

# PERUSAL SCRIPT



Originally Conceived and Directed by  
**Elaine Hansen**

Story Line by  
**Elaine Hansen and Elizabeth Hansen**

New Book and Lyrics by  
**Elizabeth Hansen**

New Lyrics and Music Composed, Adapted and Arranged by  
**C. Michael Perry**

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## **How The West Was Done**

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## HOW THE WEST WAS DONE!

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## Cast of Characters

**LUCKY**, a drop-dead handsome slicked-up gambler

**SHERIFF**, a tall, brawny and handsome man

**CURLY**, a handsome, naive cowboy in hat and chaps

**COOKIE**, an older, kind- faced Swedish chuck wagon cook, in an apron and a bowler hat

**SHOTGUN SAM**, an attractive "Calamity Jane-type" in buckskins with a SIDE GUN and a SHOTGUN;

**FRENCHY**, a knockout, Can-Can dancer in a knee-length skirt and French lace;

**BELLE**, an elegant "Fancy Lady" in taffeta;

**MISS ELLANEOUS**, a simple beauty in calico

## MUSICAL NUMBERS

#1 -- **How The West Was Done** --Entire Cast

#2 -- **There's a Stage Coach A'Comin'** -- Lucky, Curly, Cookie, Sheriff

#3 -- **The Wild Wild West** -- Sam, Frenchy, Miss Ellaneous, Belle

#4 -- **Be Lonesome** -- Sam, Frenchy, Miss Ellaneous, Belle

#5 -- **Oh, Susannah!** -- Women

#6 -- **That NoGud Man** -- Frenchy

#7 -- **The Lonely Men Medley** (including "Clementine," "I'm A Rambler, I'm A Gambler," "Home On The Range," "The Lone Prairie.") -- Lucky, Curly, Cookie, Sheriff

#8 -- **Can Can** -- Frenchy & The Men

#8b -- **Can Can Dance** -- Frenchy & The Men

#8c -- **Scene Change**

#9 -- **Shenandoah** -- Belle, Sam, Frenchy, Miss Ellaneous, Lucky, Curly, Cookie, Sheriff,

#10 -- **Comin' Round The Mountain** -- Belle, Sam, Frenchy, Miss Ellaneous, Lucky, Curly, Cookie, Sheriff,

#11 -- **Too Good To Be True** -- Curly, Miss, Cookie, Frenchy, Sheriff, Sam, Lucky & Belle

#12 -- **A Bit Of This And That** -- Curly, Miss, Cookie, Frenchy, Sheriff, Sam, Lucky & Belle

#13 -- **FINALE: How The West Was Done!** -- The Ensemble

#14 -- **Curtain Call**

#15 -- **Playout/Exit Music**

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**How The West Was Done by Elizabeth Hansen and C. Michael Perry**

**HOW THE WEST WAS DONE**

**ACT I**

**SCENE 1** -- *The stage is set with a MOUNTAIN, UP CENTER and a BENCH with a SIGN that says "WAY STATION" RIGHT. On the pole of the WAY STATION sign are other signs pointing in different directions: BUCKSKIN GULCH 10 miles; WEST DESSERT way the heck and gone; TOMBSTONE 300 miles; DODGE CITY 666 miles; THE PONDEROSA 738 miles; The BIG VALLEY 940 miles; PURGATORY (the sign points straight down) YER IN IT. Around the stage are ROCKS and SAGEBRUSH and WILD FLOWERS. The house lights dim to black. Then a TREMOLO from the orchestra. The CAST appears and sings:*

**MUSICAL #1 -- HOW THE WEST WAS DONE**

**ALL WOMEN**

HOW WAS THE WEST WON?

**ALL MEN**

WITH BARROOM BRAWLS AND FANCY LADIES.

**ALL WOMEN**

HOW WAS THE WEST WON?

**ALL MEN**

WITH CATTLE DRIVES AS HOT A HADES.

**ALL WOMEN**

HOW WAS THE WEST WON?

**ALL MEN**

WITH WINCHESTERS AND POKER FACES,  
BEANS AND SPURS AND DEAD MEN'S ACES.  
SHOWDOWNS, MEN WITH SIX GUNS.  
FROM OL' K.C. TO ABLILENE  
FROM TOMBSTONE TO CHEYENNE  
THE FOLKS AND HARDSHIPS IN BETWEEN  
GIVE MEANING TO A MAN.

**ALL WOMEN**

FROM OL' ST. LOU TO FRISCO'S BAY,  
FROM DODGE TO SANTA FE.  
THE TRAIL WE HOPE WILL SHOW THE WAY  
FOR GALS LIKE US TO STAY.

**ALL**

THAT'S HOW THE WEST WAS WON,

**ALL MEN**

UNDER YOUR VEST, A GUN,

**ALL WOMEN**

-- 1 --

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## How The West Was Done by Elizabeth Hansen and C. Michael Perry

NO REST FROM BLAZING SUN,  
**ALL**  
THAT'S HOW THE WEST WAS DONE.  
THAT'S HOW THE WEST WAS DONE.

