

Ye-Ha!

Junior Script
by
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CONTENTS

Cast List.....	2
Speaking Roles by Number of Lines	3
Cast List in Alphabetical Order (With Line Count)	4
Characters in Each Scene	5
List of Properties	6
Production Notes	8
Track 1: Overture	10
Scene 1.....	10
Track 2: In The Wild Wild West!.....	10
Track 3: SFX Pop-Gun #1	11
Track 4: SFX Pop-Gun #2.....	11
Track 5: In The Wild Wild West (Reprise).....	13
Scene 2.....	14
Track 6: Where Is The Hero In Me?.....	18
Scene 3.....	19
Track 7: Spooner's Entrance.....	19
Track 8: Billie-Jo's Entrance #1.....	19
Track 9: Little Ol' Town	22
Track 10: McNut Gang Entrance.....	23
Track 11: Lone Ranger Music #1	25
Track 12: Wild West Hero	26
Scene 4.....	30
Track 13: Billie-Jo's Entrance #2.....	30
Track 14: Be A Boy	30
Track 15: Indian Drums #1	32
Track 16: Indian Drums #2.....	33
Scene 5.....	34
Track 17: Jail Music	34
Track 18: Lone Ranger Music #2.....	34
Scene 6.....	36
Track 19: Spooner's Scene Music	36
Track 20: Spooner's Spectacular	37
Track 21: High Noon Music.....	40
Track 22: Indian Drums #3.....	41
Track 23: SFX Bubbling Oil Well.....	42
Track 24: The Stetson Stomp	42
Track 25: Bows/Company Play Out	44
Photocopiable Lyrics.....	45

CAST LIST

N.B. In the following list, the bracketed number shows the number of spoken lines each role has.

An asterisk (*) before the character's name indicates that this character ALSO has solo or featured sung lines.

Principal Characters

* Billie-Jo Brisket (73)
 Lightrnin' The Horse (0)
 * Wilbur Hubbard..... (86)
 Ma Annie Hubbard (62)
 Chip Checker (40)
 Mayor Tex Truman..... (100)
 Dwayne Dimples (35)
 * Dr. Cornelius Spooner (36)
 Rooster (12)

The No-Good Outlaws

Howling Mad Dog McNut ... (36)
 Bronco Bill (22)
 Buzz (8)
 Buck (7)
 Bud (4)
 Brad (4)
 Bret (4)
 Butch (6)

The Saloon Girls

Bonnie (3)
 Casey (3)
 Dixie (3)
 Ellie (3)
 Frankie (3)

The Townsfolk

Philius Snuffitt..... (18)
 Festus Rott (14)
 Old Seth (17)
 Old Amos..... (18)
 Smith Ironside (6)
 Levi Vandergelder (7)
 Dolly Vandergelder (6)
 Claude the Barber (4)
 Clyde the Barber (4)
 Clifford the Barber (4)
 Clint the Barber (4)
 Miss Bracegirdle (6)

The Children

Sonny Ironside (3)
 Chad Checker (4)
 Verity Vandergelder..... (3)
 Virginia Vandergelder (3)

The Two Stroke Indians

Chief Walking Weasel (25)
 Squatting Poodle (8)
 Leaping Leopard (6)
 Jumping Jaguar (7)
 Towering Wild Bear (7)

Any lyrics referring to “Chorus” should be sung by anyone on stage.

SPEAKING ROLES BY NUMBER OF LINES

N.B. In the following list, the number shows how many spoken lines each role has. An asterisk (*) before the character's name indicates that this character ALSO has solo or featured sung lines.

Mayor Tex Truman	100
* Wilbur Hubbard	86
* Billie-Jo Brisket.....	73
Ma Annie Hubbard.....	62
Chip Checker	40
* Dr. Cornelius Spooner.....	36
Howling Mad Dog McNut	36
Dwayne Dimples.....	35
Chief Walking Weasel.....	25
Bronco Bill.....	22
Old Amos	18
Philius Snuffitt.....	18
Old Seth.....	17
Festus Rott	14
Rooster	12
Buzz.....	8
Squatting Poodle	8
Buck.....	7
Jumping Jaguar	7
Levi Vandergelder.....	7
Towering Wild Bear	7
Butch.....	6
Dolly Vandergelder	6
Leaping Leopard	6
Miss Bracegirdle	6
Smith Ironside.....	6
Brad	4
Bret	4
Bud	4
Chad Checker.....	4
Claude the Barber.....	4
Clifford the Barber.....	4
Clint the Barber	4
Clyde the Barber	4
Bonnie.....	3
Casey.....	3
Dixie.....	3
Ellie	3
Frankie.....	3
Sonny Ironside.....	3
Verity Vandergelder	3
Virginia Vandergelder	3

CAST LIST IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER (WITH LINE COUNT)

N.B. In the following list, the number shows how many spoken lines each role has. An asterisk (*) before the character's name indicates that this character ALSO has solo or featured sung lines.

* Billie-Jo Brisket.....	73
Bonnie.....	3
Brad	4
Bret	4
Bronco Bill.....	22
Buck.....	7
Bud	4
Butch.....	6
Buzz	8
Casey.....	3
Chad Checker.....	4
Chief Walking Weasel.....	25
Chip Checker	40
Claude the Barber.....	4
Clifford the Barber.....	4
Clint the Barber	4
Clyde the Barber	4
Dixie	3
Dolly Vandergelder	6
* Dr. Cornelius Spooner.....	36
Dwayne Dimples.....	35
Ellie	3
Festus Rott	14
Frankie.....	3
Howling Mad Dog McNut.....	36
Jumping Jaguar	7
Leaping Leopard.....	6
Levi Vandergelder.....	7
Ma Annie Hubbard.....	62
Mayor Tex Truman	100
Miss Bracegirdle	6
Old Amos	18
Old Seth.....	17
Philius Snuffitt.....	18
Rooster	12
Smith Ironside.....	6
Sonny Ironside.....	3
Squatting Poodle	8
Towering Wild Bear	7
Verity Vandergelder	3
Virginia Vandergelder	3
* Wilbur Hubbard	86

Non-speaking roles: Lightnin' The Horse.

