

SCRIPT FOR: THE CISCO KID

INTRODUCTION: Music and hoofbeats

ANNOUNCER: Here's adventure! Here's romance! Here's the famous Robin Hood of the Old West!

PANCHO: Cisco, he's getting closer!!! (gunshot)

CISCO: This way, Pancho. Follow! (another shot whizzes by)

ANNOUNCER: The CISCO KID! (background music up)

(more background music)

ANNOUNCER: Now, the Cisco Kid and the Story of Sniffer Smith.

(more background music)

A strange, silent man was Jedediah Smith. For some years, back in the 1870's, he hung around the western town of Mountainville, working well enough at odd jobs. Then, he fell in with Byer Morse, who had nefarious ideas, and who needed a partner. And so it is, as our story opens, we find Jeb and Byer, couched alongside the stage road right where the wooden bridge crosses over White Petal Creek.

(sound of water)

JEB: By Thunder but it's cold up here Byer!

BYER: It sure ain't hot.

JEB: 'Man's takin' his life right in his hands to get chilled this way.

BYER: Ahhh, you can stand it, Jeb. The stage'll be along any minute now. 'Soon as we get our hands on that box of gold, you'll forget all about bein' cold.

JEB: Eh, eh, who's ridin' the stage today?

BYER: It'd be just the driver and the shotgun messenger.
(sound of water splashing)
I know this is your first holdup, Jeb, but don't get rattled.

JEB: Oooh, I won't. I i want to make some money. Aand if I see either one of them hombres go fer their guns, I I'm gonna let 'em have it!

BYER: That's the stuff. Here she comes. Get yer mask ready, Jeb, an' eh, eh (preparation for a sneeze)...

JEB: What's the matter?

BYER: I gotta sneeze...Eh CHOO!

JEB: Hey, hey, hey! You blamed fool! Don't you know enough to turn yer head away!

BYER: EH CHOO!

JEB: Out, I tell yer! Now, you've gone an' sprayed me with a lot of them their microbees!
(soft hoofbeats)

BYER: Ah, don't make such a fuss! No wonder they call you "Sniffer!!"

(louder hoofbeats)

JEB: Sneezin' all over a feller!

BYER: Get that mask on, quick! Alright, draw yer gun.
(still louder hoofbeats)
Hold it, driver!

DRIVER: (slowing of hoofbeats) Whoaaa! Whoaaa!

BYER: Throw down that box!

MESSENGER: You coyote! I'll throw down this gun and I'll...
(two gunshots)

BYER: That fixes the shotgun messenger. You driver!
Throw down that box or you'll get the same!

DRIVER: Aalright, take it easy! There's the box! (thud)

BYER: Go pick it up, Kid.

JEB: Aalright.

BYER: Lookout Jeb! He's drawin' on you!
(gunshot)

DRIVER: Git up!

BYER: Ah, you buzzard driver! I'll git you fer that!
(two shots)
I winged him!
(non-distinct sounds of pain)
'Don't know how much. Hey Jeb!

JEB: I I I'm I'm hit!!! I'm hit!!!

BYER: Watch it! Yer headin' right off this bridge! Jeb!!
(splash!)
Well, at least you landed feet first. Come on.
Wade ashore.

JEB: I I I gotta get to a doctor! Gotta get to a doctor!
(more splashing)
Quick!!! Quick!!!

BYER: Wait a minute. Let me take a look at that wound.
Ahhh, that ain't too bad, Jeb. I can patch
that up myself.
(sniff)
You don't need a doctor.

JEB: Iiiiit ain't the wound, you confounded fool! I I I
got my feet wet, and that there is deadly! I'm
ridin' into Doc Trane's house just as fast as I
can get there.

(background music swells - dies; slow hoofbeats)

CISCO: The stage is not due in quite yet, Pancho, so
we will stop and pay our respects to Doctor Trane.

PANCHO: Si, Cisco. And we can tell Dr. Trane that we
pick up the gold and carry it over the mountain.

CISCO: Pancho, we will tell him nothing of the kind.

PANCHO: No?

CISCO: We will tell no one that we are picking up that
gold from Senor Logan the driver.

