

COWBOYS

a new country/western musical

book & lyrics by

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music by

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ranger Rick Rowdy of the Texas Rangers -- Roy Rogers and Gene Autry with a touch of Douglas Fairbanks.

Judge Sassafras Devine -- his sidekick. Plump, jolly and loyal to a fault.

Boston Bart Black -- a city slicker with a line a yard long.

Lovely Lilly Luscious -- a vamp, a scamp and more than a bit of a tramp.

Lightning - a very talented horse

Injun Bob - a brave brave.

Aunt Rosie Ritter - tough as nails with a heart of gold.

And featuring the Croonin' Caballeros:

Colt -- built like a stallion, but not the fastest colt in the corral... A few calves short of a herd... Missin' a couple' bullets from his six-shooter.

Sidewinder -- sharp, cocky, smart aleck and slick as a fist full of lard.

Buck -- ready and eager to try anything once - or twice - or...

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES & SONGS

Act I

Scene 1 - Afternoon at the Straight Arrow Ranch

Where Men Are Men Ranger Rick & the Caballeros
One Thing I Can Do Good The Caballeros with Aunt Rosie

Scene 2 - The next morning

War Dance Injun Bob and the Caballeros
I Fall to Faded Pieces After Midnight When Your Sweet Dreams Drive Me Crazy
..... Lilly with the Caballeros
Nothin' at All Bart & Lilly

Scene 3 - The same, evening, three weeks later

Lonesome Cowpoke Ranger Rick & Bart with Buck & Sidewinder
Everything's Bigger in Texas Colt & Injun Bob
Where Men Are Men (reprise)
..... Ranger Rick, Colt, Buck, Sidewinder, Sassafras, Aunt Rosie & Injun Bob

Act II

Scene 1 - On the trail the next night

Gringo's Lament Ranger Rick, Bart, Lilly, Aunt Rosie, Injun Bob & The Caballeros
Girl from Texarkana Sassafras
Ain't Never Had a Kiss Like His Ranger Rick

Scene 2 - Back at the ranch the next morning

Make the Switch Sassafras & Aunt Rosie
I Ain't No Good For You Ranger Rick, Bart & Colt

Scene 3 - Three days later

Apache Dance Buck & Lilly
Cloggin' Onto Broadway Ranger Rick, Lightning & The Caballeros
Always Get My Man The Company

ACT I

Scene 1

(The curtain rises on what looks suspiciously like a western set constructed on a Republic Pictures sound stage of the early forties. And indeed, we find ourselves somewhere in West Texas, 1940, standing just outside the main house of Aunt Rosie Ritter's Straight Arrow Ranch. SL is the front porch of the house with a rocker and assorted Western paraphernalia. SR we can see part of the corral's split rail fence with a saddle slung across one of the top rails. Center is just sagebrush, tumbleweeds and some scraggly trees that fade into an endless clear blue sky.)

(Lounging on the porch steps are the "Croonin' Caballeros," Colt, a brawny, open-faced teenager, Sidewinder, a lean, lanky cowhand in his 20's, and Buck, a dark, swarthy ranch hand a bit older than the other two. All are dressed in stylishly coordinated yoked western shirts, bandannas around their necks, jeans, cowboy hats and boots, and have western guitars or maybe a fiddle. In front of them is their leader, Ranger Rick Rowdy of the Texas Rangers. Ranger Rick is a good-looking, fresh-scrubbed western hero in his mid-20's with an easy grin and a twinkle in his eye. He's wearing boots and jeans, but his cowboy shirt is a little more flashy than the others and laces up in front, showing just a little more cowboy chest than is absolutely necessary. He has the requisite bandanna, spurs, a silver six-gun on his hip, a badge on his chest, and on his head a blazing-white ten-gallon hat. Aunt Rosie, a cross between Marjorie Main and Thelma Ritter, sits on the front porch rocking and snapping beans. Inside the corral, his head hanging over the fence is Lightning, Ranger Rick's faithful palomino pony. Lightning nods his head to the music and occasionally whinnies in harmony as Ranger Rick steps forward, strums a few bars on his guitar, and begins to sing...)

(N.B: Sung lines are indented.)

Ranger Rick

Out here with the sagebrush, we'll spin you a yarn,
of cowpokes and bandits: the men of the West.
You may not believe, but we don't give a darn,
'cause our tale may be truer than anyone's guessed.

(The Caballeros begin to hum underneath.)

A-way out in Texas our story commences,
where women are scarcer than the teeth of a hen.
And a rider's rough chaps, or a brave's buckskin breechcloth,
makes you suddenly proud you're a man among men!

Ranger Rick and The Caballeros

A-way out West! Where men are men!
Where the trails are happy and we're in the saddle again.
With a fierce Sioux scout to be your guide,
and a faithful partner at your side,
It's the darndest way to live what's ever been:
a-way out west where men are men.

Buck

I was just a greenhorn when I first rode to the west.
When a band of heathen red men came and put me to the test!

Ranger Rick, Colt & Sidewinder

They put him to the test!

Buck

They captured me and tied me fast, and then they stripped me bare.
They drove some stakes into the ground and spread me out right there!

Ranger Rick, Colt & Sidewinder

They spread him out right there!

Buck

I knew that I was done for, even though I'd done no wrong.
They left me there at noontime, though the sun was beating strong,

Ranger Rick, Colt & Sidewinder

The sun was beating strong!

Buck

But ready to give up all hope, a brave rode into sight.
Though young and tall and dark and fierce took pity on my plight!

Ranger Rick, Colt & Sidewinder

Took pity on his plight.

Buck

You bet, friend, I'll remember all he did for me that night.
I recon that I learned my lesson then!
That bound and gagged and helpless, you can count on Western men!

Ranger Rick and The Caballeros

A-way out West! Where men are men!
Where the trails are happy and we're in the saddle again.

Buck

Though red or white don't pay no mind,
as long as he's the western kind,
I learned to do a war whoop there and then:

Ranger Rick and The Caballeros

A-way out west where men are men.

Sidewinder

One fateful night in Tombstone, I was set in a saloon.
I didn't know bout gamblin,' but I'd sure be learnin' soon!

Ranger Rick, Colt & Buck

He'd sure be learning soon!

Sidewinder

The place was empty, just us two, as I drew one more card.
This giant of a lumberjack saw I'd let down my guard.

Ranger Rick, Colt & Buck

That he'd let down his guard!

Sidewinder

I held a flush, but I was bust, a donkey all I had.
I told him that I'd bet this beast. He said, "Straight flush my lad."

Ranger Rick, Colt & Buck

He said, "Straight flush my lad!"

Sidewinder

He grabbed me, then he stepped outside, and he was moving fast.
He rode his winnings hard and when I looked up from the grass,

Ranger Rick, Colt & Buck

He looked up from the grass.

Sidewinder

I yelled I'd meant my donkey when I said I'd bet my a...

Aunt Rosie

I'll wash your mouth out with soap!

Sidewinder

Yes, ma'am... Sorry...

I recon that I learned my lesson then!
You best know what you're betting when you bet on Western men!

Ranger Rick and The Caballeros

A-way out West! Where men are men!
Where the trails are happy and we're in the saddle again.

Sidewinder

He took his winnings with some style,
And I still left there with a smile.
I learned to buck a bronco there and then:

Ranger Rick and The Caballeros

a-way out west where men are men.

(Rallentando)

Buck

A cowboy's always your best pal,
'cause on the trail, there ain't no gals.

Sidewinder

You know you've got a friend that's true,
when you bunk down with a buckaroo.

Colt

He'll get you up if you go down,
not like those fellas up in town.

Ranger Rick and The Caballeros

(freely - harmonizing a cappella)

When you've been six months on the trail,
there's someone who will watch your tail.

(a tempo)

You know you got the best that's ever been,
out in the West where men are men.

A-way out West! Where men are men!
Where the trails are happy and we're in the saddle again.
With a fierce Sioux scout to be your guide,
and a faithful partner at your side,
it's the darndest way to live what's ever been:

Buck

A-way out west...

Sidewinder

(building harmony)

A-way out west...

Colt

A-way out west...

Ranger Rick

A-way out west...

Ranger Rick and The Caballeros

Where - men - are - men!

Aunt Rosie

(smiling in spite of herself)

Now you just stop that kinda talk! I swear, you boys are a caution. I don't know why I put up with your shenanigans!

Buck

Well, gee, Aunt Rosie, I guess you put up with us 'cause we're always so amusin'...

Sidewinder

An' charmin'...

Buck

An' tasteful...

Sidewinder

An' purty...

Colt

And... Uh... Purty...

Sidewinder

Come on, Aunt Rosie, how 'bout a little kiss for your favorite cowpoke?

Aunt Rosie

Now just cut that out you varmint! Don't be slobberin' all over me. I got half a mind to send you right back where you came from!

Buck

Aw, you wouldn't do that, Aunt Rosie! We like it here on the straight-arrow ranch.

Aunt Rosie

Straight Arrow! Ha! Now there's a laugh!

Colt

Honest injun, Aunt Rosie, I don't know what I'd 'a done if you hadn't taken me in after my pa booted me out on my be-hind. You wouldn't make us leave here would ya?

Aunt Rosie

'Course I wouldn't sugar. But y'all gotta learn to be a little more careful 'bout how you talk 'round folks. Ain't everybody understands you boys of the, uh - pastel persuasion -- like I do.

Sidewinder

We'll I sure am glad you do, Aunt Rosie. I was 'bout to go crazy 'for I found out there was other cowpokes like me around.

Colt

An' I'm almost glad Pa caught me out behind the barn with that snake-oil salesman. Otherwise I'd never 'a made it here with all 'a you!

Buck

Aw heck, I don't know how Aunt Rosie knew to hire me outa all them cow hands lookin' for work, but I'm sure glad she did.

Aunt Rosie

Well, don't take no offense, but I just took one look at all them cowboys and you stuck out like a petunia in a whole field full 'a sage brush.

Ranger Rick

How'd you ever start takin' in us strays, Aunt Rosie?

Aunt Rosie

Well, back a lot of years, my uncle Samuel sent Cousin Ezekiel out here to work for me on the ranch to make a man out of him. Well, didn't take long to figure out he was man enough, his weathervane just didn't swing in the same direction as the other buckaroos -- if you get my drift. So it just seemed natural to start hirin' on other cowboys that would be sorta sympathetic.

Ranger Rick

That sure was nice of you.

Aunt Rosie

Too darn nice. Ezekiel up an' went all silly over some big, good-lookin' gaucho up from south of the border. An' before I knew it, he was playin' hacienda in Argentina an' I was left with a ranch full 'a rhinestone cowboys who didn't know a bronco from a Brahma bull! Sorta like some other fellas I could mention.

Colt

What other fellas, Aunt Rosie?

Sidewinder

I think she's gonna tell us, Colt.

Aunt Rosie

Well you boys may look pretty - and sing pretty...

Buck

An' Sidewinder here makes a heck of an armadillo casserole...

Aunt Rosie

But ain't one of you worth a hoot as a ranch hand.

Colt

We sure been tryin' Aunt Rosie.

Aunt Rosie

I know you have boys, but you gotta try harder. The corn's droopin. The colt's ain't broke, and that's the scrawniest, sickliest, lookin' herd of Herefords I ever laid eyes on.

Sidewinder

But I'm almost through redoin' the bunkhouse! It's all deco!

Aunt Rosie

You're missin' the chuck wagon, boys! Unless you get off your behinds and make a go of this place, we ain't gonna have nothin' to eat! Aw, what's the use? Rick here was the only one of y'all worth his salt at ridin' and ropin' an' he up an' joined the Texas Rangers.

Ranger Rick

I wish I could help out more, Aunt Rosie...

Aunt Rosie

Now go on... You help out plenty. And I'm mighty proud of you movin' out on your own, and gettin' a badge, an' becomin' an honest to goodness Texas Ranger.

Ranger Rick

It sure is nice. They don't ask and I don't tell. But you know my heart's still here with you an' the boys.

Aunt Rosie

(with a wink)

I know it's here with one of the boys, anyhow. Aw, don't none of you fret now. We'll find somehow to make this place pay. Now go on Buck - you too Sidewinder. It's about bedtime, an' I recon these two are hankerin' for a little privacy before Rick has to ride back to town.

Ranger Rick

(blushing)

Aw, shucks, Aunt Rosie...

Aunt Rosie

Don't go flappin' your jaw now. I know it ain't me you rode out here ten mile to see. Just turn out the porch light when you come in, Colt.

Colt

Yes ma'am.

(Aunt Rosie, Sidewinder and Buck exit into the house as Rick and Colt cast bashful side-long glances at each other.)

Ranger Rick

Aunt Rosie's right. I gotta be ridin' back to town. Got an early day tomorrow.

Colt

It was awful nice of you to come out and see me - uh - us...

Ranger Rick

Didn't I say I'd be out to see you every Saturday night 'till we could get our own place?

Colt

Yeah. An you ain't missed a single Saturday.

Ranger Rick

'Course I ain't.

Colt

So you think we can get that place of our own soon? Someplace for just us two?

Ranger Rick

Well, I don't want to take you off from here 'till I can support you right, An, a Texas Ranger don't make much money.

Colt

That don't matter to me.

Ranger Rick

And you're still awful young.

Colt

I turned eighteen last August.

Ranger Rick

See! You're just a pup. I'm awful old for you, Colt.

Colt

You ain't that old.

Ranger Rick

Sure am. Why I'm already pushin' twenty-two! That's almost an old man.

Colt

Just as long as you're my old man. Aw, Rick, I knowed it was you I wanted for the longest now. An' I wouldn't care if we ain't got nothin' - long as I got you.

Ranger Rick

Darn! If you ain't the sweetest thang...

(They lean closer, a breath away from kissing, but then Rick turns away, slightly terrified.)

Well... I better get ridin'. Gettin' late.

(giving Colt a warm hand shake)

Uh... see ya later partner.

Colt

Rick?

Ranger Rick

Yeah, buddy?

