lost him, before I met you!

BARNABY

That's one way of putting it, old buddy old pal. Here's another way. I was your partner before you abandoned me and stabbed me in the back.

ROSCOE

What? I don't know what you mean? Why do you seem mad, Barnaby? It's great to see you again!

BARNABY

Back in Tumbleweed Junction, you left me for dead! I got sucked up by that tornado - and when I finally landed on the ground, you were nowhere to be found.

ROSCOE

I looked for you!

BARNABY

Oh yeah? Not long enough! I saw you leave the city riding on HIS back not an hour after we were separated! You couldn't even wait ONE HOUR before hopping on some other horse!

ROSCOE

It's not like that. I had no clue where you went, Also, I didn't know you could talk!

BARNABY

I can talk, all right.

ROSCOE

You only neighed around me! Checkers was the first talking horse I came across.

BARNABY

I just didn't have anything to say, that's all.

ROSCOE

I don't think that counts as "a betrayal."

BARNABY

I did, and I still do.

CHECKERS

Do we have a problem here, guy?

BARNABY

You could say that. And you should. Because it's true.

ROSCOE

What are you here for?

BARNABY

Revenge. After I saw you ride off into the horizon on another "Trusty steed" I had to completely reevaluate my life. I had to have some "Me time" and along the way, I met a few people.

ROSCOE

Oh yeah?

BARNABY

Yeah. Turns out, you've made a few enemies over the past few months. I wasn't the only person you've hurt. One by one I heard about your mishaps across the west - and I helped bust out some folks from jail in order to pull off a little plan I cooked up.

CHECKERS

What?

BARNABY

Boys! It's showtime! Team One, come on up.

**NARRATOR**

As soon as Barnaby said that - three figures walked into the campfires light. Joanna Bandanna, Lex R. Kanna, Train Conductor Tom, and the Realty Twins all stepped into view - surrounding our heroes. Joanna was pointing her pistol at Roscoe, Train conductor tom had his switchblade out and ready. The realty twins were both holding nun chucks, and Lex R. Kanna was dressed in a homemade pine tree costume for some reason.

**CHECKERS**

What's going on here?

**LEX R. KANNA**

(Garrett)

What's wrong Checkers? Afraid of the past coming back to haunt you?

**CHECKERS**

Lex R. Kanna. You miserable sack of slime. Why are you dressed like a Pine tree?

**LEX R. KANNA**

I thought there would be more pine trees around here. But that doesn't matter!

**BARNABY**

What does matter, is our plan.

**FX 3: Joanna Dialogue****JOANNA**

Barnaby gathered all of us together. We got a plan to beat you two once and for all.

**ROSCOE**

I understand Lex and Joanna, but the realty twins? Really? I hardly remember you guys!

**REALTY TWIN ONE**

(Garrett)

Well, we remember you. Punk. And we want payback just like our friends, isn't that right?

**LEX R. KANNA**

Yeah!

**FX 4: Train Conductor Dialogue****TRAIN CONDUCTOR TOM**

Yeah! You two cost me a fortune!

CHECKERS

Train conductor Tom? We JUST threw you behind bars. And you weren't even that much of a threat.

ROSCOE

Yeah! We can hold our own against you bozos easily, we took you down once - and we took down Lex and Joanna twice. You don't stand a chance with a posse like this.

BARNABY

Oh yeah? Show em, boys!

**NARRATOR**

Suddenly, all of the villains rushed headfirst into battle - Joanna fired her sixgun as Train Conductor Tom swung his blade around violently. Roscoe and Checkers sprung out of their sleeping bags and began their fight.

***FX 6:*** *Big fight sound.*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

Fists flew, hooves were kicked, The realty twins didn't practice using their nun chucks before the battle, so they kind of took a bit to get the hang of it before actually hopping into the brawl. Roscoe punched Lex so hard, a few of his costume's branches broke off and hit Joanna in the foot. Checkers kicked Train Conductor Tom in the head hard enough to give him ten concussions at once. It was a bloodbath. Barnaby stomped on Roscoe's foot as Realty Twin Two whacked his nun chuck and accidentally hit Lex in the temple. Pure Pandemonium.

CHECKERS

Roscoe! Use your spurs!

ROSCOE

Huh? Okay!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe whipped his right boot along the ground as fast as he could, and his spurs started to spin faster than a speeding bullet.

***FX 7:*** *Saw spur thing*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

With a hard drop-kick, Roscoe swung his impromptu spur- saw blade into the legs of Lex R. Kanna - the pine tree disguised delinquent yelped in pain and fell over with a hard thud on top of the Realty Twins, knocking them down hard.

ROSCOE

Timber!

BARNABY

Come here, you!

**NARRATOR**

Barnaby attempted to chomp at Roscoe, but Checkers delivered a roundhouse kick to the heinous horse's spine, causing him to smash to the ground in pain.

BARNABY

Ah!

**NARRATOR**

Joanna had snuck behind Roscoe, before he could duck out of the way, she fired a bullet straight into one of his kneecaps.

***FX 8:*** *Gunshot blood noise*

ROSCOE

OOWW! Are you joking!?

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe grabbed the barrel of the gun and pulled it back as hard as he could - Joanna was taken off guard by his speed, and as she lost her grip on the pistol, Roscoe smacked the butt of the gun into her forehead, stunning her for a moment.

ROSCOE

You shot me in the kneecap! What the cowboy hell?

BARNABY

Okay, enough games - TEAM TWO! COME ONE OUT!

CHECKERS

What?

**NARRATOR**

More figures flooded from out of the shadows - Saul bunyan - the towering giant, as well as the rest of the tall tale gang: Johnny Appleseed and Pecos Jill, followed by the three portly floogins brothers, all of them had their rifle's drawn. At the end of the pack was a man completely covered in a full body cast, with only a black cowboy hat on top of his cast covered head.

ROSCOE

Wait, didn't we magically make Saul Bunyan tiny?

SAUL BUNYAN

I got big again, don't worry about it.

ROSCOE

Whatever, who's the cast guy?

VINCE RAWHIDE

\*Muffled speech\*

ROSCOE

What?

PECOS JILL

He said his name is Vince Rawhide.

ROSCOE

Pecos Jill? I thought you were good? You gave up you life of crime?

