# HOW THE WEST WAS DUN

or… Left High and Dry in Low Humidity Chasm

By CHRISTOPHER GIESCHEN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

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<td>45 Runs saloon; helps Bo as Bo doesn’t always know</td>
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SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

TIME: The 1880s.
PLACE: Low Humidity Chasm, the old wild West.

ACT ONE
Scene One: At his bank, Rich Coldheart calls the mortgage on poor Widow Cracker and her girls, and demands Polly's hand in marriage.
Scene Two: The Crackers take solace at the Sarsaparilla Saloon.
Scene Three: At the bank, a swindler gets swindled.
Scene Four: The robbers escape to their hideout, where the long arm of the law soon catches up to them.
Scene Five: A census is taken at the bank, and a new villain joins the others in the town jail.
Scene Six: At the Sarsaparilla Saloon, Sal comes up with a plan to save Polly. Meanwhile, the varmints break out of jail.
Scene Seven: At the villains' hideout later that day, the jail-breakin' varmints come up with a plan.

Scene One: Hot on the trail of the varmints, Sheriff Wayne John and the boys make camp for the night. In the morning, they see the varmints are headed back to town!

ACT TWO
Scene One: Hot on the trail of the varmints, Sheriff Wayne John and the boys make camp for the night. In the morning, they see the varmints are headed back to town!
Scene Two: Hot-footin' it back to town, the lawmen find the villains picketing in front of the Sarsaparilla Saloon, on strike.
Scene Three: Later that day, out-of-towners arrive on the stagecoach at the Sarsaparilla Saloon.
Scene Four: At the bank, the dreaded wedding takes place. But dreaded by whom?
Scene Five: Two weeks later, the forgotten villains have cabin fever in their hideout.
Scene Six: Eavesdropping on the sheriff at the Sarsaparilla Saloon, the villains discover their strike is a failure, and they come up with a new plan: kidnapping.

For preview only
Scene Seven: The villains do the deed and take their kidnappee to their hideout, but who's the victim here?
Scene Eight: At the Sarsaparilla Saloon, a plan of inaction is devised to deal with the kidnapping.
Scene Nine: The plan works. At their hideout, the villains are driven mad by their kidnappee, and resolve to turn themselves in.
Scene Ten: At the Sarsaparilla Saloon, the law-abiding citizens receive the newly reformed criminals with a creative plan for their future. Justice has been served, and tranquility restored.

SETTING

The town of Low Humidity Chasm is set up with area staging. Stage right are the saloon and hotel. A table and chairs are set up in the saloon, RIGHT, and a bar, which also serves as the hotel registration desk, is RIGHT CENTER. There is an exit STAGE RIGHT out to the street, and one UP CENTER leading to the hotel rooms. STAGE LEFT is the bank and telegraph office. A small desk with a chair behind it sits LEFT CENTER; a sign hanging above it identifies it as the telegraph office, and a telegraph machine and paper sit on the desk. Further LEFT is the bank teller window. An exit STAGE LEFT leads to the street. Far DOWN RIGHT, a rickety table and chairs are set up for the villains’ hideout, in an abandoned hotel. The NARRATOR uses the FORESTAGE area, and later the sheriff’s camp will be set up DOWN LEFT.
HOW THE WEST WAS DUN

ACT ONE
Scene One

LIGHTS UP: While the CURTAIN remains CLOSED, the NARRATOR ENTERS DOWN LEFT and crosses to CENTER of FORESTAGE.

