

Draft was written May 1, 2013

Play Title: Poker and Scibbies

Fictional Play Written for All Ages

Written and story boarded by: Carol L Brunk

Completed: March 31, 2015

The star was flipped up in the air as he walked toward the double doors that swung in and out. He noticed the saloons bar was stocked as he entered but his concentration was on the poker game to the left that was to take place.

There they sat -him, two other cowboys and the Dandy. Five card stud is what was being played. They were waiting for him to take his place among them at the table. Looking cautiously around the Dandy began to shuffle- not a word was spoken. The stakes they knew were going to be high. Cards were dealt. All receiving the limit allowed of five cards with no option to draw. Carefully, at the nod of the head they all agreed in unison to take a peek at the cards that were dealt to them. They eyed each other and with a nod -the bets started with all badges on the table. The stakes grew as the first placed his gun on the table in the stack and then the others followed suite. The Dandy threw his bow tie in finally and the cowboys threw in the cowboy ties. Ammunition and ammunition holders were the next to be piled on to make the stakes more interesting. Then the hats were thrown atop of the pile. Two cowboys turned and folded. It was now just the Dandy and the cowboy that entered last that sat at the table.

The Dandy held his stare fast to the cowboy still at hand and finally said "Call". There he sat the cowboy holding his best poker face as he slapped down a full house for the Dandy. Smiling the Dandy slapped down a royal flush. Grabbing the stakes in front of him he pulled his wining stash into a bag- grabbed his Dandy hat placed it on his head nodded in a thank you as he went out the door.

The three cowboys sat there stripped bare of everything they had. Except for one exception.

"I'm gonna get going across the street and get me a 25 cent bath." the one cowboy told the other two.

"You got 25 cents?" one of the other asked.

"Yeah?"

"Can you spot me?"

"Nope." And with that he left and marched across the street leaving the other two sit there.

AT THE BATH HOUSE

"25 cents for a bath?" he said.

"Yes

"Follow me up the stairs I've got one prepared. I'll be right in to pour more hot bath water in."

Entered the room.

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“The bath around the partition sir”

The cowboy gets into the bath and the patron knocks at the door.

“Bath water sir and a bar of soap”

“Come on in.”

There he sat in scibbies in the bath water.

“Sir, you’re wearing your scibbies”

“Yep, easier to get them clean- got that soap?”

There he sat in his long underwear /scibbies using the soap to clean himself and his clothes-taking in a nice hot bath for 25 cents.

AT THE SALOON

“Let’s go” the one said. So they both got up and start across toward the bath house. Upon approaching the one says to the other

“Hey, give me 25 cents to get a bath”

“I ain’t got 25 cents for a bath” and with that he pushed the cowboy into the water trough in front of the bath house.

“There take a bath in there. That’ll work. Hey move over I need to clean myself up too.””

“Hey, don’t come near me. You know- stay on your side of the trough”.

“I ain’t coming near you. Now scoot over idiot.”

“Hey, I mean it.”

“I know don’t be like that.”

There they sat in the water trough water up to there chest in there scibbies. The bath house patron feeling sorry for them offers the two cowboys each a bar of soap.

“The horses can drink from the trough down the block. So don’t worry about the soapy water.”

So, the two sat there and started to bath.

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“Stay over there and don’t crowd me”

“I’m not crowding you. Just let me take my bath and get out.”

“Hey, the water’s turning pink.”

“Yah, so?”

“Never mind” he said.

A few minutes pass after that statement.

“Hey, your scibbies are turning pink”

“Don’t want to be wearing pink scibbies”

“Just dunk yourself – will you- so they’ll all be pink.”

“Well, if you hadn’t been wearing red scibbies in here mine would not be pink right now.”

“I don’t want be wearing pink scibbies. Give me a dollar so I can go buy another pair.”

“I ain’t got a dollar. Come on give me a dollar.”

“I ain’t got a dollar.”

“Just give me a dollar so I can get me some clean fresh scibbies.”

“I ain’t got a dollar.”

“Just get out and dry off.”

