WHAT'S UP, DOC?

By Tim Kelly
Music and Lyrics by Bill Francoeur

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# WHAT'S UP DOC?
Adapted from Moliére

By TIM KELLY

Music and lyrics by BILL FRANCOEUR

## 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 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. DOWN LEFT CENTER is a backless bench. Additional stage dressing: rugs, barrel, hanging lamp, pictures, etc., as desired.
SEQUENCE OF MUSICAL NUMBERS

MC1  Is There a Doctor in the House? ..........Company
MC2  Who’s Talkin’ ’Bout Love? .................Mayor, Citizens
MC3  We Belong Together .........................Hepzibah, Blossom, Sheriff, Tom, Lucy, Lester,
MC4  Love Is the Best Dang Doctor ..........Blossom, Tom
MC5  Medicine Show Today! .....................Princess, Dr. Abracadabra, Citizens
MC6  The Professional Way ......................Dr. Pillpurge, Dr. Abracadabra, Snag, Hagg
MC6a Chase Music ....................................Instrumental
MC6b Love Is the Best Dang Doctor —Underscore ................................ Instrumental
MC6c Medicine Show Today!” — Reprise ......Company
MC6d Exit Music......................................Instrumental

PRODUCTION NOTES
PROPERTIES ONSTAGE

SPA00 taEOe Zith tZo chairs, reJistration desN Zith OedJer and Sen.

SPA00 Pore stocN, incOudinJ sheOf ParNed ³Cures and Such´ Zith sPa00

SPA00 cardEoard tooth in Scene TZo. AdditionaO staJe dressinJ, as desired

PROPERTIES BROUGHT ON

Scene One:

Cards (TOM)

Pocket watch, carpet bag or suitcase with machete, stethoscope,

lantern, huge hypodermic syringe (PILLPURGE)

Handbag with optional hand bell (MISS STRICT)

Scene Two:

Small table with medicine bottles cutouts (ABRACADABRA)

Drum, sign reading “Dr. Abracadabra’s Medicine Show”,

plastic bottle with label (PRINCESS)

Feather duster, bedsheet, wedding veil, flowers (WIDOW)

Tray (MARJORIE)

Toothache bandana (ALBERTA)

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

:hateYer ZouOd ZorN for a traditionaO :estern ZorNs here. ’resses or OonJ sNirts and Zhite EOouses for the fePaOes Means, coZEo

EOoots, and Zestern shirts for Post of the PaOes. 0A<OR CANAR< Zears a EOacN suit Zith a EoOo tie and sSectacOes. SSeciaO attention shouOd

Ee JiYen to the G<3S< costuPe and to the 3RINCESS, Zho needs

For preview only.
WHAT'S UP DOC?

Prologue

1 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.

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.)

Scene 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. HEPZIBAH ENTERS from the office, on the run.

HEPZIBAH: (Scared.) Oh! Oh! Oh!
TOM: How do, Miz Canary.

WIDOW: Morning, Hepzibah.

HEPZIBAH: (Too nervous to reply, she hurries UP RIGHT.) Oh! Oh! Oh! (EXITS UP LEFT. MAYOR CANARY steps ON from his office. He’s a big man, overbearing. Yells after HEPZIBAH.)

MAYOR: (Angry.) It’s a daughter’s duty to respect her father’s wishes! If you had brought her up proper, Hepzibah, I wouldn’t have this problem! (Notices TOM and WIDOW staring at him, frozen in fascination.) What are you two staring at?! (TOM immediately returns to playing with the cards, and WIDOW resumes folding napkins. MAYOR EXITS back to his office as BLOSSOM, a teenage girl, comes IN UP LEFT 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. (In sympathy, WIDOW STOCKADE dabs at the corner of one eye with a hanky. LUCY, a charming, pretty, and determined girl, hurries ON UP LEFT. She is 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, still lamenting, “Oh! 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.

LUCY: (Sits on the bench, folds her arms in defiant fashion.) 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. (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.

MAYOR: Why, that’s the most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life! (MUSIC CUE 2: “Who’s Talkin’ ‘Bout Love?” More CITIZENS can ENTER, if desired. 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 WIDOW, BLOSSOM, TOM, and LUCY.)

   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!

MAYOR: (Sings.) You gotta have clothes.

CITIZENS: (Sing.) You gotta have clothes!

MAYOR: (Sings.) To cover yer skin.

CITIZENS: (Sing.) To cover yer skin!

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!

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.
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: (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!
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!
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!
(Shout.) Hallelu! (MUSIC OUT. EXTRA CITIZENS EXIT RIGHT.)
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 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.
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. Remember your high blood pressure.
MAYOR: You remember it. (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! 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. (To HEPZIBAH.) 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. Checks.) My spectacles? Where are my spectacles? Where’s the sheriff? I’ve been robbed!

HEPZIBAH: (Points.) They’re 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.) Oh, Blossom.

BLOSSOM: Oh, 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: 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, do you?!

