MINE, ALL MINE
or... From Ghost Town to Kaboom Town

By DENISE K. BUHR

CAST OF CHARACTERS
(In Order of Appearance)

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TIME
The late 1860s.

PLACE
The general store in Cross Town.

SET DESCRIPTION
Minimum furnishings in the general store include a counter, with a ledger book, pen and ink well, and a stool. UP CENTER there are shelves with boxes, bottles, tins, etc., while tools and large items hang from hooks or lean against the DOWN LEFT wall. Crates, barrels and other furnishings may be scattered about. A DOWNSTAGE entrance to the store is RIGHT. There is an UPSTAGE exit LEFT that leads to the storeroom.

See inside back cover for set design.
AT RISE: ESPY stands behind the counter, writing in the ledger. ANNIE SUE ENTERS LEFT from the storeroom. She carries a box of goods and restocks the shelves as she speaks.

ANNIE SUE: Morning, Espy. Didn’t see you come in. (ESPY smiles and waves, then returns to ledger.) You be sure to order more sugar, hon. Patty Cake’s sweet tooth is only getting sweeter now that she’s got a bun in the oven! (ESPY crosses to shelves and points out the last gold pan.) No, no, no! I’ve told you a hundred times! We don’t need any more gold pans. I can’t sell that last one as it is. Cross Town hasn’t seen a prospector since the big rush of ‘49. After all the miners left, there was talk of changing the town name from Cross Town to Dead End. Matter of fact, we ought to nail that last pan up on the wall as a relic of times gone by. (ESPY removes the nail can from the shelf and turns it over to show that it’s empty.) Well, then, add a bucket of nails to the order. But no gold pans! This is a general store, not an antiques boutique! (EXITS LEFT. ESPY returns to the counter and writes in her ledger. SELMA and TRILLBY ENTER RIGHT. TRILLBY carries a shovel handle and a bucket with a large rock in it and sets it on the floor by the counter.)

SELMA: Trillby, why do you continue with this foolishness? Hello, Espy. How’s the laryngitis? (ESPY shakes her head.)

TRILLBY: Hi, Espy. (To SELMA.) Because when Tom gets back from LaSalina with our hundred head of cattle, we’re going to need a way to water them. (ESPY moves UP CENTER and sweeps the floor.)

SELMA: But there’s no water where you’re digging. The divining rod says so. In fact, there’s something mighty peculiar about that spot. You saw what happened. My best divining rod split right in two.

TRILLBY: Selma Simpson, if I believed all that nonsense you spout…

SELMA: What’s in your hand?

TRILLBY: A broken shovel.

SELMA: No, this hand. (Grabs TRILLBY’S free hand and looks at her palm closely.) Oh, my. This is not good. Trillby, you must beware of a stranger about to enter your life. You have trouble coming.

SADIE’S VOICE: (From OFF RIGHT.) Sister! Sister!

TRILLBY: It sounds like you have trouble coming.

SADIE: (ENTERS RIGHT holding a tattered piece of cloth. Crosses CENTER between TRILLBY and SELMA.) Sister, just look! (Holds up cloth. ESPY moves behind group and looks over SADIE’S shoulder.)

ANNIE SUE: (ENTERS LEFT, crosses DOWN LEFT and nods to each as she greets them.) Hi, Trillby. Selma. Sadie. What’s all the noise about?
SADIE: My Sunday-go-to-meeting dress. Ruined!

SELMA: Sister, what on earth happened?

SADIE: I saw you had put the wash kettle on, so I put the clothes in. And when I went to take them out… *(Holds up the cloth again and puts her hand through a hole.)*

SELMA: That wasn’t wash water! That was a new batch of Hard Rock Rum.

ANNIE SUE: You mean that stuff you serve down at the saloon?

TRILLBY: If it does that to a piece of cloth, what’s it doing to a person’s insides?

SADIE: Sister, I do wish you’d let me take care of the brewing and stick to reading your tea leaves instead. Annie Sue, we’re going to need some material for new dresses.