PECOS JILL

I got evil again, don't worry about it.

CHECKERS

Wasn't Vince Rawhide that sleezy rich guy who got beaten almost to death by those Cattle Wrestlers?

VINCE RAWHIDE

\*MMMHHHHHMMMMM\*

PECOS JILL

He said yes!

CHECKERS

I sure hope that cast of yours is horse proof, because I'm sending you back to the hospital.

BARNABY

Oh quit all the banter, we don't have all day! Let's keep fighting!

ROSCOE

You don't have to tell me twice!

***FX 6: Big fight sound***

**NARRATOR**

And fight they did, for another twenty-five minutes Roscoe and Checkers duked it out with this giant mass of foes - Roscoe's foot was bleeding all over his boots - and Checkers was starting to get winded.

CHECKERS

Roscoe - I hate to say it, but I don't know how much longer we can take these guys? There's just so many of them!

ROSCOE

Keep fighting buddy, there's no way we can loose - we're the good guys!

BARNABY

TEAM THREE, COME ON OUT!

**NARRATOR**

At the base of the cliff side, a crowd began charging up towards the peak. It was the armadillo armada - led by their newly appointed king, Leporious the One hundred and sixteenth. Rushing alongside the armadillo horde were hundreds of billy goats, apparently being led by a minuscule gold nugget golem, who held out a fishing pole with a salt rock hanging as bait. At the tail of the mass was Don Peyote was atop his elderly horse - he was swinging his lace two and fro with reckless abandon as his steed coughed and struggled to keep galloping. If this is the first episode of our show you've ever listened to, god help you.

ROSCOE

Oh COME ON!

BARNABY

I told you, we've got you hopelessly outnumbered. This is your end!

CHECKERS

Roscoe, what can we do?

ROSCOE

I don't know man, retreat? Let's go higher up this hill, to the peak!

**NARRATOR**

The hundreds and hundreds of fearsome foes pushed our two heroes higher and higher up Calamity Cliff side, inching closer and closer to the deadly drop off. Roscoe whipped out his Lasso and tried to trip up Saul Bunyan, but it was no use. Within seconds, the lasso was pulled from his hands and into the oncoming mob. The three Floogins brothers hopped on each other's shoulders to form a human totem pole, the top brother bent backwards, the totem pole flexing back down to the ground as five Armadillos crawled into his arms. With a snap the brothers straightened forwards - launching the armadillos through the air - they latched onto Checkers and began biting him all over. Barnaby kicked Roscoe in the gut, Vince Rawhide fell over in all the hullabaloo - and his cast covered body was being trampled on by hundreds of goats and armadillos.

ROSCOE

Buddy, we've got nowhere to go but down - I think we're gonna have to jump!

CHECKERS

Jump!?! We'll die!

ROSCOE

Well, our odds aren't great any more up here.

BARNABY

That's right! You two aren't getting out of here alive!  
You've finally met your match!

CHECKERS

Okay, let's jump!

ROSCOE & CHECKERS (CONT'D)

AAAHHHHH!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe hopped on Checker's back as the two leaped off Calamity Cliff - which was now swarmed with a never ending tide of naer do wells.

CHECKERS

Roscoe, use your hat as a parachute!

ROSCOE

Oh yeah, my hat!

BARNABY

Not so fast! Pecos Jill!

PECOS JILL

On it, boss! Hyuah!

**FX 10:** *Rope lasso throw*

**NARRATOR**

Pecos Jill cast her own rope far out, wrapping the large loop around Roscoe's overly tall cowboy hat and snagging it off of his head. Pecos Jill handed our Heroes' headwear to Barnaby.

ROSCOE

Well darn. This is gonna hurt.

BARNABY

So long, boys!

**FX 11:** *Falling air rushing by*

**NARRATOR**

As Roscoe and Chfeckers plummeted straight down towards the bottom of the cliff - the situation looked hopeless. Just then, Checkers saw something in the night sky.

CHECKERS

Look over there! It's a bird! Maybe he can help!

ROSCOE

Mister bird! Please, help us! We're falling to our deaths!

FAR AWAY BIRD

\*From far away\* No thanks!

ROSCOE

Welp. It was worth a shot.

CHECKERS

I knew they were no good.

ROSCOE

Is this the end, buddy?

CHECKERS

Sure looks that way, without your lasso or your hat - we don't really have any way to get out of this pickle.

ROSCOE

This sucks, I never even got to grow real facial hair.

CHECKERS

Yeah, and I never got to go to apologize to Domino.

ROSCOE

Your old horse girlfriend?

CHECKERS

Yeah. Aside from that, though - at least I'm not going out with any other regrets.

ROSCOE

Me neither, though I wish I'd gotten to actually got to Tallahassee.

CHECKERS

Sorry Partner.

ROSCOE

It's okay buddy.

CHECKERS

Here comes the ground.

ROSCOE

Oof. At least it'll be over soon.

**NARRATOR**

As their falling bodies hurdled closer and closer to the rocks beneath them, Roscoe reached down and grabbed one of Checker's Hooves.

ROSCOE

So long.

**FX 12: SPLAT**

**NARRATOR**

Their bodies smashed into the ground with a devastating impact - they basically exploded. With a mess of horse and tween viscera splattering in every direction, the two heroes died instantly.

BARNABY

Hahahaha! They're dead guys! They're actually dead! We did it! We killed Roscoe Taylor and Checkers Justice!

**FX 13: Organ sting 1**

**NARRATOR**

Wow! Didn't see that coming, did ya? What'll happen next? Is this really the end? Did Barnaby and his gang of fiends really triumph once and for all? Now that our main characters are dead, how will we fill another forty five minutes of radio? If you really want to find out the answers to these questions, listen to this short commercial break!

**FX 14: Organ sting 2**

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #1**

**COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES**

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**SCENE #2**

**FX 14: Organ sting 2**

**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action! When we left off - Roscoe and Checkers died! They're toast. Dead as can be. I know this story is filled with cartoon logic and unrealistic physics - But I can't make this point clear enough: they are dead. Now, standing on the peak of Calamity Cliff Side, Barnaby puts on Roscoe's twenty gallon hat and turns to his army.

BARNABY

Well, we did it folks!

PECOS JILL

(Bri)

What's the plan now?