CHARACTERS IN EACH SCENE**Scene 1**

Chip Checker
 Claude the Barber
 Clifford the Barber
 Clint the Barber
 Clyde the Barber
 Dolly Vandergelder
 Dwayne Dimples
 Festus Rott
 Levi Vandergelder
 Ma Annie Hubbard
 Mayor Tex Truman
 Miss Bracegirdle
 Old Amos
 Old Seth
 Philius Snuffitt
 Smith Ironside
 Wilbur Hubbard

Scene 2

Bonnie
 Casey
 Claude the Barber
 Clifford the Barber
 Clint the Barber
 Clyde the Barber
 Dixie
 Dolly Vandergelder
 Dwayne Dimples
 Ellie
 Festus Rott
 Frankie
 Levi Vandergelder
 Ma Annie Hubbard
 Mayor Tex Truman
 Miss Bracegirdle
 Old Amos
 Old Seth
 Philius Snuffitt
 Smith Ironside
 Wilbur Hubbard

Scene 3

All

Scene 4

Billie-Jo Brisket
 Brad
 Bret
 Bronco Bill
 Buck
 Bud
 Butch
 Buzz
 Chief Walking Weasel
 Howling Mad Dog McNut
 Jumping Jaguar
 Leaping Leopard
 Lightnin' The Horse
 Mayor Tex Truman
 Squatting Poodle
 Towering Wild Bear

Scene 5

Billie-Jo Brisket
 Dwayne Dimples
 Ma Annie Hubbard
 Wilbur Hubbard

Scene 6

All

LIST OF PROPERTIES

Scene 1

Town sign, with population count displayed Scene Prop
 Sheriff badge Unnamed townsfolk
 Handbell..... Dimples
 Bag of lottery balls, with numbers drawn or painted on Dimples
 Lottery tickets..... The Townsfolk

Scene 2

Bar and at least three tables Scene Prop
 Glasses and a washing up cloth or sponge Chip
 Swing doors Scene Prop
 Notebook Festus
 Tape measure..... Festus
 Business card Philius
 Tablecloths Dixie & Ellie
 At least two bowls of nibbles, on a tray..... Wilbur

Scene 3

Town sign (as used previously) Scene Prop
 Suitcase Spooner
 Large cart..... Rooster
 Mixing bowl and large whisk Wilbur
 Sheriff badge (as used previously) Wilbur
 Tape measure (as used previously) Festus
 Eight popguns..... The No-Good Outlaws
 Eight pairs of brightly coloured underwear (costume) The No-Good Outlaws

Scene 4

Bag of paper money Tex
 Set of bongo drums Towering Wild Bear
 Lone Ranger mask Billie-Jo

Scene 5

Prison bars and cell door Scene Prop
 Lone Ranger mask (as used previously) Billie-Jo
 Bag of paper money (as used previously) Billie-Jo

Scene 6

Town sign (as used previously)	Scene Prop
Large cart (as used previously)	Rooster
Soap box or crate	Scene Prop
Barbells	Rooster
Dunce's hat	Rooster
Mortarboard	Rooster
Medicine bottle of tonic, and glasses	Rooster
Paper money	The Townsfolk
Lone Ranger mask (as used previously)	Billie-Jo
Large whisk (as used previously)	Wilbur
Sheriff badge (as used previously)	Wilbur
Black oil (or face paint)	Seth & Amos

PRODUCTION NOTES

Welcome to *Ye-Ha!* I am sure you will enjoy rehearsing and performing this musical comedy, but to aid you in your production it may be helpful to consider the following production notes.

CASTING

The script is written for 42 speaking characters, as listed previously. Lightnin' The Horse is a non-speaking role. These roles range from principal parts to small supporting roles. For productions with fewer cast members, condensing and doubling of characters is possible. This can be done in numerous ways, but the following example reduces the cast number to 26:

- Remove Bud, Brad & Bret (reallocating lines) to leave just 3 outlaws
- Combine the Saloon Girls, The Barbers and The Vandergelders into just 1 part each
- Combine The Children into just 2 parts
- Double up 5 Townsfolk as The Two Stroke Indians.

To expand the cast, unlimited chorus parts may be used as additional Townsfolk, Saloon Girls, Children and an off-stage choir for backing on other songs. All characters work better if they can attempt American accents, apart from the Indians. Chief Walking Weasel is written as a highly eloquent Englishman to contrast with the traditionally low, abrupt speech of his tribe (who should be cast in height order from medium to tall, with the exception of Towering Wild Bear who is tiny!) The outlaws sound rough and tough apart from Butch, who has a squeaky, high voice.

COSTUMES

This show is quite easy to costume as it is full of traditional Wild West characters, and there are countless films and cartoons to draw upon. One idea to keep in mind is that the baddies work well all in black, allowing the audience to easily identify them and differentiate between them and the other townsfolk. This will also help when they reveal their bright, contrasting underwear. Lightnin' (the horse) is traditionally played by two performers in a pantomime horse costume which can be hired or made as appropriate. These performers may wish to also play townsfolk when they are not saddled up! Billie Jo requires a brown "Calamity Jane" style costume as well as a traditional white "Lone Ranger" costume. Remember, plenty of gingham, Stetsons and neckerchiefs and you can't go far wrong!

STAGING

This production can be staged effectively with just simple scenery to suggest a Wild West Town. Saloon doors, tables and chairs can be brought on for the Saloon Scene, and Chip can bring on his own "portable" bar on wheels, with wood effect front and different bottles and glasses on top. Some small flats with rocks and a cactus or two can be brought on for Critter Creek and a small flat of a cell door with barred window for Wilbur to look through could be used in the Jail scene. Effective use of lighting can also help to differentiate between other scenes. In the town, a large sign with "Splodge City" is required, with a

population count beneath it that can be changed. This is usually done with hole-punched squares of paper, printed with descending numbers, suspended from the sign and ripped off as required at the beginning of the show. The use of a small blackboard and chalk might work just as effectively.