ANNIE SUE: We’ll get it ordered. *(ESPY crosses behind the counter and writes in the ledger.)*

SADIE: Come on, sister. We’d better see how much we can save. *(Crosses RIGHT.)*

TRILLBY: There won’t be anything but rags.

SELMA: She doesn’t mean the clothes. She means the rum. *(Crosses to SADIE.)*

SADIE: This could have an interesting flavor. We could call it “Tatterdemalion.”

SELMA: And sell it as a French import for twice the price. *(EXITS RIGHT with SADIE.)*

ANNIE SUE: *(Moves DOWN CENTER to TRILLBY.)* How’s the digging?

TRILLBY: Not so good. I need a new shovel. *(Holds up broken handle.)*

ANNIE SUE: That’s the… *(To ESPY.)* How many is that, Espy? *(ESPY holds up three fingers.)* That’s the third one you’ve broken this month!

TRILLBY: It’s all those blasted rocks! See this? *(Hands the shovel handle to ESPY. Takes a rock out of the bucket and hands it to ANNIE SUE.)* Too bad there’s no gold in them. Well, I better get back to work. Do you have another shovel?

ANNIE SUE: *(Sets the rock on a shelf, picks up a new shovel and hands it to TRILLBY.)* This is the last one in stock. Espy, add a shovel to the order. *(Looks at TRILLBY as ESPY writes.)* Better make it two shovels. *(ESPY crosses out the previous mark and rewrites.)*

TRILLBY: No, that won’t be necessary. *(ESPY gives up and rips the page out of the ledger.)* I won’t need another one. I’m gonna strike pay dirt today. I can feel it in my bones. Thank you, Annie Sue, Espy. *(EXITS RIGHT.)*
ANNIE SUE: Now she’s beginning to sound like Selma. And she better hope she hits water instead. (To ESPY.) Add that shovel to her bill. I’ll throw this out with the rest of the kindling. (Takes shovel handle from ESPY and EXITS LEFT. ESPY begins to write in ledger, drops her pen and kneels behind counter to look for it.)

FOGGERTY: (ENTERS RIGHT and looks around store but doesn’t see ESPY still kneeling behind the counter. Crosses DOWN CENTER and speaks to nobody in particular.) So this is Cross Town. (Aside.) Looks more like a ghost town than a gold town. (ESPY stands up, unnoticed. Continues aside.) But my brother says there’s a bonanza here just waiting for someone to claim it. It’s regrettable that cowboy caught him with an ace up his sleeve. His arm will mend, though, and his bad luck is my good fortune. (ANNIE SUE ENTERS LEFT, looks at ESPY and points to FOGGERTY, questioningly. ESPY shrugs. ANNIE SUE slowly moves DOWN LEFT as FOGGERTY speaks to HIMSELF, still unaware of ESPY and ANNIE SUE.)

Now what did those directions say? (Takes a paper out of his pocket and reads.) “Fifty paces south from the general store.” This must be the place. “Turn west at the large pine. Ahead three hundred yards to the creek. Follow the north fork downstream, then the east branch one half mile. Turn north five hundred feet.”

ANNIE SUE: And you’ll be in the middle of Trillby Sterling’s cow pasture.

FOGGERTY: (Jumps and turns to ANNIE SUE.) I beg your pardon?

ANNIE SUE: If you follow those directions, you’ll end up in the middle of Trillby’s cow pasture. Right, Espy?

FOGGERTY: (Looks at ESPY, surprised.) Oh, how do you do? (ESPY smiles and curtsies.) I didn’t notice you there. (Aside.) Was the quiet girl there the whole time? I hope she didn’t hear too much.

ANNIE SUE: Of course, you could just take the path down by the Simpson Saloon and get there a lot quicker. And you wouldn’t have to wade the water or bushwhack through the tules. That is, if you really want to go to a cow pasture.

FOGGERTY: Is there anything special about this cow pasture?

ANNIE SUE: No. Except there ain’t no cows in it yet. And it ain’t fit for growing anything except cow weed. And rocks like this. (Takes the rock from the shelf.) Trillby must have forgotten it. Why do you want to know?