REALTY TWIN ONE  
(Garrett)

Yeah! Now that the Twerp is toast, what's our next step?

BARNABY

Good question. You know, I started all of this just to get payback. But now, I've got a different ambition. We're quite a team, aren't we boys? Shame to let a posse like this go to waste. In front of me, I see some of the best bandits the world has ever seen! And I also see some other people! And a bunch of Billy goats. Here's the idea. Let's take what's rightfully ours! Let's conquer the wild west! Make it ours! Whatta ya say?

**NARRATOR**

The army cheered.

BARNABY

Well then - let's get to work! Team one: Joanna, Lex, Tom-

**FX 17:** *Train Conductor Dialogue*

TRAIN CONDUCTOR TOM

Please, call me Train Conductor.

BARNABY

Uh, Train conductor, and the Realty Twins - you five are going to be the swindlers. Rob banks - stick up wagons - just steal as much as you can. We're gonna need money - and lots of it. The Armadillos have this crazy underground tunnel system - you can use that to break into pretty much any building you'd like. I don't care how you do it - just get us some cash, understood?

LEX R. KANNA

Yes sir.

**FX 18:** *Joanna dialogue*

JOANNA

Can do, Boss.

BARNABY

Team Two: The Floogins brothers, Rawhide, Pecos Jill, Johnny Appleseed, Saul Bunyan - the eight of you are going to be the muscle. I want a base of operations - and I know we're close to that Fort, the Ah-lamode or whatever it's called. I want you to clear out the current tenants so we can set up in there. Know what I mean?

PECOS JILL

Yeah, boss!

SAUL BUNYAN  
(Garrett)

Sure thing, Boss.

VINCE RAWHIDE  
(Mitchell Muffled - with his  
mouth closed)

\*MMMMHHMMMM BBBSSSS\*

BARNABY  
Good. Now - lastly. Team Three! The Armadillo Armada, The  
Billy Goats, and whoever that old guy is in the back.

**FX 19:** *Don Peyote Dialogue*

DON PEYOTE  
(From far away)

Where am I?

BARNABY  
Let's get set up in those tunnels for the time being - and  
I'm going to start plotting even more. By this time next  
year, I want complete control of the west. And Barnaby gets  
what he wants. Hahahah, I can't believe they're actually  
dead! I hope they're burning in cowboy hell.

**SCENE #3**

**NARRATOR**  
Meanwhile, in cowboy hell. Checkers has just woken up.

CHECKERS  
Huh? Where, where am I?

**NARRATOR**  
As he looked around - all he could see in any direction was  
fire.

CHECKERS  
Crap, this is cowboy hell - isn't it. That nun was right.

COWBOY SATAN  
Yes it is.

CHECKERS  
AAHHHH! Who are you?

COWBOY SATAN  
Cowboy Satan.

CHECKERS  
Really? I thought you'd be a... a...

COWBOY SATAN

A guy? Chauvinist pig. Cowboy god might not be a woman, but I am.

CHECKERS

Shouldn't you be Cowgirl Satan, though?

COWBOY SATAN

No. "Cowboy" is my first name.

CHECKERS

Oh brother. One of those.

COWBOY SATAN

Excuse me?

CHECKERS

Nothing, I'm just a little done with the whole "Weird name" thing.

COWBOY SATAN

Cut the attitude, horse. You're in Cowboy hell now. My domain.

CHECKERS

Why?

COWBOY SATAN

Horses don't have souls, they can't be baptized.

CHECKERS

That's lame.

COWBOY SATAN

I don't make the rules, dude. I just enforce them. We gotta get you ready for torture-time. I run a pretty tight ship here. We got a schedule, so we can't dilly dally too much - capeesh?

CHECKERS

Aw no. I'm not getting tortured. That sounds like it sucks.

COWBOY SATAN

It does. That's the point. Eternal Damnation.

CHECKERS

No way. I'll just fight you.

COWBOY SATAN

What?

CHECKERS

I'll fight you. Beat you to death. I'm a horse with big strong bones. I'll just trample you and find some way to escape.

COWBOY SATAN

You can't kill me - I'm the devil.

CHECKERS

Can too.

COWBOY SATAN

Can not. If I died, where would I go? Right back down here.

CHECKERS

Well it's not like I can face any real consequences for trying to kill you, what are you gonna do? Torture me Extra?

COWBOY SATAN

Hmmm. I mean, yeah - I guess we would.

CHECKERS

But I'm here for eternity.

COWBOY SATAN

Right.

CHECKERS

So I'm getting tortured forever, anyhow.

COWBOY SATAN

Exactly.

CHECKERS

You can't possibly make a punishment worse than that. So I'm just gonna try to murder you with my hooves. Plus, you're the embodiment of like, all evil. Maybe if I kill you Cowboy god will see that as a good thing - and he'll teleport me out of here. Won't know for sure unless I try. Here I go.

COWBOY SATAN

Wait! Wait!

CHECKERS

What?

COWBOY SATAN

You're wasting your time! Like I said, I have a schedule! We can't dilly dally, THIS is dilly dallying.

CHECKERS

Just shut up and let me trample you.

COWBOY SATAN

You've got some nerve! I respect that. How about we make a deal?

CHECKERS

What?

COWBOY SATAN

A deal.

CHECKERS

Like a fiddle competition? Not interested.

COWBOY SATAN

You can decide what the challenge is. If I beat you, you shut up and take your eternal torture like everyone else. And you stop trying to kill me.

CHECKERS

And if I beat you?

COWBOY SATAN

I'll make you a new body and send you back to earth.

CHECKERS

Woah, yeah. I'm in. But when I die again - will I come back down to cowboy hell again?

COWBOY SATAN

Yes.

CHECKERS

Because I'm a horse?

COWBOY SATAN

Right.

CHECKERS

Okay. If that happens I'll just beat you to death then.

COWBOY SATAN

Whatever, man. Let's just get on with it. I got stuff to do, you're not the only one in Cowboy hell, ya know! I have a whole crew of landlords I need to smite before my shift's over.

CHECKERS

Landlords? What'd they do wrong? Woop - I just answered my own question.

COWBOY SATAN

Then after those guys I have some more newbies to deal with. A snake oil salesman, an Armadillo, the list goes on.

CHECKERS

Oh, well - I think I know what challenge I want to do.