MUSIC

All the music required to stage this production, including sound effects, is found on the Backing Track CD. A vocal recording is provided as a guide and to enable the swift learning of songs. The backing tracks without vocals are ideal to use in rehearsals and performances, and the two scores provide additional flexibility if you have the luxury of a live pianist. Directors may, if they wish, allow a choir or separate character to accompany or replace a soloist in a song or section intended for a soloist. This is sometimes necessary if certain cast members are unable to perform the solo themselves fully or if a larger chorus or choir is required to be employed more fully throughout the show.

AND FINALLY...

This is a fun show to rehearse and perform, so remember to enjoy yourselves and your audience will, too! My best wishes for a successful and enjoyable production.

Craig Hawes

IF YOU'RE GOOD, IF YOU'RE BAD
IF YOU'RE UGLY OR MAD, BE OUR GUEST

IN THE WILD, WILD WEST!
IN THE WILD, WILD WEST!
IN THE WILD, WILD WEST!
IN THE WILD, WILD WEST!

At the end of the song, the townsfolk get on with their daily routine, and slowly exit. Chip steps forward to address the audience.

CHIP: Welcome to the wild, wild west, folks, and to our little ol' town - Splodge City! Chip's the name: bartender at The Fordoor Saloon! It sure is mighty fine to see strangers around these parts, but I'm bettin' you won't want to stay long. You see, something stinks in Splodge City, and it ain't the drains!

TRACK 3: **SFX POP-GUN #1**

We hear a popgun shot and a scream. In the background, townsfolk run across the stage. As the undertakers drag a body across the stage, a townsfolk comes up to the sign and changes the population count, minus one!

CHIP: There's a no-good gang running wild, a-stealin' and a-shootin'! Townsfolk are sellin' up and leavin'. And where's the sheriff? Good question - no one seems to want the job!

Behind Chip, a worried-looking man is pushed on by some townsfolk who stick a sheriff badge on his chest and walk off. The new sheriff convinces himself to be brave and strides across the stage and exits.

CHIP: I mean, the pay's good, you get a shiny badge and every Wednesday off. Trouble is, none of 'em survive past Tuesday!

TRACK 4: **SFX POP-GUN #2**

We hear another popgun shot & scream. The undertakers drag the old sheriff across the stage whilst another townsfolk reduces the population sign by one again.

CHIP: There goes another one! Thankfully, Mayor Truman - our glorious leader - has come up with a clever solution to the sheriff problem!

Dwayne Dimples enters, ringing a bell and holding a bag of balls. He calls the townsfolk to order.

DIMPLES: Gather round, folks, and show your appreciation for your Mayor, Mr. Tex Truman!

The crowd gather around and clap as Mayor Tex Truman enters, looking grand and important.

TEX: Thank you, kind citizens of Splodge City. As you know, we're facing a crisis. Mad Dog McNut and his posse have been terrorising us for far too long. *(The crowd shout in agreement)* It's time we took a stand. *(The crowd cheer)* We need a sheriff who'll sort them out once and for all! *(The crowd cheer again)* So who's it gonna be? *(The crowd give half a cheer, realise their mistake and quickly look away trying not to be noticed)* Well get your tickets ready, folks, 'cos it's time to release those sheriff lottery balls!

The crowd pull out their lottery tickets and look nervously between them and Dwayne Dimples. Dimples vigorously shakes his bag of balls and pulls out three balls with numbers on. There is much dramatic reaction as he pulls out each ball and reads the number.

DIMPLES: Number three! Number eight! And the bonus ball is... number six!

Everyone releases a loud gasp of relief, except Wilbur who seems in shock.

LEVI: *(Looking over Wilbur's shoulder)* It's Wilbur!

CROWD: It's Wilbur!

MA HUBBARD: *(Shocked)* It's Wilbur?

WILBUR: *(Sounding terrified and upset)* It's me!

The crowd chatter as Ma Hubbard consoles her son. Tex and Dimples walk up to Wilbur and, as Dimples pins the sheriff badge on Wilbur's chest, Tex shakes his hand vigorously.

TEX: Congratulations, Wilbur. I'm sure you'll make us proud and put up a good fight.

WILBUR: But Mayor Truman, I can't fight! I don't know how to fight! I'm just a cook!

DIMPLES: Only girls cook, sonny. It's time you stood up and acted like a man!

TEX: Come on, folks, let's hear it for our new sheriff - Wilbur Hubbard!

The crowd cheers as the opening song reprises.

TRACK 5: IN THE WILD WILD WEST (REPRISE)

CHORUS: IF YOU WANDER THE WESTERN FRONTIER
THERE'S A WELCOME IN STORE FOR YOU HERE
IF YOU'RE GOOD, IF YOU'RE BAD
IF YOU'RE UGLY OR MAD, BE OUR GUEST
IN THE WILD, WILD WEST!

During the final few bars of this song, the actors change the scene. The townsfolk exit and Chip wheels on his bar whilst the saloon girls bring on chairs and tables. Other scenery is changed to allow a smooth and seamless transition into Scene 2.

SCENE 2

The Fordoor Saloon. Chip is behind the bar, cleaning glasses. A few tables are dotted around the stage. Seth and Amos are sat drinking at one table, a group of townsfolk are at another. The saloon girls are dotted around serving and chatting.

CHIP: The Fordoor Saloon! Liveliest joint in town! Well, it used to be - until Mad Dog McNut and his posse turned up. Customers are a bit thin on the ground, now! Old Ma Hubbard's doing her best to keep the place going, but it sure ain't looking good.

Ma Hubbard and Wilbur enter through the saloon's swing doors. Ma is looking worried and upset.