Colt

Well I was just hoping' ...

Ranger Rick

Hopin' what?

Colt

Well ... I was just hopin' that one of these Saturdays...

Ranger Rick

Go on... Spit it out...

Colt

Well, that maybe one of these Saturdays we could say goodnight with a little bit more than a handshake.

Ranger Rick

Oh...

Colt

I mean, I know Aunt Rosie don't allow no hanky-panky on the ranch.

Ranger Rick

No, she sure don't...

Colt

But I bet she wouldn't mind a little goodnight...

Ranger Rick

A little goodnight...

Colt

A little goodnight... kiss?

Ranger Rick

Oh! No... I recon she wouldn't.

Colt

Well then...

Ranger Rick

(awkwardly moving in a little closer)

Well then...

Colt

What's the matter?

Ranger Rick

It's just that... Aw shucks... Colt... I ain't never...

Colt

You ain't never kissed a guy before?

Ranger Rick

Naw. Don't even know if I know how. Have you?

Colt

Sure! Lots 'a times. I mean... Well once or twice... Or maybe three or four...

Ranger Rick

Then I guess it's time to learn.

Well, here goes...

(He takes a moment to work up his courage.)

(Colt throws his head back closes his eyes, and opens his mouth. Lightning -who has been watching intently - covers his eyes behind the fence. Rick leans forward gingerly, takes Colt's face in his hands and gives him a tiny, sweet and very closed-mouth peck on the lips. When they pull apart, Colt looks only slightly disappointed.)

How was that?

Colt

Oh... That was -- real good... Uh... Maybe I should try this time.

Ranger Rick

O.K.

(Rick closes his eyes and waits. Colt grins, wets his lips, opens his mouth and is about to go for the gold when a loud voice is heard from off Left. Both men jump apart as if caught with their collective hands in the cookie jar.)

Sassafras

(off)

Aunt Rosie! Boys! Y'all still up?

Rick

Uh... I better go Colt.

(He grabs lightning's reins and beats a hasty retreat as Sassafras enters.)

'Night Sassafras

Sassafras

'Night Rick. 'Night Lightning.

(Rick and Lightning exit.)

Aunt Rosie

(entering with Sidewinder and Buck)

Who's a hollerin' out there?

Sassafras

It's me Aunt Rosie!

Aunt Rosie

Well if it ain't Judge Sassafras Devine! You didn't come all the way out here just to see me did you?

Sassafras

No, It ain't just to see you...

Aunt Rosie

Naw, I didn't think so...

Sassafras

See, I got some powerful bad news for you.

Aunt Rosie

Well spit it out, honey.

Sassafras

Well you know how I always admired what you been doin' for these boys out here. How I wished there'd been somebody like you to take me in when I was just a confused young greenhorn.

Aunt Rosie

And now you're a confused old greenhorn and ya still need somebody to take care of you. So go on - what's so all-fired important?

Sassafras

Don't get riled now. See, I was just over at the County Clerk's office and thought I better get right over here and tell you, but the Ford broke down, and I had to saddle up old Bessie...

Aunt Rosie

Tell us what!

Sassafras

Your taxes ain't been paid on this place in two years, Aunt Rosie.

Aunt Rosie

That ain't news. I ain't had the money.

Sassafras

Well, if they ain't paid in thirty days, the sheriff's gonna have to take this place and put it up for auction!

Sidewinder

Sell the Straight Arrow Ranch?!

Colt

Don't let 'em do it, Aunt Rosie!

Aunt Rosie

Of course we won't let 'em do it. How much they want, Sassafras?

Sassafras

Three hundred dollars!

Aunt Rosie

Three hundred dollars! Where we gonna get that kinda money?

Sassafras

I don't know, but if you don't, sheriff's gotta sell the ranch for back taxes. It's the law Aunt Rosie. And we can't go again' the law.

Aunt Rosie

No we can't. We better be gettin' our hands on some real money! Now come on... Start thinkin'. How can we turn this ranch around? Sidewinder you're the smart one...

Sidewinder

Well we could...

(He trails off and sits, dejected.)

Aunt Rosie

Buck?

Buck

I don't know... Maybe...

(Likewise, Buck has come up empty.)

Aunt Rosie

Colt?

Colt

(Not quite sure what the question was...)

Uh...

Aunt Rosie

What 'ya gonna do boys? Don't just sit there.
What 'ya gonna do boys? Get some grit there!
Ya' worthless bunch 'a good fer nothin' dime store cowboys!
Can't you act like men, or should I show you how, boys?

Aw, what's the use? Can't make you into what you're not.
Better figure what to do with what we got.

Sidewinder

I'm sorry, Aunt Rosie, but I just ain't no good with horses.

Colt

An' I can't do nothin' with pokin' cows.

Buck

But I seen a couple cowpokes poke you pretty good.

Aunt Rosie

And all right mister smarty-pants, just what can you do?

Buck

I can rope 'em, I can ride 'em and I can brand 'em.

Aunt Rosie

Yeah. But why can't you do all that with livestock? This is serious, boys! We're gonna lose the Straight Arrow Ranch! We gotta make some money. There's gotta be somethin' -- just one thing you boys can do good.

Colt

Hey! I got a idea!

Now I ain't much with cows and such, But I've got me a talent no one knows!
I'm hell on wheels with clothes!
A rhinestone shirt, a buckskin skirt, give me rawhide, beads or bows,
'Cause I'm a western man, a man who sews.

Lace caps, black chaps, yes I'm your man.
A fringe vest for a broad chest,
if I can't whip it up, ain't no cowboy can.

The folks'll eye us, wearin' ponchos I have cut upon the bias.
Let 'em see my steady stitches and they'll try us.
Give me buckskin, an' watch me pose.
'Cause ain't no dandy can do what this dude can do with clothes.

Sidewinder

Hey! I know somethin' I can do good!

Aunt Rosie

Then tell us about it, honey! 'Cause all that sewin' ain't gonna make us two bits.

Sidewinder

Well, just look at that barn!

Brown walls, wood stalls, ya' call that design?
Let me gain, full rein,
I'll erect a home for equines that is gal-darned divine!

Give me some swatches, and then a little time while no one watches.
I'll pick the perfect paint to paint out those ol' blotches.
I'll give you stables that are fine!
Just stick to my design.

Some well-placed plants, give ambiance to a bunkhouse or a shack.
This cowpoke's got the knack.

You'll never change, what I arrange, fella' trust my sense of line,
'cause I tell you, boys, I can design!

Aunt Rosie

It's a talent I guess. But interior designin'? We can't sell that for nothin' around these parts. All right, Buck just what in blazes can you do? You're our last hope, boy.

Buck

There's just one thing I'm good at, Aunt Rosie:

I like to ride 'em. I like to ride 'em and a rope 'em and a brand 'em!
Spot a randy ranch hand and I will land 'em.
Some might say that it's a sin!
But I leave 'em with a grin.

The tricks I know with my lasso, and a fellow who's a mind,
can sure help him unwind.
Just yellin', "Strip!" as you crack a whip, makes a sassy fellow meek!
And he'll turn the other cheek.
Tanned hide,
slow ride,
that's the Wild West for sure!

Spurs shine,
life's fine,
when you caught a cocky cowhand and he's callin' you sir!

Aunt Rosie

You'll land in jail before you're 20!

Buck

But you gotta admit, it's a talent!

Sidewinder

Sure! We all got somethin' we're good at!

*(The cowboy's verses are so brilliantly scored
that now as they start to sing them
simultaneously, they create perfect harmony!)*

Colt

Sidewinder

Buck

Now I ain't much with cows and such,
 but I've got me a talent no one knows!
 I'm hell on wheels with clothes!
 A rhinestone shirt, a buckskin skirt,
 give me rawhide, beads or bows,
 I'm a western man who sews.
 Lace caps,
 Black chaps, yes I'm your
 man.
 Fringe vest for a
 broad chest,
 If I can't whip it up, ain't no cowboy can.
 The folks'll eye us, wearin' ponchos I have cut
 upon the bias. Let 'em see my steady stitches and they'll
 try us. Give me buckskin, watch me
 pose! 'Cause ain't no dandy can do what this
 dude can do with
 clothes.

Brown walls,
 wood stalls, 'ya call that
 design?
 Let me gain
 full rein,
 I'll erect a home for equines that is gal-darned
 divine!
 Give me some swatches, and then a little time
 while no one
 watches...I'll pick the perfect paint to paint
 out those ol'
 blotches. I'll give you stables that are
 fine! 'Cause buddy can I
 design.
 Some well placed plants give ambiance
 to a bunkhouse or a shack.
 This cowpoke's got the knack.
 And never change what I arrange,
 fella' trust my sense of line.
 Just follow my design!

I like to ride 'em. I like to ride 'em and a
 rope 'em and a
 brand 'em. Spot a rowdy ranch hand and I'll
 land 'em. Some might say that it's a
 sin! But I leave 'em with a
 grin.
 The tricks I know with my lasso,
 and a fellow who's a mind,
 can sure help him unwind.
 Just yellin', "Strip!" as you crack a whip,
 makes a sassy fellow meek.
 And he'll turn the other cheek.
 Tanned hide...
 Slow ride...
 That's the wild west for sure.
 Spurs shine...
 Life's fine...
 When you've caught a cocky cowhand and
 he's callin' you sir!

Colt, Sidewinder & Buck

Yes we got talents.
 They ain't much but they might help to tip the balance.
 And we gotta knock on wood!

Buck

Cause with a real, randy, rowdy rancher, anything goes.

Sidewinder & Buck

An' partner, I design it with a style that shows.

Colt, Sidewinder & Buck

'Cause you ain't wearin' nothin' 'till you're wearin' my clothes!

Lord, we're doin' like we should!

'Cause there's just this one thing I can do...

Good!

Aunt Rosie

(Shaking her head, defeated.)

Lord protect us!

(blackout)

Scene 2

(Early the next morning. Sneaking on are Bart, a deliciously dangerous looking 20-something dressed in a slick eastern suit and green fedora, and his moll, Lilly, smart, gorgeous and looking like she was dressed for an evening at 21...)

Lilly

Are you sure this is the place?

Bart

Of course I'm sure. It's right here on the map: "Straight Arrow Ranch."

Lilly

And you're sure there's oil here? All I see is dust and - Ooooo! Horse manure!

Bart

This report I stole says the place is loaded with it. Right under our feet... oil that is... Enough black gold to keep my little Brooklyn baby doll in diamonds and mink long as the Dodgers play at Ebbets Field!

Lilly

But are you sure we can get our hands on it?

Bart

Like candy from a baby, baby doll. I got it all checked out. This dump is bust. Old bag who owns it ain't got a dime in the bank.

Lilly

How'd you find that out?

Bart

A little payoff here: I get the low-down on the bank account. A little payoff there, and their taxes suddenly get real high. I tell you baby, all we got to do is get the deed to this public eyesore and it's Summertime and the livin' is easy.

Lilly

So why not just wait for the auction?

Bart

What, you think I'm made of dough? I only got so much. What if some stupid cowpoke with a wad of greenbacks outbids me? No. We gotta get them to sell it to us now while they're good and scared.

(Aunt Rosie is entering from SL with a couple of buckets.)

Now somebody's coming. Turn on the charm, baby.

(To Aunt Rosie)

Howdy ma'am.

Aunt Rosie

Howdy yourself.

Bart

You wouldn't be the lovely Miss Rosie Ritter, would you?

Aunt Rosie

Well I ain't the lovely Miss Eleanor Roosevelt. And just who's askin'?

Bart

The name's Black. Boston Bart Black they call me, lately of the great city of New York.

Aunt Rosie

Oh.

(She spits.)

An easterner.

Bart

And this is my traveling companion, Miss Luscious. Miss Lilly Luscious.

Aunt Rosie

I'd shake hands but I've just been out slopping the hogs.

Lilly

Charmed.

Aunt Rosie

Yeah. Me too. What can I do for you strangers?

Bart

Well it just happens we were walking by...

Aunt Rosie

Ten miles out of town?

Bart

Morning constitutional. And saw your lovely ranch...

Aunt Rosie

Yeah. Looks like your kinda place all right.

Bart

And wondered if you might consider... Selling?

Aunt Rosie

Selling... You mean you want to buy... How much?

Bart

Oh, we could offer... Say... Three hundred...

Aunt Rosie

Nice talking to you.

Bart

Four hundred...

Aunt Rosie

I've got butter to churn.

Bart

Five hundred. Final offer.

Aunt Rosie

Five hundred!

(She walks away a few steps as she mutters to herself.)

Why, with five hundred dollars I could pay off...

*(To Bart who has snuck up behind her to
listen...)*

You stay back there while I'm cogitatin'! I could pay off the county, and still have some left off for a down payment on another place for me and the boys... You'll give me five hundred dollars for this place?

Bart

In a New York minute.

Aunt Rosie

Cash?

Bart

On the barrelhead.

Aunt Rosie

I...

Bart

Yes?

Aunt Rosie

I think I...

Lilly

Yes?

Aunt Rosie

Why, I think I gotta say...

Sassafras

Aunt Rosie! You up there?

Aunt Rosie

I think I'll say: Mornin' Sassafras. What you up to out here so early?

Sassafras

(Entering with the Caballeros)

Well the boys come to my office early so we could figure how to come up with the three hundred dollars you need to save this place.

Lilly

Why, you need three hundred dollars?

Bart

How fortuitous. We'd never have guessed, now our offer...

Aunt Rosie

Yeah, and what did you four pudding' headed chap-chasers come up with this time?

Sassafras

Nope, Aunt Rosie, just when we was about to give up hope, we was just Walkin' down the street, an look what we ran into!

(Proudly, Sidewinder and Buck present Injun Bob, a short, rather non-descript looking Indian, wearing moccasins, beaded loincloth, and a feather.)

Injun Bob

How!

Aunt Rosie

How what? Just what in tarnation is that supposed to be?

Sidewinder

He's an Injun, Aunt Rosie!

Buck

A genuine red man! Don't that beat all!