FOGGERTY: (Takes the rock.) Rocks like this? (Aside.) That little cheat. He didn’t want me to find that mine. (To ANNIE SUE.) Oh, my name is Humboldt Bilgewater Foggerty. I’m with the government. I’m here to check out the land in this area.

ANNIE SUE: Is there something wrong?
FOGGERTY: I’m sure I’ll find something. If there’s something wrong that is. (Aside.) And there will be! (To ANNIE SUE.) Perhaps I should see the person who owns this pasture.

ANNIE SUE: That would be Trillby Sterling. She should be there now. Just follow the path.

FOGGERTY: Shall I take this rock back to her?

ANNIE SUE: Oh, I don’t suppose she’d want it. There’s plenty more where that came from.

FOGGERTY: Oh, really? I’ll just take it anyway. Good afternoon. (EXITS RIGHT. ANNIE SUE straightens some items on the shelf. ESPY writes in her ledger. TOM ENTERS RIGHT and dusts himself off.)

ANNIE SUE: Tom! What are you doing back already?

TOM: My name’s not Tom. (Pulls his hat down and turns away from ANNIE SUE.)

ANNIE SUE: Sure it is. Tom Dickson Harris. That’s you.

TOM: My name’s not Harris. It’s Stranger. (ESPY comes out from behind the counter to look at TOM. He continues to turn away from both women.)

ANNIE SUE: You’re not a stranger. Everybody knows who you are.


ANNIE SUE: Where did this other stranger, this Foggerty, go?

TOM: He went to Trillby’s cow pasture.

ANNIE SUE: Down the path by the Simpson Saloon.

TOM: Did he say why he was going to Trillby’s cow pasture?

ANNIE SUE: To talk to Trillby.

TOM: About what?

ANNIE SUE: He didn’t say. You’re kind of nosey just like that other feller. What’s going on?
TOM: That’s what I’d like to know.

ANNIE SUE: Here comes Trillby now. You can ask her what that other man wanted.

TOM: (Hasty.) I have to check on something first. (Crosses to RIGHT EXIT. TRILLBY ENTERS RIGHT. TOM turns his back to her as she passes and then dashes OUT RIGHT.)

TRILLBY: (Marches DOWN CENTER, perturbed.) Annie Sue, do you know anything about a problem with my property?

ANNIE SUE: Never heard of such a thing.

TRILLBY: That’s what Mr. Foggerty was saying.

ANNIE SUE: Really? You already spoke with him? (Aside.) I knew that shortcut would be quicker, but that was quite fast! (To TRILLBY.) Where is Mr. Foggerty anyway?

TRILLBY: In my cow pasture. He said he had to run some tests. I can’t go back to my pasture until he says. (SADIE and SELMA ENTER RIGHT and cross DOWN CENTER between TRILLBY and ANNIE SUE. SADIE carries a basket with a rock in it.)

SADIE: Trillby, why is Tom sneaking around behind the buildings like he doesn’t want anyone to see him?

TRILLBY: Tom’s here?

ANNIE SUE: No, that ain’t Tom.

SADIE: It sure looks like Tom.

ANNIE SUE: Well, it ain’t. I talked to him. His name is Stranger.

SELMA: The stranger I warned you about, Trillby.

TRILLBY: The only stranger I know about is Mr. Foggerty.

SELMA: A second stranger? (Grabs TRILLBY’S hand.) He isn’t in your palm.

TRILLBY: No, he’s in my cow pasture.

SADIE: Who is Mr. Foggerty?

TRILLBY: He’s with the government. He says my land is no good.

SELMA: I told you that. I saw it in the stars.

TRILLBY: He saw it in the ground. He’s taking samples of rocks and soil and cow weed to run some tests.

SELMA: The rock! Sister, tell her about the rock.

SADIE: Sister and I were stirring up a batch of soap today, and we discovered a very curious thing in the bottom of the soap kettle.

ANNIE SUE: I’m afraid to ask.

SELMA: We found one of your rocks. (Tips the basket forward. EVERYONE leans in to look.)