MA HUBBARD: Oh, Wilbur, this is all we need! As if things weren't bad enough already. Up to our eyes in debt, customers leaving every day and now this - a sheriff's badge. You might as well wear a sign saying "shoot me now please!" Oh, if only your father was still with us, God rest his soul! (***She begins to cry***)

WILBUR: Now don't get all tearful, Ma. I ain't planning on getting into no fights. I reckon we can sort it all out with a chat and a few nibbles, nice and peaceful like. I mean, what's the worst that could happen?

Philius Snuffitt and Festus Rott, the undertakers, enter.

FESTUS: Ah, Sir, Madam! Philius Snuffitt and Festus Rott at your service!

They both bow solemnly, then Festus examines Wilbur and gets out his notebook and tape measure. Philius gives Ma Hubbard his business card.

PHILIUS: We're the undertakers from the local funeral parlour - Snuffitt and Rott!

MA HUBBARD: Undertakers? But...

FESTUS: When we heard the news about you becoming the new sheriff, Sir, we had to come and congratulate you! And your weight is, sir?

WILBUR: About a hundred and fifty pounds.

FESTUS: (***making a note in his notebook***) A hundred and fifty pounds, excellent.

MA HUBBARD: But I don't quite...

PHILIUS: Yes, you must be very proud of your - er - shall we say "Dear devoted son, greatly missed?" That would look very good in granite, don't you think?

MA HUBBARD: Greatly missed?

PHILIUS: The wording's very important, madam! Not many undertakers pay as

much attention to the job as us - in fact, it's a dying art!

- FESTUS:** **(laughing)** A dying art! Oh, very good, Mr. Snuffit!
- PHILIUS:** Thank you, Mr. Rott! Just a little joke, madam. We find it helps to lighten what can otherwise be a rather grave situation! **(He laughs at his own joke)**
- FESTUS:** **(Moving Wilbur's head)** Looking straight ahead, please Sir. **(He measures Wilbur with his tape)**
- WILBUR:** **(To Festus)** Stop it! What are you doing? **(To Philius)** What's he doing?
- PHILIUS:** He's just getting accurate measurements, Sir. When it comes to funeral arrangements, Mr. Rott is dead keen!
- MA HUBBARD:** Funeral arrangements? But my Wilbur's alive and well!
- FESTUS:** Of course he is, madam... at the moment! But when you're the sheriff of Splodge City, Sir, you'll find it's not just six feet of paperwork you'll be buried under!
- PHILIUS:** We just want to be prepared for every eventuality. Now, will you be wanting oak or mahogany?
- MA HUBBARD:** What?
- PHILIUS:** Or pine's very popular.
- WILBUR:** Out!
- FESTUS:** We do a lovely line in chipboard!
- WILBUR:** **(Extremely cross as he pushes them through the doors)** Out!
- PHILIUS:** Well, be like that, then.
- FESTUS:** It's your funeral!

The undertakers exit.

- SETH:** They've got a point, there, young Wilbur! That there badge is a curse!
- AMOS:** Sure is, Seth! The boy's a goner, and that's a fact!
- MA HUBBARD:** Are you saying my boy can't stand up to a gang of no-good hoodlums?
- SETH:** He's just a cook, Annie! What's he gonna do? Give 'em a roasting?
- AMOS:** Make mincemeat out of 'em? **(They both laugh)**
- BONNIE:** Look who's coming this way, girls!
- CASEY:** Oh no, it's Mayor Truman!
- MA HUBBARD:** Mayor Truman? Oh no, just look at the state of me.
- WILBUR:** You don't need to dress up for Tex Truman, Ma.
- MA HUBBARD:** But he's the Mayor, Wilbur. And the wealthiest man in Splodge. He owns most of it.
- WILBUR:** And if he marries you, he'll own this bit, too. Just 'cos he's got money, he thinks he can do what he wants.
- MA HUBBARD:** Beggars can't be choosers, Wilbur. And Tex Truman's money might

just save this saloon. Now stop your whittling and fetch us some food. Girls?

DIXIE: Yes, Ma Hubbard?

MA HUBBARD: Tidy up this place and cover up anything unsightly.

ELLIE: Yes, Ma Hubbard!

The two girls cover Seth and Amos with tablecloths as Wilbur exits. Mayor Tex Truman and Dwayne Dimples enter the saloon.

DIMPLES: Make way for the mayor! Make way for the mayor! ***(To Seth and Amos)*** Hey, you two - this ain't no fancy dress parade. Now beat it - this is the Mayor's favourite table.

Seth and Amos take off their tablecloths and reluctantly go and sit at another table.

TEX: Stop fussing, Dimples. Ah, Annie, my dear!

MA HUBBARD: Mr. Mayor, won't you take a seat. Frankie, get Mayor Truman a drink.

FRANKIE: Yes, Ma Hubbard, straight away!

TEX: Well, Annie - have you thought on my proposal?

MA HUBBARD: ***(With false bashfulness)*** Oh, Mr Truman, a young girl can't be rushed, you know!

DIMPLES: A young girl?

TEX: Oh, Annie. Don't go teasing me so. You know how I feel about you! Why, your eyes are like pools!

DIMPLES: Yep, cess pools.

TEX: And your teeth are like stars!

DIMPLES: Yep, they come out at night!

TEX: Why, Annie, you're one in a million!

DIMPLES: More like won in a raffle!

TEX: Dimples, go away. I'm having a private chat with Miss Hubbard.

Dimples looks cross and wanders off to sit at another table. Tex continues to woo Ma Hubbard.

TEX: A woman like you shouldn't stay a widow. Horace would have wanted you to move on, you know.

MA HUBBARD: ***(Getting tearful)*** Oh, my poor Horace. What a way to go. He never wanted to enter that rodeo. He got roped into it! You see, we were poor, and someone told him if he was good with a lasso he's be sure to get a few bucks! Well, he didn't know what to do, did he? Should he stay at the saloon? Should he enter the dangerous Rodeo? And so he ended up caught on the horns of a...

TEX: ... dilemma?

MA HUBBARD: No, a six foot bull. And now here I am, with only Wilbur to help me run the saloon.

Wilbur enters with a tray of nibbles.