COWBOY SATAN

Yeah?

CHECKERS

Yeah. A race.

COWBOY SATAN

Deal

**NARRATOR**

Cowboy Satan snapped her fingers and a demon steed appeared. It was a flaming skeleton - with two sets of leathery bat wings sprouting from it's jagged spine. The devil herself climbed on to the hell horse's back and grabbed hold of it's flaming reigns.

CHECKERS

First one to the other side of Cowboy hell wins. On the count of three. One. Tw-

COWBOY SATAN

I'm gonna cheat, I'm the devil.

CHECKERS

Huh?

**FX 21:** *Horse race sounds*

**NARRATOR**

Satan whipped the reins and flew forwards at lightning fast speeds. Checkers immediately began galloping with all of his might after them.

CHECKERS

Crap. Crap. Crap. I'm not fast enough.

**NARRATOR**

They ran and ran and ran across the full length of cowboy hell. Past lakes of fire and pillars of Brimstone. Past the landlords and the ghost of Leon, Snake oil Sam, and the armadillo king. Checkers was inching closer to Satan's steed, but he was still lagging behind.

COWBOY SATAN

You made a bad call, Checkers - you should have challenged me to something you're good at. This is just sad.

**NARRATOR**

As that insult from the cowboy devil slapped him in the face, Checkers felt a second wind build in him, a renewed sense of speed.

He jolted forwards faster with every gallop, practically leaping forwards, finally catching up - he ran alongside the devil horse and bit down hard on one of it's huge wings.

**FX 22:** *Chomp/demon horse scream*

COWBOY SATAN

What?

**NARRATOR**

With his jaws clamping the wing, Checkers yanked his head down, causing the hell horse to stumble and fall to the ground.

CHECKERS

Gotcha.

**NARRATOR**

As the Boney stallion tripped to the ground it skidded to a halt - bucking forwards hard enough to launch Cowboy Satan into the air.

COWBOY SATAN

Aaaahhhh!

**NARRATOR**

Checkers kept running further and further - he was only a few meters away from a giant wall of fire, the finish line for this race. But Cowboy Satan had one more trick up her sleeve. As she hurdled through the fiery sky - she pulled out a trident and chucked it straight for Checkers.

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

As the trident flew straight for our horsey hero - Checkers hopped into the air and bucked back with all of his might. His hind hooves slammed into the points of the trident at the perfect moment - ricocheting the projectile back into the air.

**FX 25:** *Kick trident fly noise*

CHECKERS

Better luck next time.

**NARRATOR**

The trident soared back through the sky impaling Cowboy Satan immediately.

COWBOY SATAN

NOOOOOO!

**NARRATOR**

Checkers finally reached the end of the race, and as he slowed to a stop - Cowboy Satan burst into flames and disappeared.

## CHECKERS

I knew I could do it.

**NARRATOR**

Just then, Cowboy Satan fell from the sky - and slammed onto the fiery ground in front of the one and only Checkers justice.

## COWBOY SATAN

GAH! Screw you! That hurt!

## CHECKERS

I bet! Serves you right. Now, a deal's a deal. Send me back to earth.

## COWBOY SATAN

Whatever. This is garbage. Get out of my hair. See you next time.

**NARRATOR**

The clearly bitter demon snapped her fingers and suddenly, Checkers glowed white - he looked down at his hooves and saw that he was disappearing.

## CHECKERS

Hey, Cowboy Satan.

## COWBOY SATAN

Yeah?

## CHECKERS

One more thing before I go - where's Roscoe?

**NARRATOR**

She smirked. And in the blink of an eye, Checkers was gone -

**FX 26:** *Teleport noise*

**NARRATOR (CONT'D)**

He woke up with a shock in the middle of a desert.

## CHECKERS

Well that was bonkers.

**FX 13:** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR**

Yes it was! Checkers beat the cowboy devil, and killed her to boot! This episode has been especially violent, hasn't it?

There are still so many loose ends that need tying up before our program comes to an end. Checkers never got an answer to his question. Where is Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween? What will Checkers do, now that he's once again in the land of the living? Will Barnaby and his malicious mob wreak havoc in the wild west? Can anyone stop them? If you really want to find out the answers to these pressing queries, listen to this short commercial break!

**FX 14:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #2**

**COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES**

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**SCENE #4**

**FX 14:** *Organ sting 2*

**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action! When we left our story - Checkers went to hell and back. He's been wandering through the desert for a few hours - desperately trying to find any sign of civilization.

**CHECKERS**

Hello? Anybody?

**NARRATOR**

But there was only the whistling wind and a few rolling tumbleweeds in the distance, his cries fell on deaf ears.

**CHECKERS**

I better not die out here, it'd be so embarrassing to land back in cowboy hell this soon.

**NARRATOR**

Lets leave Checkers for the moment and return to Barnaby the horse and his evil gang of murderous thieves. They had taken control of the Alamo. The stone fortress was their new hideout. A mess of Armadillos, Billy Goats, and Criminals stood around the interior of the fort - talking to one another idly. Barnaby stood on top of a podium and spoke to the mass.

**BARNABY**

Everybody! Team meeting!

SAUL BUNYAN

Yeah Boss?

BARNABY

I just want to congratulate you all on a job well done. Team One, great work with that bank heist - we've got cash up are wazoo. A few more jobs like that, and we'll be the richest gang in the country. Team Two, you guys knocked it out of the park with the fort conquering - this place is spacious!

PECOS JILL

Thanks, Boss.

BARNABY

And Team Three - the tunnel system is looking great, once the sun rises tomorrow morning we're going to start OPERATION: WILD WILD BEST.

SAUL BUNYAN

What?

BARNABY

OPERATION: WILD WILD BEST. Because were gonna be the best.

SAUL BUNYAN

I don't really like the title, if I'm being honest.

BARNABY

What? It's a great title! It's a double an tan dra. It sounds like Wild wild west!

PECOS JILL

That's not a double entendre. It's not even a single entendre.

BARNABY

Well, what does everyone else think?

**NARRATOR**

The crowd just shrugged their collective shoulders in unison.