NARRATOR: Hello, everyone! Today we shall present a rip-snortin' tale of the ol' West. You want cowboys? We have them. You want to boo the villains? We have a passel of them, too! You want to cheer our hero? No problem! We have a beautiful heroine, too! Now the ol' West was very different from today. There were no malls, no video or computer games, no TV, radio, or even cars. Our idea of fast food was jack rabbit stew or road-runner fricassee. The town's name is Low Humidity Chasm. (Pause.) Hey, what do you want? We got sick and tired of Dry Gulch. The town setup is mighty simple. Over here is our... (Louder.) Over here is our... (To AUDIENCE.) Excuse me. (Crosses RIGHT and yells BACKSTAGE.) Charlie! I said your cue line, “Over here is our...” Now open the curtain! (CURTAIN OPENS as LIGHTS COME UP. [If no curtain, simply bring up lights.]) Thank you. (To AUDIENCE.) As I was saying, over here we have our... (CURTAIN begins to CLOSE. [Or LIGHTS DIM.]) Wait a minute, Charlie! Open the curtain! (CURTAIN OPENS. Yells BACKSTAGE.) Now, when I said, “Over here is our” the first time, the curtain should have been opened. Finally I got you to open the curtain. Then I begin my speech again and happen to say those words, “Over here is our,” and what do you do? (CURTAIN begins to CLOSE. To AUDIENCE.) Pardon me, folks. I have to clear this up once and for all. (NARRATOR EXITS DOWN RIGHT. There is silence for a few seconds followed by SOUND EFFECTS of scuffle. This can be made even funnier with silly sound effects such as pots, pans, explosions, etc. CURTAIN then OPENS slowly. NARRATOR ENTERS DOWN RIGHT to proper setting.) Now, where was I? Oh, yes. The town setup is laid out in this way. (Gestures STAGE RIGHT.) Over here you can see the saloon and hotel. The bar of the saloon is also the hotel registration desk. This establishment is run by Bo Best. Of course he likes to think his hotel is the best in the West. To help him run things in the saloon is Sarsaparilla Sal. She's a tough lady with a heart of gold. (Gestures STAGE LEFT.) On this side of town is the bank. It also doubles as the telegraph office. Richard Coldheart owns and operates both of them.
Every time someone tells a joke about Mr. Richard Coldheart, the other says, “Oh, that’s rich.” Now to begin. (Pauses to set the mood.) Out west times were wild and wooly. No place for a sissy, panty-waisted, greenhorn here! It was a time when men were men and women were scarcely around.

BOB: (ENTERS DOWN RIGHT. To NARRATOR.) That’s bull!

NARRATOR: (Shocked.) See here, now! You stop that kind of talk or I’ll wash your mouth out with soap!

BOB: Why in thunder would you want to be doin’ that? Some fool greenhorn city-slicker thought it’d be a thrill to milk a cow.

NARRATOR: So? That still doesn’t explain why you—

BOB: (Interrupts.) Why, you yip-yappin’ jaw flapper! If you were a goat, you’d be a good one ‘cause you’re always buttin’ in.

NARRATOR: Well...

BOB: I’m not finished yet. Well, this feller wanted to milk what he thought was a cow. It turned out to be a Texas longhorn bull. An’ I was just tellin’ him what he was about to milk... if you don’t mind.

NARRATOR: Of course I don’t mind. But we do have a play to run. The audience is waiting.

BOB: Audience? What audience? Where? (Looks around.)

NARRATOR: (Points.) Out there. Look!

BOB: (Goes to stage edge, shades eyes with hand and scans the auditorium.) Great horny toads! (Jumps back.) There’s people all over the place. Lots of them!

NARRATOR: Just go tell the others we’re ready.

BOB: (Nods. Crosses to STAGE LEFT.) Hey, ever’body! Git ready, cuz we’re ready! Yaaaaahoo! (EXITS DOWN LEFT.)

NARRATOR: (Winces. Embarrassed, turns to AUDIENCE.) Yes, well, let’s begin “How the West Was Dun.” (EXITS DOWN RIGHT. RICH COLDHEART ENTERS UP LEFT and stands behind teller window. A moment later WIDOW and POLLY ENTER UP LEFT and walk over to teller window.)

WIDOW: Mr. Coldheart, I got your message yesterday. I came first thing this mornin’. The rent on our place isn’t due for another month of Sundays yet. What’s the rush?
RICH: The bank out east, which authorized your loan, has changed policies. Your mortgage balance is due very soon.