Aunt Rosie

Who's leg you think you pullin'? We ain't had Injuns 'round these parts in thirty years.

Colt

Maybe he ain't from here.

Sidewinder

Maybe he ain't even from this state.

Aunt Rosie

Maybe he ain't even from this planet. What's your name?

Injun Bob

(improvising for all he's worth...)

My honored people call me... Bob.

Aunt Rosie

Bob? Who in blue blazes ever heard of an Injun named Bob? And just what tribe are you from, Bob?

Injun Bob

From tribe far over river, beyond mountains, behind moon... beyond the rain...

Aunt Rosie

Yeah, and what tribe is that?

Injun Bob

Uh... Weehawkenites.

Aunt Rosie

Somethin' don't sound quite right here... And why you wearin' a mask...

Injun Bob

Uh... Mask heap big secret.

Bart

Listen, we were just about to...

Sassafras

But here's the idea!

Aunt Rosie

All right. Spill it.

Sassafras

Well just think Aunt Rosie! Buffalo Bill, Calamity Jane, Annie Oakley - every one of 'em got filthy rich. And how?

Aunt Rosie

How?

Injun Bob

How!

Aunt Rosie

Don't you start!

Sassafras

They put on a Wild West Show! Well what have they got that we ain't got?

Aunt Rosie

I don't know? Talent?

Sassafras

We got us three swell-lookin' cowboys right here. Now we got us an Injun! We got a whole thirty days to put a show together! We're sure to make three-hundred dollars!

Aunt Rosie

OK. Even if he is an Injun - what in tarnation can he do that anybody's gonna pay good money to see?

Sidewinder

He can do an Injun dance!

Aunt Rosie

Go on.

Injun Bob

I not so...

Buck

'Course! All injuns can do a war dance! Can't you Injun Bob?

Injun Bob

Been long time... very long time...

Aunt Rosie

I told you fellas - he ain't even a real...

Injun Bob

Now I remember! Help-um out boys!

(Sidewinder and Buck get a couple of barrels which they upend and start using as tom-toms as Injun Bob takes a deep breath and starts to chant...)

Hit-um!

Hi yi yi yi! Hi yi yi yi!
Fierce of face, stout of heart.
Always tan, always smart.
That's an Indian brave!
It's the life you crave!
Everybody wants to be a brave!

Hi yi yi yi! Hi yi yi yi!
Fast as horse, strong as tree,
Seeing things on Peyote.
That's an Indian brave!
Have a secret cave!
Everybody wants to be a brave!

War paint spread across his chest,
Noble to the core,
Riding naked through the West,
Who could dream of more?

Hi yi yi yi! Hi yi yi yi!
Friend to man, friend to bear,
Never any body hair.

Never have to shave!
Everybody wants to be a brave!

Colt

But you got some hair...

Injun Bob

Quiet. Time for Indian Dance!

Hi yi yi yi! Hi yi yi yi!

(Dance break. Injun Bob starts off well enough, managing some steps that look vaguely native-American, but soon is improvising wildly - everything from the Charleston to shuffling off to Buffalo... But if anything is amiss, the Caballeros don't notice. Soon, everyone is joining in with great abandon.)

Injun Bob & The Caballeros

Mute companion to the end,
loyal strong and true.
There beside you, trusted friend.

Injun Bob

If you can do the dance...

The Caballeros

Then there's a chance...

Injun Bob & The Caballeros

That you can be one too.

Hi yi yi yi! Hi yi yi yi!

Chiseled jaw, flashing eye.

Injun Bob

Don't I make you want to sigh?

Injun Bob & the Caballeros

That's an Indian brave!

It's the life you crave!
Everybody wants to be a brave!

It's the live we crave.
I'm an Indian, He's an Indian.
Rip of your clothes and make like an Indian!
Be an Indian Brave!
Be an Indian Brave!
Be an Indian Brave!
Hi Yi!

Aunt Rosie

Well! I recon that wasn't so bad at that! So you want to put on a show with the Injuns? Where's the rest of your tribe?

Injun Bob

Uh... Me last one.

Aunt Rosie

You're gonna put on a Wild West show with one - begging your pardon - short little Injun? Ain't gonna do fellows.

Sidewinder

Well, we can sing!

Buck

We been workin' on our harmonizin' Aunt Rosie!

Colt

We're gonna call ourselves the Croonin' Caballeros!

Lilly

Charming. Bart, do something!

Aunt Rosie

Three singin' cowboys and one dancin' injun just ain't gonna make it. If you're gonna make three hundred dollars you need you a star. No. I had a good offer from these strangers here.

Bart

Ah! No star. So sad. As you were saying when we were interrupted...

Sidewinder

But where we gonna find a star?

Ranger Rick

(off)

Anybody home?

Sassafras

It's Ranger Rick!

Sidewinder

Why didn't I think of that?

Buck

He's got the purtiest voice in West Texas.

Colt

Ranger Rick can do anything!

Ranger Rick

(entering)

Boy my ears are a-burnin'. Somebody here talkin' about me?

Sassafras

We sure are! You're gonna star in our show!

Ranger Rick

Whoa there! What show's that?

Colt

Sassafras and Injun Bob here and me and the boys are gonna put on a Wild West show to save the ranch!

Sidewinder

But it'll only work if you star in it! You're the best singin' cowboy in these parts.

Ranger Rick

Gee whiz, boys, I don't know. I'm kinda shy in front of folks...

Colt

Please Rick? For me?

Sassafras

And for the Straight Arrow Ranch?

Ranger Rick

Well if you think it will work? Aunt Rosie?

Aunt Rosie

With you singin' Rick - and the boys backin' you up - and short-stuff here doin' his dance, why I bet everybody in town will come! Everybody in the County maybe! We can make three-hundred dollars easy! Let's do it boys!

Sassafras and the Caballeros

Hooray! That's the spirit! We'll show 'em Aunt Rosie! (etc. general mayhem)

Aunt Rosie

Guess that hands you your walkin' papers, city folk. The Straight Arrow Ranch ain't for sale!

Sassafras, Rick, Bob & The Caballeros

Hooray!

Lilly

(kicking Bart)

Bart! Do something!

Bart

Dear Aunt Rosie...

Aunt Rosie

I ain't your Aunt. You just skedaddle now!

Bart

But...

Lilly

Wait!

Ranger Rick

And what can we do for you, ma'am!

Lilly

It's what I can do for you, Cowboy!

Sassafras

And just what might that be, little lady?

Lilly

Well, who ever heard of a Wild West show without a singin' cowgirl?

Aunt Rosie

And you got one there under that little hat of yours?

Lilly

You're lookin at her, honey.

Bart

Lilly? You can sing country?

Lilly

Miss Lilly Luscious can sing whatever the heck Miss Lilly Luscious wants to sing!

(To the Caballeros)

Back me up boys.

(She tosses her stylish hat aside, grabs Rick's Stetson and perches it jauntily on her head.)

Hit it.

(with Caballeros doing back-up)

No light in the window, I knew you were gone.
I sit by your trailer, just waiting for dawn.
Knowin' just how your hands would feel...

Caballeros

(overlapping)

Hands would feel...

Lilly

Afraid that this time my heart won't heal.

Caballeros

(as always, overlapping)

Heart won't heal... Oooooo.

Lilly

May be you're no good, cheatin' cruel and lazy...

(Caballeros continue as above throughout.)

Still, I fall to faded pieces after midnight when your sweet dreams drive me crazy.

An old worn out shirt holds the smell of your chest.

My hands trace your name, tattooed on my breast.

Broken bottles across the drive...

When we drank them together, I felt so alive.

The black eye was nothin'. I knew you were drunk and hazy.

Then I fall to faded pieces after midnight when your sweet dreams drive me crazy.

If you still want to see her too, I promise that I won't care.

I know she's your sister, but I'd never stop you, it wouldn't be fair.

I can't hold the tears. Come back! I promise I won't make a scene.

And you don't have to worry. Remember, next month I'll be turning fifteen.

That Chevy still sits up on blocks in the yard.

The times in the back seat - rememberin's hard.

Knowin' we should have stopped!

Not even guessin' the Trojan had popped...

Like the flower you gave me, I'm gonna name her daisy.

And I fall to faded pieces after midnight when your sweet dreams drive me crazy.

How could you leave me alone, in trouble, without a cent?

After all that I gave you, the cigarettes, liquor and all of your rent...

If I could just reach you, I'd tear out your heart like you've torn out mine.
Instead, I just sit here, sipping the last of your two-dollar wine.

The rain's started fallin', the moonlight has gone.
You ain't comin' back so it's time to move on.
My tears washed clean by rain from above.
With all your faults, // you're forever my love.
Yes you're cheatin', lyin' stupid, cruel and lazy,
Yet, I fall to faded pieces after midnight when your sweet dreams drive me crazy.

The Caballeros

She still falls to faded pieces after midnight when her sweet dreams make her...

Sidewinder

Crazy.

Colt

Crazy.

Buck

Crazy.

Lilly

Crazy.

Lilly & The Caballeros

Crazy.

Lilly

Now if that ain't country, I don't know what is!

Ranger Rick

Well, that was right purty!

Colt

Will you really help us out with our Wild West show, Miss Lilly?

Lilly

Well, of course I will, boys. Just call me Country Lilly from now on! I was born to wear boots - trust me.

Ranger Rick

And what about you Mr....

Bart

Black. Boston Bart Black. Lately from New York City.

Ranger Rick

Maybe there's something you can do to help out with the show Mr. Black.

Bart

I'm Lilly's manager. Where she goes, I go.

Sassafras

Then it's settled!

Colt

This is great! I sew! I can do costumes.

Sidewinder

And things'll need designin'! I'll do all the sets!

Buck

Great. All I'm good with is a whip and a brandin' iron. What'll I do?

Ranger Rick, Colt, Sidewinder, Sassafras, Lilly and Aunt Rosie

Stage Manager!

Sassafras

Tarnation! This is better than a two-ton sow at the state fair! Let's go inside and make plans!

Ranger Rick

Right behind you partner. You comin' Mr. Bart? Miss. Lilly?

Lilly

We'll be there in just a minute, you go ahead, cowboy.

Colt

Come on, Rick.

(All but Lilly and Bart exit into the house.)

Bart

Nice work, baby. Why'd you got us hooked up with these sagebrush Shuberts?

Lilly

Listen, they said this whole show idea wouldn't fly without that Cowboy Caruso in there right?

Bart

Say no more. All comes clear, lovely lady. You should be able to take care of that Ranger Rick Rowdy with one hand tied behind you.

Lilly

Not this time, sweetie.

Bart

Whadda you mean? Just bat those lashes at him a few times, give a little wiggle, and that backwoods bozo will be putty in your pretty little hands.

Lilly

I'm afraid you'd better start practicing up on your batting and wiggling, cute stuff, 'cause it's not me he's got an eye for.

Bart

What are you saying?

Lilly

I'm saying that whole crowd in there is about as interested in me as a bunch of Kansas City chorus boys.

Bart

You mean...

Lilly

Honey, those cowpokes are so light in the loafers they don't ride the range, they just sort of float across it.

Bart

Naw! But Ranger Rick is...

Lilly

Under that tin star, Ranger Rick is just one camp cowpoke, sweet-cheeks.

Bart

Well I'll be had.

Lilly

That's the general idea.

Bart

Now you can just hold on right there, honey...

Lilly

You listen Bart Black, and you listen good. You have exactly twenty-nine days to seduce that cowboy into riding off into the sunset on your saddle. Because if he's still here to sing in their Wild West show, you can just kiss all that oil money goodbye.

Bart

There's no way... Look I've never... Don't you even think... I'm just not...

Lilly

Don't you give me that. I've had to cozy up to plenty of two bit hoods with tentacles for arms just to make one of your crazy schemes cash in. Well, now it's time for you to swing your assets around for a change.

Bart

Just hold it sister, if you think I'll dip my wick in
some rangy ranch-hand Romeo - no it's me who'll do the pickin'.
No back-door buddies for me.
There's different assets hangin' on a he and a she.
And I'm the straightest arrow that I can be.

When I'm checkin' out the horseflesh, give me the fillies,
or don't give me nothin' at all.
If some stallion gets too frisky, he'll be a gelding,
if I'm backed up against the wall.

This racehorse gets his blood up with the scent of a mare.
But sniffin' out a colt, I swear there ain't nothin' there.
Yes, honey, when we hit the hayloft, give me the fillies,
or don't give me nothin' at all.

Lilly

Oh little boy, try to be a man now.
Do what you have to. Give it all you can now.
If he should ask you in for a chat,
and then he gets you down on the mat,
it might be fun to watch it at that...

You snag you a stallion - start flirtin' with one of those farm boys,
or don't expect nothin' at all.
You can call me pushy, but you better shake your tushy,
or this filly just won't come when you call.

A couple of frisky colts might want a roll in the hay.
And this time, you're the one who'll have to give it away.
If you want the ranch, you gotta court you a cowboy,
or we won't get us nothin' at all.

Bart

Ya think again, sister. There's things that I won't do now.

Lilly

You might even like it before you are through now.

Bart

I'm tellin' you now, the answer is no.

Lilly

Fine, then we'll just pack up and go.

Bart

Baby, I'm not of that bent.

Lilly

Baby, you ain't got a cent.

Bart

This isn't a joke!

Lilly

But baby, you're broke!

Of course, I suppose you could always get -- a job...

Bart

A job... You mean...

(There is a long pause as Bart turns away, giving the matter some serious thought. When he turns back to Lilly...)

Now on the other hand... It's just a little flirtin...
It wouldn't mean nothin at all...

Lilly

(She unbuttons a few buttons of his vest.)

Let's show a little horseflesh, don't think about the fillies.
You want the studs to come when you call.
Just get the colts a-buckin' for your masculine charm.

Bart

And then before they know it we'll be stealin' the farm.
(And they begin their big, vaudeville finish.)

Bart & Lilly

What's a little cuddle with a cute little cowpoke?
When it can get you somethin...
I don't like havin' nothin'...
It's just a little romp with a romancin' ranch-hand.