TRILLBY: My rocks?
SELMA: From the well you're digging in the cow pasture.
TRILLBY: How did that get in your soap kettle?
ANNIE SUE: Isn't that the rock you brought up this morning? I gave it to that Foggerty fellow to return to you.
SADIE: Then he must have put it in our soap kettle.
TRILLBY: But why?
SADIE: I don't know. But look how the lye hasn't changed it at all.
SELMA: It's a sign, Trillby. A sign.
TRILLBY: Of what?
SELMA: I don't know. I'll have to see what the cards say. *(Takes tarot cards out of her pocket and shuffles through them as she EXITS RIGHT.)*
TRILLBY: I think I ought to find Mr. Foggerty and find out what's going on.
ANNIE SUE: I'll go with you. Espy, mind the store. *(Removes her apron and throws it on counter.)*
SADIE: Holler if you need me, but sister and I need to get a batch of cough medicine cooked up.
ANNIE SUE: Just don't put anything extra in it, like clothes or rocks.
SADIE: We never do. Not on purpose, at least. *(Sets the basket on the counter and EXITS RIGHT.)*
TRILLBY: I hope I can get this straightened out before Tom returns.
ANNIE SUE: Yeah, 'cause where are you gonna put a hundred cows otherwise? *(EXITS RIGHT with TRILLBY. ESPY picks up the bucket, basket and apron and EXITS LEFT.)*

TOM: *(ENTERS RIGHT and looks around. To AUDIENCE.)* Good. Everybody's gone. *(Crosses DOWN CENTER, takes off his hat and slaps his leg with it.)* Blast that Annie Sue. It's hard to find out what's going on when I gotta keep sneaking around. I've a feeling there's more in that cow pasture than Trillby or anyone else realizes. Except that Foggerty fellow. He knows what it is. And I've got a suspicion about it myself. I just need to do one little test, and I'll know for sure. Now where would a good storekeeper keep a bottle of nitric acid? *(Looks at items on the shelf and takes a clear bottle out of his pocket.)* I'll just put this bottle in its place so Annie Sue won't notice and start asking more questions. *(Switches the clear bottle for a brown bottle on the shelf and puts the brown bottle in his pocket. [See PRODUCTION NOTES.] To AUDIENCE.)* You won't say anything, will you? *(Sneaks OFF RIGHT.)*

FOGGERTY: *(ENTERS RIGHT and looks around.)* Good. Everybody's gone. *(Crosses DOWN CENTER, clasping his hands together, gleefully.)*
To AUDIENCE.) Dear Miss Trillby Sterling. If I can just keep her from finding out what’s going on until I’m done sneaking around. For once my brother knew what he was talking about. And no one else has any suspicion. I just need to do one little test, and I’ll know for sure. Now where would a silly storekeeper keep a bottle of nitric acid? (Looks over items on the shelf and takes a green bottle out of his pocket.) I’ll just put this bottle in its place so she won’t notice. (Switches the green bottle for the clear bottle on the shelf and puts the clear bottle in his pocket. To AUDIENCE.) You won’t say anything, will you? (Sneaks OFF RIGHT.)

SELMA: (ENTERS RIGHT with a pail. To AUDIENCE.) Where did everybody go? I have to talk to Trillby. On my way home I saw that stranger who looks like Tom fishing another rock out of our soap kettle. I told Trillby to beware of a stranger, and there is something mighty strange about that one.

SADIE: (ENTERS RIGHT with an empty jar.) There you are, sister. Did you get the honey for the cough syrup?

SELMA: Not yet. I have to find Trillby.

SADIE: She and Annie Sue were out looking for Mr. Foggerty.

SELMA: Maybe I’ll see her on my way to the hive.

SADIE: Please be careful, sister. (Aside.) The last time she brought home the honey, she looked like a pincushion. (SELMA EXITS RIGHT.) Espy. Espy? (ESPY ENTERS LEFT and crosses to the counter.) Oh, there you are. Espy, we need more glycerin for the cough syrup. Just put it on our account and we’ll settle up when we get it bottled. Oh, there isn’t any more on the shelf. (ESPY points LEFT.) There’s more in the storeroom? Thanks. (EXITS LEFT. ESPY writes in her ledger, drops the pen and kneels behind the counter.)