PANCHO: Eet make good things to talk about, Cisco.

CISCO: Ooooh! There is enough else to talk about, amigo.

PANCHO: Siii...

CISCO: Dr. Trane is a fine man, but the fewer people who
know we are picking up that gold, the less
chance there is of our being held up.

(slowing of hoofbeats)

CISCO: Eh! Here we are at the Doctor's house.
Hold it! Whoa! Whoa!

PANCHO: Hold on! Whoa! Hold down!

CISCO: You must learn when to talk and when not to
talk, chico.

PANCHO: Si, Cisco.
(sounds of dismounting, footsteps in dust)
(sound of footsteps climbing wooden stairs;
many knocks on wooden door)
I promise you I won't say a word about the ...
gold, Cisco.

CISCO: Bueno, Pancho.
(door opens)

DOCTOR: Well, well! By george! Cisco and Pancho!
I'm mighty glad to see you!

CISCO: Buenas dias, Senor Doctor!

PANCHO: Buenas dias, Senor Doctor!

DOCTOR: Come right in, both of you!

CISCO: Gracias.

PANCHO: Gracias. (heh! heh! sound of polite laughter)

DOCTOR: Well, it's been a coupla years since you were
last here in Mountainville, hasn't it boys?

CISCO: Ooooh, just about two years I would say, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Then you were runnin' down a coupla bandits.
That's why you're here now? After more bandits?

CISCO: Nooooo. (chuckle) Bandittos have nothing to do with this visit, Doctor. At least, I hope they have not.

PANCHO: Cisco said not to talk about the gold, Senor Doctor.

CISCO: Pancho...

PANCHO: Pancho not talk about the gold.

CISCO: Uh hummm.

DOCTOR: I take it that you are here for some good reason? None of my business, though...
(sound of hooves; groaning; numerous whoas)
Well, I seem to have a coupla callers. Cisco, s'pose you and Pancho step around the other side of that partition. I'll be with you as soon as I can.

CISCO: Si, Doctor. Do not hurry on our account. Come on, Pancho.

PANCHO: Come on, Pancho.
(footsteps)
Pancho not talk about the gold; Pancho got nothing to talk about.

CISCO: Better sit down here, amigo.

PANCHO: Mmmm Hmmm.
(sitting sounds; creaking chair)

JEB: Doctor! I gotta have some pills quick!

DOCTOR: Hello, Jeb. What's the matter?

BYER: He thinks he's catching pneumonia.

JEB: Wwwwweell, I I might. What with Byer here sneezin' right plum in my face, an' an' then gettin' my feet wet...Git me some pills, Doc.

DOCTOR: Eh, you look pretty healthy to me, Jeb.

JEB: I tell you, I gotta have some pills, Doc! I I'm beginning to feel awful. Listen: (cough, wheeze, cough).

DOCTOR: Mmmm. Drastic, Jeb, drastic. Alright, I'll give you some pills. Take along this bottle. Take a pill every hour and then...saaaaaay, what's that blood on yer sleeve?

JEB: Nnnnnothin' Doc! Nothin'! Come on!

DOCTOR: Hold on! That looks like a wound! I'd better see it!

BYER: He's alright, Doc. I'd quit bein' so curious! Let's get outa here! (scuffling footsteps; door shuts)

DOCTOR: Alright, Cisco, Pancho, come on out!

CISCO: Si, Doctor. (creak of chair; footsteps)

DOCTOR: That's a funny one. I swear it is. Hmmm!

PANCHO: Hombre not scared of the wound, he scared of wet feets! (chuckle, chuckle) Funny hombre!

CISCO: We could not help overhearing, Doctor. Do you get many patients like that one?

DOCTOR: That's Jeb Smith. They call him "Sniffer..."
'Sort of a hypochondriac.

PANCHO: Hypo - whooey - ac??????

DOCTOR: (chuckle)
He's always worrying about his health, Pancho.

PANCHO: Hypo - hombr - iac. (said very quickly)

DOCTOR: The other one's named Byer Morse. He's only
been around here a short while. Can't say I
care much about that Morse. He's a pretty
shifty sorta feller.

