# IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?
## THE MUSICAL
Adapted from Molière by TIM KELLY
Music by BILL FRANCOEOUR

## GREASE GULCH CHARACTERS
(In Order of Speaking)

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For preview only
SETTING
TIME: When the West was wild.
PLACE: The lobby of the Grease Gulch Boardinghouse Hotel and General Store.

SET DESCRIPTION
DOWN RIGHT is the entrance to the dining room. In front of this entrance, UPSTAGE a little, is a small table with two chairs. STAGE RIGHT is the entrance from the street. UP RIGHT on the back wall is the doorway to the hotel office. UP CENTER is the registration desk (or table) with a registration ledger and pen. UP LEFT are stairs that lead to the second story of the hotel (a few steps will suffice, or the “stairs” can be eliminated altogether). STAGE LEFT is the entrance to the general store. However, much of the merchandise is on display in the hotel lobby. There’s a counter (or long table) LEFT CENTER. Necessary items on the counter include linen napkins, bedsheets, and funnels, though additional items should also be visible, such as bolts of cloths, canned goods, lamps, pots and pans, etc. DOWN LEFT, behind the counter, are shelves with more merchandise, including a shelf prominently marked “Cures and Such,” loaded with (plastic) bottles and tins of pills. In front of the counter there’s a stool. Another stool is positioned at the DOWNSTAGE end of the counter. At the UPSTAGE end of the counter is a headless clothing “dummy.” DOWN LEFT CENTER is a backless bench. Additional stage dressing: rugs, barrel, hanging lamp, pictures, etc., as desired. The FORESTAGE represents a country road.
SEQUENCE OF MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT ONE

MC1 Is There a Doctor in the House? ..........Company
MC2 Who's Talkin 'Bout Love? ...............Mayor, Citizens
MC3 We Belong Together .......................Lucy, Lester,
                                             Blossom, Hepzibah,
                                             Sheriff, Tom
MC4 Doctor Pillpurge Is Here! .............Dr. Pillpurge,
                                             Citizens
MC5 Love Is the Best Dang Doctor ..........Blossom, Tom
MC6 Pills, Pills! ..................................Snag, Widow,
                                             Lester, Sheriff,
                                             Mayor, Alberta,
                                             Cassandra, Tallulah,
                                             Miss Strict, Mrs.
                                             Cornstarch, Mrs
                                             Cornsilk, Pillpurge,
                                             Citizens
MC6a Is There a Doctor in the House?—
       Reprise ..................................Citizens

ACT TWO

MC6b Entr’acte  .................Instrumental
MC7 Medicine Show Today!  ..........Princess, Dr.
                                   Abracadabra,
                                   Citizens
MC8 I’m Goin’ Back to Punchin’ Cows ... . Snag, Cowboy
       Chorus
MC8a We Belong Together—Reprise ..........Lucy, Lester
MC9 The Professional Way ..................Pillpurge,
                                         Abracadabra,
                                         Snag, Hagg
MC9a The Operation  .........................Instrumental
MC9b Chase Music  .........................Instrumental
MC9c Love Is the Best Dang Doctor—
       Underscore  ..........Instrumental
MC9d Medicine Show Today!—Reprise ........Doctors, Citizens
MC9e Curtain Call—Is There a
       Doctor in the House? .................Company
MC9f Exit Music  .........................Instrumental
IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?
THE MUSICAL

PROLOGUE

1 LIGHTS UP: Entire COMPANY ENTERS in front of the CURTAIN. MUSIC CUE 1: “Is There a Doctor in the House?”

COMPANY: (Sings.) Is there a doctor in the house? Lordy Lord!
I’m a-needin’ me a sawbones… real bad.

5 Is there a doctor in the house, one I kin afford?
I’ve conjured up the worst affliction ever had!

WOMEN: (Sing.) I got an ache in my back, a crick in my neck.
Sweatin’ head to toe, and my heart’s a-racin’.

MEN: (Sing.) My body’s all a-quiver, startin’ in to shiver.
If he don’t come quick, why it’s death I’m facin’!

COMPANY: (Sings.) Is there a doctor in the house? My, oh my!
I’m a-needin’ me a sawbones… right quick!

Is there a doctor in the house? I could die.
I’m burnin’ up with fever, lookin’ mighty sick!