BARNABY

I'll take what I can get. A shrug isn't a no. Saul, Pecos Jill - keep your traps shut from now on. I'm the boss around here. I make the rules and I make the Scheme names. Now, like I was saying. OPERATION: WILD WILD BEST. Here's the gist. World Domination is overrated, most of the world sucks! The same goes for the west - who cares about all of those patches of deserts and canyons and crap? Not me. We want control of the cities. Control of the railroads.

**NARRATOR**

As he spoke - Lex R. Kanna unfolded a huge map of the west and pinned it to the podium that Barnaby was standing behind.

Lex pulled out a red marker and started circling different cities and railroad lines.

BARNABY

Cash is fine, but power is better. It'll take some work, but I know this crew is up to the task. We just need to keep up steam, all right? Don't rest for a second. You know, I heard an old adverb about a cricket and an ant. The-

PECOS JILL

Uh, an adverb?

BARNABY

What was that, Jill?

PECOS JILL

Sorry Boss.

BARNABY

No, say it. You've already interrupted me twice now - say what you wanted to say.

PECOS JILL

I just... I thought you said "Adverb".

BARNABY

I did. There's a story I wanted to share with the crowd. Share an old Adverb.

PECOS JILL

You mean, an Adage?

BARNABY

No. I mean an Adverb.

PECOS JILL

You mean, a Proverb?

BARNABY

No! I mean an Adverb.

PECOS JILL

I don't think you know what you're saying.

BARNABY

What's that supposed to mean? I know an adverb when I hear one.

LEX R. KANNA

An adverb is a descriptor for a verb, boss. It doesn't mean a story.

BARNABY

You too, Lex? Do you guys want to hear the story or not?

PECOS JILL

Whatever, forget I said anything.

BARNABY

I will! I will forget you said anything! You better watch it, you don't want to see what happens when you get on my bad side. Now, anyways. - Crap. I forgot the story. \*Sigh\* Meeting dismissed!

**NARRATOR**

The crowd all shrugged their shoulders again and dispersed. Meanwhile, far above the Alamo - past the stratosphere - past the ozone - past the observable universe, Roscoe Taylor was waking up.

ROSCOE

What? Where... Where am I? Where is this?

**NARRATOR**

His eyes were still adjusting to the bright light all around him - but once he could see properly, he realized that he had something sprouting out of his back.

ROSCOE

Is that... wings? Huh. Weird. And what's this glowing ring thing above my head? It looks like a.. a halo?

**NARRATOR**

A man walked up to Roscoe - he was about Five foot Six, and he wore a white robe, as well as a ten gallon glowing golden cowboy hat, he had on cowboy boots that turned into sandals towards his toes. Not a great look. But it was obvious that this was-

ROSCOE

Cowboy Jesus!?

COWBOY JESUS

Yes, my son.

ROSCOE

Woah! It's you! It's really you!

COWBOY JESUS

The one and only. Welcome to Cowboy Heaven. Welcome home.

ROSCOE

Everything's made of clouds up here!

COWBOY JESUS

That's right.

ROSCOE

And it smells like... is that Lavender?

COWBOY JESUS

Heaven smells different to every person, Roscoe. It says so in the Bible.

ROSCOE

You mean the cowboy bible?

COWBOY JESUS

Yes.

ROSCOE

Wow. I guess I really died, huh?

COWBOY JESUS

Yes. You really did.

ROSCOE

Where's Checkers? I wonder what he'll smell here - probably apples. That guy fricken loves apples.

COWBOY JESUS

Uh, I'm sorry Roscoe - but Checkers isn't-

ROSCOE

He isn't here?

COWBOY JESUS

No. I'm afraid not. He went to Cowboy hell, on account of "Not having a soul." Sorry to be the bearer of bad news.

ROSCOE

Really? Well then - I want to go down there too. I gotta break him out.

COWBOY JESUS

Oh, it doesn't work like that my child.

ROSCOE

Why not? I want to see Checkers, I can't let him get tortured or burned alive or whatever it is they do there. Somebody's got to bust him out.

COWBOY JESUS

You don't understand.

ROSCOE

Send me to hell, Cowboy Jesus. Pretty please.

COWBOY JESUS

Aren't you curious about Cowboy Heaven? All of your dead friends and family are up here.

ROSCOE

Well, obviously not ALL of them.

COWBOY JESUS

Okay, I see what you mean. But, your parents Roscoe - they're just beyond those pearly gates, waiting for you. So are some of the people you've met along your adventures. Tony Cannoli - that ghostly pizza chef. He's up here. A little Fairy by the name of Fiddle Faddle - he's here too.

ROSCOE

My parents? Really? I don't give a hoot about those other two, but... It would be nice to see my parents.

COWBOY JESUS

They invented the first trampoline in Cowboy Heaven, when you jump on it - you can fly high enough to see the observable universe. It looks really cool. You can't jump too hard on it though, or else you'll shoot into the inky black sea of nothingness.

ROSCOE

Oh really?

COWBOY JESUS

Really. Hypothetically, if somebody jumped hard enough - they could fly back into the realm of the living. But that would bring in all sorts of problems. So, forget I said that.

ROSCOE

Uh huh.

COWBOY JESUS

Your parents have been talking about you a lot, we've all been following your adventures around the west. Just follow me in through the gates, and we can see your folks.

ROSCOE

But, after that can you send me to Cowboy hell - Checkers needs my help.

COWBOY JESUS

No Roscoe. You can't leave Cowboy Heaven, it's against the rules. It says so in the bible.

ROSCOE

The cowboy bible?

COWBOY JESUS

That's the one. Your crime fighting days have come to an end, my son. You can just relax up here with us, we've got Jacuzzis.

ROSCOE

Thanks, but no thanks. If I killed you, would that be bad enough to send me to Cowboy hell?

COWBOY JESUS

Kill me? No. It's not possible, I don't have a physical form. Nobody here does. Besides, people tried to kill me before and it didn't really work out well for them.

ROSCOE

No physical form, eh? Then that means I should be able to run right through you.

COWBOY JESUS

What?

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe sprinted forwards, running straight through Cowboy Jesus and off in the direction of the pearly gates in the distance.

COWBOY JESUS

Wait! No! What are you doing?

**NARRATOR**

He ran and ran, finally reaching the shining arched gateway that blocked entrance into Cowboy heaven. He tried to pry them open but it was no use - they wouldn't budge an inch. It seemed like he couldn't faze through it either. Then, he realized: The bars had a certain amount of space between them, not enough for a normal person to fit - but Roscoe Taylor was not a normal person. So with a little bit of joint dislocating, and bone stretching...