WIDOW: *Taken aback.* Why, I can hardly make the semi-yearly payments now! That can’t be right.

POLLY: Wait a minute, Ma. Maybe we can make the payments smaller, but we just pay it more often. We might be able to swing it, if that’s the case.

WIDOW: Is that the way it is, Mr. Coldheart?

RICH: *Walks around to the front of window.* Widow Cracker, that is a mighty sharp daughter you have there. She is also a mighty pretty one, if I might add. *Attempts to kiss POLLY’S hand, but she pulls it away.* Ah, yes. What she states is true for conventional loans.

WIDOW: Well, that’s a relief. So how much are our payments each month goin’ to be?

RICH: *Pulls out lengthy contract papers from behind teller window.* Well, let’s see here. *Squints and pulls out an oversize magnifying glass from pocket.* I don’t believe this to be a conventional loan agreement. Um... ah... here we are! *Reads.* “The party of the first part shall here forthwith remit to the party of the second part the accrued summation of capital.”

WIDOW: *To POLLY.* Polly, what’s he sayin’?

POLLY: *To WIDOW.* Don’t know, Ma. That legal gobbledy-gook has got me horns-woggled. *To RICH.* Mr. Coldheart, just what does that say? You mind talking English?

RICH: I was doing so. Dear me! Don’t tell me that you cannot understand a simple contract which your father signed?

WIDOW: He never signed any such thing in his life!

RICH: You are certain of this? Let us examine this legally binding document further. *Looks toward end of it.* Why, bless my soul! Down here, at the bottom, is the signature of your late husband. When he passed on, you became responsible for all his debts and obligations.

WIDOW: Let me see that. *Takes contract.* Oh, Lordy! *Looks skyward.* Howard, oh, Howard. How could you do this to us?

POLLY: What's going on, Ma?
WIDOW: Your daddy was a good man, Polly. He never gambled, drank, or ran wild with the boys all our married life. His only fault though, was that he trusted everybody. He thought that all people were basically good. (Glare at Rich.) But he was wrong.

POLLY: And you think he was fooled into signing that contract?

RICH: (Takes back contract.) I think we must let the contract speak for itself. I remember reading this part right here. Ahem! You will find this section most illuminating. (Reads.) "If the party of the first part..." (To Polly and Widow.) —that was Mr. Cracker— (Reads on.) "...fails to find any value for his property above and beyond subsistence level by the time the mortgage is due, then said property shall be surrendered to the party of the second part." (To Polly and Widow.) That is the bank.

WIDOW: Which means you, you skunk!

RICH: Ah, but there is more. (Reads more.) "In lieu of said property, the party of the second part may, at its discretion, accept substitute collateral as equitable satisfaction of the lien." (To Widow.) And that, my dear widow, is where your daughter comes in.

POLLY: You don't mean...

RICH: Not me, my dear, but the contract. It further stipulates. (Back to contract.) "Substitute collateral shall be construed to be a daughter of the party of the first part, who is of marriageable age." Miss Cracker, you are indeed of marrying age. (Again tries to take Polly's hand.)

WIDOW: (Steps between Polly and Rich.) Over my dead body, you snake in the grass!

RICH: (Examines contract.) No, Mrs. Cracker. The contract does not say that you have to die first.

POLLY: This is the blackest day of my life, Ma. If only someone could help us! (Sheriff Wayne John and Deputy Dudley enter up left. Sheriff strikes a manly pose with a million-dollar smile. Deputy strikes the same pose in a comical fashion. To Sheriff.) Oh, Sheriff. You arrived just in time.

SHERIFF: Why, of course, Miss Cracker. (Tips his hat.) It's the code of the West. The good guy always arrives in time, every time.
DEPUTY: Sometimes even in the nick of time. Like the time I was shavin' and nicked up my face pretty good. Ol' Deputy Dudley Doowrong looked a sight.

SHERIFF: Dudley, give it a rest. Okay? Anyways, how can we be of help to you ladies?

WIDOW: (Points to RICH.) It's this rascally scalawag! I want him arrested!