CISCO: Was that a bullet wound, Doctor?

DOCTOR: It looked like it. I couldn't tell for sure,
though.

PANCHO: Hey, Cisco. The stage just turned into the
street.

CISCO: Oh, si. I see it, Pancho. Well, we'll have to
be going now, Doctor. We might call in again,
however, before we leave the town.

DOCTOR: Well, I hope you do, Cisco. You're always
welcome. Ypu, too, Pancho.

CISCO: Gracias, Doctor.

PANCHO: Gracias, Doctor.
(footsteps; door shuts; footsteps down wooden
stairs)
Cisco, why that hombre so scared of wet feets
and not scared of the wound?

CISCO: Because Man is a strange animal, amigo. Some are stranger than others. Come on. Let us go meet that stage.

(music up - fades; footsteps crunching in dust)

PANCHO: Ehhh! Lot of people's way to the stage, Cisco.

CISCO: Si. And among them are old friend the Sheriff.

PANCHO: Pancho not know the Sheriff as friend, Cisco. Pancho think he not like us.

CISCO: Ahhh, he's alright, amigo. He does not like to think that we are mixing into his affairs, that is all.

PANCHO: Stage almost in, Cisco.

CISCO: Eh! It will be nice to see our friend Senor Logan again, too.

PANCHO: Uh huh.

SHERIFF: Well, what are you two hombres doin' around here again, Cisco?

CISCO: Buenos dias, Senor Sheriff.

PANCHO: Buenos dias, Senor Sheriff. We come back to look at the view, Senor Sheriff. It's a beautiful view from Mountainville, no?

(chuckle, chuckle)

SHERIFF: Yeah, yeah, yeah, But how long...

CISCO: Do not worry, Sheriff. We are not going to stay here long.

SHERIFF: I don't mind you bein' here, Cisco, just as long as you...By Thunder! Where's Perkins?

SHERIFF: He was s'posed to be ridin' shotgun messenger!
(hoofbeats and background whoas)
Lookit here! Mr. Logan's been badly hurt!

PANCHO: Look out! She's sloping forward in the driver's
seat!

CISCO: Eh! I'll break his fall if I can! Come on!
(scuffle - run sounds)
Someone go for the Doctor, quick!
(crowd sounds)

PANCHO: Pancho going to get the Doctor, Cisco!

CISCO: Here, lie down on the grass, Senor. Easy.
(general background noise)
There, there. I support your head.

SHERIFF: Who got you, Logan?

LOGAN: (weakly) Coupla hombres. Bridge.

SHERIFF: Did they get the gold?

LOGAN: Yah. Gunned down Perkins. I hit one of them.
Other one got me. (sigh) Masked men.

CISCO: You better not try to talk anymore, Senor
Logan. Let us wait for the Doctor.

LOGAN: (panting) Didn't know if (pause) I could bring
the stage in.

CISCO: Well, you did bring the stage in, Senor. You've
a great deal of courage.

SHERIFF: Two masked men, eh?

PANCHO: Here's the Doctor, Cisco.

DOCTOR: Stand back away from him, will ya boys?
(crowd noises - shuffling)
That's right. That's better. Now, I'll have
a look at him.

LOGAN: (weakly panting) 'Wish I (pause) coulda got
both of them.

DOCTOR: Eh, I guess the best place for you, Logan, will
be in my house. Coupla you boys carry him over
there.
(louder crowd noises)
Handle him gentle now, boys.

SHERIFF: Hey, Cisco.

CISCO: Si.

SHERIFF: I want to see you and Pancho a minute.

CISCO: Si, Senor Sheriff.

DOCTOR: Carry him easy, boys. Carry him easy now.
(more crowd noises)

SHERIFF: How long you two hombres been in town, Cisco?

CISCO: Oooh, for ten minutes or so.

SHERIFF: Ummm Hmm.

PANCHO: Sheriff think we hold up the stage, Cisco. We
not hold up the stage!

CISCO: Before we came here we went to call on Dr. Trane

SHERIFF: Hmmm. Alright, alright. I was just askin'.