FOGGERTY: (ENTERS RIGHT and crosses DOWN CENTER. To AUDIENCE.) I knew it! I knew it! I knew it was silver. (SADIE ENTERS LEFT with a full jar and stops UPSTAGE, unnoticed by FOGGERTY.) It’s the richest silver vein since Comstock or Matchless! At least five thousand dollars a ton in silver, and gold besides! Now all I have to do is convince Miss Trillby Sterling to sign the deed to that cow pasture over to me and I’ll be rich!

SADIE: (Crosses DOWN LEFT.) You cad! You crook! How dare you cheat that poor girl out of her rightful property?! You won’t get away with this!

FOGGERTY: Where did you come from?

SADIE: From Annie Sue’s storeroom.

FOGGERTY: And you’re going right back there! (Forces SADIE LEFT with his cane.) I don’t have time to properly deal with you here. You’ll stay there until I can figure out how to get you out of the way...
permanently! *Pushes SADIE OFF LEFT. ESPY pops up from behind the counter, shocked, and frantically writes in her ledger. ANNIE SUE and TRILLBY ENTER RIGHT and cross DOWN CENTER. ESPY tears the page from the ledger and waves it at them, but they ignore her.*

**TRILLBY:** I don’t know where he could be. *(FOGGERTY ENTERS LEFT.)*

**ANNIE SUE:** I hope this long time doing those tests doesn’t mean bad news.

**FOGGERTY:** I’m afraid it’s not good. *(Steps between TRILLBY and ANNIE SUE.)* Miss Sterling, I must have your word of honor that you will not try to sell your cow pasture. *(ESPY looks confused.)*

**TRILLBY:** I don’t want to sell my cow pasture.

**FOGGERTY:** I know. And that’s good because I really could not let you do that. *(ESPY sits on the stool to listen.)*

**TRILLBY:** Do what?

**FOGGERTY:** Sell your cow pasture. *(ESPY crumbles the note and throws it over her shoulder.)*

**TRILLBY:** But I’m not.

**FOGGERTY:** I know. And that’s good because if you did, you’d have to be arrested.

**TRILLBY:** For what?

**FOGGERTY:** Selling your cow pasture.

**TRILLBY:** But I’m not.

**FOGGERTY:** I know. And that’s good because the judge would have to find you guilty.

**TRILLBY:** Of what?

**FOGGERTY:** Selling your cow pasture.

**TRILLBY:** *(Frustrated.)* But I’m not!

**FOGGERTY:** I know. And that’s—

**TRILLBY:** I know. That’s good. Why would I go to jail if I sold my cow pasture?

**FOGGERTY:** Didn’t I tell you? Oh. Well, as you know, that land is no good for farming because nothing will grow there but cow weed. But let me tell you about that cow weed. It’s deadly. Oh, not to people. Not right away. But there’s a mineral in the ground in that pasture that makes that cow weed poisonous to cattle. A cow nibbles on it. And then… *(Clutches throat.)* You get the picture. If you tried to sell that land as cow pasture to some poor trusting soul, why he’d have a hurtful herd of heifers, and you’d have a lot of explaining to do.

**TRILLBY:** But Tom and I were going to raise cattle on that land.
FOGGERTY: Oh, no. You can’t do that. Even if the cattle were to survive, you wouldn’t. You’d dress a steer, cut up some steaks, fry them with onion and make pan gravy. Cook potatoes, succotash, stewed tomatoes and beans on the side with cornbread and wild plum jelly and vinegar pie for dessert, and wash it down with lots of hot coffee. Two hours later somebody would be dressing you… for your funeral.

TRILLBY: (Aside.) If I ate all that, it would be the death of me!

ANNIE SUE: If you ate all that, you’d be too fat to fit into any dress. We’d have to bury you in a barrel.

FOGGERTY: Anyway, you can’t raise cattle there. You can’t even raise a barn there. The government is taking over that land. And I’m with the government.