TEX: Annie, look at me. I may be the Mayor, but deep inside I'm just a...

WILBUR: ***(Offering a bowl of nibbles)*** ... Cheesy flake?

TEX: I'm just a lonely man with pots of money. And when I look at you, do you know what I see?

WILBUR: ***(Offering another bowl of nibbles)*** A fruity tart?

TEX: I see a lonely woman who could use a helping hand. Just one little word, Annie, and I'll take over this place and you'll wave your worries bye-bye!

WILBUR: We're doing just fine, thanks very much, Mr. Mayor.

TEX: That's not how I see it, sonny. And as for you, cooking ain't no job for a real man. We'll have you out of that kitchen and holding a gun when I'm your new Pa!

WILBUR: My new Pa? Over my dead body!

TEX: Well, that's looking a little more likely, now, isn't it... Mr. Sheriff! Annie, we'll continue our conversation when we have a little more privacy. Dimples, we're leaving.

DIMPLES: ***(Rushing out ahead of Tex)*** Make way for the Mayor! Make way for the Mayor!

Tex and Dimples exit. Ma Hubbard looks crossly at Wilbur.

MA HUBBARD: Well, Wilbur, you stuffed that up good and proper!

WILBUR: But Ma...

MA HUBBARD: You've upset Mayor Truman and now we're back in debt! We'll have to sell up, and I doubt we'll get more than a dime for the whole darn place. ***(She exits looking stressed and upset)***

WILBUR: But Ma...

SETH: You mark my words, boy, this place is more valuable than it looks. Why, this saloon could be a gold mine!

AMOS: Shut your trap, Seth you old fool! Take no notice of him; he's got gold on the brain. Never been the same since we were gold mining in the mountains and someone pinched his nuggets!

Seth and Amos exit. The Saloon Girls go over to Wilbur to try and cheer him up.

WILBUR: Great! Wilbur Hubbard does it again! Oh, if only I could find a way to

sort this mess out. Get rid of McNut and his gang, get this place back on its feet. Then Ma wouldn't have to marry that old oaf Mayor Truman.

BONNIE:

Come on Wilbur, you're the Sheriff now! This is your chance.

CASEY:

You're smarter than anyone else in town. You'll think of a way!

DIXIE:

That's right, you could sort Mad Dog McNut and his gang.

WILBUR:

Me? I'm no sheriff, I'm just a cowardly cook. I couldn't fight my way out of a paper bag.

ELLIE:

Sure you could, Wilbur. Just have faith in yourself!

FRANKIE:

You know what they say - there's a hero hiding inside everyone!

WILBUR:

Well, if that's true, the one inside me's hiding pretty darn good.

The Saloon Girls exit, leaving Wilbur to tidy up the tables in the saloon whilst he sings sadly to himself.

TRACK 6:

WHERE IS THE HERO IN ME?

WILBUR:

HEROES OF OLD, DASHING AND BOLD
THAT'S WHAT THE STORIES SAY
WISH I COULD BE FEARLESS AND FREE
SAVING THE DAY!

I MUST PROVE MYSELF AS MY FATHER'S SON
AND UNLOCK MY LIFE WITH THE KEY
IF A HERO'S HIDING IN EVERYONE
THEN WHERE IS THE HERO IN ME?

COWARDLY KID, RAN AND I HID
NEVER WOULD FACE MY FEAR
ISN'T THAT STRANGE? TIME FOR A CHANGE
THAT TIME IS HERE!

I MUST PROVE MYSELF AS MY FATHER'S SON
AND UNLOCK MY LIFE WITH THE KEY
IF A HERO'S HIDING IN EVERYONE
THEN WHERE IS THE HERO IN ME?
TELL ME, WHERE IS THE HERO IN ME?

Blackout.

SCENE 3**TRACK 7: SPOONER'S ENTRANCE**

Mainstreet, Splodge City. The children of the town are playing games in the street. Dr. Spooner strides on with a suitcase, followed by Rooster who is pushing a large cart. It soon becomes clear that Dr. Spooner gets his words muddled up.

SPOONER: This way, Rooster, my boy!
ROOSTER: So this is Splodge City, is it Dr Spooner?
SPOONER: That's right, Rooster! Another down, another time!
ROOSTER: You mean another town, another dime!
SPOONER: Precisely, my boy. That's just what I said!
ROOSTER: Well, let's hope this town is better than the last one. We didn't sell a single jar of tonic there!
SPOONER: You've got to have faith, Rooster, my boy. I've spent years going from town to town, walking my hares and sealing the hick!
ROOSTER: You mean hawking your wares and healing the sick?
SPOONER: Precisely, my boy! And you never know what the next town will bring. This could be the one where we rake it mitch!
ROOSTER: Make it rich?
SPOONER: Yes, and that! Something tells me this town will change our lives forever!
ROOSTER: How do you know, Dr. Spooner?
SPOONER: I have a funny healing in my fart! Come along Rooster, let's find the local hostelry!

TRACK 8: BILLIE-JO'S ENTRANCE #1

Spooner and Rooster exit. Billie-Jo enters, leading her faithful horse Lightnin'.

BILLIE-JO: Come on, Lightnin'! It can't be far, now. Is your hoof still sore, boy? ***(Lightnin' nods sadly)*** Let's take a look, shall we? ***(Lightnin' shakes his head and looks scared)*** Come on, you big sissy, I'm only going to look at it. ***(Lightnin' reluctantly lifts his foot)*** You're gonna need a new shoe, boy. We'll have to find a Blacksmith. ***(Lightnin' looks more scared than ever)*** Don't be silly, it won't hurt none. Now, let's see. Hey, you kids.

The children all run up to see Billie-Jo and Lightnin'.

SONNY: Hi there, Miss. I sure like your horse!