CISCO: (musing) Dr. Traaaaaane. Pancho, those two
hombres who came into the Doctor's...

PANCHO: Siiii. Scared of wet feet.

SHERIFF: What are you talkin' about?

CISCO: Sheriff, let us ride to that bridge. It may be that we'll find a clue there.

SHERIFF: A clue to what?

CISCO: To what we are talking about. What do you think I mean?

SHERIFF: Now, look. I'm the sheriff of this county. I'll be gettin' my own clues.

CISCO: Very well. Pancho and I will ride then.

SHERIFF: Mmmm, well. I'll ride along with you. 'Be a waste of time.

PANCHO: Ahhh. You a good sheriff, Sheriff. You not know a clue if it come up and bite you, no?
(music swells - dies)

BYER: By Thunder! This is a good haul, Jeb! 'Most \$10,000 in gold and bills.

JEB: Th - that ain't important right now, Byer. Put another blanket over me, will ya?

BYER: Ah! What'sa matter with ya Sniffer! I never seen anybody like ya. You ain't sick!

JEB: I I I will be if I don't take every precaution an' nnn...put on another blanket.
(chair scrapes over floor)

BYER: If I'da known I was gonna have to act as nurse to you, I'da never joined up with you. There's yer blasted blanket! (footsteps)

BYER: 'Fixed up that wound fer ya, what more do ya want?

JEB: It ain't the wound that worried me...it's catchin' cold. If I stay here now, I I'll be alright tomorrer, Byer.

BYER: Tomorrer? Ah ya puny milksap, we gotta be back across the mountain and out of this country by tomorrer. Maybe that Sheriff ain't much good, but he sure ain't gonna sit back and twiddle his thumbs when he finds out about that killin' 'n' robbery. I been expectin' to see him and a posse come ridin' up the mountain trail any minute. (slow footsteps)

JEB: Ooooh! Hhhe won't find this camp.

BYER: I don;t know why not. Ain't more than a coupla hundred yards above the bridge. Hey! There's three riders comin' up the trail now.

JEB: Hmmm.

BYER: Get up outa that bunk, Jeb! Hand me them glasses!

JEB: Three riders, huh?

BYER: Yeah. (footsteps)

JEB: Hhhere's the glasses, Byer.

BYER: 'Ll have a good look. It's the Sheriff. Say, the other two are the Cisco Kid and the one that rides with him.

JEB: Sh-sh-sure it's the Cisco Kid?

BYER: Look fer yourself. (one or two footsteps)

JEB: Yyer right. It is. Wwe better get outa here, Byer.

BYER: Now, yer talkin'! Here's what we'll do, Jeb.
We'll ride down by the lower pass and give those
hombres a coupla shots just to make 'em leery
and hold back. Then we'll ride our horses up the
creek so's not to leave any tracks, 'n' come out
on the rocky ground up above.

JEB: Alright.

BYER: Hustle now. Let's get this money stowed away in
our saddle bags.
(background music swells - hoofbeats)

PANCHO: We nearer to the bridge, Cisco?

CISCO: Eh? Just ahead of us, Pancho.

SHERIFF: I sure don't know what point there is aridin' up
here, Cisco. What I oughtta done was get a posse
organized and fan out after them outlaws.

PANCHO: Why'd you come with us then, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: That's what I'm wonderin'.

CISCO: Ah, here's the place.
(background whoas - slowing of hoofbeats)

PANCHO: Slow down, slow down.

CISCO: We may not find any clue here. Again, we may.
You never can tell.

PANCHO: Who's going to help Cisco find the clue?

SHERIFF: I ain't goin' to. I'm just goin' to keep settin' on my horse.

PANCHO: Eeehhh! Good Sheriff! He love to work!

CISCO: Sheriff, look here. There are several dark stains on the bridge. They lead to the edge of this bridge.

SHERIFF: Let me see. (sounds of dismounting)

CISCO: To the very edge...Pancho, this begins to tie in with those hombres (gunshot) in the Doctor's...

SHERIFF: Hey! Somebody's shootin' at us! ...
(another shot)

CISCO: Do not stand there, Sheriff! Quickly! Off the bridge and down behind these rocks!