WOMEN: (Sing.)
I’m feelin’ dizzy, feelin’ stuffed, sinuses are blocked,
Got a poundin’ in my head, and it sounds like thunder.

MEN: (Sing.) Stomach’s talking back, “Lordy, where’s that quack?”
If he don’t come quick, I’ll be six feet under!

COMPANY: (Sings.) Is there a doctor in the house? Golly gee!
I’m a-needin’ me a sawbones… and how!

Is there a doctor in the house? He’d agree
I’m headed fer the undertaker’s place right now!

WOMEN: (Sing.) I been a-coughin’ up a storm, wheezin’ in the night,
Bones are feelin’ brittle, and my knees are shakin’.

MEN: (Sing.) Tongue is tied in knots. My blood’s got clots.
And if that ain’t enough, I got the ding dang trots!

COMPANY: (Sings.) Is there a doctor in the house? Lordy Lord!

I’m a-needin’ me a sawbones… real bad.

Is there a doctor in the house, one I kin afford?
I’ve conjured up the worst affliction ever had!
I’ve conjured up the worst affliction ever had! (MUSIC OUT.)

ACT ONE

AT RISE: TOM is seated at the table, playing a hand of solitaire. WIDOW STOCKADE is busy at the counter, folding napkins. As she works, she hums. Various CITIZENS ENTER RIGHT during this scene.
TOM: Drat!

WIDOW: What’s wrong, Tom?

TOM: Another six. Just when I don’t want it.

WIDOW: It’s only a game.

TOM: I shouldn’t play cards with myself. I can’t win. Even when I cheat.

WIDOW: (Holds up napkins.) Aren’t these divine?

TOM: What are they?

WIDOW: What a question. They’re dinner napkins. Imported.

TOM: Imported from where?

WIDOW: Possum Creek.

TOM: What’s a man supposed to do with a dinner napkin?

WIDOW: When you’re finished with dinner you wipe your mouth with it.

TOM: (Holds up his wrist, indicating.) What’s the matter with the back of my shirt sleeve?

WIDOW: How like Grease Gulch. No refinement.

HEPZIBAH: (ENTERS UP LEFT, hurries down the stairs in a state.) Oh! Oh!

TOM: How do, Miz Canary?

WIDOW: Morning, Hepzibah.

HEPZIBAH: (Too nervous to reply, she hurries UP RIGHT.) Oh! Oh!

(Exits UP RIGHT to the office.)

TOM: Wonder what’s the matter with her?

WIDOW: It probably has something to do with her daughter.

TOM: Lucy?

WIDOW: She doesn’t want to marry. It’s the talk of the town.

TOM: You mean she wants to be an old maid?

WIDOW: I mean she doesn’t want to marry her father’s choice. Whole town knows she’s in love with Lester Goodbe.

TOM: Lester Goodbe. (Out to AUDIENCE.) My very best friend.

WIDOW: Only Lester is poorer than a church mouse.

TOM: (To his friend's defense.) Lester’s got a good heart.

WIDOW: Try ringing that up on a cash register. Mayor Canary is dead set against a penniless husband for Lucy.

MAYOR: (From OFF, inside the office.) What?!

HEPZIBAH: (From OFF, inside the office.) Calm yourself, Caesar.

MAYOR: (From OFF.) She’ll marry him! She’ll marry today! Fetch her down here!
HEPZIBAH: (From OFF.) But, Caesar, dear—

MAYOR: (From OFF.) Don’t you “Caesar, dear” me. Move!

HEPZIBAH: (Runs back ON from the office, plainly terrified of her bullying husband.) Oh! Oh! Oh!

TOM: How do, Miz Canary?

WIDOW: Morning, Hepzibah.

HEPZIBAH: (Runs and EXITS up the stairs, UP LEFT.) Oh! Oh! Oh!

MAYOR: (Steps ON from his office. He’s a big man, overbearing. Wears spectacles. Yells after HEPZIBAH.) It’s a daughter’s duty to respect her father’s wishes! If you brought her up proper, I wouldn’t have this problem! Hepzibah, you’ve spoiled that girl! It’s all your fault! (Notices TOM and WIDOW staring at him, frozen in fascination.) What are you two staring at! (His powerful voice shatters their concentration. TOM immediately begins to play with the cards, and WIDOW resumes folding napkins. MAYOR EXITS back to his office as BLOSSOM, a teenage girl, comes IN down the stairs and moves behind the bench.)