**FX 27:** *Bone stretch noises*

ROSCOE

I'm in!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe popped out on the other side, within the walls of the cloud city of Cowboy Heaven. There were Angels of every shape and size, and he saw a giant golden trampoline in the middle of the cloudy courtyard. There was a large sign in front of it that read "Jump with Caution".

ROSCOE

Okay. Now, if I bounce hard enough on tha-

ROSCOE'S MOM

(Bri)

Roscoe! My boy! My baby boy!

ROSCOE

Huh?

ROSCOE'S DAD

(Jordan)

It's you! It's really you!

ROSCOE

Mom? Dad?

ROSCOE'S MOM

Yes sweetie! We're so happy to see you!

ROSCOE'S DAD

Sorry you splattered at the bottom of that Cliff side, son. That was a rough way to go.

ROSCOE

Uh, guys. It's so good to see you again - but I'm a little busy.

ROSCOE'S DAD

What? What do you mean? Where's Cowboy Jesus?

ROSCOE

On the other side of the gate - look. You know my buddy Checkers?

ROSCOE'S MOM

Of course!

ROSCOE

He's in Cowboy Hell.

ROSCOE'S DAD

Okay?

ROSCOE

I'm gonna bust him out.

ROSCOE'S DAD

What?

ROSCOE

If I jump on that trampoline hard enough, it'll shoot me up into the normal universe again - right?

ROSCOE'S DAD

Oh, no son. You can't be serious.

ROSCOE'S MOM

It's far too dangerous.

ROSCOE

Dangerous? I'm an angel. I can't die again - Cowboy Jesus said so himself.

ROSCOE'S MOM

If you don't get enough upwards momentum, you'll be lost to the dark void between us and the realm of the living. You're atoms will be erased from time.

ROSCOE

Wow, that doesn't sound like a good time. Guess I better not mess it up.

ROSCOE'S DAD

Why would you leave us, son? You just got here! We've waited for you for so long!

ROSCOE

I know! And I'm sorry about that. But I gotta get back to earth, then figure out some way to save Checkers from eternal damnation. There's got to be some way. Next time I die - I should end up here again, hopefully. I just need you two to wait for me a little longer.

ROSCOE'S MOM

\*SIGH\* Well, if you've made up your mind - then I suppose there's no point in stopping you.

COWBOY JESUS

(From Far away)

Hey, stop that kid! Roscoe! Why did you run away?

ROSCOE'S DAD

I hope you can help your friend, son.

ROSCOE

Thanks dad. How can I get a big enough bounce to make it down to earth?

ROSCOE'S DAD

What do you think, hon? Six Hundred Feet?

ROSCOE'S MOM

Six Fifty at least.

ROSCOE'S DAD

You're right. You just got here, Roscoe - I doubt your wings can flap hard enough to get you that high. We can help.

ROSCOE

Really?

ROSCOE'S MOM

Really.

ROSCOE

Thanks, guys. I mean it.

NARRATOR

Cowboy Jesus was getting closer to the three of them, and some Angels with badges that read "Heaven Police" were following him. They had their holy nightsticks ready to strike.

ROSCOE'S DAD

It's the fuzz, we got to get you out of here - let's go!

ROSCOE

Okay!

NARRATOR

Roscoe's parents grabbed hold of him by either shoulders and began flapping their wings straight up into the air, soaring higher, and higher, and higher - before they came to a stop at exactly Six Hundred and Fifty Feet above the golden trampoline.

COWBOY JESUS

Don't do this Roscoe! You're only supposed to get one chance at life!

ROSCOE

Look who's talking, ya hypocrite! I'll face whatever punishment I have to, next time I come back here - but until then, eat my shorts.

NARRATOR

Roscoe looked at his Parents, they nodded.

ROSCOE

See you later.

NARRATOR

They let go of the Tallahassee Tween and he fell straight down like a dead weight. Roscoe hurdled down straight for the trampoline - flapping his little wings as quick as he could to help speed up his descent. Cowboy Jesus watched in awe as the tumbling tween landed on to the shining spring powered tarp, it stretched down - fully absorbing all of the kinetic energy that had been thrust into it, before snapping straight up with bewildering force, ricocheting our hero high up into the sky like a flash.

**FX 28:** *Trampoline snap up*

ROSCOE

NICE!

**NARRATOR**

He flew up through the heavenly clouds, bursting into a dark layer of absolute nothingness - he traveled higher and higher - before finally reaching what appeared to be a infinitely large wall of glass. He breached the wall in seconds flat, shattering the obstacle and sending him into the land of the living again.

ROSCOE

DOUBLE NICE!

**NARRATOR**

He flew past galaxies and nebulas and all that space crap - finally reaching our solar system, rocketing towards earth at breakneck speeds.

ROSCOE

Almost there!

**NARRATOR**

Busting in through the planet's atmosphere - he hurdled through the clouds and finally reached the rolling sand dunes of a desert. He couldn't believe his eyes when he saw Checkers Justice, looking worn down, slowly walking along the sandy ground.

**SCENE #5**

ROSCOE

CHECKERS!

CHECKERS

Roscoe?

**NARRATOR**

At this point, Roscoe had become a human meteorite - and as he collided into the sand, a giant plume of dust and smoke burst outwards into the sky.

CHECKERS

Did you just die again?

ROSCOE

\*Cough cough\* No! I'm okay!

**NARRATOR**

Once the smoke had settled, Roscoe poked his head out of the sand and pulled himself up on to his feet. Checkers galloped over to his friend to give him a big ol' horse sized hug.

CHECKERS

It's good to see you, pal.

ROSCOE

What are you doing here? I thought you went to cowboy hell?

CHECKERS

I did! But I got out, long story - What are you doing here? I thought you went to cowboy heaven!

ROSCOE

I did! I'm back too, check out these cool wings I have now!

**NARRATOR**

As Roscoe said that, his golden halo slowly disappeared - as did his fluffy angel wings.

ROSCOE

Rats.

CHECKERS

Boy oh boy, I'm glad you're back.

ROSCOE

Me too! I was gonna bust you out. Glad to see you can take care of yourself.