PANCHO: Pancho think Cisco find the clue, alright. Clue shoot at us. What you think, Sheriff?

SHERIFF: Ain't never put much stock in clues. Eh! I sure oughtta done what I wanted. Get up a posse and fanned out after them outlaws! Clues don't mean any...
(another shot)

PANCHO: Hey! Hey! What...! Clues not mean nuttin' even when they knock off your sombrero, heh Sheriff?
(another shot whizzes by)

CISCO: Madre mia! Enough of this talk! We are pinned down by the fire of those hombres! Save

CISCO:

your breath, Sheriff. We will have to think and
fight our way out of this situation.

(background music up)

ANNOUNCER:

But will our friends be able to **fight** their
way out of an almost helpless situation?

In just a moment, we'll return to: The Cisco Kid!

(music up - then fades away)

(background music up)

ANNOUNCER:

Now, back to the Cisco Kid and the story of Sniffer Smith.

(more music)

When Cisco rode to the scene of the stage holdup and murder on the bridge, and saw signs that a wounded man had fallen into the water, he at once thought of the conversation he had overheard in the Doctor's office. But before he had time to tell his suspicions to Pancho and the Sheriff, the two outlaws opened fire from above. Now, sheltered by large boulders...

(gunshot)

SHERIFF:

By Thunder, Cisco! I'm sure gonna return that rifle fire.

(two shots)

Cisco:

Fire away all you want to, Senor Sheriff, but between shots tell me what you know of an hombre named Jeb Smith.

SHERIFF:

They call him "Sniffer." (gunshot)

Eh, what about him?

Cisco:

You might do well to question him and another hombre named Byer Morse about this holdup.

(gunshot)

SHERIFF:

Sniffer Smith? Ah, you're crazy, Cisco. Sniffer Smith ain't got the nerve of a jackrabbit!

(gunshot)

'Don't know the other so well, but I don't figger

SHERIFF: he's got much nerve either.
(another shot)
Blast those coyotes! That'll let you know
we're still alive!

PANCHO: Cisco tell you to talk to Sniffer, you better
talk to Sniffer, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: You sure would never make a detective, Cisco.
That's about as far off as you possibly could be

PANCHO: You not do so well yourself, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: Well, I don't make mistakes like that.

CISCO: Very well then, Sheriff. Pancho and I will go
according to what we think is best.
(gunshot)
Suppose you do likewise.

SHERIFF: Yeah. That's what I'm gonna do. If them fellers
up there quit shootin', I'm gonna go back to
town and get me a posse together. Then, I'll
ride back up here, pick up their trail,
an' run 'em down!

PANCHO: Ah! What you bet Cisco get his bandittos before
you do, Sheriff.

SHERIFF: I ain't bettin'...

PANCHO: You better not bet, you lose!

SHERIFF: Now, now, look here!

CISCO: Alright! Stop the arguing!

PANCHO: Ehhhhh!

CISCO: I think those hombres have left now. I put my sombrero out on a stick and see.

PANCHO: They not shoot, Cisco.

CISCO: Ah! They've gone! Come on, Pancho! Hasta la vista, Sheriff!

(background music up, then fades to sound of horse hooves on stones in water)

BYER: Well, Jeb, we been wadin' our horses in this creek for 'bout half a mile. Here's the rocky ground. Heh! They'll sure have a tough job pickin' up our trail now! Well, we'll stop here and figger out what're gonna do next. Whoa!

JEB: Whoaaa! While there's a drinl of water handy, I I'm gonna take a coupla more o' these here pills. (footsteps)

Doc said to take one every hour, but I'm gonna take two an' be on the safe side.

BYER: Eh, take a dozen for all I care! Just make it fast!

JEB: Yeah, I'll make it...Oooooooh! Great Scott, No!!!

BYER: Whatsa matter?

JEB: Tttttthem pills! I left 'em back at the camp!

BYER: Weeeell, what of it!

JEB: Wwwwwhat of it! I gotta go back an' git 'em, Byer! I gotta go right now!

BYER: Y'ain't gonna go back there!