Lilly

And even if your virtue should fall, my darlin'...

Bart

I guess it's better than nothin'.

Bart & Lilly

We gotta be getting' somethin'. 'Cause we won't settle for nothin'...

No, nothin' gets you nothin'...

Nothin' at all!

Scene 3

(Three weeks later. Aunt Rosie is standing forth like the Captain of a frigate giving orders to her men as she frantically rushes hither and yon.. Injun Bob, Sassafras and the Caballeros rush about as she directs them. Ranger Rick, Center, has a saddle up on a sawhorse and is vigorously oiling and polishing.)

Aunt Rosie

Sassafras! Take those costumes over to the wagon! Colt! Buck! Get them curtains in here so's I can hem 'em up! Sidewinder! You got that new song written up for act two?

Sidewinder

I'm workin' on it Aunt Rosie!

Aunt Rosie

Well don't work on it! Finish it! We only got one week left 'till the big show! Injun Bob! You been practicin' throwin' them tomahawks for the specialty number?

Injun Bob

You hold still. I practice now.

Aunt Rosie

Don't you get sassy with me, you naked heathen. Get in here so's I can measure you for them new buckskins. I declare! Do I gotta do everything myself?

Buck

Where you want this paint, Aunt Rosie?

Aunt Rosie

Leave it over by the corral. We'll paint up the chuck wagon set later. Rick! You 'bout done with that old saddle?

Ranger Rick

Just a few more minutes, Aunt Rosie, I'll have it good as new.

Aunt Rosie

Well at least somebody's gettin' somethin' done. The rest of you stop lollygagging around and get on in here. We gotta rehearse the finale.

(Bart and Lilly enter - Bart now wearing ridiculously huge, furry chaps, silver-tipped boots, spurs, a black lace-up, fringed western shirt and huge black Stetson. Lilly has on leather gauchos, western blouse and boots.)

Well there you are Miss. Lilly. Get on in here now. Put that down boy. Didn't I tell you it's time to rehearse!

Colt

Yes ma'am. But I still got to get the chickens fed...

Aunt Rosie

Well, go do that first, but then get on in here.

Colt

Yes ma'am.

Aunt Rosie

Bless my soul, we ain't never gonna get everything done in time. Get on in there now! Go on! You got your fiddle? Land sakes...

(Aunt Rosie herds Injun Bob, Sassafras, Colt, Buck and Sidewinder into the house and follows behind them. Lilly holds back for a moment, poking Bart in the ribs and pointing to Rick. After a short dumb-show exchange, Lilly exits into the house and Bart wanders toward Rick who is minding his own business, polishing on the saddle.)

Bart

(He considers for a moment, works up his courage, and finally poses against the porch rail like a Times Square hooker on the make.)

Need some help with that, cowboy?

Ranger Rick

Nope.

Bart

(He tries another tack - suddenly VERY butch and rugged.)

I could shine up a little of that silver for you.

Ranger Rick

Thanks. I'm doin' fine.

Bart

(Gamely trying yet another direction, he pulls his shirt open a bit and poses.)

Kinda hot out here.

Ranger Rick

Not so bad.

Bart

Maybe want to take your shirt off. Be a shame to get it all sweaty.

Ranger Rick

(sharply)

I ain't that sweaty.

(A pause as Bart decides on another angle of attack.)

Bart

You know, you're doing that all wrong.

Ranger Rick

You're gonna tell me how to shine up a saddle?

Bart

Well I may not know anything about saddles, but I know plenty about silver. You have to buff it up to make it really shine.

Ranger Rick

I recon I'm doin' OK.

Bart

I 'recon' I can show you how to do it better. Let me?

Ranger Rick

Can I stop you?

Bart

(Slides in behind Rick, wrapping his arms around, and taking Rick's hand in his.)

See. Don't rub on it so hard like that. You don't want to scratch it. Just buff. Fast, but not too hard. That's how to get a good shine.

Ranger Rick

Hey! That's shinin' up purty good!

Bart

I worked briefly in a jewelry store. Here... It's all in the stroke. See? Stroke. Stroke. Stroke.
(With each stroke, he's nuzzling a little closer.)

Ranger Rick

(disengaging)

I think I get the idea. Look, ain't you got someplace to be?

Bart

Right here, partner. Just trying to help out.

Ranger Rick

(very sharp this time)

Yeah - well if you really want to help out, you can go on inside and leave me be so's maybe I can get somethin' done.

Bart

(looking quite hurt)

Sorry. Didn't mean to bother you, friend. I can just (sigh) go on in.

(Bart turns to go, but trips on the steps and howls.)

Oooooo! Oh damnation! Oooooo!

Ranger Rick

What is it?

Bart

Oh! My trick knee. Darn! must have twisted it. Here... Let me lean on you...

Ranger Rick

(Bart hanging from his shoulders)

Let's get you on in the house.

Bart

(forcefully swinging Rick away from the house)

Oh no. Wouldn't want the women-folk to see me like this. Just help me over there, would you? That's it. Put that arm around me...

Ranger Rick

Here we go...

Bart

Ooooo! There it goes again.

(He sinks down, literally forcing Rick onto the stool, Bart sitting in his lap.)

That's better. Just let me rest here for a minute.

Ranger Rick

Maybe I should go for Doc Johnson.

Bart

No! Don't move. I'll be fine as long as you don't move. Ooooo! It's all cramped up. Maybe if you could just rub it a little. That's it. Just rub.

(Reluctantly, Rick complies.)

A little higher. Yeah, that's it. A little higher...

Ranger Rick

I thought you said it was your knee.

Bart

The pain sort of shoots right up my thigh. WAY up my thigh...

Ranger Rick

That better?

Bart

Let me show you. There... A little over here... More up here... Try...

(He takes Rick's hand and starts to slide it up his thigh until Rick unceremoniously dumps him on his ass. Bart jumps up, rubbing his butt.)

Ouch!

Ranger Rick

Looks like you're feelin' all better.

Bart

(Now truly offended that all his efforts aren't having the desired effect...)

I could feel a whole lot better if you'd just give me half a chance.

Ranger Rick

Listen partner. For three weeks you been on me like a duck on a June bug.

Bart

Darn! You finally noticed!

Ranger Rick

Now I've tried to be polite. But you just don't seem to take a hint.

Bart

Come on! I've been giving you my best shot! What's the matter? And don't tell me your pistol doesn't point in that direction, 'cause I know better.

Ranger Rick

(laughing a little)

I like the fellas right enough. No secret about that.

Bart

And I'm about as handsome as they come. Come on now. You have to admit that.

Ranger Rick

You look OK.

Bart

Then why do you take off whenever I get within a city block of you?

Ranger Rick

Well for one thing - I've already got somebody - I think you know that.

Bart

So? I've already got Lilly. Doesn't mean we can't work something out on the side...

Ranger Rick

And that's the other thing.

Bart

What?

Ranger Rick

I'm a real straight shooter, Bart. Nothin' behind anybody's back. Nothin' on the side. And nothin' on the wrong side of the law.

Bart

What are you getting at?

Ranger Rick

You're called Boston Bart, right? So how come you been livin' in New York City?

Bart

I...

Ranger Rick

I tell you why. Because the cops were onto you in Boston for more cons than you can shake a stick at.

Bart

You checked up on me?

Ranger Rick

We ain't quite as backward as you seem to think. I'm a Texas Ranger, remember? Didn't take but about three long-distance calls to find out you got yourself a rap sheet 'bout a yard long. You're ornery as a polecat, slick as a fist full of lard, and I'd 'bout as soon bunk down with you as with a bedroll full of scorpions. You catch my drift?

Bart

Yeah. You're pretty clear.

Ranger Rick

Now, you want to leave me some peace?

Bart

Look Rick... Can I be square with you?

Ranger Rick

I don't know. Can you?

Bart

Listen, I'm going to tell you the truth.

Ranger Rick

Now there's an idea.

Bart

It's my sister.

Ranger Rick

Sister?

Bart

My sister in - Montana.

Ranger Rick

You've got a sister in Montana?

Bart

She's in trouble, Rick. Big trouble. See, it's like this... I thought if maybe I got you to - you know -- like me a little, you'd go out there with me...

Ranger Rick

To Montana?

Bart

You're a lawman, Rick. There's no law out there, and there's trouble on her - ranch... and well, I can't go into all the details right now, but she needs help, Rick. She needs somebody who's... well... brave... somebody who knows how to ride a horse and use a six-gun... Somebody who's not afraid to defend the law and put things right. I was stringing you along before, but this is the whole truth. Honest injun. We need you, Rick.

Ranger Rick

And why in blazes would I be fool enough to believe a yarn like that?

Bart

Well first, because it's true and second, because... Well, because... Well see, there's a few things it's been real hard for me to admit... Things I couldn't admit 'till I found...

(Bart turns away in great distress.)

Ranger Rick

'Till you found what?

Bart

'Till I found you.

Ranger Rick

(amused again in spite of himself)

Bart... You gotta be...

Bart

See, that's why you have to come with me. That's why you have to believe me. I'm... I'm in love with you, cowboy.

(a long beat)

Ranger Rick

Of course you are. Look, that was a real purty story, but I got work to do...

Bart

You gotta believe me... Wait! I have an idea...

(He opens the front door and calls inside.)

Hey guys, help me out here...

(The Buck and Sidewinder obligingly appear on the porch. Bart whispers to them and they begin to sing softly.)

Caballeros

Bum... Ba, ba, ba Bum...

Bart

I'm just a lonesome cowpoke, alone on the trail,
down on my luck, heartsick and pale.
Just needin' the broad shoulders of a vigorous male.
Could you go for broke... with a lonesome cowpoke?

I'm just a lonesome cowpoke needin' camaraderie.
Lookin' for a partner who'll stand up for me.
And we square so good together why can't you see,
that you're the bloke, for this lonesome cowpoke?

The second I laid eyes on you, I knew inside me through and through,
that you were the cowhand I wanted my brand on.
The twinkle in your roving eye, the way your six-gun slaps your thigh,
and you were the man I want to get my hands on.

Ranger Rick

You best be watchin' what you say. Now, don't ya look at me that way.
Stop yer foolin'. Keep a healthy distance there...
I own up you've got quite a line. But I like how I am just fine.

(By now, Bart is nuzzling Rick's neck.)

Best pull up your reins. Hold on now, that ain't quite fair...

Bart

I'm just a lonesome cowpoke, maybe I've gone astray.
A lesson from a lawman might could show me the way,
I'm just a bad guy needin' guidance! What do you say?

Just hitch a yolk... to this lonesome cowpoke.
(music continues under)

Ranger Rick

I think it's time fer me to get on inside.

Bart

What's the matter? Is there something wrong with me?

Ranger Rick

Nope.

Bart

I guess I just ain't your type.

Ranger Rick

Nope. That's the worst of it, Bart. You are.

Bart

Then what is it?

Ranger Rick

Just that... Bart, you don't mean a dang blasted word you say.

Bart

Why you sayin' that?

Ranger Rick

'Cause you ain't looked me in the eye once this whole night.

Bart

Come here.

Ranger Rick

Yeah?

*(Bart puts his hands on Rick's shoulders and
stares deep into his eyes.)*

Bart

I'm lookin' in your eyes now.

Ranger Rick

(A little breathless.)

Yeah. I recon you are.

Bart

(A little breathless himself.)

Yeah. I recon I am...

(Suddenly Bart turns and walks a few steps away. Rick follows a step - then sings.)

Ranger Rick

There's someone else I'm promised to.

Bart

Then maybe you need somethin' new.

An' trust me partner: this ain't how I'm supposed to feel...

Ranger Rick

You know, that almost sounded straight!

Bart

I'm not foolin'. It's to late
for jokin' around. An' brother this ain't gonna wait.

(There is a brief musical interlude as Bart suddenly turns and kisses Rick - who does not pull back. A second later, they pull apart, staring at each other, both looking rather stunned. Together, they move in for a second kiss - this one considerably more passionate. They finally come up for air, both gasping a bit. They stagger a couple of steps away from each other. If it was Disney, they'd both have little birdies circling their heads. They sing again - this time more slowly and a little hoarse, looking away from each other...)

Bart & Ranger Rick

I'm just a lonely cowpoke and I thought that I knew,
exactly what I wanted, what I needed to do.
I was sure when things were phony and when they were true...
Now it ain't a joke...
To this lonesome cowpoke.

(Slowly they turn to each other and lock eyes for a long moment, then suddenly both turn on their heel and leave, Rick into the house, Bart off L. Sidewinder nudges Buck and they exit into the house as well. The stage is empty for a moment, and then we hear an anguished wail from off stage. Colt appears from the direction of the corral. He moves toward the house where Rick has just exited, obviously having seen all that has just transpired. He walks over to Rick's stool, picks up the rag Rick has been using and sits heavily, sobbing loudly again. Unnoticed by Colt, Injun Bob walks onto the porch, checks to see that no one is watching, then pulls a cigarette from his loin-cloth. He is desperately looking for a match when Colt blows his nose loudly..)

Injun Bob

(hastily hiding the cigarette)

How!

Colt

How yerself! I was just waitin'... Uh...

Injun Bob

For lawman and stranger to finish... business?

Colt

Uh. Yeah. Didn't seem exactly polite to interrupt.

(Clumsily, Colt is wiping a tear from his eye.)

I better get on...

Injun Bob

White man look like have something in eye.

Colt

(choking back sobs)

Yeah. I guess. It's just that... See, me and Ranger Rick, we were supposed to... We were kinda... I just always sorta figured...

Injun Bob

You mean Ranger Rick lousy two-timing son of she-dog.

Colt

No! Ranger Rick's a great guy. I mean, we ain't married or nothin. He can do whatever he wants. I don't know why I thought he'd want somebody like me anyhow...

(He chokes up again.)

Injun Bob

Sit big sappy self down. Talk to Injun Bob.

Colt

Ain't no wonder he don't want me. See, I ain't good at nothin...