BLOSSOM: What a day, what a day! Poor Lucy is beside herself.

TOM: Never can figure out why you gals make such a fuss about getting hitched. I reckon Otis ain’t so bad.

BLOSSOM: He ain’t so good, either.

TOM: He’s rich.

BLOSSOM: Rich! That’s all you men think about. You sound like Mayor Canary.

WIDOW: Not too loud, Blossom. (Points to office.) He might overhear.

BLOSSOM: Let him. It’s plumb cruel of Mayor Canary to force his only daughter to marry a man she doesn’t love.

WIDOW: (In sympathy, dabs at the corner of one eye with a handkerchief.) I shall never forget the day I got married. I was only 30. Practically a child bride.

TOM: And one week later, you was a widow lady.

WIDOW: Alas.

TOM: It was in all the papers.

BLOSSOM: How did your husband die?

WIDOW: He was brutally attacked by a savage chicken.

BLOSSOM: How awful!

TOM: (To AUDIENCE.) I’ve heard of husbands being henpecked, but not to pieces. (LUCY, a charming, pretty, and determined girl, ENTERS in a hurry down the stairs, followed by a distraught HEPZIBAH.)

HEPZIBAH: Lucy, oh, Lucy. Be good.
LUCY: No, no, no. It’s useless to argue, Mother. I want Lester Goodbe for a husband.

HEPZIBAH: Think of your father.

LUCY: You think of him.

HEPZIBAH: What a stubborn girl you are! What’s a mother to do? Oh! Oh! Oh! (Steps behind the registration desk, puts elbows to the wood and rests her chin in the cup of her hands. Moves her head from side to side in dismay, continuing to lament “Oh! Oh! Oh!”)

LUCY: I don’t mean to be stubborn. I don’t mean to be disobedient. But I will not marry a man father has selected. Especially when I don’t love him.

BLOSSOM: (Applauds.) Bravo, Lucy. Bravo.

TOM: Them’s my sentiments.

WIDOW: (Admiringly.) Such a strong-willed girl.

HEPZIBAH: Your father says you will marry Otis Lackginger, and you will marry him today.

OTHERS: Today?!

LUCY: (Sits on the bench, folds her arms in defiant fashion.) Never!

HEPZIBAH: Your wedding’s today, I tell you.

LUCY: Never, never, never!

MAYOR: (Storms IN from the office. His glasses are resting atop his head.) I heard that!

LUCY: Good. I won’t have to repeat it. (As MAYOR stomps to the bench, BLOSSOM steps to the counter, afraid of his anger.)

MAYOR: Enough of your sass, gal! You’ll do what I say. Father knows best. Lester Goodbe is a nobody.

HEPZIBAH: He’s the sheriff’s nephew.

MAYOR: I heard! (Softer tone.) Now, now, precious. Be nice to Daddy. Father knows best. Lester Goodbe is a nobody.

HEPZIBAH: He’s the sheriff’s nephew.

MAYOR: That’s what I said. A nobody.

TOM: You ain’t being fair to Lester, Mayor. He’s going places.

MAYOR: The sooner the better. (Softly, to LUCY.) With Otis you’ll have everything money can buy. Servants, respect, indoor plumbing.

LUCY: I don’t love Otis Lackginger. (MUSIC CUE 2: “Who’s Talkin’ ’Bout Love?” More CITIZENS can ENTER, if desired.)

MAYOR: (Speaks.) Why, that’s the most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life! (Sings.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love? I’m talkin’ ’bout marriage! When you wanna have the finer things in life...
Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
I’m talkin’ ’bout marriage!
It’s the only way a gal should be a wife.
You gotta have a roof, right over yer head.
Without no roof, you might git wet, catch pneumonia, up an’ die!
Yes, you gotta have a roof, right over yer head.
Without no roof, you might git sick, kick the bucket, wind up dead!
Who’s talkin’ ’bout love? I’m talkin’ ’bout marriage!
It takes money fer the finer things in life.
Who’s talkin’ ’bout love? I’m talkin’ ’bout marriage!
It’s the only way a gal should be a wife!