HEPZIBAH: All I’ve ever wanted is for you to be happy, Lucy. 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.
OTHERS: (Ad lib.) How do, Sheriff. Morning, Sheriff. Howdy. (Etc.)
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! 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. Soon we’ll be kin. 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.
WIDOW: (Looks RIGHT and points.) Here he comes now.
SHERIFF: Otis?
WIDOW: No, Lester Goodbe.
LUCY: My love!
LESTER: (ENTERS RIGHT carrying a huge bouquet of flowers that practically covers his face. He’s a young cowpoke who we like at once.) I picked this bouquet for you, Lucy.
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 every time I see you.
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 a 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.
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.)
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. You and me are made for each other. We belong together!
HEPZIBAH: Like two ducks in a pond.
SHERIFF: Two fish in a stream.
BLOSSOM: Two sheep in a field. (MUSIC CUE 3: “We Belong Together.”)
HEPZIBAH: (Speaks.) Just look at them. Why, it breaks my heart!
BLOSSOM: (Speaks.) Why can’t the mayor be more reasonable?
SHERIFF: (Speaks.) They’re in love!
TOM: (Speaks.) They belong together!
LESTER: (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.

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 with the flowers in a wooden bucket. She stands behind the counter.)

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

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

MAYOR: She doesn’t need any 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.
1 **SHERIFF:** Now, now, Lester. Behave. (Crosses to LESTER and guides him in front of the registration desk.)

**BLOSSOM:** (Points RIGHT.) Here he comes!

**TOM:** Otis Lackginger?

5 **BLOSSOM:** No, the preacher.

**OTHERS:** (Except MAYOR.) Preacher!

**PREACHER:** (ENTERS RIGHT. He is a long, thin man dressed in black with a book in his grip. Somber.) Where is the deceased?

**HEPZIBAH:** No, no, Preacher. No one’s dead.

10 **MAYOR:** (Stands, irritated.) I told you before. It’s a wedding.

**PREACHER:** In that case, who is the bride?

**OTHERS:** Lucy Canary!

**PREACHER:** (To LUCY.) My congratulations, dear. (Crosses to LESTER and pumps his hand.) You’re a fortunate young man, Lester.

**BLOSSOM:** No, Preacher. He ain’t getting married.

**PREACHER:** But you said Lucy was the bride.

**BLOSSOM:** She is.

**SHERIFF:** But she ain’t marrying my nephew.

15 **PREACHER:** Lucy is getting married, but not to Lester Goodbe? My, my. This is quite a surprise. (To HEPZIBAH.) Who is the fortunate groom?

**OTHERS:** Otis Lackginger!

**PREACHER:** (Amazed.) Otis Lackginger? Why, he couldn’t get a date— (ALL glare at him.) Never mind.

**WIDOW:** (Points RIGHT.) Here he comes now!

**HEPZIBAH:** It’s Otis!

**MAYOR:** (Faces RIGHT and opens his arms as welcome.) Behold the bridegroom! (Long pause. Nothing.)

20 **TOM:** What’s taking him so long?

**MAYOR:** Come along, Otis, you’re doing splendidly. Almost here. That’s it ... few steps more ... keep coming ... left foot, right foot ... excellent ... you’re looking fit!

**OTIS:** (ENTERS RIGHT. He’s a decrepit gentleman with a long white beard. He’s bent over and walks with the aid of two canes. He’s hard of hearing and, if possible, he uses an ear trumpet. LUCY is appalled and steps to BLOSSOM for safety. In a whiny voice.) I should have stayed in bed, but my love for sweet Lucy Canary overcame my aches and pains. Widow Stockade?

25 **WIDOW:** Yes, Mr. Lackginger?
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, backless bench. Large cardboard tooth in Scene Two. Additional stage dressing, as desired such as rugs, cracker or pickle barrel, hanging lamp, pictures, etc.

PROPERTIES BROUGHT ON
Scene One:
Cards (TOM)
Handkerchief, glass of water, wooden bucket, funnel, white medical smock (WIDOW)
Bouquet of flowers (LESTER)
Book (PREACHER)
Two canes, optional ear trumpet (OTIS)
Pocket watch, carpetbag or suitcase with machete, stethoscope, lantern, huge hypodermic syringe (PILLPURGE)
Handbag with optional hand bell (MISS STRICT)

Scene Two:
Small table with medicine bottles cutouts (ABRACADABRA)
Drum, sign reading “Dr. Abracadabra’s Medicine Show”, [plastic] bottle with label (PRINCESS)
Feather duster, bedsheet, wedding veil, flowers (WIDOW)
Tray (MARJORIE)
Toothache bandana (ALBERTA)
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 traditional Western works here. Dresses or long skirts and white blouses for the females; jeans, cowboy boots, and western shirts for most of the males. MAYOR CANARY wears a black suit with a bolo tie and spectacles. 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 Scene Two. DR. ABRACADABRA and DR. PILLPURGE wear white medical smocks.

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 two-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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