Injun Bob

Every man good at some thing.

Colt

I can't sing purty like Ranger Rick.

Injun Bob

Sound fine to me.

Colt

I ain't good-lookin'.

Injun Bob

You strong! You rugged!

Colt

I ain't even smart.

Injun Bob

You... Ooooo... We go back to pretty. You strong. You rugged.
(Colt rises to go.)

Injun Bob

Darn, you big!

Colt

Aw. That ain't even me. It's just 'cause of where I'm from.

Injun Bob

Look like you from here.

Colt

Naw. It's because I was born here. You know what they say: Everything's bigger in Texas.

Injun Bob

*(Colt turns suddenly and he is crotch to face
with Bob.)*

Hmmmmm. Everything... Bigger?

Colt

Sure. Everything's bigger here. Bigger rivers. Bigger hearts. Bigger sky. That's how I knowed you wasn't from Texas.

Injun Bob

You know...

Colt

Well, beggin' yer pardon... You're kinda... you know... short.

Injun Bob

Come here. I tell you heap big secret.

Colt

Yeah?

Injun Bob

I not from Texas. I from... New Jersey.

Colt

A New Jersey Injun! Darn! I never seen one of them before.

Injun Bob

We very... rare.

Colt

An' why you always wear that mask?

Injun Bob

That big Injun secret! Can only tell other New Jersey Injun.

Colt

I guess they don't grow 'em big like me in New Jersey.

Injun Bob

Not even close.

Colt

See, it's like this:

Everything's bigger in Texas.
Every rock, every hill, every tree.
Everything's bigger, and broader and better.
Everything, I guess, 'cept me.

Injun Bob

What you mean? You big guy.

Colt

Maybe on the outside. But not up here where it counts.
Here in Texas we got big armadillos.

Injun Bob

And big arms.

Colt

An look: bigger chestnuts grew.

Injun Bob

Big chest.

Colt

Bigger cluckers an' Sage Hens an' Leghorns...

Injun Bob

Big legs.

Colt

Bigger cockfights too.

Injun Bob

We stop there.

Colt

See, it's like I told you:

Everything's bigger in Texas.

Injun Bob

Not everything.

Colt

Everything's big that you can see.
But I ain't big in the places it counts.
Or, I guess he'd still want me.

Injun Bob

You sit. You listen.

OK. You not Mister Einstein.

Colt

You can say that again.

Injun Bob

And even horse Trigger you not.

Colt

Is this cheerin' me up?

Injun Bob

But you got to be proud of the things you got.

Colt

What?

Injun Bob

Tex, for a white man, you hot.

Colt

Aw go on.

Injun Bob

I like how you bigger in Texas.

Colt

You don't mean that.

Injun Bob

An' you big where I like it best.

Colt

Don't fool with me.

Injun Bob

Big brown eyes.

Colt

You mean it?

Injun Bob

Big smile.

Colt

You barely seen it.

Injun Bob

Wait, now I start on the rest.

Colt

O.K.

Injun Bob

Everything bigger in Texas.

Colt

Yeah?

Injun Bob

I like bigger hands on my chest.

Colt

I kinda like it too.

Injun Bob

Big lips for the kissing...
There nothing you missing.

Colt

What else?

Injun Bob

Wait. I get to the best.

Colt

You know... Well, if I didn't know you was just tryin' to make me feel better, I might think you was... well, kinda puttin' the moves on me!

Injun Bob

See, big white man get smarter every minute.

Everything bigger in Texas.

Colt

(Injun Bob is going for his shirt)

I got big shoulders.

The feelin' I'm gettin's big too.

Injun Bob

Pale face impress me.

Colt

You gonna undress me?

Injun Bob

You stop me?

Colt

Hell no.

Go on 'an do whatever you was startin' to do...
(They kiss)

Injun Bob

Everything bigger in Texas...

Colt

(crossing his legs)

Well it's gettin' there.

Injun Bob

Weighed by pound or ounce.

Colt

You're makin' me blush...

Injun Bob

My white man all right now?

Colt

Well, my jeans are kinda tight now.
See, in Texas, I guess we're big where it counts.

Injun Bob

You meaning...

Colt

Well, that's what a few fellas have told me - well, I guess more than a few fellas...

Injun Bob

I think red man hit just hit jackpot.

Everything bigger...

Colt

Aw, shut up.

(They kiss again as the music continues, hands roaming.)

Uh... Maybe we should turn out the porch light.

(He does so, and they're now in almost total darkness.)

So... You know, I always been curious... You injuns wear anything under those little breechcloths?

(The music stops dead. There is a moment of silence. Then...)

Darn... And here I been wrong all this time...

Everything's bigger in New Jersey...

(In a dim silhouette we can barely see them kissing as the music swells. Then suddenly, there's a gunshot! As they break apart, all hell breaks loose! The music continues under.)

Aunt Rosie

Stop him!

Sidewinder

He's got the costumes!

(The front door slams open and we can see an identical masked Injun running with a huge bag over his shoulder...)

Colt

Look! It's another injun!

(Colt and Injun Bob dive for cover as the new masked Injun turns and fires two shots into the air. The intruder turns and runs off L. The porch light snaps on again as Ranger Rick runs on, gun in hand, followed by Aunt Rosie, Sassafras, Buck and Sidewinder.)

Sassafras

Quick! He's a-gettin' away!

(There is gunfire from off L. Others take cover as Ranger Rick crouches behind the saddle and returns fire. Another shot, and Ranger Rick falls back, wounded.)

Aunt Rosie

Rick!

Colt

(Rushing to him)

Rick! They done got you!

Ranger Rick

(touches his hand to his side where there's a bit of blood.)

Don't worry folks. It's only a flesh wound.

Aunt Rosie

Thank the Lord!

Sassafras

That masked injun took all our costumes!

Colt

That wasn't him! I mean our masked injun was right here with me!

Buck

Then who was that?

Sidewinder

I don't know, but we better get after him.

Sassafras

Get your horses boys!

Ranger Rick

We'll head him off at the pass!

(The whole group rushes about, passing out rifles, etc. Colt brings Ranger Rick his horse.)

I'm Ranger Rick of the Texas Rangers,
Seen rough guys, rustlers an' all kinds 'a dangers,
outlaws, some that hid and some that ran.
But I catch them commitin' those kind of offences,
I'll teach them to take the consequences.
'Cause partner, I always get my man.

Ranger Rick, Colt, Buck, Sidewinder, Sassafras, Aunt Rosie & Injun Bob

A-way out West! Where men are men!
Bad guys, beware! 'Cause we're in the saddle again.
With an injun scout to be our guide,
just let some varmint try to hide,
this posse be the best what's ever been:

Sidewinder & Buck

A-way out west...

Sassafras & Aunt Rosie

(building harmony)

A-way out west...

Colt & Injun Bob

A-way out west...

Ranger Rick

A-way out west...

Ranger Rick, Colt, Buck, Sidewinder, Sassafras, Aunt Rosie & Injun Bob

Where - men - are - men!

(blackout)

ACT II

Scene 1

(On the trail. The Ranch house and corral have disappeared and in their place are just cactus and boulders. A campfire smolders center stage. It's twilight, and stars are beginning to twinkle above. Rick is standing around the campfire with Sassafras and Aunt Rosie. Lightning is at his side.)

Ranger Rick

Everybody got bedrolls and plenty to eat?

Aunt Rosie

That Lilly woman's been gripin' 'bout havin' to sleep on the ground, but she'll get used to it.

Ranger Rick

Gettin' too dark to head back to the ranch tonight. Figured the best thing to do was to camp out. I still can't figure how the trail just petered out like that.

Aunt Rosie

At least we found all the costumes.

Sassafras

All but Ranger Rick's white hat! Now why would that masked injun run off with all the costumes and just keep a-hold of that white hat?

Ranger Rick

I don't know. But I'm a-gonna find out. Sassafras, you check on how everybody else is gettin' on and we can all meet back here by the campfire and rehearse a couple 'a numbers before we turn in.

Sassafras

Sounds good to me, Rick.

(He and Aunt Rosie exit L.)

Lightning? I got me a problem.

Lightning

Whinny.

Ranger Rick

See old buddy, I think I may be takin' a shine to somebody I ought'nt...

Lightning

(shaking his head)

Whinny!

Ranger Rick

I know what you mean. I think so too. Bart can't be up to no good.

Lightning

Whinny.

Ranger Rick

But fer the life of me, I can't figure what he's got up his sleeve. How many weeks I known him?

(Lightning stomps his hoof three times.)

Yeah, just about three weeks. So how come he's got under my skin like he has?

Lightning

Whinny?

Ranger Rick

I mean, I got Colt. He's the nicest cowpoke a guy could want to hook up with...

Lightning

Whinny...

Ranger Rick

O.K. Maybe he is just a couple calves short of a herd. Hate to have to guess his I.Q....

(Lightning stomps his hoof three times.)

Lightnin'! That ain't nice. He's sweet as a honey pot in a bear cave. I just love him to death.

Ranger Rick

But that Bart, darn it all, he's sharp as a tack. Trouble is, I can't trust him far as I could throw him.

(Rick turns and walks dreamily to the other side of Lightning.)

But lightnin'... I just can't stop thinkin about... well, the way that dude kisses...

(Lightning gives Rick a good, swift kick in the butt.)

Ranger Rick

(Getting up and brushing himself off.)

All right! Opinion noted. Guess I deserved that. But I gotta figure out what in blazes is goin' on 'round here. Tell you what I've decided, Lightnin'. And you don't tell nobody, you hear? I'm gonna let onto Bart that I've swallowed that cock and bull story he's been feedin' me and let everybody think I'm gonna go off with him to Montana.

Lightning

(Rearing back, and clawing the air with his front legs...)

Whinny!!!

Ranger Rick

Now don't get your dander up. I may be a mite infatuated-like but I ain't plumb loco. I'll just play along 'till I figure out exactly what him and that female pole-cat are up to, and then - good kisser or not - I'll run 'em both in faster than you can say side-windin'-good-fer-nothin'-sweet-smellin' -slow-kissin'-fast-talkin'-forked-tongued-bad-idea-in-a-black-stetson.

Lightning

Whinny!

Ranger Rick

Now here comes Sassafras and the Boys. Don't let on we been talkin'. Get on now!

(Ranger Rick slaps Lightning on the rump, and lightning lopes off right. Entering right almost at the same time are Sassafras, Colt, Sidewinder and Buck.)

Ranger Rick

Listen boys, I got some bad news for you.

Sassafras

What is it Rick?

Ranger Rick

I'm afraid I gotta leave. I'm goin' to Montana. I'll be headed off on Lightnin' come first light.

Colt

What you talkin' 'bout, Rick?

Ranger Rick

See, it's Bart. He's got a sister in some bad trouble up Montana way. He needs me to help out. I'm a lawman. I gotta go, boys.

Sidewinder

But ain't they got lawmen in Montana?

Buck

Will you be back in time for the show, Rick?

Ranger Rick

I don't know, boys. But a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do.

Sassafras

You sure about this, Rick? I swear I don't trust that shifty-eyed snake in the grass New York dime store cowboy.

Colt

Naw. Me neither.

Ranger Rick

My mind's made up. Now I'll stay and rehearse the campfire number with you just in case I'm back from Montana in time. But don't count on me boys. I'll go get the others.

(Ranger Rick exits R.)

Sidewinder

That ain't right. He can't just up and desert us like that.

Colt

Ranger Rick wouldn't desert nobody!

Buck

There ain't' no show without him.

Sassafras

This ain't like Ranger Rick. I tell you boys, this is that Boston Bart Black pullin' some sort of fast one. That slippery tomcat's got our Ranger Rick under his city-slicker spell. He's a' tryin' to a-lure our boy away!

Colt

Is he gonna be able to do it, Sassafras?

Sassafras

Not while I got a breath left in my body. I done some tom-cattin' in my time an' I got a trick or two up my sleeve. I seen how that Boston Bart looks after the ladies, and I got me an idea.

Buck

What is it, Sassafras?

Sassafras

I ain't tellin'. You all just go on an' practice your song like nothin' was happenin'. I gotta get some things together...

(Sassafras sneaks off L as Aunt Rosie, Ranger Rick, Bart, Lilly and Injun Bob enter from R.)

Aunt Rosie

Thought we could rehearse the campfire number once before everybody beds down. That O.K. with you, Rick?

Ranger Rick

You betcha, Aunt Rosie. Everybody here?

Sidewinder

Uh... Sassafras had to go - uh...

Sidewinder & Buck

Do somethin'!

Aunt Rosie

Well then, we better start without him. Everybody get in their places now... And that's when I'll say: "And the lonesome cowpokes pass the long nights singin' 'round the campfire..."

*(And the music begins. Rosie directs the group
in a series of rather corny, melodramatic
Western tableaux...)*

Ranger Rick, Bart, Lilly, Injun Bob, Aunt Rosie, & The Caballeros

In a room by the church in the rough town of Tombstone,
There lived a fair maiden with dark raven hair.
How her eyes, they would flash, and her laugh, it would sparkle,
a beauty she was, with a virtue so rare.

The Caballeros

A spirited beauty with a virtue so rare.

Ranger Rick, Bart, Lilly, Injun Bob, Aunt Rosie & The Caballeros

But late in the night, when the windows were shuttered,
this maiden did dream of one man she should not.
For she'd heard all the tales of a dashing young bandit:
The Mexican, Rico, who couldn't be caught.

Yippie ti, yi yippie oh! Yippie aye, yippie a!
And yes, into town rode her Rico one day!

Ranger Rick

(As the others hum.)

As the bandits rode in, how the whole town did cower.
Except for the brother of the virtuous maid.
A youth just eighteen, as stalwart as faithful,
would face Rico's gunslingers yet unafraid.

Injun Bob & Aunt Rosie

The handsome young brother faced his foe unafraid.