CHAD: I'm Chad and this is Sonny.
VERITY: I'm Verity Vandergelder!
VIRGINIA: And I'm Virginia Vandergelder!
BILLIE-JO: Well, I'm mighty pleased to meet you kids. I'm Billie-Jo Brisket, and this here magnificent stallion is Lightnin'! Say, do you know of a Blacksmith round these parts?
SONNY: Sure do - it's my Pa! I'll go and fetch him! *(Sonny exits to fetch his father)*
CHAD: Wow! He sure must be a brave horse with a name like Lightnin'!
BILLIE-JO: Brave? He's a bit of a cowardly custard, if I'm honest. I call him Lightnin' 'cos at the first smell of trouble, he's gone in a flash! *(The children all laugh)* Mind you, he won't run far at the moment - he needs a new shoe.

Sonny returns with his father, Smith Ironside the Blacksmith.

SMITH: Someone here call for a blacksmith?
SONNY: This is Billie-Jo Brisket, Pa, and her horse Lightnin'.
BILLIE-JO: His hoof's been hurting for a couple of days - I think he needs a new shoe.
SMITH: I'm sure we can take a look back at the forge. You look like you've been travelling a mighty long way, Missy. What brings you to Splodge?
BILLIE-JO: I'm just exploring the Wild West, you know, to seek adventure and fortune!
CHAD: But you can't do that! You're just a girl!
VERITY: Mummy says girls should stay at home, cook, sew and have babies.
VIRGINIA: I'm going to have twenty-seven!
VERITY: Well, I'm going to have twenty-eight!
VIRGINIA: Don't be silly, Verity. Twenty-eight babies is quite ridiculous.
BILLIE-JO: Well, let me tell you, girls can do far more than have babies! Why, I'm as tough and brave as any boy and...
MISS B'GIRDLE: *(Off-stage)* Children?
CHAD: Oh, no, it's Miss Bracegirdle!

Miss Bracegirdle, a strict and severe looking schoolmistress, enters, looking cross.

MISS B'GIRDLE: And what do you think you children are doing here?
CHILDREN: Nothing, Miss Bracegirdle!
MISS B'GIRDLE: Well stop dawdling and yakking - you're late for lessons. Now come along!
CHILDREN: Yes, Miss Bracegirdle!

SMITH: Come along, there, Lightnin'. Lets get you a new shoe! *(To Billie-Jo)*
You can fetch him when he's done!

The children line up behind Miss Bracegirdle who leads them off stage. Smith leads Lightnin' off stage as Wilbur enters, carrying a bowl and whisk.

WILBUR: Howdy, partner! I've not seen you around these parts before.

BILLIE-JO: I'm new in town: Billie-Jo Briskett, at your service.

WILBUR: Well, pleased to meet you, Billie-Jo Briskett! I'm Wilbur, Wilbur Hubbard. Welcome to Splodge! Though if you have any sense, you won't hang around for long.

BILLIE-JO: Why? What's up?

WILBUR: This town's in trouble! There's a no-good gang running about. This place just ain't safe anymore.

BILLIE-JO: Well, you just need to lay down the law - show 'em who's boss.

WILBUR: Hey, I just cook in the saloon. I leave all that laying down the law stuff to the sheriff.

BILLIE-JO: *(Pointing at his sheriff badge)* That would be... you!

WILBUR: *(Looking down at his badge and remembering)* Oh, yeah! I forgot about that!

BILLIE-JO: Well, my horse Lightnin's at the blacksmith's, so I'll be stopping in Splodge for a while. Then it's back in the saddle and on the dusty trail, looking for adventure!

WILBUR: Adventure? But you're just a girl!

BILLIE-JO: Don't you start that too! My Ma always said I should act like a lady. But with my Pa gone, it's down to me to make our fortune. Anyhow, I can do anything a boy can, and just as well. No, better! I can ride, I can fight and I can look after myself! All this boy stuff and girl stuff is just a load of old baloney!

WILBUR: I know what you mean. I can't do any of those things, but I can sure cook better than anyone in town. Folk say that's just sissy, that I should be a real man and learn to fight. But I just ain't brave like that.

BILLIE-JO: Which is a bit of a problem when you happen to be the sheriff, right? Well, I'm sure I can lend a hand if you need some help.

WILBUR: Thanks! Well, if you're sticking around, you better meet the neighbours! Good people of Splodge City, this here young lady is Billie-Jo Brisket.

SETH: Howdy, young lady! I'm Seth, and this is Amos.

AMOS: Welcome to Splodge!

PHILIUS: Snuffitt and Rott, the undertakers!

FESTUS: *(Measuring Billie-Jo with his tape)* Always delighted to meet potential clients!

LEVI: Levi and Dolly Vandergelder! We own the local store, Vandergelder's Emporium!

DOLLY: Now you be sure to pop in and see us, dear - anything you need, we sell it!

WILBUR: These are the Saloon Girls!

SALOON GIRLS: Hi, Billie-Jo!

WILBUR: And the barbers from the barbershop.

CLAUDE: *(Singing in a mock-barbershop style)* I'm Claude!

CLINT: I'm Clint!

CLIFFORD: I'm Clifford!

CLYDE: I'm Clyde!

BARBERS: We'll give you a free shave with a short back and sides!

CLYDE: *(Making the most of his solo)* Short back and sides!

WILBUR: And we all hope you'll have a pleasant stay in our little ol' town!

TRACK 9: **LITTLE OL' TOWN**

WILBUR: YOU CAN KEEP THE MOUNTAIN
AND THE PRAIRIE GOLDEN BROWN
THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER HERE
FOR THERE'S NOWHERE BETTER THAN OUR LITTLE OL' TOWN!

ALL: YOU CAN KEEP THE MOUNTAIN
AND THE PRAIRIE GOLDEN BROWN
THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER HERE
FOR THERE'S NOWHERE BETTER THAN OUR LITTLE OL' TOWN!

NOWHERE SO PRETTY
NOWHERE SO FINE
GIVE ME SPODGE CITY EVERY TIME!

WILBUR: SKIES ARE NEVER CLOUDY
AND THE FOLK ARE NEVER DOWN
SO COME AND JOIN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
FOR THERE'S NOWHERE BETTER THAN OUR LITTLE OL' TOWN!