JEB: I tell you I got to! I I I gotta have 'em!

BYER: Ya blasted fool! Don't ya know that by this time the Sheriff will be back at that camp! He'll be waitin' for us to come back! Well, you ain't goin' back.

JEB: Then I gotta go back to the Doc's, Byer. You can talk all you want, but I gotta have some of them there pills! You think I want to catch p - noo - monia? Llllllook at me! I'm shiverin' already!

BYER: So help me!

JEB: Well, I am!

BYER: Alright, I'll go back to the Doc's with ya. Chances are that the posse will be out in the hills by now, anyway. But, this is the last time, unnerstand? The LAST TIME!

(music up; hoofbeats)

CISCO: Weeeeeell, what have we here Pancho?

PANCHO: A little camp among the trees.

CISCO: Si. Si. No one seems to be around.

(numerous whoas)

Well, let's have a little look around this little camp among the trees, amigo.

PANCHO: Pancho have a look, too, Cisco.

(footsteps)

CISCO: Ah! Look here, Pancho.

PANCHO: What what what what's there?

CISCO: Footprints in the dust.

PANCHO: Footprints in the dust?

CISCO: Yes, spaced widely. (footsteps)

I would say two hombres came out of that camp and onto their horses. There are the tracks of the horses.

PANCHO: Pancho think Cisco get the bandittos before that old Sheriff turn around twice.

CISCO: Ah, it's not as easy as that, chico. Come on. Let us go in. (footsteps) Heh? A pot of beans warming up on the stove. Hey! They left here in quite a hurry.

PANCHO: What is over here, Cisco? (footsteps)

CISCO: What? (footsteps)

PANCHO: Hey! A bottle of pills, no?

CISCO: Heeeey! That is just what it is. Madre mia, Pancho!!! That might be the bottle of pills that Doctor Trane gave to that hypochondriac!

PANCHO: Hypo - whoosy - ac???

CISCO: The hombre with the wet feet.

PANCHO: Pancho think that after the fuss that hombre made to get these pills, he not run away and leave them.

CISCO: Pancho, you would make a good detective!

PANCHO: (giggle, giggle) Si. Pancho a good detective,
Cisco. (chuckle, chuckle) Hands up banditto!

CISCO: You have just given me the answer, chico! We
will let the Sheriff ride all over the country
with his posse.

PANCHO: And what do we do then, heh?

CISCO: We will set a trap for those hombres!

PANCHO: Ummm mmm. Ummm mmm. (said quickly)

CISCO: We'll ride as fast as we can to Dr. Trane's
and wait. I think that is all we will have to do.
Just wait...
(background music up; hoofbeats; numerous whoas)

PANCHO: Whooooooooooooo! We get here to the Doctor's fast,
Cisco!

CISCO: Si. Diablo and Loco never fail us, Pancho!
(sounds of dismounting)

PANCHO: Si. Pancho think they the best horses in the
whole wide world!

CISCO: Si. Pancho, take the horses 'round back of the
house. (horse noises) I'll go in and arrange
things with Dr. Trane.

PANCHO: Si, Cisco. And then Pancho come in the house,
huh? Nice horsies! Come on! Go along!
(numerous horse sounds)
(footsteps; knocks on a wooden door)

DOCTOR: Who is it?

CISCO: The Cisco Kid, Doctor. May I come in?

DOCTOR: Sure, Cisco.

(door opens; footsteps)

CISCO: Doctor, I am sure we can stop the two bandittos we are after right here in your office.

DOCTOR: Oh, Cisco, I don't know about that. What makes you think so? Sit down.

CISCO: Oh, there's no time for that, Doctor. I am sure that the ones we want will return here to see you in a very few minutes. Will you help me?

DOCTOR: Why certainly, Cisco. 'S kind of mysterious to me, but tell me what you want me to do.

CISCO: We have found evidence in the form of a small bottle of pills. Pills that you gave to the one called Sniffer Smith.

DOCTOR: That's right, Cisco. Sniffer's always takin' medicine.

CISCO: I believe he forgot those pills when he and the other hombre left their camp in a hurry. I am quite sure they will come right to your office, so Sniffer can get more of those pills.