CHECKERS

Well, now that we're in the west again - what do should we do?

ROSCOE

We need to find Barnaby. I want my hat back.

CHECKERS

Yeah. I fought the devil - I'm ready to take on anybody.

ROSCOE

We can't fight them all by ourselves again, though. We died once. Cowboy Jesus is gonna be pretty P.O.'ed if I show up there again any time soon. We're gonna need back up.

**FX 13:** *Organ sting 1*

**NARRATOR**

That's right! The boys are back in town! In the flesh! If they want to take down Barnaby's army of antagonists, they'll need all the help they can get! Who will they enlist? How will they combat such overwhelming odds?

Why did heaven have police officers? Does that imply the existence of Angel jail? The prison industrial complex really never ends, does it? Will our heroes succeed? How will this story end? If you were asking yourselves any of these questions - fear not! You'll get the answers you deserve after this short commercial break!

**FX 14:** *Organ sting 2*

**COMMERCIAL BREAK #3**

**COMMERCIAL BREAK ENSUES**

**END OF COMMERCIAL BREAK**

**SCENE #6**

**FX 14:** *Organ sting 2*

**NARRATOR**

Welcome back to the end of Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Tween, now let's get back to the action! When we last saw our heroes, Checkers raced his way out of Cowboy hell and Roscoe bounced his way out of Cowboy heaven. Two weeks have passed since then, and a lot has changed. For starters, Barnaby's army has been growing exponentially - using the underground tunnels dug by his Armadillo Armada to break out hundreds of criminals helped bolster his troop's numbers - and Armadillos breed like crazy. His gang grows with each passing day - and he's getting closer and closer to achieving his goal of conquering the wild west. Our tenacious tomfools have been busy as well. Roscoe reached out to ever ally they could think of during these past two weeks - and they've put together a posse of their own. We go now to the fields in front of the alamo, at the break of day. Roscoe is on Checker's back as he speaks to the crowd before him.

**ROSCOE**

Thanks for meeting us here guys! I know it can be tough to find time in your schedule last minute - you guys rule.

**HULK HOG-GAN**

(Jordan)

No sweat, BROTHER, Hulk HOG-Gan would never pass up an opportunity to lay some swine-y smackdown on a group of Jabronies.

**CHICKEN**

(Bri)

\*Bawk\* What he said! We animal wrestlers have so much \*Bawk\* Pent up rage!

**OL PEEPAW RYMIN**

(Garrett)

And I know the Rymin family band isn't exactly the fighting type, well - aside from Chuck. But we're pleased as punch to lend a hand when we can.

CHECKERS

Fantastic, thanks guys. Let's do a little head count, huh? So we got the Cattle Wrestlers, The Rymins, The prospector quartet, Typhoid Tim, Father Jim the Baptist - Excuse me, I meant to say, "Father Jim the Disciple of Hari Krishna" Captain Clark, That shop keep with the giant snake - powered travelling saloon, are we missing anybody?

POST OFFICE PETE

(Garrett)

Coming! Coming! I'm late, but I'm here!

CHECKERS

Oh, hey! Post Office Pete!

POST OFFICE PETE

That's my name, don't wear it out!

CHECKERS

Did we.. invite you?

POST OFFICE PETE

No! But a little birdy told me you guys were hatching a plan to save the west!

ROSCOE

A little birdy?

POST OFFICE PETE

I have a pet carrier pigeon! He helps me smuggle illicit substances across the border, it's a whole thing. It's not bad illicit substance though, just whimsical ones like imported taffies and clams!

ROSCOE

How does a pigeon smuggle clams across the border?

POST OFFICE PETE

Why, in his hollow bones of course!

CHECKERS

I knew it!

ROSCOE

But how?

POST OFFICE PETE

Don't try to visualize it - you'll just tire yourself out!

ROSCOE

Okay, good to see you Poe - glad to have you as a part of the team. Now that we're all here - this is the game plan. Barnaby is held up in that fort over there, The Alamo. We need to take him out and send all of his cronies packing.

We're still outnumbered by a pretty wide margin, so we're going to need to be smart about all this.

CHECKERS

That's why we're attacking so early, if we can catch them while they're sleeping we might have the advantage.

ROSCOE

Exactly. Let's split up in two chunks and surround the fort - hit them from both sides. Prospectors, Rymins, Tim, Father Jim, and Shop keep - you all go to the east. Cattle Wrestlers, Captain Clark, And Post office Pete, you guys are coming with me to the west. Let's go!

**NARRATOR**

The team separated and prepared for battle. As they surrounded The Alamo - the sun crept higher and higher into the sky. For a second, things were still.

ROSCOE

Attack!

***FX 6: Big fight with horse and guns***

**NARRATOR**

The misfit crew of do-gooders leaped over the fort walls into the stronghold and began whacking, smacking, and shooting anyone they could - Barnaby's army woke up with surprise as this bizarre assortment of warriors sprung seemingly out of nowhere. It was chaos, unbridled chaos, the four singing prospectors were harmonizing as they smashed their pickaxes into the floogins brothers - Joanna Bandanna punched Captain Clark in the face. When Post office Pete jumped down into the stronghold, he hit his head on a barrel and immediately passed out. Train Conductor Tom tripped over his unconscious body and smacked his head on the same barrel, knocking him out as well. Barnaby kicked The Shop keep's giant snake in the teeth. Roscoe tackled Pecos Jill to the ground and grabbed his lasso out of her hands.

ROSCOE

Mine.

**NARRATOR**

Lex R. Kanna - who was still dressed like a pine tree - stabbed Checkers in the shoulder. Checkers bit lex's arm and threw him up into the crowd. The fight raged on for a half hour. Nobody could really tell which side was winning, they just kept punching and shooting and kicking and stabbing. Finally, Roscoe spotted Barnaby attempting to run away through the Alamo's emergency fire escape.

ROSCOE

Not so fast!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe grabbed a nearby armadillo and chucked it at Saul Bunyan's head. Once the catapulted critter smacked his temple, the giant fell backwards - crushing the fire escape and blocking Barnaby's escape route.

**BARNABY**

Come on! Saul, get up! You good for nothing Oaf!

**ROSCOE**

Barnaby. Let's go.

**BARNABY**

Oh yeah? Just because you have a few idiots fighting on your side, you think that evens the odds?