(CITIZENS begin to get caught up in the MAYOR’S preaching ways as if it’s a sermon.)
You gotta have food.

CITIZENS: (Speak.) Uh-huh!

MAYOR: (Sings.) If you wanna thrive.
CITIZENS: (Speak.) Yeah, boy!
MAYOR: (Sings.) Without no food, you might git weak, git pneumonia, up an’ die!
CITIZENS: (Speak.) Mmm, mmm!

MAYOR: (Sings.) Yes, you gotta have food.
CITIZENS: (Speak.) Yes, sir!
MAYOR: (Sings.) If you wanna thrive.
CITIZENS: (Speak.) Glory be!
MAYOR: (Sings.)

Without no food, you might git sick, bite the dust, you won’t survive!
CITIZENS: (Speak.) Amen!
MAYOR: (Sings.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
CITIZENS: (Sing, except LUCY,) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
MAYOR: (Sings.) I’m talkin’ ’bout marriage!
CITIZENS: (Sing,) He’s talkin’ ’bout marriage!
MAYOR: (Sings,) When you wanna have the finer things in life.
CITIZENS: (Sing,) Oh, yes, indeed!
MAYOR: (Sings.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
CITIZENS: (Sing,) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
MAYOR: (Sings.) I’m talkin’ ’bout marriage!
CITIZENS: (Sing,) He’s talkin’ ’bout marriage!
MAYOR: (Sings.) It’s the only way a gal should be a wife!
CITIZENS: (To LUCY, sing,) You best take heed!
1 MAYOR: (Sings.) You gotta have clothes.
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) You gotta have clothes!
   MAYOR: (Sings.) To cover yer skin.
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) To cover yer skin!
5 MAYOR: (Sings.) If you don’t have clothes, you might catch cold,
       git pneumonia, up an’ die!
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) Oh, lordy, no!
   MAYOR: (Sings.) Yes, you gotta have clothes.
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) You gotta have clothes!
10 MAYOR: (Sings.) To cover yer skin.
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) To cover yer skin!
   MAYOR: (Sings.) Without no clothes, you might git sick.
       Mercy, here we go agin’!
       Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   MAYOR: (Sings.) I’m talkin’ ’bout marriage!
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) He’s talkin’ ’bout marriage!
   MAYOR: (Sings.) If you wanna have some respect in yer life.
       Oh, yes, indeed!
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) Oh, yes, indeed!
15 MAYOR: (Sings.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   MAYOR: (Sings.) I’m talkin’ ’bout love?
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) He’s talkin’ ’bout marriage!
   MAYOR: (Sings.) It’s the only way a gal should be a wife!
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) You best take heed!
   MAYOR: (Sings.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   MAYOR: (Sings.) I’m talkin’ ’bout marriage!
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) He’s talkin’ ’bout marriage!
20 MAYOR: (Sings.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   MAYOR: (Sings.) I’m talkin’ ’bout love?
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) He’s talkin’ ’bout marriage!
   MAYOR: (Sings.) If you wanna have the finer things in life.
       Oh, yes, indeed!
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   MAYOR: (Sings.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   MAYOR: (Sings.) I’m talkin’ ’bout marriage!
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) He’s talkin’ ’bout marriage!
25 MAYOR: (Sings.) If you wanna have the finer things in life.
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) Oh, yes, indeed!
   MAYOR: (Sings.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
   MAYOR: (Sings.) I’m talkin’ ’bout marriage!
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) He’s talkin’ ’bout marriage!
30 MAYOR: (Sings.) It’s the only way a gal should be a wife!
   CITIZENS: (Sing.) Who’s talkin’ ’bout love?
MAYOR/CITIZENS: (Sing.) I’m/He’s talkin’ ’bout marriage!
   It’s the only way a gal should be a wife!
(Shout.) Hallelu! (MUSIC OUT. EXTRA CITIZENS may EXIT RIGHT.)
MAYOR: Who’s talkin’ ’bout love? I’m talkin’ ’bout marriage.
WIDOW: Oh, Mayor Canary, what a cynical thing to say.
MAYOR: Mind your own business, Widow Stockade. Otherwise, I’ll raise the rent on your general store.
HEPZIBAH: You don’t mean that, Caesar.
MAYOR: I said it, didn’t I? I never say anything I don’t mean. Never did like the idea of a general store in the lobby. Ain’t natural.
TOM: But it’s different.
MAYOR: You keep out of this, Tom Sawyer Huckleberry Finn Jones.
OTHERS: Junior.
MAYOR: Yeah. “Junior.” (To AUDIENCE.) Silliest name I ever heard for a dumb kid.
LUCY: My mind is made up.
MAYOR: Well, unmake it.
BLOSSOM: A mind isn’t a bed, Mayor. You can’t make it and unmake it.
MAYOR: Who asked you?
HEPZIBAH: Be polite, Caesar.
MAYOR: I’m always polite, and you shut up.
HEPZIBAH: Remember your high blood pressure.
MAYOR: You remember it.
WIDOW: I’ve the very thing for high blood pressure. (Searches the “Cures and Such” shelf and finds a small bottle.) Here we are. (Reads label.) Norwegian Cod Liver Oil Mixed with Syrup of Figs.
OTHERS: Ugh!
WIDOW: I’ll pour out a tablespoon. (She does.)
MAYOR: As far as I’m concerned, you can pour it on the table. (Talking “sweetly,” he steps closer to LUCY,) I know why you’re upset, precious. It’s the heat. Hot weather always did make you a mite irksome. (Sits beside her and talks baby talk.) But I know my baby girl. My Lucy-woosy always obeys her papa. My little princess would never do anything that made Daddy-waddy unhappy.
LUCY: (Stands,) If you don’t stop all this, I’ll run away!
HEPZIBAH: Lucy!
LUCY: I mean it. I’ll run away and never come back. (Stomps her foot.) I will, I will, I will.
MAYOR: (Rises like an erupting volcano.) You stop stamping your foot. You’ll wear out the shoe leather. If you run away, I’ll have the sheriff fetch you back.