RICH: Me?

SHERIFF: That's somethin' I have the power to do. But what's the charge?

DEPUTY: That's right, Widow Cracker. We can't just go lockin' up someone every time another person gets their underwear into a knot. You remember the town meetin' last July? Why, half the town'd been locked up in the jail. We'd a' had to build more—

SHERIFF: (Interrupts.) Dudley! Let me handle this. You can be a big help if you just go to the door and keep an eye on things from there.

DEPUTY: Okee-dokee! (Crosses to door UP LEFT.)

SHERIFF: Now, what's all this ruckus about?

WIDOW: It's that supposed contract Coldheart showed me. Either I come up with the balance due on our home or...

(Begins to cry.)

POLLY: Or I become his wife!

SHERIFF: I never heard of such a contract in all my born days. (Crosses to RICH and squares off against him.) What in tarnation you up to now, Richard?

RICH: (Backs away.) Now, now, Sheriff John. Don't get yourself all in a lather over what is legal and signed. Here, see for yourself. (Hands SHERIFF contract.)

SHERIFF: (Looks at contract. Shakes head. To WIDOW.) Sorry, Widow Cracker. As far as I can tell, there is nothin' I can do about this. But as for you, Rich, I'm still lookin' into your role in the Comstock Mine fiasco.

RICH: Look all you want. I have nothing to hide. I have done nothing wrong.
SHERIFF: Except to take a few thousand dollars out of hard-workin' people's pockets.

RICH: They were warned of the risks involved. If they couldn't afford to lose their money, they shouldn't have invested it.

SHERIFF: Just remember, I'm not finished with you yet.

BOB: (ENTERS UP LEFT, bowling over DEPUTY. Shouts.) Sheriff! Sheriff! (Looks down at DEPUTY.) Where's Sheriff Wayne John? (DEPUTY points.) Thanks a heap! (Crosses to SHERIFF.) Sheriff, come quick! There's some mighty suspicious-lookin' galoots 'round these here parts.

SHERIFF: What were they doin' and where'd you see them?

BOB: Well, they was lollygaggin' about over by the Old Smitty Creek Inn.

DEPUTY: The Old Smitty Creek Inn? (Rises and crosses to them.) Why, that old shack has been abandoned these last twelve years. Hardly nobody goes up there no more.

BOB: An' they was real ornery lookin'. Hadn't shaved in weeks. Looked real dirty, too.

SHERIFF: Kind of like you, Bob Skratchit.

BOB: Yeah, kind of like me. Hey! Now just a minute here!

DEPUTY: Yessiree, Bob. Cowboy Bob! (Laughs and slaps BOB'S back.) He done got'cha that time!

SHERIFF: Thanks for the tip, pardner. I'll check 'er out this afternoon. (To POLLY and WIDOW.) Deputy Doowrong will see you two ladies safely out. I'm headin' back to the office. Bob, you come with me so we can plan out just what to do. (ALL but RICH EXIT UP LEFT.)

RICH: (To AUDIENCE.) Those fools! Who do they think they are that they can match wits with me? Sheriff Wayne John has been looking into the Comstock Mine issue for almost a year and still hasn't found anything. Any records were burned months ago. It's old news. My new scheme is even better. It began just a week ago when a telegram came into the station here for the mayor of our town. Seeing as I run the telegraph machine, I read the message as I wrote it down. It said that the Rocky Mountain Railroad Company was planning to run a track just outside of town to connect up with another line of
their in Abeline. According to the directions given, that rail
track will pass through Widow Cracker’s property. Now for the
good part! My friends out East work at the First National Bank
where I send all the legal deeds of our town. They fixed up
Widow Cracker’s mortgage to make it come due this month.
She will never be able to pay up. I get to marry that radiant
maiden, Polly Cracker. As her husband, I will control the rights
to the Cracker property. I’ll sell off what the railroad wants at
a profitable price. Then I will build a restaurant and hotel right
near the track for all those travelers that come through. Oh,
my mind spins with possibilities! Richard Coldheart, you are
one clever man! They don’t call you “rich” for nothing. (Laughs.
He EXITS UP LEFT as LIGHTS DIM on bank.)