DOCTOR: Yeah, he might at that, Cisco.

CISCO: And I want you to allow Pancho and me to hide in your back room.

DOCTOR: Sure Cisco. Y'I believe yer right. Bein' without his medicine is about the worse thing that could happen to Sniffer.

CISCO: Not the worse thing, Doctor. Something a lot worse than that is going to happen to him, and soon!

(background music up; hoofbeats)

BYER: Here's the Doc's place, Jeb.

(footsteps)

Whooooooooooooa!

JEB: Whooooooooooooa!

BYER: Now this time you better get enough of them pills to last you. Get all he's got.

JEB: Yep.

(crunch of foot in dust)

I'll get enough.

BYER: And if the Doc makes one wrong move, I'm gonna gun him down!

JEB: Nnnnnnow no more killin', Byer!

BYER: Don't tell me what to do! Doc acts suspicious, the only thing to do is to kill him.

(footsteps)

'Lest you want him to report us to the Sheriff, and I sure don't.

(eight knocks on door)

DOCTOR: Come in.

(door opens; footsteps)

Well, howdy boys. Back again, heh Jeb?

JEB: Eh, er, yeah. I'd kinda like some of them pills, Doc.

DOCTOR: I gave you enough for a week. What'dje do?
Take 'em all at once?

JEB: No, I...

BYER: He lost them out of his pocket somewhere, Doc.

DOCTOR: Ooooooh. Well, I got a few more around here
somewhere. But, you don't need pills, Jeb, as
much as you need to have that wound of yours
looked at. Get that infected, and you'll have
a time with it.

BYER: Well, never mind the wound, Doc. Get them pills.

DOCTOR: Well, just a minute here, Byer. I'm not used
to bein' ordered around like that.

BYER: I said get them pills and be quick about it!

DOCTOR: What?

BYER: Or maybe you'd rather I pulled the trigger of
this gun.

JEB: Eeeeeasy, Byer, easy. Now we don't need none of
that!

BYER: Shut up! I'm runnin' this shebang! Come on, Doc.
Getta move on!

DOCTOR: So that's the way it is, heh? Alright. But I'll
have to get the pills out of a jar in my
store room.

BYER: No you don't! Stop right there! You got jars
of pills right here. Dig 'im out some.

DOCTOR: I haven't got that particular kind in here.

JEB: Nnnnow, now the Doc ooooughtta know his
business, Byer.

BYER: Alright, I know mine, too. And he ain't goin' out back there to pass the word to whoever might be there.

DOCTOR: Well, then, if you want this kind of pills, you better come along with me.

BYER: Alright. I'll be right behind you. Get movin'!

DOCTOR: They're just out here in the next room.
(door opens)
They're all ready for you and...

BYER: Hey! Hey! (fight sounds)

CISCO: You speak truly, Doctor. We are ready for them!
(more fight sounds, gasping of breath, etc.)

PANCHO: I shall go get the other hombre, Cisco!

DOCTOR: I'll help you, Pancho! Get your hands up!

PANCHO: I will take the gun hombre.

CISCO: Now, we can fight on even terms with our fists!
(many fight sounds)

BYER: I'll beat the daylights out of you, Cisco!

CISCO: That remains to be seen, hombre! I have no intention of letting you do it!
(still more fight sounds)
What about the holdup, hombre? (punch)
And the murder? (punch)

BYER: 'Don't know a thing about it!

CISCO: Then we will try to refresh your memory! Like this! (punch) And like this! (punch - pant, pant, pant)

PANCHO: Get him, Cisco?

CISCO: Well, he's down, Pancho. Wait and see if he gets up.

BYER: No, no. I've had enough of you, Cisco.
(pant, pant)

CISCO: Very well, then. I will help you up. Now get back in the next room.
(footsteps)
Very nicely done, Doctor. Very nicely done.

DOCTOR: I didn't do anything, Cisco..

PANCHO: You lead the bandittos in a nice little trap,..Doctor

CISCO: Si. Well, you hombres, you might as well confess.

BYER: We ain't sayin' a word.