TRILLBY: What am I going to do? Annie Sue, what should I do?

FOGGERTY: The way I see it, you have two choices. (Crosses DOWN RIGHT.) You can give me the deed to the pasture now. (Closes to LEFT.) Or you can refuse and I will come back with a court order and take it from you. (Steps between TRILLBY and ANNIE SUE.) Because the government won’t lose.

TRILLBY: Give me a minute to think about this.

FOGGERTY: (Looks at his pocket watch.) I’ll give you fifteen minutes.

TRILLBY: If only Tom were here. I’m going to walk down to the pasture for, perhaps, one last look. (EXITS RIGHT.)

ANNIE SUE: It don’t seem right to just take away a person’s land without giving them something.

FOGGERTY: I’m not so hard-hearted as that. (Takes a coin out of his pocket and shows it to ANNIE SUE and AUDIENCE.) I have a ten dollar gold piece here. I’ll buy Miss Sterling’s land for that, just to show what a good guy I am. (Aside.) Of course, I’ll be rolling in gold pieces once I get my hands on that land!

SELMA: (ENTERS RIGHT and crosses CENTER between FOGGERTY and ANNIE SUE.) Where’s Sadie?

ANNIE SUE: Haven’t seen her.

SELMA: She came down to get more glycerin. She must have gotten tied up. (ESPY nods wildly.) I’ll get it.

ANNIE SUE: It’s on the bottom shelf.

SELMA: (Crosses to the shelf.) It’s not there.

ANNIE SUE: There’s some in the storeroom. I’ll get it. (Crosses UP LEFT.)

FOGGERTY: (Steps toward ANNIE SUE.) No!

SELMA: I can get it. (Steps UP LEFT.)

FOGGERTY: No! (Sweetly,) Annie Sue, go find Miss Sterling, I need her answer right away.
ANNIE SUE: All right. (EXITS RIGHT.)

SELMA: I’d better get that glycerin. Some things, if you want them taken care of, you have to take care of them yourself. (EXITS LEFT.)

FOGGERTY: (Brandishes cane toward the storeroom.) And I’ll take care of you. (EXITS LEFT. ESPIE tiptoes toward the RIGHT EXIT. FOGGERTY ENTERS LEFT.) And you, quiet girl! You stay behind the counter and keep quiet! (Crosses RIGHT and forces ESPIE behind the counter.)

ANNIE SUE: (ENTERS RIGHT.) Trilby’s on her way. I seen her coming up the path. (Looks around.) Where’s Selma? (ESPIE points LEFT.)

FOGGERTY: (Steps in front of ESPIE.) She left. (Points RIGHT.)

ANNIE SUE: I didn’t see her.

FOGGERTY: She must have gone a different way. (Crosses his arms to point in both directions.)

ANNIE SUE: Did she find the glycerin?

FOGGERTY: I’m sure she did.

ANNIE SUE: I better check on the supply. I’ll bet the storeroom is getting empty. (EXITS LEFT.)

FOGGERTY: (To AUDIENCE.) Actually, it’s getting quite full. (EXITS LEFT. ESPIE tiptoes toward RIGHT EXIT. FOGGERTY ENTERS LEFT, crosses RIGHT and forces ESPIE behind the counter. TRILLBY ENTERS RIGHT carrying a folded piece of paper.)

FOGGERTY: Miss Sterling. Have you made a decision?

TRILLBY: Yes. Here’s the deed to the pasture.

FOGGERTY: Fine. (Leans his cane on the counter, takes the deed from TRILLBY, lays it open on the counter and hands ESPIE’S pen to TRILLBY.) If you will just sign it on the bottom there. (ESPIE tries to get TRILLBY’S attention. TRILLBY waves her off, starts to write and stops.) I don’t know what I’m going to tell Tom. What did you say the name of that mineral was?

FOGGERTY: Uh, actually I didn’t. (Moves LEFT, stalls.) It’s very technical. You wouldn’t understand.