LUCY: I will not marry Otis Lackginger, and that is that!

MAYOR: Well, my girl, we’ll see about this. (Points to HEPZIBAH.) I said it before, and I’ll say it again— this is all your fault.

BLOSSOM: You’re being unreasonable, Mayor.

MAYOR: Shut up, you! (BLOSSOM, startled and frightened by his outburst, jumps back against the counter, flinging out one arm.)

BLOSSOM: Oh! (In flinging her arm, she manages to hit the tablespoon which WIDOW is holding in front of her face. Caught off guard, WIDOW takes the spoon in her mouth and swallows the medicine.)

WIDOW: Yeech! Yuck! Ooooow! Water, water. I need water. (Hurries OFF LEFT to her store.)

MAYOR: Hepzibah!

HEPZIBAH: Caesar?

MAYOR: (Points to LUCY.) Don’t let her out of your sight. I’ve got to see a man about a wedding.

TOM: Otis?

MAYOR: No, the preacher.

LUCY/BLOSSOM: Preacher!

MAYOR: (Strides RIGHT.) Always remember, Lucy, green is a restful color. Especially the long green. (Checks.) My spectacles? Where are my spectacles? Where’s the sheriff? I’ve been robbed!

HEPZIBAH: Nonsense, Caesar. (Points.) On your head.

MAYOR: (Drops them to eye level.) Who put them up there? Never mind. I’ll be back before you can spell Mississippi.

TOM: (Spells it out.) M-I-S-S-I-S-S-I-P-P-I.

MAYOR: I hate a smart-aleck, kid. (EXITS RIGHT.)

LUCY: (Wails.) Ooooooh, Blossom.

BLOSSOM: Ooooooh, Lucy. (Comforts her.)

HEPZIBAH: Oh, dear.

TOM: Oh, shucks.

LUCY: Married to Otis Lackginger!

BLOSSOM: A fate worse than death.

TOM: You’ll have to take him for better or worse.

LUCY: Otis Lackginger is much worse than I take him for.

HEPZIBAH: (Hoping to calm the waters.) Look on the bright side, dear. After you’re married, a little stranger might arrive.
BLOSSOM: You mean a baby?

TOM: No, Otis’s brother. He’s a midget.

LUCY: Oooooh.

HEPZIBAH: *(Moves in front of the registration desk.)* Perhaps it won’t be so bad. Some men don’t live long after they marry.