Ranger Rick, Bart, Lilly, Injun Bob, Aunt Rosie & The Caballeros

The beautiful girl, looking out of her window,
locked eyes with the bandit and both seemed to know:
Whatever he'd done, this dark, dashing villain,
he only need smile, and with him she would go.

Yippie ti, yi yippie oh! Yippie aye, yippie a!
But gun in hand, her brother stood in the way!

Lilly

(The others again humming.)

How she rushed from the house, too late by a moment,
Her dashing young brother's gun wrenched from his hand.
And the massive, swift fists of the swarthy young Rico.
Soon left her poor brother face down in the sand.

Lilly & Aunt Rosie

Her brother was beaten and left in the sand.

Ranger Rick, Bart, Lilly, Injun Bob, Aunt Rosie & The Caballeros

Now the terrified girl ran fast as an eagle.
But no match was she for this Latin outlaw.
In less than a moment, he crashed through her doorway.
Ready to savor the beauty he saw.

Yippie ti, yi yippie oh! Yippie aye, yippie a!
A woman surrendered and a man had his way!

Bart

But no sooner had young Rico's passion been sated,
In stumbled her brother, but he staggered and fell.
In a leap from the bed, the outlaw was on him.
And the brazen bandito took his virtue as well!

Ranger Rick, Bart, Lilly, Injun Bob, Aunt Rosie & The Caballeros

The astonished young brother was ravaged as well!

Ranger Rick & Lilly

And when he was done, and he'd slung on his gun belt.
With a grin and a wink Rico rode on his way.
And still in that house waits the girl by the window.
And for her dark lover she waits 'till this day.

Yippie ti, yi yippie oh! Yippie a, yippie aye!
And her brother waits with her and together they sigh.

Ranger Rick, Bart, Lilly, Injun Bob, Aunt Rosie & The Caballeros

Yippie ti, yi yippie oh! Yippie aye, yippie a!
They await the dark bandit who will take them away!

Aunt Rosie

(sniffing)

That was right pretty, folks. Now shoo! Everybody get on to bed. We'll want to be gettin' an early start in the mornin'.

Sidewinder

Yes ma'am.

Ranger Rick

I recon I'll just bunk down here.

Buck

'Night.

(Everyone has left except for Colt.)

Colt

Ranger Rick?

Ranger Rick

What is it, Colt?

Colt

I gotta talk to you for a minute.

Ranger Rick

Well sure. What is it?

Colt

Well I... I... I done somethin' I shouldn't Rick.

Ranger Rick

Go on. What is it? I know you, Colt. It couldn't be all that much.

Colt

It is, Rick. It's bad. It's real bad.

Ranger Rick

Whatever you done, it ain't none of my business. Ain't nothin' you could do I'd hold against you, partner.

Colt

(almost crying now)

You would this, Rick. You'd have to. See... I was with Injun Bob. And we was... An' I was about to... An he started... An then I... And if the gun hadn't gone off, we was gonna...

Ranger Rick

Slow down there, buddy.

Colt

After what I almost done... I ain't good enough for you, Ranger Rick. We gots to break up. I can't never see you again!

(Colt runs off in tears. Rick follows.)

Ranger Rick

Colt! Hold on there now... Colt!

(The stage is empty for a moment, and then Bart slinks on from R.)

Bart

Rick? Ranger Rick? You there? Listen, we gotta talk...

(But at that moment, a vision in a buckskin skirt appears L. It's Sassafras in full western drag, dressed to the nines to trap him a man.)

Sassafras

(falsetto)

Yoo hoo! Cowboy!

Bart

What the...

Sassafras

So what's a big, strong cowboy like you doin' in a place like this?

Bart

Huh?

Sassafras

You lookin' for Ranger Rick?

Bart

Uh... Yeah. You seen him?

Sassafras

You don't want a stringy ol' cowpoke like him... Do you, sugar?

Bart

Listen, uh... Ma'am? I gotta be going...

Sassafras

Don't you find me - irresistible.

Bart

Uh...

Sassafras

Why go after a man... When you could have a real woman!

Bart

No offence, but...

Sassafras

Ooooo! You're so strong!

*(Sassafras manhandles Bart back near the fire
as he begins to sing.)*

I know you're shy, but don't you sigh.
'Cause I see that you're lookin'.
Don't play it cool, let passion rule.
I can tell inside you're cookin'!

Go on let go, 'cause we both know
you're an ani-mule inside.

That urgency that you got for me
is a thing you just can't hide!

I'm just a girl from Texarkana.
And I'm lookin' for a man-a.
Get a kissie if you can-a.
'Cause I ain't no Pollyanna.

Now don't be shy when you catch my eye,
because I'm so exquisite.
You might bet I'd be hard to get,
but just you try a visit.

Sit right there while I twirl your hair,
and don't be in a hustle.
You be good, act like you should,
and I might feel your muscle!

I'm just a girl from Texarkana,
not a cold one from Montana.
Like a hot one from Havana,
I'm a fire without a fan-a.

I know you crave to be my slave,
but try to rein it in now.
You got the hots, but all them thoughts,
they just might be a sin now.

Go on 'an drool, I won't be cruel.
You know that I will be-kind.
'Cause I just sigh each time I spy
yer purty little be-hind.

I'm just a girl from Texarkana.
I'm the bacon for your pan-a.
Like a neck needs a bandana,
I'm the split for your banana.

I'm a girl from Texarkana.
You're Cyrano and I'm Roxanna
I can make you sing Hosanna!
Yer gorgeous gal from Texarkana!
Just a gal from Texarka - aa - na!

Ye Haw!

(Bart is about to be smothered with kisses but is saved by a voice off.)

Ranger Rick

Bart? Bart? You still there?

Sassafras

Oh Halifax! Somebody's comin'. You remember where we left off!. I'll see you later, big boy!
(Sassafras runs off just in time to avoid Rick who is entering from the other direction leading Lightning.)

Bart

Who was that?

Ranger Rick

What was what?

Bart

I have no idea.

(They are both pointing and laughing, Bart totally out of breath and clutching Rick for support. Then, as the mirth dies down, they suddenly become uncomfortably aware of how close they are. Bart backs off a step...)

Listen Rick... I was looking for you.

Ranger Rick

Yeah. I was looking for you too.

Bart

(Taking a step toward Rick.)

I guess we never got to finish what we started back at the ranch.

Ranger Rick

(stopping him)

Maybe that's just as well.

Bart

Yeah. Maybe it is at that.

Ranger Rick

You still stickin' to that line about your sister in Montana?

Bart

Sister?... Oh... Sure. Listen Rick...

(He takes Rick by the shoulders and for once actually sounds sincere.)

You know I'm on the level now. Don't you?

Ranger Rick

On the level.

Bart

Yeah. Sure.

Ranger Rick

Yeah. Sure.

(Rick disengages and heads for Lightning.)

I better go. Come on Lightnin'. Darn! Ouch!

Bart

What is it?

Ranger Rick

Aw, just my side. Bullet just grazed me. It ain't nothin.

Bart

(Suddenly sounding very guilty.)

Let's see.

Ranger Rick

Now don't start in again...

Bart

No. I mean it. Let's see. Believe it or not, I've seen some gunshot wounds before. Let's see how bad it is. Just sit down.

Ranger Rick

Look, I told you...

Bart

Just shut up and do like I say.

(Bart is pulling off Rick's shirt.)

Give me that thing. No let me see.

Ranger Rick

It ain't nothin.

Bart

That looks kinda deep. It's still bleeding a little...

Ranger Rick

It's just 'cause I been riding. It'll close up good soon enough.

Bart

(Taking off his bandanna and tending to the wound.)

Sit still. There's some water here. I'll clean it off.

(He does)

Ranger Rick

Ouch... Little tender.

Bart

Sorry. Didn't mean to hurt you.

Ranger Rick

(suddenly locking eyes with Bart)

Didn't you?

Bart

What do you mean?

Ranger Rick

Just what I said. You didn't mean to hurt me?

Bart

I...

Ranger Rick

Be straight with me Bart. For once in your life, just be straight with me.

(Rick has put his hand on Bart's shoulder. Bart's hand rests on Rick's chest. They're very close now, for the second time looking right into each other's eyes.)

Bart

No Rick. I don't want to hurt you. Not now.

Ranger Rick

Honest Injun?

Bart

Yeah. Honest Injun...

(They lean in closer, about to kiss, but Lightning is just behind them and delivers a huge horse raspberry...)

Lightning

Whinny!!!

Ranger Rick

You just mind your own business, Lightning! Get on there.

(Gives Lightning a swat on the rump. Lightning grudgingly exits. Rick rises and starts to put his shirt back on.)

Don't know what come over me. Things kinda go crazy out in the desert night like this. All them stars... Thanks for cleanin' me up...

(Rick starts to leave.)

Bart

Rick!

Ranger Rick

(not turning)

Yeah? What?

(Bart takes Rick in his arms and gives him a long, deep kiss. They both come up a little short of breath.)

Was that for real, Bart?

Bart

Yeah. That was for real.

(There is a long pause.)

Ranger Rick

I'm gonna go with you, Bart.

Bart

What?

Ranger Rick

To Montana. To take care of your sister. You still want me to, don't you?

Bart

Uh... Yeah. Sure.

Ranger Rick

You don't look too happy 'bout it.

Bart

Yeah. I am. I'm real happy you'll be going with me. No. I mean it.

Ranger Rick

We better leave quick. Maybe tonight even. That way there won't be any fuss from the others.

Bart

No. No, not now.

Ranger Rick

Why not?

Bart

I got some things... Things I gotta do. Gotta get some stuff back at the ranch.

Ranger Rick

We can ride there first.

Bart

No. Tomorrow. We'll leave tomorrow night. That'll give me enough time.

Ranger Rick

Enough time for what?

Bart

For what I got to do. Just trust me. O.K.?

Ranger Rick

Yeah. O.K.

(They both stare at each other in silence for a moment, neither quite sure whether the other is on the level.)

Bart

Well... 'Night.

(Bart turns to go. He turns back - looking desperate - and almost says something. But he turns on his heel again and leaves.)

Ranger Rick

Yeah. 'Night.

(Rick looks up at the stars and begins to sing -- quietly & freely)

Sometimes you know just what you're wantin'.

The road you're takin' seems so clear.
A man who loves you, blue sky above you.
When you're so certain, then you got nothin' to fear.

Then sudden comes the lightnin', and you're blinded.
Stumblin' for your way inside the storm.
What you had is gone now, but you go on now.
When hazy, up ahead, you see an uncertain form...

(Suddenly, he's singing his heart out.)

Are you just chasin' shadows? What if it's not real?
Can't explain how you feel. You know up ahead, there's danger.
But you can't stop. You just keep...
Chasin' that shadow. Strugglin' on through the storm.
Maybe I never knew what lovin' is...
'Cause I ain't never had a kiss like his.

A glance behind you, now it's empty.
Can you remember what you've lost?
What can you hang on to? Where have you gone to?
And even if you find it, have you counted up the cost?

Or are you just chasin' shadows? Did you believe it was real?
You don't think, you just feel. You can smell the danger.
But you can't stop. You just keep...
Chasin' that shadow. Though you're lost in the storm.
Wouldn't know I'd missed all the love there is...
If I never had a kiss like his.

(And modulating up a half step, he takes it home, as the stars behind him seem to twinkle just a little more brightly...)

And I'm chasin' shadows. I don't care if it's real.
Can't explain how I feel. I've touched the danger.
But I can't stop. I keep on...
Chasin' that shadow. Strugglin' on through the storm.
Prayin' he can show me, just what lovin' is...
'Cause I ain't never had a kiss like his.

No, I... I ain't never had a kiss like... his.

(And the lights fade to black.)

Scene 2

(Back at the ranch. Early morning. At rise, the stage is empty. Then Sassafras and Aunt Rosie saunter on from L.)

Aunt Rosie

Thanks a heap for gettin' me home Sassafras!

Sassafras

Well of course Aunt Rosie! Least I could do.

Aunt Rosie

Don't know why my horse up and went lame like that. Wasn't nothin' to do but walk him back.

Sassafras

Sun's been up an hour or more now. Others must'a been back ages ago.

Aunt Rosie

Awful nice of you to walk along with me. 'Course you didn't have to you know. I'd a' been fine by myself.

Sassafras

I know you would. You're a mighty resourceful lady.

Aunt Rosie

Humph! I'm resourceful all right. Don't mean it wouldn't be kinda nice to have a man around now and again.

Sassafras

So why don't you?

Aunt Rosie

Ain't found one could put up with me.

Sassafras

I put up with you fine. Ain't that hard.

Aunt Rosie

Yep. And you'd do too, if you'd just start goin' after the fillies instead of the colts.

Sassafras

Little late to start a changin' my ways now.

Aunt Rosie

I don't know - never too late to teach an old dog new tricks.

Sassafras

Why Aunt Rosie! If I didn't know better, I'd say you was flirtin' with me.

Aunt Rosie

And what if I was?

Sassafras

I don't know... What if you was?

Aunt Rosie

Well, if I was, I might just start singin' you a song.

Sassafras

You might what...

Aunt Rosie

Oh, just sit down and shut up.

(beginning to yodel)

Yo-de-lay-ee Oh-he...
Oh-de-lay-ee Yoo-hoo!
Yo-de-lay-ee Oh-de-lay-he,
Oh-de-loo...

Oh-a-lay-de low.
Yo-de-lay-de a-ho.
Oh-de-day-e, Yo-da-lay-de,
Yo-da-lay!

Ugly ducklings turn to swans now.
And I know you got the itch.

But like a tadpole in a bog, you may turn into a frog,
Now's the time to make the switch.

Yes I know you're still confused,
'bout who should catch and who should pitch.
But if you want someone tough, I can show you my stuff.
Yes it's time to make the switch!

Yo-de-lay-he, Yo-de-lay-he,
Yo-de-lay-he Yo-de-lay-he, he.

You been goin' through a phase,
but it was just a little glitch.
Pay no mind to them gents, stop a-straddlin' that fence.
Take a chance and make that switch.