TRILLBY: But Tom would. (Moves toward FOGGERTY.) He knows all about rocks and minerals. He told everybody those yellow flecks were just fool’s gold, but they fooled everybody anyway.
FOGGERTY: I’ll send him an official report later. (Takes TRILLBY’S arm and walks her back to the counter.) Miss Sterling, please sign the deed.

TRILLBY: I am. (SOUND EFFECT: POUNDING NOISE OFF LEFT.) What was that noise?

FOGGERTY: I didn’t hear anything. Not even the scratching of pen on paper, Miss Sterling. Sign the deed.

TRILLBY: I am. (SOUND EFFECT: ANOTHER POUNDING NOISE OFF LEFT.) There it is again. It sounds like someone chopping down a door.

FOGGERTY: It’s nothing.

TRILLBY: Oh, it’s something. We just don’t know what yet.

FOGGERTY: Miss Sterling, sign the deed now!

TRILLBY: I am. (ANNIE SUE, SADIE and SELMA rush ON LEFT. ANNIE SUE goes behind the counter and takes the pen from TRILLBY. SADIE still carries the jar. FOGGERTY moves FAR LEFT.)

ANNIE SUE: Don’t do it, Trillby!

SADIE: Got you now, you crook!

SELMA: I should have seen this coming.

FOGGERTY: How did you get out?

ANNIE SUE: Espy, remind me to order a new door for the storeroom. We’ll have plenty of kindling next winter.

FOGGERTY: (Grabs the jar from SADIE.) I’ll take that. (Reaches in his coat and takes out the clear bottle. He pours it into the jar.)

SADIE: (Takes the jar.) Give me back my glycerin.

FOGGERTY: Don’t anybody else move. Or your whole store will be nothing but kindling.

ANNIE SUE: What are you talking about?

FOGGERTY: What do you get when you mix nitric acid (Holds up the bottle.) and glycerin? (Points to the jar in SADIE’S hand. EVERYONE scratches their heads and looks at one another in confusion.)

ANNIE SUE: (Suddenly horrified.) Nitroglycerin! (EVERYONE cowes.)

FOGGERTY: Correct. And a very big boom. (To TRILLBY.) And if you don’t give me the deed to your ranch, I’ll blow y’all to bits! (Aside.) Talk about a boom town… more like kaboom town!

TRILLBY: (Grabs the deed and protects it.) What is going on?

SADIE: I heard him, Trillby.

SELMA: Your cow pasture is your fortune.

ANNIE SUE: Those rocks you’ve been digging out are filled with silver!

TRILLBY: Silver? Is that true?
FOGGERTY: Of course. But that doesn’t concern you anymore. (SOUND EFFECT: HORSE RUNNING OFF RIGHT.)

TOM’S VOICE: (From OFF RIGHT.) Whoa!

TOM: (ENTERS RIGHT and crosses DOWN CENTER.) Howdy, folks.

FOGGERTY: Stay back or it’ll be curtains for all of you.

TOM: No, thanks. I prefer shutters myself. But I will take this. (Takes the jar from SADIE and drinks. Burps. EVERYONE ducks waiting for an explosion. TOM sets the jar on the counter.)

TRILLBY: Tom?!

ANNIE SUE: That’s not Tom.

TRILLBY: Yes, it is. I ought to know.

ANNIE SUE: No, it’s not. He’s a stranger.

TRILLBY: How can you say that about someone you’ve known for years?

ANNIE SUE: He just looks like Tom. (To TOM.) Tell her.

TOM: (Removes hat.) I’m Tom.

ANNIE SUE: What?

SADIE: I hate to break up this touching reunion. But, Tom, do you know what you just drank?

TOM: My throat’s been kind of scratchy lately. Eating all that cow dust. You always said glycerin (Points to the jar.) and water (Points to the bottle in FOGGERTY’s hand.) was good for a sore throat.

FOGGERTY: Water?

TOM: Yeah, that’s the bottle of water I substituted for the nitric acid I borrowed to test those rocks Trillby dug out of the well. Silver, just like you said, and lots of it.

FOGGERTY: Rats! (Sets the bottle on a shelf.)

