

ARIZONA

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ACT ONE

Scene One – The main street in Crazy Gulch

(Up right stands the Silver Nugget Saloon, while the wing flats are painted with rough-hewn wooden planking, the various buildings being represented by removable signs: Sheriff's Office down right, Denver and Shanghai Bank – Crazy Gulch branch down left, Okay Café, Livery Stables etc. Tumbleweed is driftin' restlessly in the wind and the plaintive sound of a harmonica playing Do Not Forsake Me Oh My Darlin' is heard.)

Voice over: Crazy Gulch, a dry and dusty spot in the middle of the Arizona desert, where the tumbleweed is allowed to drift in peace; a sleepy, one-horse town like any other sleepy, one-horse town in the American West, where men are men – and so are some of the women – a place where horses are horses, the saloon girls are as honest as they come and the bank don't get robbed more 'n once a day. *(Mutch Cassidy and Wire Twerp enter and sneak into the bank, a shot is heard and they return with bags full of dollars)* Yup, it's a peaceable, law-abidin' sort of place. In fact, you'd be hard put to find a more peaceable, law-abidin' town in the whole of the US of A and the Territory of Arizona – *(Suddenly there comes a jangle of discordant music, the sound of raucous shouting, feminine screams, guns firing and glass and furniture smashing. The saloon doors burst open and The Town Drunk staggers out, whisky bottle in one hand, a Colt 45 in the other, which he fires repeatedly above his head. He is followed by a flying chair, and a fight of epic proportions rolls out after it. Froufrou and Tutu stand over a pair of brawling cowboys yelling encouragement, Fifi is hammering the back of Grease Lightnin' who is carrying her slung over his shoulder with her fists, Charlie and George are beating hell out of one another – and anyone else who comes near them – and everyone is having a whale of a time.)*

Town Drunk: Yeee-haarr!!

Fifi: You brute, you brute, you brute!

All: Take that! Take that! Hot diggerty! Yippi-i-ay! Yee-harr! Roll 'em cowboys! Sock him good! Take that! Darn tootin'! Whoopee! Yee-harr! *(etc etc.)*

Grease *(as Fifi drags him back across the stage):* You brute, you brute, you brute!

Voice over: Ahem! *(Everyone pauses and looks up, startled.)*

All: Who said that?

Voice over: I did! I'm trying to do an introduction here. Do you think you could keep the noise down a bit.?

All: Nope! *(the fight resumes with as much gusto as before and the curtains close swiftly on the mayhem.)*

Scene Two – The Sheriff's Office.

(Front of tabs. There is a chair beside a small desk or table, which is covered with Wanted posters, among them a Western novel. Deperdy Doodah is riffling through the posters. He selects one, ambles over to the wing flat, singing to himself.

Doodah: Deperdy Doodah, Deperdy –hey *(He pins the poster up, steps back to look at it, adjusts it. Gives himself a scratch. Ambles back to choose another, shuffles them*

about, picks up the Western.) Last Tango in Tombstone. Hmm! (He starts to read, settles down, gets his feet up on the table. His lips move as he follows the words. Enter Miss Purity. She stands tapping her foot, waiting to gain his attention.)

Purity: Ahem! *(Doodah hurriedly puts his book, and his feet, down.)*

Doodah: Howdy, Miss Purity. Didn' see you there Ma'am. And how are you feelin' today?

Purity: I am feelin' extremely cross, Deputy. I am sick and tired of the state of lawlessness prevailing in this town. What with all the drinkin' and gamblin' and swearin' and lyin' and cheatin' and shootin' and robbin' going on, it's getting so as it ain't safe for a woman to walk the streets of Crazy Gulch.

Doodah: Well, now, Ma'am, I don't know what can be done about that. You know as well as I do that the Sheriff packed his bags and left three months ago.

Purity: You're his deputy – deputise.

Doodah: Well now, we don't want to do anything too hasty, now do we?

Purity: If you're too lily-livered to take the law into your own hands, then there's nothing for it but to send for a new sheriff.

Doodah: Send for a - Oh, no, Miss Purity, I don't think I could –

Purity: Of course you could. All you have to do is send a telegram – pronto! *(Pronto sticks his head on)*

Pronto: Did someone call?

Doodah and Purity: What?

Purity: Oh, no Pronto, sorry. *(Pronto goes)* Now where were we? Take this down, Deputy! *(Doodah pats his pockets looking for a paper and pencil.. He eventually finds some, then the hunt is on for a pencil.)* To the Governor of the Territory of Arizona. Situation in Crazy Gulch out of hand, stop. Something must be done, stop. Send new sheriff, stop. Pronto! *(Pronto comes running, but Purity waves him away)* Got that, Deputy? *(Doodah has located a stub of pencil and stands with it poised.)*

Doodah: Errmm...

Purity: Good! Now take it to the telegraph office pr – right away. *(She strides out)*

Doodah: Err, yes, Ma'am! *(He hurries after her.)*

Blackout

Scene Three – The Silver Nugget Saloon.