LUCY: Mother, you don’t want me to marry Otis?

HEPZIBAH: I want you to be happy, Lucy. That’s all I’ve ever wanted, but I don’t want your father angry. He’s an absolute bear when he’s angry.

BLOSSOM: Don’t you fret, Lucy. Lester will think of something.

TOM: *(Stands.)* He’d better hurry. The preacher moves fast.

SHERIFF: *(ENTERS RIGHT.)* How do, one and all.


WIDOW: *(ENTERS LEFT with a glass of water and sips.)* That Norwegian Cod Liver Oil packs quite a punch. Tasted like I swallowed my tongue.

SHERIFF: Howdy, Widow.

WIDOW: Howdy, Sheriff.

LUCY: Come on, Blossom. We’ll sneak out the back way. *(Takes BLOSSOM’S hand and starts to pull her LEFT toward the general store.)*

SHERIFF: Hold on there, Miss Lucy. Your father says I got to watch you ’til he gets back.

BLOSSOM: Sheriff, you don’t understand.

SHERIFF: What don’t I understand?

TOM: Lucy is getting hitched.

SHERIFF: Hitched?

OTHERS: Married.

SHERIFF: *(Delighted.)* You don’t say! It’s finally going to happen. Well, I’ll be pappy to a polecat if that ain’t the sweetest news I’ve heard this year. *(Opens his arms wide to embrace LUCY.)* Let me give you a big hug, sugar. Soon we’ll be kin. My little niece-in-law. Lester is the luckiest boy in Grease Gulch.

TOM: No, no, Sheriff.

BLOSSOM: She isn’t marrying your nephew.

SHERIFF: Huh?

HEPZIBAH: She’s marrying Otis Lackginger.

SHERIFF: *(Aghast.)* Nooooo.

OTHERS: Yeeeeyes.
SHERIFF: How come you want to marry Otis Lackginger? Why, he couldn’t get a date on a tombstone.

LUCY: I don’t want to marry him. My father wants to.

SHERIFF: The mayor wants to marry Otis Lackginger? (To HEPZIBAH.) That’s bigamy, ain’t it?

WIDOW: (Looks RIGHT and points.) Here he comes now.

BLOSSOM: The preacher?

HEPZIBAH: Caesar?

SHERIFF: The mayor?

WIDOW: No, Lester Goodbe.

SHERIFF: My nephew.

LUCY: My love!

LESTER: (ENTERS RIGHT carrying a huge bouquet of flowers that practicallly covers his face. He’s a young cowpoke who we like at once.) I picked this bouquet for you, Lucy. Wild West wildflowers.

LUCY: (In front of him.) No time for flowers, Lester. We’ve got a problem.

LESTER: Anybody got a vase?

WIDOW: I have just the thing. A wooden bucket. (Takes the flowers and EXITS LEFT to her store.)

LESTER: Gosh, Lucy. You get prettier and prettier.

SHERIFF: Better stiffen your spine, nephew. There’s bad news a-comin’.

TOM: That’s for sure.

LESTER: What are you talking about?

HEPZIBAH: Lucy is getting married.

LESTER: Everybody knows that. But we ain’t set no date yet.

BLOSSOM: She’s not marrying you.

LESTER: How’s that?

LUCY: (Drifts back to the bench and sits, distressed.) Fate has been unkind, Lester.

LESTER: Fate who?

BLOSSOM: Her father is forcing her to marry Otis Lackginger.

LESTER: Otis Lackginger! Why, he couldn’t get a date on a tombstone.

HEPZIBAH: Sheriff already said that. (LUCY cries.)

TOM: Don’t just stand there, Lester. Do something.

LESTER: I reckon to.

BLOSSOM: That’s the spirit.
LESTER: (Crosses to the bench and drops to one knee. Takes LUCY’S hand.) Dear Lucy, I will never allow such a marriage to take place. (LUCY cries some more.) You and me are made for each other. We belong together. (MUSIC CUE 3: “We Belong Together.”)