SELMA: Why have you been sneaking around here in disguise?

ANNIE SUE: And telling me you were somebody else? I almost believed you.

TOM: I heard this fellow down in LaSalina asking the way to Cross Town. I didn’t like his looks or his manner much so I followed him.

TRILLBY: But he’s with the government.

TOM: Shoot. He’s with the government just like I’m a stranger around here. Anyway, I thought he wouldn’t be so careful about his trickery if he didn’t know who I was. I would have been here sooner, but I was down at the land agent’s office filing a mining claim for us, Trillby.

FOGGERTY: Curses! (Runs UP RIGHT, but ESPY cuts him off. Runs UP LEFT, but ANNIE SUE cuts him off. Runs DOWN LEFT, but SADIE and
SELMA cut him off. Runs toward RIGHT EXIT, but TOM cuts him off. The fight goes out of him and TOM grabs him.

TOM: We'd better get this scoundrel locked up until the marshal comes. Annie Sue?

ANNIE SUE: My storeroom's not too secure right now.

SADIE: We've got a good, stout door on the wine cellar at the saloon.

SELMA: And I don't need a crystal ball to tell your future, mister. It's bad luck from here on out. And in your case, I can accurately predict, the government won't lose.

SADIE: We'll just take him along.

FOGGERTY: Curses! Foiled again! (SADIE and SELMA EXIT RIGHT with FOGGERTY. TRILLBY and TOM move DOWN CENTER.)

TRILLBY: Tom. Is it true? A silver mine?

TOM: Our own jackpot in the ground. Annie Sue, we're gonna need a mess of mining equipment.

ANNIE SUE: You just let me know what you want.

TOM: What I want right now is to take a stroll down to the pasture with someone more precious than any amount of silver. Trillby? (Offers his arm.)

TRILLBY: Oh, Tom. (Takes his arm. They EXIT RIGHT.)

ANNIE SUE: (Moves CENTER.) I just love a happy ending.

ESPY: (Picks up the jar from the counter and takes a drink.) Me too! (ANNIE SUE looks at her in surprise. ESPY raises the jar up. They EXIT LEFT. CURTAIN.)

END OF PLAY
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES
ONSTAGE: Stool, counter, ledger book, pen, ink well, gold pan, empty can, broom, shovel, brown bottle filled with liquid*.

BROUGHT ON:
Box of miscellaneous goods (ANNIE SUE)
Broken shovel handle, bucket with a large rock inside, deed (TRILLBY)
Tattered piece of cloth, basket with a large rock inside, empty jar, full jar (SADIE)
Paper with directions to the pasture, green bottle filled with liquid*, gold coin (FOGGERTY)
Tarot cards, pail (SELMA)
Clear bottle filled with liquid* (TOM)

* The three bottles in this play should look similar in size and shape, but differ in color, though the colors themselves don’t actually matter. Alternatively, they can all be similar in color but differ in shape, as long as the audience (and Tom!) can see the differences.

COSTUMES
ANNIE SUE wears a long, light-colored dress or skirt and blouse, and an apron.
ESPY wears a long, dark skirt, white blouse and an apron.
TRILLBY wears a calf-length denim skirt, work blouse, boots, straw hat or bandanna.
SELMA wears a long, bright dress or skirt with pockets, bright blouse, several flamboyant scarves, several bracelets, rings, earrings and necklaces.
SADIE wears a long, bright dress or skirt and blouse, and an apron.
FOGGERTY wears a dark suit and vest with a pocket watch, white shirt, tie, spats and black hat. He carries a cane.
TOM wears dusty jeans, dusty flannel or plaid shirt, cowboy hat, boots.

LIGHTING AND SOUND
No special lighting effects. The pounding noise from the storeroom can easily be made by pounding on a piece of wood with a hammer. The horse running can be a pre-recorded sound effect or made simply with wood blocks.
Mine, All Mine - Set Design

- Stage Left
  - Tools
  - Exit to Store Room

- Upstage
  - Shelves
  - Exit to Street

- Stage Right
  - Counter

- Downstage
  - Forestage

- Audience

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