You have sewn your wild oats, partner.
Time to find a comfy niche.
You're a he an' not a she. Yo-de-lay-he-he with me.
Come on cowboy make the switch.

*(Instrumental break as she grabs Sassafras and
swings him into an enthusiastic polka - whether
he wants it or not.)*

Ugly ducklings turn to swans now.
And I know you got the itch.
But like a tadpole in bog, you may turn into a frog,
It's the time to make the switch.

Yes I know you're still confused now,
'bout who should catch and who should pitch.
But if you want someone tough, let me show you my stuff.
Come to mamma, make the switch!

Yo-de-lay-ee Oh-he,
Oh-de-lay-ee Yoo-hoo!
Yo-de-lay-ee No-de-lay-he,
No-de loo...

Oh-a-lay-de low.
Yo-de-lay-de a-ho.
Oh-de-day-e, no-da-lay-de
Ne-da-lay!

*(Again, but this time she slows it down and
manages to make it almost seductive...)*

Oh-a-lay-de low.

Yo-de-lay-de a-ho.
Oh-de-day-e, Oh-da-lay-de
Ne-da-lay!

Sassafras & Aunt Rosie

Yo-de-lay-ee Oh-he,
Oh-de-lay-ee Yoo-hoo!
Yo-de-lay-ee No-de-lay-he,
No-de loo...

Aunt Rosie

Oh-a-lay-de low.

Sassafras

Yo-de-lay-de a-ho.

Sassafras & Aunt Rosie

Oh-de-day-e, no-da-lay-de,
Ne-da-lay!

*(As the song ends, Aunt Rosie plants a big wet
one on Sassafras, who doesn't seem to object
too strenuously...)*

Aunt Rosie

So Judge, do I hear an objection in the courthouse?

Sassafras

You know, I don't hear nary a one!

Aunt Rosie

Then I suggest it's time to adjourn!

Sassafras

House is full of folks...

Aunt Rosie

But the hayloft ain't!

*(Before he has time to change his mind, Aunt
Rosie has dragged Sassafras off L. In just a*

moment we see Bart, back in his original clothes, quietly open the ranch house door and, suitcase in hand, begin to sneak off L. He is interrupted, however, by Lilly who has followed him out the door.)

Lilly

And just where do you think you're going?

Bart

I...

Lilly

Cat got your tongue?

Bart

No... I'm just... Look, this isn't working out. I thought I could manage better sort of - uh - disrupting the show from the outside. O.K.?

Lilly

I thought you were going to take care of Ranger Rick.

Bart

It's not going to happen, Lilly. Ranger Rick won't fall for me. That's just how things are.

Lilly

I think I have a pretty good idea just how things are.

Bart

What do you mean by that?

Lilly

You've gone and fallen for Ranger Rick.

Bart

Don't be ridiculous!

Lilly

Oh, don't bother lying to me. You've always been a lousy liar. That's why you're a lousy con man. It's written all over your face.

Bart

It ain't like that, see? I ain't like that. Shoot! You think I'd fall for a guy? You gotta be out of your mind.

Lilly

Out of my mind am I? I've seen the way the two of you have been looking at each other the past week. You've gone soft on me, Bart. You're in love. With a cowboy!

Bart

Why, I ought'a...

Lilly

Go on! Strike a lady!

Bart

You're no lady.

Lilly

And you're no man! So what's it going to be, Bart? Which way is your gate swinging? You a stallion or a gelding? Can't have it both ways.

Bart

You... Fine! Tell Rick - tell everybody -- I've run off. Tell them you found out it was me playing the masked injun that night. Tell him I haven't got a sister. Tell him I was stealing the costumes so they couldn't do their little show, and they'd have to sell me the ranch. Go on. You tell Rick I was the one who shot him.

Lilly

You mean to shoot him?

Bart

Hell Lilly, you know what my aim's like. If I'd meant to shoot him I'd have missed by a mile.

Lilly

Yeah. I thought so. Wait. What if he doesn't believe me?

Bart

(After a long pause, he opens his suitcase. All it contains is Ranger Rick's white hat. He strokes it gently for a moment, then holds it out to Lilly.)

Give 'em this. Tell him you caught me with it.

Lilly

Ranger Rick's white hat!

Bart

Yeah. I was keeping it for... Well just never mind why I was keeping it. Just show it to them. That'll prove who was the masked injun!

Lilly

And what about the ranch? You wimping out on me?

Bart

I'm no wimp! I'll be back. Dress rehearsal. You watch for me. And you be ready.

Lilly

I'll be ready all right. But I came with you. You think they'll ever believe I wasn't in on it?

Bart

Oh, I'll make them believe. And It'll be a pleasure.

Lilly

How?

Bart

Like this!

(He backhands her across the face. She goes sprawling.)

Teach you to who's a gelding! Just remember. I'll be back!

(He makes a hasty exit as Lilly rubs her jaw, grins and then screams.)

Lilly

Help! Help! Won't somebody help me!

(Sassafras, Ranger Rick, Aunt Rosie, Injun Bob, Colt, Buck and Sidewinder all rush in - Aunt Rosie with more than a little hay in her hair. Ranger Rick helps the sobbing Lilly to her feet.)

Aunt Rosie

What in tarnation! Who's hollerin'?

Sassafras

What's goin' on here?

Lilly

He struck me - the brute!

Sassafras

Who? Who hit you?

Lilly

That cad! That rat! That snake!

Sidewinder

(almost jumping into Buck's arms.)

What snake!

Lilly

Boston Bart Black!

Ranger Rick

Bart hit you? Why...

Lilly

I caught him sneaking out of here. He was the masked injun!

All

What! No! Gasp! (general shock)

Lilly

He was the one who shot Ranger Rick.

Ranger Rick

Bart? No... He couldn't...

Lilly

See! He still had your hat.

All

Oooooooooo...

Ranger Rick

My... It is... It's my white hat.

Sassafras

Where'd the varmint go?

Lilly

He hit me and ran off! The coward! Oh, how could I ever have loved that man.

Ranger Rick

Yeah. How.

Sassafras

Sidewinder, you and Buck saddle up and ride after him. Aunt Rosie, you take care of Lilly here.

Aunt Rosie

Come one honey. We'll get you in the house an' get you cleaned up.

(Aunt Rosie, Lilly, Buck and Sidewinder all exit.)

Ranger Rick

Listen, Sassafras, if anybody's gonna go after him, it ought to be me. After all, I'm a Texas Ranger.

Sassafras

You're a ranger all right. An' you're a good one, Rick. But these last few days you ain't been thinkin' quite straight. Now I don't blame you none. You ain't the first cowboy fell for the wrong stallion. But I'm still duly elected Judge in these parts an' I'm pullin' rank on you Rick. You best stay out of this one. The boys will find him and bring him in.

Ranger Rick

I'm sorry Sassafras. I let you down.

Sassafras

No. You just got led on by the wrong part of your anatomy, that's all. Why don't you go on in side. Let Aunt Rosie fix you a nice tall glass of lemonade?

Ranger Rick

Thanks. I think I'll just sit out here a bit if you don't mind.

Sassafras

(gently)

Whatever you want, son.

(Sassafras exits into the house. Colt sheepishly approaches Rick.)

Colt

I'm sorry Rick. 'Bout everything.

Ranger Rick

No. I'm sorry, Colt. It was all my fault.

Colt

Naw. You didn't know.

Ranger Rick

Yeah. I did. And I got led on anyhow. I don't deserve to wear this badge.

(He throws it to the ground. Colt retrieves it.)

And I sure as heck don't deserve somebody good as you.

Colt

Don't say that!

Ranger Rick

I think I'm gonna take a little walk.

Colt

You want some company?

Ranger Rick

No. I think you better just forget about me, Colt. Just forget about me for good.

(Rick exits, head bowed. Colt now sits forlorn and Injun Bob joins him.)

Injun Bob

It be O.K. big guy. Trust Injun Bob.

Colt

No, it ain't.

Injun Bob

Ranger Rick be O.K. And Injun Bob still here.

Colt

Thanks Bob. You sure are a nice guy. You got a way of always bein' around just when I really need somebody.

Injun Bob

Can't help it. Injun Bob like big sappy paleface...

Colt

Darn, you're a sweet-talker. Thanks. I like you too, Injun Bob. I like you a lot.

Injun Bob

But you gonna wait for Ranger Rick.

Colt

Yep.

Injun Bob

Come inside. I buy big guy a lemonade.

Colt

Thanks. I think I'll just sit out here for a while.

(Music starts and the lights fade as Injun Bob trudges dejectedly into the house. But far to one side the lights are coming up on Bart, alone in a shabby hotel room, He pulls out a liquor bottle and shot glass and drinks as he sings to himself...)

Bart

Some things ain't healthy.
some times it's hard tellin' which.
But once you find out,
buddy, you better make a switch.

You know all the things that you shouldn't do:
Things maybe you outgrew, others you never knew.
But a loser like me? Buddy, get a clue.
I ain't no good for you.

Ranger Rick

(Standing in a spot near the fence, the very picture of a resolute Western lawman.)

He is what he is and he's done what he's done.
I live by the law, and he lives by the gun.
There's nothin' that he told me that was prob'ly even true.
Can't look the other way. An' babe it hurts to have to say:
I ain't no good for you.

Colt

(Sitting on the porch rail as he picks petals from a daisy..)

Can't take it back now. Can't clean up the mess.
Not sure I'd want to, Now I must confess.
I got to tell him, it ain't right to be lovin' two.
There ain't no other way. And now I have to say:
I ain't no good for you.

Ranger Rick

Some things ain't changin'.

Bart

Some things ain't healthy.

Colt

I always been such a fool.

Ranger Rick

Some things you shouldn't even try.

Colt

I just can't lie.

Bart

Now that he knows me...

Ranger Rick

All I know now...

Colt, Bart & Ranger Rick

I can't stop thinkin' of that guy.

Colt

Now comin' clean is way overdue.

Ranger Rick

Pledges to pursue. Things I must see through...

Bart

But a loser like me? Buddy get a clue.

Colt & Ranger Rick

I ain't no good for you.

Bart

No good for you.

Colt, Ranger Rick & Bart

He is what he is and
I've done what I've done.
Too hard to stay
and too painful to run.

Bart

There's things I shouldn't handle.

Colt & Ranger Rick

I can't be lovin' two.

Bart

I've tried to see a way...

Colt

Look the other way.

Ranger Rick

And baby how it hurts to say...

Colt & Bart

How it hurts...

Colt

I ain't no good.

Bart

I ain't no good.

Ranger Rick

I ain't no good.

Ranger Rick, Colt & Bart

I ain't no good for you.

(At the same time, Rick stands and resolutely draws his pistol. Colt picks the last petal from the daisy. Bart stands, and seems to make a decision. He slides a revolver into the waistband of his trousers as the lights fade to black and the music ends.)

SCENE 3

(It's the night before the big show - final dress. A couple of poles and some curtains have transformed the ranch yard into a sort of stage area. Everybody's bustling around. Buck and Sidewinder pass carting scenery one way, Injun Bob and Colt another. Ranger Rick carries a big trunk of costumes from the house as Sassafras sets a stool and a whip on stage R. All the time Aunt Rosie is center with a megaphone barking out orders.)

Aunt Rosie

This is it cowboys! Best get it together now. What you think you're doin'? Show's tomorrow. We're almost through final dress! You can't just be walkin' across the stage. Last chance to get it right, so better get your buckskins in gear. Get that scenery off to the truck! Rick, set those costumes down, you gotta get ready for the finale! Sassafras, dagnabit! All them props goes on the other side of the stage. Now everybody quiet! You hear? Now places! We only got two numbers left! Now this is where I say: "Ladies and Gentlemen! The folks of the Straight Arrow Ranch is proud to present the dazzling... the phantasmagoric... The one and only (soon to be) world famous Straight Arrow Ranch Apache Flamingo Dancers!

(Buck & Lilly enter dressed in pseudo-Flamenco costumes and perform their fierce 'Apache Dance' - lots of bullwhip and more than a few little S & M overtones... After getting turned on by nearly beating each other silly, Buck finds himself trapped as Lilly comes at him with a branding iron. A split second of decision and Buck obligingly pulls down the back of his pants allowing Lilly to brand a huge red heart on one cheek. They both bow and wave to the audience, then Buck runs upstage and is joined by the Caballeros who try to get him quickly changed into his finale costume.)

Great! That was just great kids. And now this is where I'll come out again and say: Ladies and Gentlemen! And now for our grand finale: Ranger Rick Rowdy and the Croonin' Caballeros...

(Suddenly, she catches sight of the Caballeros dressing the half-naked Buck.)

God's nightgown! You can't be doin' that in front of people! Get some clothes on that boy. I told you we wasn't doin' no Gypsy Rose Lee number! It ain't that kinda show!

Buck

I just gotta get my boots on, Aunt Rosie.

Rosie

Fine. I'll start again. Ladies and Gentlemen! And now for our grand finale: Our own Ranger Rick Rowdy and the Croonin' Caballeros are cloggin' onto old Broadway!

(Ranger Rick and the three Caballeros come forward in their rhinestone-studded western best, and begin to perform the Grand Finale of the Wild West show.)

Ranger Rick

We're simple cowpokes, don't know much,
'bout Carnegie Hall, Times Square and such...
The waltz and foxtrot ain't quite our style,
We'd miss a mambo by a mile.

Try a tango; I've got two left feet.
But give me snake skin boots and a western beat,
Watch out Fred and Ginger, I'm here to say
We'll be settin' our sights on the Great White Way!

And we'll be...

Ranger Rick & The Caballeros

Cloggin' onto Broadway,
in our Western duds,
leather belts with studs,
buckles bright and Levis tight we're...

Cloggin' onto Broadway,
Critics we will stun,
shootin' off our gun.
Just give these six-guns half a chance,
And watch us make a cowboy dance!

*(Dance break with music punctuated by
gunshots as the boys fire at Sidewinder's feet
and he clogs for dear life.)*

Oh we'll be cloggin' onto Broadway,
Tearin' up the town,
never lookin' down,
As we lay claim to Western fame we're...