End of Scene One

Scene Two

LIGHTS UP: On Sarsaparilla Saloon. BO BEST is at bar stirring
pitcher of lemonade. NARRATOR ENTERS DOWN RIGHT.

NARRATOR: Later, that same day, things are stirring at the
hotel saloon. (EXITS DOWN RIGHT.)

BO: What a great day! I can feel that it just might be the best
day ever. Something will happen today, you mark my words.

SAL: (ENTERS UP CENTER. Takes rag out of pocket and wipes
down table.) Yo, Bo.

BO: Great day in the morning, Sal!

SAL: Must you be so blasted happy all the time?

BO: How can you be so down all the time? Attitude effects
aptitude, I always say. My attitude says that it’ll be a great day.

SAL: (Stops wiping.) It will not! It’ll be hot and dusty and no one
will want rooms or food and we’ll go broke. It’s going to be a
terrible day. (Puts rag back in pocket.)

BO: (Works on receipts with hand crank adding machine.) You
should be more positive.

SAL: Okay, I’ll do it your way. I’m positive it’ll be a terrible day.
There, you happy now? Wait, that’s a dumb question.

PRUNELLA: (ENTERS UP RIGHT.) Morning, everybody.
BO: Hi, Prunella. What'll it be today?

PRUNELLA: *(Sits at table.*) Just a cup of coffee and a roll. Ma told me to meet her here after she's done at the bank.

SAL: Why'd she have to go to the bank? Isn't her payment not due for at least another month?

PRUNELLA: She got a note from Richar—uh, I mean Mr. Coldheart—saying to meet with him today.

SAL: I'd rather meet up with a rattlesnake than with ol' Rich Coldheart. Your poor ma. *(Gets order from back of bar.)*

BO: Now, Sal. Let's not go jumping to conclusions. Put the best construction on things, I always say.

SAL: You would put the best construction on anythin', wouldn't you?

PRUNELLA: *(Mushy.*) I wish I could have gone with Ma and met Mr. Coldheart. He's so wonderful. *(SAL, in shock, nearly drops the coffee and roll on the table in front of PRUNELLA.)*

BO: See now, Sal, how easy it is to look on the bright side? So, Prunella, as most folks in town can't stand Mr. Coldheart, how is it you find him so likeable?

SAL: Maybe because he's handsome?

PRUNELLA: Nope.

BO: How about on account a' him being a prominent member of our town?

PRUNELLA: *(Enjoying the game.*) Uh-uh. Try again.

SAL: You really like telegraph operators?

PRUNELLA: Wrong again. But you are sure getting close.

BO: He's the banker?

PRUNELLA: Well, it's about time you got it. Because he's so rich!

SAL: Honey, money ain't everythin'.

PRUNELLA: I know money can't buy love. That's why, before I pass on, I plan on spending it all.

SAL: I don't want to rain on your parade, but suppose he won't let you do that?
PRUNELLA: (Makes a fist.) I think he and I will come to some sort of an agreement.

SAL: But you still got to get hitched first. And you really can’t force a man to marry you. (WIDOW and POLLY ENTER UP RIGHT in distress.)

POLLY: Oh, woe is me!

WIDOW: Oh, woe is us!

PRUNELLA: What happened?

WIDOW: (As she and POLLY join PRUNELLA at the table.) To make a long contract signed by your daddy short, I either come up with the rest of the mortgage balance soon or Polly has to marry a weasel, Richard Coldheart.

POLLY: What am I to do? I wouldn’t marry him even if he were the last man on earth!

PRUNELLA: (Aside.) Drat! How come she gets all the luck?

WIDOW: What a terrible day this has been!

SAL: Ha! See there, Bo. I told you it was goin’ to be a terrible day.

BO: Not to worry. It’s always darkest before the dawn. Things always work out for the best.