CISCO: How 'bout you?

JEB: Well, I...

BYER: Shut up Jeb. He ain't talkin' either.

CISCO: Doctor, is Senor Logan strong enough to identify these two?

DOCTOR: I didn't tell you, Cisco. Logan died, about fifteen minutes ago.

PANCHO: Ehhh...Pancho not like to hear this. Senor Logan our friend.

CISCO: One more black mark against these coyotes.

PANCHO: Excuse please. Pancho ... Pancho gotta sn...
Pancho gotta sn..sne..snee...ha...hooo...ha...
ha...ach...CHOO!!!!!!

JEB: What in Thunder are you doin'! Get away from me when you sneeze like that!

CISCO: Ooooooh. So you will talk. Sneeze again, Pancho.

PANCHO: Cisco, Pancho sneeze again.

CISCO: Right up close to him!

JEB: Nnnnnno!!! No! No!

PANCHO: Big sneeze, Cisco! Kkkkkkkk koooo kkkkkk kkkkkk
kkkaa CHOO!!!!!!

JEB: Ya think I wanna be covered with microbees, ya
blasted fool! Gimme somethin' Doc. Gimme
somethin' quick!

CISCO: Did you commit those murders, hombre?

BYER: Keep yer mouth shut, Jeb.

JEB: I I ...

CISCO: I feel a couple of big sneezes coming on myself,
hombre.

JEB: No! Nnnnnoo!! Get away from me! Y'all crazy?

CISCO: Did you commit those murders?

JEB: No! No! I didn't...

PANCHO: I'm going to sneeze again...

BYER: Jeb, shut up!

JEB: I didn't. Byer did. He got 'em both!

BYER: Ah! Ya squealin' rat!

CISCO: And the gold?

JEB: Iiiiiit's in our saddle bags.

PANCHO: Hee!

JEB: Get away from me! Don't none of you fools know
what microbees are?

CISCO: I think this closes the case, Doctor. Tie these

CISCO: hombres up, Pancho, and when the Sheriff and his posse come back, they will find the killers already in jail.

(music up; hoofbeats)

PANCHO: Cisco?

CISCO: Si, Pancho?

PANCHO: Pancho sneeze at the right time, eh? (chuckle)

CISCO: Si, amigo. You sneezed at just exactly the right time.

PANCHO: Pancho can not figure out how Cisco know the hombre will act that way when Pancho sneeze.

CISCO: Well, I did not know he would. I just took a chance, Pancho, knowing he was a hypochondriac.

PANCHO: Hypo - whoosy - ac?

CISCO: Worried about his health.

PANCHO: Pancho think Pancho's Uncle Jose is a hypo-whoosy- ac, Cisco.

CISCO: You think your Uncle Jose is a hypochondriac, Pancho?

PANCHO: Oooooh! Si!

CISCO: What is he, worried about his health, chico?

PANCHO: No, he worry about his hands.

CISCO: About his hands?

PANCHO: Si. Pancho Uncle Jose hurt his hands.

CISCO: Oh, that is too bad, Pancho.

(still hoofbeats)

Tell me, how did he do that?

PANCHO: He get into a fight with a clock.

CISCO: He did what?

PANCHO: I tell you he get into a fight with a clock.

CISCO: Well, I do not understand how anyone can get into a fight with a clock, Pancho.

PANCHO: Pancho Uncle Jose do. He hit the clock - biff!
bang!

CISCO: Well, why did he hit the clock, chico?

PANCHO: Self-defense, Cisco.

CISCO: Self-defense?

PANCHO: Si. The clock strike first.

CISCO: Oooooooh, Pancho!

PANCHO: Oooooooh, Cisco!

(laughter and hoofbeats lead into music)

ANNOUNCER: And so ends another exciting adventure with O.

Henry's famous Robin Hood of the West, the Cisco Kid!

(background music up)

Be sure to listen again for another thrilling
adventure of the Cisco Kid. The Cisco Kid was
played by ^{JACKSON BECK} ~~Jack Mather~~, Pancho by ^{MEL BLANC} ~~Harry Lang~~.

(more background music)