HEPZIBAH: (Speaks.) Like two ducks in a pond.
SHERIFF: (Speaks.) Two fish in a stream.
BLOSSOM: (Speaks.) Two sheep in a field.
TOM: (Speaks.) Two pills in a box.
LUCY: (Sings.) We belong together like two lovebirds in June, Like the sun and the moon.
HEPZIBAH: (Sings.) Like a pit and a prune.
LUCY: (Sings.) We belong together, and it can’t be too soon.
Yes, you will always be in my heart.
LESTER: (Sings.) We belong together like two peas in a pod,
Like a reel and a rod.
SHERIFF: (Sings.) Like two worms in the sod.
LESTER: (Sings.) We belong together without nary a nod.
Yes, you will always be in my heart.
LUCY: (Sings.) Truly, truly, I will wait for you.
LESTER: (Sings.) Truly, truly, I’ll be waiting, too. (LUCY and LESTER hold hands and dreamily look into each other’s eyes during following.)

HEPZIBAH: (Speaks.) Just look at them. Why, it breaks my heart!
BLOSSOM: (Speaks.) Why can’t the mayor be more reasonable?
SHERIFF: (Speaks.) They’s in love!
TOM: (Speaks.) They belong together!
HEPZIBAH: (Sings.) They belong together like a bird and a bee.
BLOSSOM: (Sings.) Like a dog and a flea.
HEPZIBAH: (Sings.) Like two ticks in a tree.
BLOSSOM/HEPZIBAH: (Sing.)
They belong together, and we don’t disagree
That he will always be in her heart!
SHERIFF: (Sings.) They belong together like two eyes on a spud.
TOM: (Sings.) Like a mare and a stud.
SHERIFF: (Sings.) Like a cow and its cud.
TOM/SHERIFF: (Sing.) They belong together
Like two hogs in the mud.
Yes, she will always be in his heart!
LUCY: (Sings.) Truly, truly, I will wait for you.
LESTER: (Sings.) Truly, truly, I’ll be waiting, too.
LUCY/LESTER: (Sing.) We belong together on this sunshiney day.
LESTER: (Sings.) Like a yip and a yea!
LUCY: (Sings.) Like two blossoms in May.
LUCY/LESTER: (Sing.) We belong together.

Now, what more can we say?
LESTER: (Sings.) Yes, you will always be...
LUCY: (Sings.) I’m hoping they will see.
LUCY/LESTER: (Sing.) Yes, you will always be in my heart! (MUSIC OUT.)

LUCY: Ooooh, Lester, what are we going to do?

MAYOR: (Storms ON RIGHT.) You’re going to do exactly what I say! (To LESTER.) Get up, you galoot. No penniless cowpoke is marrying my daughter.

SHERIFF: Now, hold on, Mayor. My nephew is a good lad.

MAYOR: I’m the mayor. You’re my employee. As mayor to employee, I have only one word to say to you—shut up! (ALL cringe.)

TOM: That’s two words.

MAYOR: You shut up, too.

LESTER: (Stands.) Mayor Canary, I may be poor, and I may be a cowpoke, but I’m honest.

MAYOR: Honest don’t put steak and potatoes on a plate. Someday, Lester, someone is going to knock you conscious.

HEPZIBAH: Be courteous, Caesar.

MAYOR: I’m always courteous. (To LESTER.) Get out of my way, Moosebrain. (Shoves LESTER aside and sits beside LUCY.) Now, gal, I’ve pleaded, and I’ve begged, and time’s run out. Otis Lackginger is a rich man. He’ll give you a nice home and a Persian cat.

LUCY: I don’t want a nice home. I don’t want a Persian cat. I want Lester. (As the MAYOR continues, others hang on every word. WIDOW RE-ENTERS LEFT and stands behind counter.)

MAYOR: Are you out of your senses? (Puts his hand to her forehead.) Hmmmm. You are a mite feverish.

WIDOW: I know what she needs. Pink Pills for Pale People.

MAYOR: She don’t need no pink pills. (To LUCY.) I’ve got plans to expand this hotel. Having a rich son-in-law in the family is a wise step.

LESTER: I’d like to step on that suggestion.

MAYOR: Sheriff, if you can’t control your mangy nephew, I’ll get a new sheriff.