ALL: SKIES ARE NEVER CLOUDY
AND THE FOLK ARE NEVER DOWN
SO COME AND JOIN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
FOR THERE'S NOWHERE BETTER THAN OUR LITTLE OL' TOWN!

NOWHERE SO PRETTY
NOWHERE SO FINE
GIVE ME SPODGE CITY EVERY TIME!
EVERY TIME!

YOU CAN KEEP THE MOUNTAIN
AND THE PRAIRIE GOLDEN BROWN

THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER HERE
FOR THERE'S NOWHERE BETTER THAN OUR LITTLE OL' TOWN!

SKIES ARE NEVER CLOUDY
AND THE FOLK ARE NEVER DOWN
SO COME AND JOIN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
FOR THERE'S NOWHERE BETTER THAN OUR LITTLE OL' TOWN!

FOR THERE'S NOWHERE BETTER...
THAN OUR LITTLE OL' TOWN!

TRACK 10: MCNUT GANG ENTRANCE

The gang burst in and take up centre stage, making frightening gestures at the townsfolk, who scream and scatter to the edges of the stage.

DOLLY: Oh no! It's the McNut Gang!
BRONCO: Reach for the sky! Hold it right there, folks! I'm Bronco Bill and I'd like you to welcome the rest of the posse. Introduce yourselves to the good folk of Splodge, boys.
BUZZ: I'm Buzz!
BUCK: I'm Buck!
BUD: I'm Bud!
BRAD: I'm Brad!
BRET: I'm Bret!
BUTCH: *(Rather high and squeaky)* And I'm Butch!
BRONCO: And now please welcome the baddest baddy in the west...
CLAUDE: It's their no-good leader, Mad Dog McNut!

Mad Dog McNut enters dramatically. The Townspeople run to the centre of the stage and huddle together.

MCNUT: That's "Howling Mad Dog McNut" to you!
BILLIE-JO: Well, it's nice to meet you, Mr. Poodle...
MCNUT: Mad Dog!
BILLIE-JO: Whatever!
BRONCO: Hey, stranger, haven't I seen your face somewhere else?
BILLIE-JO: No, it's always been on the front of my head! Anyway, we were just in the middle of a nice little song and dance number, so if you don't mind leaving and taking your troupe of performing monkeys with you.
MCNUT: Why you little...

BRONCO: Hold your horses, Mad Dog. Remember what Ma used to say. Never fight girls. *(In a whisper)* They don't fight fair!

MCNUT: Darn it, you're right, Bronco. Well, Missy, your stay in Splodge is over. Buzz, show our little visitor the road outta here.

BUZZ: Sure, boss!

BUCK: This way, Missy!

Buzz and Buck take each of Billie-Jo's arms and carry her unceremoniously offstage. They both enter again during the next speech.

MCNUT: Now, I hear there's a new sheriff in town. *(The gang laugh mockingly)* A sheriff who's gonna sort me out once and for all? *(The gang laugh again)* Well, I've come down here to be nice and polite and shake him by the throat...

BRONCO: Hand!

MCNUT: That's right, to shake him by the hand. Well, where is he? I's gonna count to five, and he better step forward or I'll show you just how howling mad I am! One! Two! Three! Um... um... er... what's next, Bronco?

BRONCO: Four!

MCNUT: Oh, yeah. Four!

The crowd of townsfolk scatter and exit immediately, leaving Wilbur crouching centre stage with his eyes shut tight and his hands over his head.

MCNUT: Five!

Wilbur slowly opens to eyes and realises he's on his own. He gets up and holds his whisk defensively.

BUZZ: Hey boss! Will you take a look!

BUCK: It's Fanny Craddock!

BUD: No it ain't, it's wimpy Wilbur Hubbard!

BRAD: What, the kitchen boy from the saloon?

BRET: He's just a sissy cook!

BUTCH: What's he gonna do? Whisk us to death? *(The gang laugh at Wilbur)*

BRONCO: So you're the new sheriff, eh? Mayor Truman sure made a great choice there! I mean, if some naughty eggs need a beatin' and some bad cream needs a whippin', you're the man! *(The gang laugh again)*

WILBUR: Look, Mr. McNut, Sir, I've been thinking. Couldn't we just sit down, have a nice glass of milk and a chat. Maybe, if you talked through some of your issues we could find a solution.

MCNUT: Sit down with a nice glass of milk? This is the Wild West, not a coffee morning! Now, say your prayers, kitchen boy, and get ready for lights out!

The gang menacingly point their pop-guns at Wilbur, who looks terrified and puts his hands over his eyes.

Blackout - We hear a horse, some music, some shouts and screams and other comical sounds.

TRACK 11: LONE RANGER MUSIC #1

Lights up. The gang are standing with their trousers round their ankles, revealing brightly coloured underwear. They look dazed and bewildered. Wilbur has fainted.

MCNUT: Ahgh, I'm naked!

GANG: Me too!

BRONCO: Come on boss, let's get outta here before somebody sees us!

The gang all shuffle off as quickly as they can and exit. Billie-Jo comes on and revives Wilbur.

BILLIE-JO: They've gone, Wilbur! You did it! You're a hero!

WILBUR: *(Getting up and looking bewildered)* A hero?

Ma Hubbard enters looking concerned, followed by the other townsfolk who gather around Wilbur and Billie-Jo.

MA HUBBARD: Wilbur! Are you all in one piece? What happened?

WILBUR: I don't really remember...

BILLIE-JO: He got rid of McNut and his gang. He's a hero!

MA HUBBARD: *(Overcome with emotion)* My boy - a sheriff and a hero!

SETH: I always said the boy would do good!

AMOS: We knew he'd make a fine sheriff!

CLIFFORD: Let's hear it for Sheriff Wilbur!

The crowd cheer as the song begins.

TRACK 12:**WILD WEST HERO**

ALL: HE'LL BE A WILD WEST HERO

WILBUR: THE BIGGEST AND THE BEST!