POLLY: Why can’t they work out that way for me?

PRUNELLA: Or me?

SNYDLEY: (ENTERS UP RIGHT with BELLE STARR. They are carrying bags.) Excuse us, but would any of you be the proprietor of this establishment?

BO: (Crosses quickly behind bar.) Oh, yes, sir. May I be of service?

SNYDLEY: My companion and I have just finished a lengthy excursion and desire lodging for the night. We are hoping a vacancy exists.

BO: Welcome to the Best Hotel of the West. I’m Bo Best, owner and manager. If you will just sign the guest register, please. (Hands SNYDLEY pen and opens registry book. SNYDLEY signs and puts pen down.) Thank you. That will be five dollars for each room in advance. (SNYDLEY takes out money and pays.) Thank you, sir.

BELLE: (To SNYDLEY.) My, my. Such a shrewd businessman.
Paying in advance prevents cheapskates from checking out early down the back steps. I admire a man with intellect.

SNYDLEY: *(To BELLE.)* Yes, my dear. That is why you found me so attractive. *(To BO.)* If you would lead the way, we would prefer to get settled into our accommodations before we stroll about the town.

BO: *(Points UP CENTER.)* Just head on over through that door, and I’ll be along shortly.

SAL: *(SNYDLEY and BELLE EXIT UP CENTER.)* I don’t know about those two. Anyone who talks like Mr. Coldheart makes me suspicious. I wonder who they really are.

BO: *(Bites coin.)* Their money checks out okay. *(SHERIFF and DEPUTY ENTER UP RIGHT.)* As long as people pay their bills with good money and don’t damage the rooms, I don’t really care. Who they really are is none of my business.

SHERIFF: Since there’s some suspicious characters in the area, I’ll make it my business. *(Looks at book.)* Hmmm... Snidley Dastardley and Belle Starr. I better head back to the office and check up on those two. Their names ring a bell.

DEPUTY: Yeah, like the Avon gang.

SHERIFF: *(Swats DEPUTY with hat.)* Don’t be such a ding-dong. Now just skedaddle over to the bank and keep an eye on Richard for me. *(DEPUTY beats a hasty EXIT UP RIGHT.)*

POLLY: *(Rises and crosses to SHERIFF.)* I want to thank you kindly for your help today in Mr. Coldheart’s office. It meant a lot to me and my ma.

SHERIFF: Shucks, I didn’t do much.

POLLY: True, but you tried, and I know that if anyone can get that no-good crook Mr. Coldheart, it’s you.

SHERIFF: Just doin’ my job, Miss Cracker.

POLLY: Thanks just the same. And please call me Polly.

SHERIFF: *(Tips hat.)* Good day, Polly. Take care now. *(EXITS UP RIGHT.)*

POLLY: *(Aside. Romantic sigh.)* Finally, a bright spot in my day.

SAL: I say we gather ‘round and see how we can plan a way for you to keep your land out of Coldheart’s clutches. *(BO is still
working register or adding machine.) Bo, you goin' to help or not?

BO: I'll give you my best. (ALL sit around a table. LIGHTS DIM on saloon.)

End Of Scene Two

Scene Three

LIGHTS UP: NARRATOR ENTERS DOWN LEFT.

NARRATOR: Meanwhile, back at the bank, trouble is about to unfold. Richard Coldheart is about to find out just how good it is to have a sheriff around. (LIGHTS UP on bank as NARRATOR EXITS DOWN LEFT.)

RICH: (Counting money at teller window.) Seven thousand, eight thousand, nine thousand, ten thousand! Oh, I just love counting currency! Especially when it is mine! Those people are just so imbecilic! How else can one explain how I get it from them using my oh-so-clever ways. They just are not smart enough to know what to do with money. There are investment opportunities galore! Stocks, bonds, not to mention illegal shenanigans of the highest.

S. KID: (ENTERS UP LEFT with CALAMITY JAN. He is wearing a black hat and carrying a white hat. In a tough manner.) Hey, is this the bank?