End of script sample.
PRODUCTION NOTES

PROPERTIES ONSTAGE
Small table with two chairs, registration desk with ledger and pen. Store counter with merchandise: linen napkins, sheets, funnel, plus optional bolts of cloth, canned goods, pots and pans, etc. Shelves with more stock, including shelf marked “Cures and Such” with small medicine bottles and tins of pills. Two stools, headless clothing dummy, backless bench. Large cardboard tooth in Act Two. Additional stage dressing, as desired such as rugs, cracker or pickle barrel, hanging lamp, pictures, etc., as desired.

PROPERTIES BROUGHT ON

ACT ONE:
- Cards (TOM)
- Handkerchief, glass of water, bucket, funnel, large white medical smock (WIDOW)
- Large bouquet of flowers (LESTER)
- Book (PREACHER)
- Two canes, optional ear trumpet (OTIS)
- Pocket watch, carpet bag or suitcase with machete, stethoscope, lantern, business card, huge hypodermic syringe (PILLPURGE)
- Shopping baskets (MRS. CORNSTARCH, MRS. CORNSILK)
- Handbag with optional hand bell (MISS STRICT)

ACT TWO:
- Small table with medicine bottles cutouts (ABRACADRABA)
- Drum, sign reading “Dr. Abracadraba’s Medicine Show”, [plastic] bottle with label (PRINCESS)
- Feather duster, wedding veil, flowers (WIDOW)
- Tray (MARJORIE)
- Toothache bandana (ALBERTA)
- Coin (MAYOR)
- Suitcase (LUCY)
- Medical suitcase with giant pliers and operation body parts such as fake hand/foot, heart/liver, sausage links (socks) (PILLPURGE)
- Lantern (HEPZIBAH)
- Marriage license (SHERIFF)
COSTUME SUGGESTIONS
Whatever would work for a “mellerdrammer” works here. Long skirts or dresses for the females, jeans and western shirts for most of the males. Special attention should be given to the GYPSY costume and to the PRINCESS, who needs an Indian costume with, maybe, a feathered headdress. MARJORIE needs to have an apron and hat for ACT TWO. ABRACADRABA and PILLPURGE wear white doctor’s coats.

ABOUT STAGING FARCE
The rules haven’t changed from Molière’s time. Everything should be somewhat overdone, almost cartoonish. There must never be a “slow” or “dead” spot. Something is always happening. The dialogue moves briskly—and loudly. Characters do not enter and exit, they make an entrance, they make an exit.
The script is filled with gags, puns, groaners, absurdities. Some jokes will bring a howl; others will fall flat. This will vary from performance to performance. The point is this— treat the jokes, the good, the bad, the indifferent, like normal dialogue. In other words, don’t “set up a joke and wait for the laugh.” Once the joke is out, move on to the next one.

MISCELLANEOUS
SPEECHLESS LUCY: The actress portraying Lucy is frequently on stage as the focus of attention, but speechless. Actress “must stay in scene,” observing and reacting. This goes for any actor who is in a scene, but without dialogue. They, too, must stay in the scene.
BEATING UP SNAG: Play it for laughs— like a TV wrestling match. Snag might even run off the stage and into audience with Lester and Sheriff in pursuit.
PILLS INTO FUNNEL: The narrow end of the funnel is blocked. This way, if enough pills (candy) are poured in they will “overflow” and get a laugh. If you don’t wish to do this business, simply pretend pills are being poured into the funnel.
HUGE HYPODERMIC SYRINGE: It’s one-dimensional, made from cardboard or wood and painted to look like the real thing (ditto for the dental pliers). Dr. Pillpurge needs two hands to carry it.
MEDICINE SHOW BOTTLES: If they are cutouts, you eliminate the problem of dropping bottles. Or, the few bottles can be small, which will also reduce the risk of dropping them.
OPERATION BEHIND THE SCREEN: This slapstick routine was enormously popular in Molière’s time of the 17th century. Supposedly, we are watching an incredible operation where everything is taken out and then “put back in.” The hand and foot can be cutouts, ditto for a heart. It always gets a big laugh so don’t
be afraid to “add on”—an arm, a leg, a wig, a big eye, etc. For a more “elaborate” touch: Dim the stage lights and have the “light” that Hepzibah brings on be a lantern or high-powered flashlight. It’s placed some distance behind the sheet. Thus, we see the mad operation in silhouette.
We hope you’ve enjoyed this script sample.

We encourage you to read the entire script before making your final decision.

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