(The swing doors from scene one remain, but all the building name signs have gone; at the back of the stage is a bar, and The Pianer Player is sitting at a piano that has been wheeled on left. Downstage is a poker table around which Town Drunk, Hoss, Big Chief Runny Nose, Mutch Cassidy, Wire Twerp and the Brown Paper Kid are sitting. All are concentrating on their hands of cards, except for Town Drunk who is playing tiddly-winks with his chips. Bud Lite is serving behind the bar, Miss Kitty and her saloon girls are entertaining the men, Charlie and George are polishing up their Colt 45s, and other characters, including schoolgirls Emmy-Lou, Cindy-Lou and co, are dispersed about the place. It is all very lively and there is lots of noise: the jangling notes of the piano, talking and laughing, "raise you four, pass, I'm out" etc from the poker players.)

Kitty *(to The Pianer Player):* Play us something we can sing along to, Pianer Player, honey.

Pianer Player: OK, Miss Kitty.

Song A: Oklahoma!

(At the end of the number, saloon activities resume their natural course, and Miss Kitty is seen ordering the schoolgirls out. They go, dragging their heels.)

Wire: Shoot! What we singing that for? This is Arizona!

Mutch: Yeah, but I sure wisht I lived in Oklahoma.

Charlie: Me too! It sounds a mighty purty place. *(There are cries of agreement)*

Geroge: All we got here is desert and dust.

Town Drunk: Sdzert an sdzst an ... *(he mumbles on)*

Sam: And cactuses.

Runny Nose: Cacti.

Bud: And tumbleweed.

Grease: And more dust.

Town Drunk: 'n' DRINK!

Mutch: Doggone, I might just pack me my bags and move right there! *(Suddenly there is the sound of a shot being fired. There is a blackout, and a female scream is heard. As the lights come back up, The Pianer Player staggers to his feet, clutching his chest. There are gasps and exclamations of shock and horror from the onlookers as he totters from side to side, then falls to the floor and "dies" in a most melodramatic manner. All the cowboys remove their hats and stand with heads bowed. The saloon doors burst open and Doodah comes running in.)*

Doodah: Hey! Somebody's been and gone and shot the new Sheriff! *(The Pianer Player gets to his feet and dusts himself down.)*

Pianer Player: Well, thank goodness for that. For a moment I thought they'd got me! *(He returns to the piano, and, amid murmurs of mounting anticipation, the saloon doors swing open again and Crinkly strides in. His big shiny star is pinned proudly on his chest but he carries his stetson. It has an arrow stuck through it. He brandishes it as he speaks.)*

Crinkly: Well, doggone! Just arrived in Crazy Gulch and already I've been shot at!

Town Drunk: Yeeharr! *(He fires his revolver in the air. Crinkly looks at him. He slurs an apology)* Slrorry Schlerffl.

Crinkly: That's all very well. But it sure ain't a very friendly welcome for your new sheriff and it just goes to show -

Grease: Howdy Sheriff.

Crinkly: Howdy. And it just goes -

Mutch: Howdy Sheriff.

Crinkly: Howdy. And it just -

Telegram Sam, the Brown Paper Kid, Sioux, Tonto and Pronto: Howdy Sheriff.

Crinkly: Howdy. And it -

Town Drunk: Hllerwwo Shlerrffl. *(Crinkly is thinking how he's going to get his tongue round that one when Runny Nose raises a hand.)*

Runny Nose: How! *(Crinkly does a startled double take, then nervously raises his hand in response.)*

Crinkly: Err, how! *(Fifi, Froufrou and Tutu sashay over)*

Fifi, Froufrou and Tutu: Well, hello, Sheriff.

Crinkly (even more nervous): Well -

Charlie: Is that a revolver in your holster, Sheriff?

George: Or are you just pl-?

Crinkly (*hurriedly extricating himself*): All right, all right. You all seem friendly enough right now I admit, but as I was saying, it just goes to show what I'm up against. But you'll find I am not a man to be trifled with.

Fifi, Froufrou and Tutu (*their hearts a-flutter*): Ahhh!

Crinkly: Beneath this homely exterior there lies a man of sterner stuff.

Charlie and George (*hearts a-flutter*): Ohhhhhh!

Crinkly: Beneath this big shiny star I wear there lies –

Telegram Sam: A soup stain?

Crinkly: - there lies a heart that will not rest 'til peace and truth and justice prevail throughout the whole of the US of A and the Territory of Arizona. (*He pulls the arrow from his hat which he puts firmly on.*)

Fifi, Froufrou, Tutu, Charlie and George: ****Sigh****

Crinkly: What's more I mean to bring law and order to this one-horse town if it's the last thing I do. (*A shot is heard offstage, and a bullet shoots across, causing Crinkly to jump back in alarm.*)

Doodah: It might just well be the last thing you do Sheriff!

Song B: Blazing Saddles

Fifi, Froufrou, Tutu, Charlie and George: What a hero!

Crinkly: I trust I've made myself clear. The law-breakin's got to stop! (*There is the sound of an explosion offstage. Doodah and some of the others run to the doors and look out.*)

Doodah: The bank's bin robbed! (*There are murmurs of excitement.*) Agin!

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