**ROSCOE**

I do!

**BARNABY**

You're wrong. Most of my army isn't even here. I have thousands of troops down underground, waiting for my call. I'm done wasting time with you.

**ROSCOE**

Barnaby, I'm sorry.

**BARNABY**

What?

**ROSCOE**

I'm sorry that I left you behind and met Checkers. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings or anything, honestly. I had no clue where you went after the tornado crushed everything, I got distracted with saving the day - I should have tried harder to find you. I shouldn't have given up on you, buddy.

**BARNABY**

Hm. It feels weird to hear you say that out loud. After all this time, to hear you say you're really sorry. It almost makes me regret my actions. Almost. But not quite! Joanna - where's that TNT switch? I rigged some dynamite around the floor of this place, and I'm gonna blow this whole place up, sky high!

**NARRATOR**

Joanna Bandanna threw a metal detonator box to Barnaby, who caught it with his Horse mouth. Before he could chomp down on the ignition switch - Roscoe whipped out his trusty lasso and latched it around the Detonator - yanking it out of Barnabys horse jaws.

**ROSCOE**

Checkers, catch!

CHECKERS

I don't have hands!

**NARRATOR**

Roscoe swung the detonator into the air towards Checkers, who kicked it in the direction of Captain Clark, who threw it to Post Office Pete - it bounced off of his unconscious body into the hands of Peepaw Rymin, who threw it to Old Man McScruggins. The highest stakes game of hot potato was taking place, as the explosive switch bounced from hand to hoof to hand. The detonator switch had just been lobbed into the air from Typhoid Tim - when a billy goat bounced off of the ground and swallowed the contraction whole.

CHECKERS & ROSCOE

(Both)

\*GASP\*

**NARRATOR**

Barnaby watched with shock as Roscoe leaped in the air and delivered a right hook straight into his horse-head.

**FX 29:** *Punch*

**NARRATOR** (CONT'D)

Barnaby fell to the ground, knocked out in a single punch.

ROSCOE

Wow, didn't know I could do that.

**NARRATOR**

All eyes were on the billy goat, who burped and stared off in no real direction. The explosives hadn't been triggered.

PECOS JILL

The boss is out cold! Everybody scatter!

**NARRATOR**

The criminals rushed away in every direction, leaving The Alamo as quick as they could. The Armadillos burrowed underground, the Gold Nugget Golem led his goat army off into the horizon, including the little goat that just swallowed the dynamite switch. Within a few seconds, The Alamo was completely empty, leaving only Roscoe's friends, and the unconscious bodies of Train Conductor Tom, Post Office Pete, and Barnaby the horse.

CHECKERS

Whoowie. That was long.

ROSCOE

You said it, great work buddy - great work everyone!

CHECKERS

What do we do with him?

ROSCOE

Barnaby? Haul him off to jail I guess. But we need to make sure it's one where he'll never be able to break out of. The rest of those criminals are pretty dumb on their own, he's the only one smart enough to use them as an army.

CHECKERS

That's true. What about all the others? All the ones who escaped? All the ones underground?

ROSCOE

Looks like we'll be wrangling up crooks for the foreseeable future.

CHECKERS

There goes our all of our free time.

ROSCOE

At least Barnaby's out of the picture. He'll wake up behind bars where he belongs. Shame he turned out to be a homicidal maniac, he was a pretty good horse.

CHECKERS

Hey buddy, are you forgetting something?

**NARRATOR**

Checkers knelt down and bit onto the tall cowboy hat that was still sitting on Barnaby's head. He lifted it up and gestured it to Roscoe.

ROSCOE

Thanks buddy, I feel taller already. Whoa. I just realized something.

CHECKERS

Yeah?

ROSCOE

It's December Thirteenth, isn't it?

CHECKERS

Uh, yeah - I think so. Why?

ROSCOE

It's my birthday. I'm thirteen now.

CHECKERS

Woah.

ROSCOE

Right? I totally lost track with everything that's been going on.

CHECKERS

You're finally a teenager.

ROSCOE

Woah.

CHECKERS

Well before we head off after those bad guys, why don't we throw a little party for you?

ROSCOE

Huh?

OL PEEPAW RYMIN

Yeah! We can play a little music!

HULK HOG-GAN

And we can flex - OH YEAH!

ROSCOE

That would be nice, a little party! Are you sure we should do it now though? They're all getting away.

CHECKERS

Bah, we kicked their tails enough for one day - let's celebrate a little and start rounding them all up later, what do you say?

ROSCOE

\*Pause\* Okay!

**NARRATOR**

And celebrate they did. After deactivating all the Dynamite in the fort, one of the prospectors discovered a secret basement - the crew filed into the underground room and threw a marvelous bash for the rest of the night, there was singing, there was dancing, the shop keep supplied sarsaparilla and apple cider as everybody cheered to Roscoe and a job well done.

ROSCOE

Aw thanks guys, I'm glad to have you all as friends.

CHECKERS

The feeling's mutual.

ROSCOE

Hey Checkers?

CHECKERS

Yeah Roscoe?

ROSCOE

I don't want us to split up anytime soon, so we can't go dying again - you hear me?

CHECKERS

Yeah, I hear ya buddy. Loud and clear.

**FX 30:** *End music plays*

**NARRATOR**

And with that, our broadcast comes to a close. And our program meets it's climactic conclusion. So ends the adventures of everyone's favorite Resurrected Rapsallion: Roscoe Taylor: The Tallahassee Teen!

Tonight's episode was brought to you by KZSM.org true community radio. **Sam Pierce** played *Roscoe Taylor*. **Mitchell Oden** played *Checkers Justice*. **Bri Matherly** played Cowboy Satan, Pecos Jill, Roscoe's Mom, and a Chicken. **Lexi Morris** played Joanna Bandanna. **Max Foster** played Train Conductor tom and Don Peyote. **Jordan Pilkenton** played Barnaby the horse, and Roscoe's Dad. He's also been the audio producer for our entire program. This show was written and directed by me, **Garrett Buss**. I played *The Narrator and a whole bunch of other guys*. Coming up after this is an incredible episode of Swamp Gas Uggos at Ten, so be sure to stay tuned. From all of us here in the wild wild west, thank you and goodnight.

**THE END.**