Cloggin' onto Broadway,
on our openin' night,
Stetson's all in white,
we'll show New Yorkers something new,
when they see what our horse can do!

(Another dance break as Lightning does his star turn, clogging with all four hooves. When he's finished, the four cowboys join in, all now clogging their little boots and/or hooves off as they launch into the final chorus...)

Just watch us cloggin' onto Broadway,
kickin' up our heels,
signin' movie deals,
Spectaculars to make us stars, just

Cloggin' onto Broadway
And we'll take all bets.
We'll be the new all-male Rockettes,
just watch us...
Cloggin' onto...
Cloggin' onto...
Cloggin' onto...
Old... Broad...

(Suddenly another shot rings out. The Masked injun steps into view, smoking gun in hand.)

The Masked Injun

Stick 'em up!

Aunt Rosie

What in thunder...

Colt

It's the masked injun!

The Masked Injun

Hands up!

Sidewinder

I smell smoke!

Aunt Rosie

Look! It's all the sets! They're on fire!

Buck

We gotta put 'em out!

The Masked Injun

Don't move! I burn sets!

Colt

But the show!

The Masked Injun

And now I burn costumes!

(pointing to Sidewinder and Buck)

You and you! Get all costumes - all gun-belts! Lode 'em on horse! Now!

Ranger Rick

Better do like he says, boys. Go on.

(Buck & Sidewinder exit with horse)

Aunt Rosie

You'll never get away with this - whoever you are!

Ranger Rick

I know who he is all right.

The Masked Injun

Stay back or I shoot!

Ranger Rick

(pointing behind the Injun)

Get him Sassafra!

(And yes, The Masked Injun falls for the oldest trick in the book and looks back. Rick knocks the gun out of his hand and they leap into a grand finale Wild West fist fight, rolling on the floor, knocking each other over tables, breaking chairs over each other's heads. Buck and Sidewinder reenter and cheer Rick on. Finally, Rick has knocked the Injun down on the ground and is about to pull the mask from his face.)

Now I guess we'll see just who you are!

(But Lilly has come up behind Rick with a large frying pan. As she is about to bash Rick over the head with it, The Masked Injun pushes Rick out of harm's way and yells.)

The Masked Injun

Lilly! Don't!

(Lilly swings into thin air and goes sprawling. Rick has rolled away. The Masked Injun seizes the moment, grabs his gun from the ground and runs L. But the other masked injun has appeared, blocking his way, and is advancing, likewise holding out a gun.)

Colt

Looky! There's two of them!

Both Masked Injuns

Drop it!

Ranger Rick

Looks like a Mexican stand-off.

Both Masked Injuns

Help, Rick!

Ranger Rick

Take off your masks!

Both Masked Injuns

No!

Colt

Which is which?

Both Masked Injuns

I'm gonna shoot!

Sassafras

(Entering with Lightning and a huge shotgun.)

Oh no you ain't. Now both you drop 'em.

(Slowly, both Injuns turn and drop their guns.)

Aunt Rosie

Now we'll find out who's who!

Colt

I know how! I know how! Hold 'em for me, Rick!

(Rick holds both Injuns. Colt slides his hand under the Left Injun's loincloth and gives him a good grope. After a moment of deliberation, he shakes his head. He then slides his hand under the loincloth of the Right Injun. Colt holds out his arms, and Injun Bob jumps into them.)

Injun Bob!

Aunt Rosie

You know we could 'a just taken off their masks.

Colt

Well, yeah. I guess that would 'a worked too.

Ranger Rick

(The other masked Injun seizes the moment to make a break for it, but Rick is too quick. He removes the masked injun's mask.)

I got this one! Just like I thought! Boston Bart Black, you double dealin' snake in the grass!

Bart

Oh... Darn!

(Lilly, seeing the game is up, makes a run for it.)

Aunt Rosie

His partner's gettin' away!

Ranger Rick

Get her, Lightning!

(Lightning takes off after Lilly.)

Aunt Rosie

Well, I guess that just 'bout takes care of everything! You caught the bad guy, Ranger Rick.

Ranger Rick

Wait a minute Aunt Rosie. I got me just one piece of unfinished business. Colt?

Colt

(shyly)

Yes, Ranger Rick

Ranger Rick

(Holding out his arms)

Colt - I don't love you, honey.

Colt

(With a big grin)

Gee! I don't love you either, Ranger Rick!

(They embrace)

You don't mind?

Ranger Rick

Naw, Colt. You found the man you want, an' I'd never stand in your way.

Colt

Ye-haw! I got me an injun!

(Colt this time jumps into Bob's arms - who may have a hernia....)

Sassafras

(putting a set of handcuffs on Bart)

Gimme some cuffs, Buck. Now we just gotta figure what to do 'bout this varmint!

Aunt Rosie

I say string 'im up!

Colt & Injun Bob, Bart & Sidewinder

Yeah!

(There are hoots and whoops and general mayhem until Bart is standing on a barrel, Rosie has put a noose around his neck, and the other end over a tree limb. Sassafras bangs the butt of his shotgun on the ground for order.)

Sassafras

Now just wait a gol-durned minute. We got laws in Texas. You can't just string a man up! You gotta have a trial first!

Aunt Rosie

All right. You're the Judge. Have us a trial -- and then we'll string 'em up!

Sidewinder, Buck, Colt, Rick & Injun Bob

Yeah! Whoop! Horray! Etc.

Sassafras

O.K. Boston Bart Black: Did you steal all our show costumes dressed up as a red injun?

Bart

Well... Yeah.

Sassafras

And did you just set fire to all our Wild West Show sets so we couldn't have our show and save the ranch?

Bart

Yeah. I did.

Sassafras

And did you shoot Ranger Rick here in the side a couple 'a days ago.

Bart

Yeah. Sorry 'bout that Rick.

Ranger Rick

No hard feelin's, Buddy.

Sassafras

And what else - come clean now, boy and maybe we'll be lenient.

Bart

Well, I paid off a bunch of people to run up the taxes on the ranch, so I could buy it, after I found out there's about a million dollars worth of oil right under our feet.

All

Oil! Here? What... etc...

Sassafras

Order in the court! That all son?

Bart

I guess so, sir.

Sassafras

Then... Guilty as charged! String 'im up!

(All gather 'round Bart and start to hang him amid more general jubilant mayhem.)

Ranger Rick

Wait a minute. Would you wait a minute. Boys... Just hold on!

(Rick fires into the air and everybody stops.)

Judge Sassafras, could I kinda make a suggestion?

Bart

I wish you would!

Ranger Rick

Well, seein' as how I'm the most aggrieved party here, maybe the court could show a little leniency.

Sassafras

I don't know Rick. He's a mighty bad one.

Ranger Rick

Well, what if I took responsibility for him, Judge? Sorta like probation. What if you just sentence this varmint to answerin' to me for... oh, say the next forty or fifty years or so?

Sassafras

You sure, Ranger Rick? To be honest I'd rather string him up...

Ranger Rick

What do you say, Bart?

Bart

I say... You do whatever you want with me, Ranger Rick.

Ranger Rick

That's what I want, Judge.

Sassafras

Well then, dagnabbit! Against my better judgment, I hereby commute your sentence to life - with Ranger Rick.

(Everyone on stage applauds.)

You're a free man Bart. Here, lemme get them cuffs off 'a you.

Ranger Rick

That's all right Judge. You can leave 'em on for a bit. See I always get my man - In the end.

Bart

Now wait a minute...

Aunt Rosie

But what about the show?

Buck

The sets are all burnt up!

Sidewinder

And the tax sale is day after tomorrow...

Aunt Rosie

May be oil down there, but don't do us any good now.

Sassafras

Ain't no way to come up with that money. I'm awful sorry. I guess we lost the ranch after all.

Injun Bob

(stepping forward)

I have money.

Colt

You got money, Injun Bob?

(Injun Bob removes his mask)

Buck

Bob Diamond!

Injun Bob

'Fraid so, Bart. Sorry, Colt. I guess I have some explaining to do. See, I'm the president and CEO of Standard Oil of Weehawken! We were the ones who did the oil and gas report on this place. I found out one of our new employees - Bart Black - had stolen the report, so I decided to follow him out here and find out what he was up to. I just picked up this outfit at the Weehawken Costume Company.

Bart

I should have known! That's where mine came from!

Aunt Rosie

Well pardon me, but I don't see how you buyin' the ranch is gonna help us any.

Injun Bob

Well, ordinarily, it wouldn't. But if I was to marry somebody who already lived on the ranch - Well, Texas has community property laws doesn't it?

Aunt Rosie

Sorry Sassafras - but it looks like I gotta to get hitched to save the ranch.

Injun Bob

No offense, Aunt Rosie, but you weren't exactly who I had in mind. Colt?

Colt

But gee... You ain't a real Indian?

Injun Bob

Well, I think my Great Grandmother on my father's side was from Calcutta?

Colt

That's good enough for me! I got me a real Indian!

Ranger Rick

Now hold on just a minute folks, the law's the law, and in the great State of Texas I believe that the institution of Marriage is limited to a union between one man and one woman...

Sassafras

(considers for a moment - and then...)

The hell with that. I'm the law in this county. If these two want to get hitched, well let's do it.

All

Hooray!

Bart

Ranger Rick? As long as I'm stuck with you anyway...

Ranger Rick

Sassafras? You want to make that a double?

Sassafras

Sounds good to me! Now grooms over here - the other grooms over there. Here - you can be best man... Maid of honor... All set?

Aunt Rosie

(Blowing her nose)

I always cry at weddings.

Sassafras

Here we go then. Injun Bob, do you take this big galoot to be your husband?

Injun Bob

I do.

Sassafras

And Colt, how 'bout you?

Colt

You bet I do!

Sassafras

Ranger Rick Rowdy, you take this double-dealin', back-stabbin' sidewindin' varmint to be your husband?

Ranger Rick

I do, Judge.

Sassafras

And Boston Bart Black, do you take the nicest, bravest, bestest Texas Ranger ever was to be yours?

Bart

I do.

Sassafras

Then by the power I've invested in me, I now pronounce you - Man and husband!

All

Hooray!

Ranger Rick

I'm Ranger Rick of the Texas Rangers,

Seen rough guys, rustlers an' all kinds 'a dangers,
outlaws, some that hid and some that ran.
But I catch you commitin' those kind of offences,
I'll teach you to take the consequences.
'Cause partner, I always get my man.

Bart, Colt, Injun Bob, Sassafras, Aunt Rosie, Sidewinder & Buck

Gets his man! Gets his man!
He'll get what he has comin', on that you can depend.

Ranger Rick

'Cause I always get my man in the end.

Aunt Rosie

Just show a man the right kind of affection,
an' maybe he'll take a tiny correction...
Girls, you gotta get 'em while you can.

Sassafras

An' I ain't got no major objection
to givin' a go to a different direction.

Aunt Rosie

'Cause honey, I always get my man!

Ranger Rick, Buck, Sidewinder, Injun Bob, Colt & Bart

Gets her man! Gets her man!

Aunt Rosie

Just strike him with your beauty, or a frying pan,

Ranger Rick, Buck, Sidewinder, Injun Bob, Colt & Bart

But darlin' she always gets her man!

(At this point, Buck and Sidewinder give each other the eye and sneak off stage.)

Colt

Just rip of my shirt and give me a feather.
An' ride me to the reservation hell bent for leather,

This cowboy's captured by an Indian.
I'll live in his teepee like Adam in Eden,
'cause he's got everything I'll be a-needin'

Injun Bob

This Injun, he always get his man.

Ranger Rick, Bart, Aunt Rosie & Sassafras

Gets his man! Gets his man!

Injun Bob

Paleface better watch his back.

Colt

Bring on your Injun attack.

Ranger Rick, Buck, Aunt Rosie & Sassafras

'Cause cowboy, he always gets his man.

(All look L where Lilly, hands bound, is being
led in by Lightning, rope in mouth. Lilly looks
like she's had a hell of a roll in the hay.)

Ranger Rick

Look! It's Lilly!

Lilly

Catherine the Great just step aside,
'cause I got a horse and I got a ride.
discovering delights equestrian.
He's big and hairy, faithful and strong.
With all he's got, how could I go wrong?
So sister, who the hell needs a man?

Lightning

Whinny!

*(Lilly swats Lightning, who runs off stage. Brief
Hoedown dance break which ends as Rosie sees
something, shoves aside a piece of Wild West
Show scenery, and behind it Buck and
Sidewinder are discovered, making out like*

mad. Ranger Rick steps forward, the tempo slows considerably and the others gather round as the night sky fills with stars.)

Ranger Rick

Now if you like the rugged west,
and rough and ready suits you best,
there's somethin' to remember 'fore we're done.
The worst desperado's got some good he can't hide.
And the ones with white hats got some outlaw inside.

(a tempo)

And praise the Lord, the bad boys be more fun.

I'm Ranger Rick of the Texas Rangers,

Rosie, Sassafras, Bob, Bart, Lilly & The Cabelleros

Ranger Rick of the Texas Rangers...

Ranger Rick

Like rough guys, rustlers -- all kinds 'a dangers,

Rosie, Sassafras, Bob, Bart, Lilly & The Cabelleros

Rough guys, rustlers - all kinds 'a dangers...

Ranger Rick

Bad guy's where I want to put my brand.
When the time for makin' that mischief commences,
we'll both be likin' the consequences.
'Cause partner, I always get my man.

Rick, Bart, Sassafras, Buck, Sidewinder, Lilly, Injun Bob, Aunt Rosie, Colt & Lightning

Gets his man! Gets his man!
He'll get what he has comin', on that you can depend.

Ranger Rick

'Cause I always get my man!

Bart, Sassafras, Buck, Sidewinder, Lilly, Injun Bob, Aunt Rosie, Colt & Lightning

He always gets his man!

Ranger Rick

I always get my man!

The Company

Always get your man...
in the end!

Ye haw!!

(blackout)