RICH: Yes, it is. May I help you in some way?

CALAMITY JAN: In case you haven't noticed, we want to make a withdrawal.

RICH: That is not possible. No song and dance routine gets you money. The problem is that neither of you have an authorized account here.

S. KID: (Draws gun.) How's this for an authorized account?

RICH: (Looks afraid momentarily, but then gets idea.) I am terribly sorry, but the bank is now closed. (Puts "Closed" sign in teller window.)

S. KID: (Turns to face CALAMITY JAN.) What now, Calamity? He just said the bank's closed! (RICH hides behind sign, laughing at S. KID.)

End of Script Sample
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES

ONSTAGE, ACT ONE: Two tables with chairs around them (in the saloon there should be five chairs, in the hideout there should be rickety chairs or benches to seat seven); a bar with a hand crank adding machine or old-fashioned cash register, pen, and registry book on it, and behind or underneath it a cup of coffee and a roll, and receipts; a small chair and desk with a telegraph machine and paper on it; a bank teller window with withdrawal slips and a pen on it, behind it two chairs, and underneath it lengthy contract papers, money, two money bags, “Closed” sign, two pencils and two large sketch pads, one with a poster of an intricate painting tucked inside.

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene One: Magnifying glass (RICH).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Two: Pitcher of lemonade, stirring spoon (BO); cloth or rag (SAL); suitcases (SNYDLEY, BELLE); coin money (SNYDLEY).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Three: Guns (S. KID, CALAMITY JAN, DEPUTY); pocket watch, wallet with money (RICH); handcuffs (DEPUTY).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Four: Stick horses, money bags (CALAMITY JAN, S. KID); gun, handkerchief, handcuffs (SHERIFF).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Five: Census book and pen (RICH); gun (KID KID).

BROUGHT ON, ACT ONE, Scene Six: Suitcases (SNYDLEY, BELLE).


BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene One: Blankets, food, optional: pillows, pajamas (DEPUTY, BOB, SHERIFF); stick horse (LONE STRANGER); teddy bear (DEPUTY).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Two: “On Strike” picket signs (SNYDLEY, BELLE, S. KID, CALAMITY JAN, KID KID, BLACK BART, BLACKER BART); “Get out of jail free” cards (CALAMITY JAN, S. KID, KID KID, SNYDLEY, BELLE).
BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Three: Rag (BO); suitcase, Bible, money, pocket watch (REVEREND); case with horn (APRIL); handkerchief (MAY).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Four: Bible (REVEREND); handkerchief (WIDOW); contract (RICH).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Five: Deck of cards (S. KID, BLACK BART, BLACKER BART); guns (BLACK BART, BLACKER BART, KID KID).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Six: Rolling pin (PRUNELLA).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Seven: Basket of flowers (APRIL); stick horses (SNYDLEY, S. KID, KID KID, BLACK BART, BLACKER BART).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Eight: Ransom note (DEPUTY); pickle (LONE STRANGER).

BROUGHT ON, ACT TWO, Scene Nine: Deck of cards (CALAMITY JAN); bandanas (BLACK BART, BLACKER BART); guns (ALL VILLAINS except SNYDLEY and BELLE).

SOUND EFFECTS
Scuffle (including optional sounds of pots, pans, and explosions), explosion, galloping horses, crickets chirping, lone wolf howling, glass breaking.

COSTUMES
Generally everyone wears standard western attire. Most of the men will need cowboy hats, excepting possibly BO BEST and RICH COLDHEART. The latter might have a derby hat, or perhaps a top hat for the wedding scene. SCHIZOPHRENIC KID wears two hats, as identical as possible, one black and one white. CALAMITY JAN also wears a cowboy hat. WIDOW CRACKER and perhaps BELLE STARR might sport feminine hats. The gang of villains and the lawmen all wear holsters with guns. THE LONE STRANGER wears a mask, with another mask beneath it. For the wedding scene PRUNELLA wears something that can pass for a wedding dress, and most importantly, a rather thick wedding veil.
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