ALL: HE'LL BE A WILD WEST HERO

WILBUR: A STAR UPON MY CHEST!

ALL: HE'LL BE A WILD WEST HERO

WILBUR: DON'T EVEN WEAR A VEST, 'COS I'M A...

ALL: MUD-FLINGING, GUN-SLINGING
HIP-SWINGING, SONG-SINGING
WILD WEST HERO NOW!

WILBUR: WITH GUNS A BLAZING, I'LL RIDE RIGHT INTO TOWN
THE BADDIES SCATTER LIKE TINY ANTS!
I'LL BE AMAZING, AND CATCH THEM WITH MY LASSO
THEY'LL CRY AND WET THEIR PANTS!

ALL: HE'LL BE A WILD WEST HERO

WILBUR: I'M STRONGER THAN A BEAR

ALL: HE'LL BE A WILD WEST HERO

WILBUR: EAT BEANS WITHOUT A CARE

ALL: HE'LL BE A WILD WEST HERO

WILBUR: FEEL WIND BLOW THROUGH MY HAIR, 'COS I'M A...

ALL: MUD-FLINGING, GUN-SLINGING
HIP-SWINGING, SONG-SINGING
WILD WEST HERO NOW!

WILBUR: MISTER LONE RANGER, IT'S TIME TO RIDE ON OUT
I'M TAKING OVER - YOU'RE HISTORY!
'COS I'M MORE MILKY THAN THE MILKY BAR KID AND
BUTCHER THAN CASSIDY!

ALL: HE'LL BE A WILD WEST HERO

WILBUR: AND WHEN IT STRIKES HIGH NOON

ALL: HE'LL BE A WILD WEST HERO

WILBUR: AND STROLL IN THE SALOON

ALL: HE'LL BE A WILD WEST HERO

WILBUR: AND ALL THE GIRLS WILL SWOON, 'COS I'M A...

ALL: MUD-FLINGING, GUN-SLINGING
HIP-SWINGING, SONG-SINGING
WILD WEST HERO NOW!

ALL: HE'LL BE A WILD WEST HERO, THE BIGGEST AND THE BEST
HE'LL BE A WILD WEST HERO, A STAR UPON HIS CHEST
HE'LL BE A WILD WEST HERO, DON'T EVEN WEAR A VEST
'COS HE'S A MUD-FLINGING, GUN-SLINGING
HIP-SWINGING, SONG-SINGING WILD WEST HERO NOW!

WILBUR: 'COS I'M A MUD-FLINGING, GUN-SLINGING
HIP-SWINGING, SONG-SINGING...

ALL: WILD WEST HERO NOW!
WILD WEST HERO NOW!
(*shouted*) YE-HA!

At the end of the song, Tex Truman and Dwayne Dimples enter.

DIMPLES: Make way for the Mayor! Make way for the Mayor!

TEX: Well, well, well! So Wilbur Hubbard has surprised us all, has he?
Congratulations, son! We're all very proud of you! Just remember, though,
Mad Dog McNut isn't that easy to scare, and I'm sure he'll be back. I want all
of you to go back home and be extra careful tonight!

The crowd all exit. Tex and Dimples now move over to talk to Billie-Jo.

TEX: As for you, miss, this town ain't safe for a young girl on her own. I suggest you
pack up and leave this town the same way you came in.

BILLIE-JO: There's more to me than you think, Mr. Mayor. Why, I could...

TEX: Trust me, my dear, this town is dangerous and let's face it - you're just a girl.

BILLIE-JO: But...

DIMPLES: No buts. You heard the Mayor. Now scat!

Billie-Jo looks furiously at the two men, then storms off and exits.

TEX: Some people just don't know what to do for their own good, Dimples. I'm off to
Crittter Creek, and I want you to implement plan B.

DIMPLES: Plan B! Oh, I love plan B, Mr. Mayor. Plan B's one of my all time favourites!

TEX: Well, let's hope you don't mess it up. (*Dimples exits quickly and Tex walks forwards to address the audience.*) After all, I have my position to think of!

The lighting changes and Tex freezes as Chip steps forward next to him. The scene changes behind them.

CHIP: Tex Truman, Mayor of Splodge. A fine upstanding gentleman, you might think. Well, think again! You see, our Mr. Mayor has been hiding something, and it all began a couple of months ago, when Old Seth and Amos were having one of their disagreements.

The lighting changes again as Seth and Amos enter and Tex un-freezes, listening to the two old men.

SETH: I'm telling you, it's true. Young Horace Hubbard told me so.

AMOS: Well he was as barmy as you. Gold buried under the town? How the heck could he possibly know that?

SETH: He said the Two-Stroke Indians gave him a map as a gift, in return for a case of whiskey.

AMOS: The Two-Stroke Indians gave him a map? So where is this map, then?

SETH: Horace said it was hidden where no one would ever find it. But the poor feller popped his clogs before he could get a digging!

AMOS: Gold under the town? Seth, you tell some tall stories for an old codger! Come on, let's get to the saloon before the whiskey dries up!

Seth and Amos exit as Dimples enters.

TEX: Gold? Under the town? Dimples, this is it! That gold is as good as ours!

DIMPLES: But how can we get at it, Sir? We can't just dig up people's backyards. Besides, we don't even know where to dig. Splodge sure is a darn big town.

TEX: We'll buy every home and business in the town, one by one. I'll engage the services of an old friend to stir up some trouble - that'll get the prices down!

DIMPLES: Great thinking, Boss. But Ma Hubbard will never sell - she loves that saloon.

TEX: You leave old Ma Hubbard to me, Dimples. Now get along, and keep an eye out for that map. (*Squatting Poodle enters and stands still and silent*) I have to pow-wow with the Two Stroke Indians!

Dimples exits as Tex turns away and comes face to face with Squatting Poodle.

SQUAT: (*Raising his hand*) How!

TEX: How! (*Using over-the-top hand signals to accompany his words*) I travel many miles from big town to pow-wow with big chief.