“Will you give me a dollar then?”

“No, I ain’t got a dollar.”

The bath house patron comes out and starts laughing. “Umm, you got yourself some pink scibbies”, she said.

“Not my day.” “Yeah, he won’t give me dollar to get me some new ones. Guess, I’ll get out and dry off.”

“I ain’t got a dollar, darn-it.”

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He gets out and grabs a chair and props himself up in the sun on the bath house porch to dry his scibbies.

“It ain’t my fault you got pink scibbies. You should have bought the red ones like I did.”

“I did not want the red scibbies. So, give me a dollar so I can buy me some new ones.”

“I ain’t got a dollar to give you to buy new scibbies – so quit asking me.”

“You getting out of that trough and drying off? Yet?”

“I’m getting there. Don’t push it.”

He gets out of the trough and props himself up in a chair to dry his red scibbies on the opposite side of the bath house door way. The bath house patron comes out the door again and starts laughing. Looks at him and yells in the doorway “Hey, Mable you got to see this. This guy’s got on some pink scibbies.”

“Not my day” he says.

Feeling a little sorry for him in his pink scibbies, the bath house patron goes in and lights up a stogie and brings it out to him. Smiling he grabs the stogie and thanks her. Then he starts puffing circles and heart shaped smoke circles.

“He won’t give me a dollar to get me some new scibbies” he says to her.

“Hey, just give the man a dollar for a pair of new scibbies. Will you?” she says.

“I ain’t got a dollar.” Irritate he yells, “You are so irritating at times. Why do you do this to me? Why don’t you get married or something?” “I can’t handle you when you get like this” “I am moving my chair around the porch. So, don’t even talk to me right now.”

“Not my day.” “Not even a dollar to get me some new scibbies.” “Where’s he at anyway?”

“Ah, he’s upstairs.” “He’s the one that had 25 cents.” “We’re stuck down here.” “Hello, I am not talking to you right now!” “I have moved to the other side of the porch” “See you can’t see me.”

The patron comes out and offers them both some coffee and returns back inside.

“Dam-it!” “Give me dollar for some new scibbies!”

He gets up from the other side of the porch and walks back toward him.

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Listen, I don't have a dollar to give you for some new scibbies! Okay!

"Dam-it!" he says and throws the stogie at him and it hits the trough. But, continues to blow circles and heart shaped smoked rings. "Hey, it must be getting cold outside." "I'm still blowing smoke rings."

"That's not smoke. It's your breath, idiot."

"Not my day."

"Hey, where's my overalls/jeans?"

"Don't know?" "Wait a second, where's mine?"

"Oh, NOooooo, "they both groaned. Then they both raced for the trough. Both reached in the pink watered trough and pulled out their jeans as wet as can be.

"I can't believe this?" as he looks at his jeans, "I've got purple jeans!" "I've got red scibbies and purple jeans!!!!"

"You?" "I've got pink scibbies and purple jeans!!!!" "You know how much money this cost me?"

"Hey, where's he at anyway?"

"Upstairs!"

Right then he appears in the door way still wet in his scibbies and looks at both of them holding their purple jeans at the pink water trough. "Hey, guys!"

"I'm getting his jeans!"

"No, your not – I'm getting them."

Both run past him darting up the stairs. Mable appears in the balcony and yells "Catch!" throwing down his jeans. "No, purple jeans for me" he says. Then he grabs his jeans and runs for the horses.

"Dam-it" "He just took off on my horse!"

"Well, it was the fastest one!"

"I'm getting his jeans! And taking your horse"

"No, your not-I'm getting them and I'm keeping my horse."

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So, the last thing Mable and the bath house patron saw that day was two cowboys chasing another cowboy who took off with one of the other's horse trying to keep them from making his own jeans purple. One cowboy was wearing pink scibbies and the other cowboy was wearing red scibbies chasing the other cowboy that was able to afford a 25 cent bath that day that was wearing beige colored scibbies.

The Dandy left town on a donkey with all the ammunition he'll ever need and gets black stallion in the end.