**ALL WOMEN**  
THE SHERIFF AND THE GAMBLER CROOK,  
THE COWBOY AND THE COOK.  
OF ALL THE MEN WE LIKE THE BEST  
THESE MEN WHO TAMED THE WEST.

**ALL MEN**  
THE GIRL NEXT DOOR, SHE SURE IS SWELL,  
THE BUCKSKIN GAL'S THE BEST.  
THE DANCE HALL LADY AND THE BELLE.  
WE LOVE THESE WOMEN OF THE WEST.

**ALL**  
THAT'S HOW THE WEST WAS WON,

**ALL MEN**  
UNDER YOUR VEST, A GUN,

**ALL WOMEN**  
NO REST FROM BLAZING SUN,

**ALL**  
THAT'S HOW THE WEST WAS DONE!  
THAT'S HOW THE WEST WAS DONE!  
THE WEST WAS DONE!  
THE WEST WAS DONE!  
THE WEST WAS DONE!

*(The CAST disappears except for LUCKY, a drop-dead handsome slicked-up gambler and the SHERIFF, a tall, brawny and handsome man, who meander to the campfire DOWNRIGHT.)*

**LUCKY:** Why Sheriff, fancy meeting you here. Surely you're not looking for me?

**SHERIFF:** I ain't lookin' for you, and don't call me Shirley.

**LUCKY:** Then what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be out looking for Polecat Pete?

**SHERIFF:** Don't you worry about Polecat Pete, that's why I'm here. I'm waitin' for my new deputy, Shotgun Sam. He's the rootinest, tootinest, shotgun shootinest, man in these parts. He's a big mountain of a man what can track anything that's got feet. He's a legend in these parts.

**LUCKY:** So you've met him?

**SHERIFF:** Nope, never saw him before. But I heard tell he can shoot the eye offin' a squirrel at a hundred yards.

**LUCKY:** Yeah? Must be a lot of blind squirrels around here.

*(RIM SHOT.)*

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**SHERIFF:** You just never mind about Sam. I'll know him the minute I see him.

*(Then, CURLY, a handsome, naive cowboy in hat and chaps, carrying a saddle and COOKIE, an older, kind-faced Swedish chuck wagon cook, in an apron and a bowler hat enter, quickly.)*

**COOKIE:** Are ve late? Did ve miss der stage?

**SHERIFF:** No, it ain't come yet.

**COOKIE:** Oh, dat's good. I wouldn't vant to miss my "veef."

**SHERIFF:** Yer "veef?"

**COOKIE:** Ja, my "veef."

**LUCKY:** Your "veef?"

**COOKIE:** Ja, my "VEEF." My "VEEF." My mail order bride.

**SHERIFF & LUCKY:** Oh, your WIFE.

**COOKIE:** Ja, my "veef." She is da pertiest little ting dat you ever done seen. She's got der hair like der silk and der figure like der glass of der hours, and she'll be wearin' der most be-u-ti-ful frills and der lace.

**LUCKY:** So you've seen a picture?

**COOKIE:** No. Never seen her before.

**SHERIFF:** What's her name?

**COOKIE:** Miss Demeanor, no, no dat's not it. Miss Conception. No, dat's not it edder. Miss Allocation? Oh, I can't remember, but I's jest sure it is be-u-ti-ful. Ve're gonna get married right away. I even got der church rented fer tonight.

**CURLY:** And I's here to be his witness!

**SHERIFF:** And what about you Lucky? I trust you're here to take the stage outta town.

**CURLY:** Why Sheriff, he wouldn't leave Buckskin Gulch for a toilet flush.

**LUCKY:** Royal flush, you ignert cowboy. And I'm here to meet my sister.

**SHERIFF:** You got a sister?

**LUCKY:** I most certainly do. She's been taking care of our mother who recently passed on and now she's come out here to marry and live near the only family she's got. I haven't seen her since I left home fifteen years ago. She was two...I was three.

**CURLY:** Sounds like a mighty good woman.

**LUCKY:** You can bet your life on that.

**COOKIE:** So, Sheriff, when da ya expects der Stagecoach might be acomin'?

**SHERIFF:** Pretty soon. Unless it don't.

*(They all ad lib as they settle in.)*

**CURLY:** Hey! Hey, everbody! Listen! LISTEN!

*(Everyone shuts up.)*

D'you hear that.

**LUCKY:** Hear what?

**CURLY:** That!

**SHERIFF:** That what?

**CURLY:** Oh, come on.

*(He falls to the ground and listens.)*

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Surely you gotta hear that!

**SHERIFF:** I don't hear nothin' and don't call me "Shirley."

**COOKIE:** Vat is it, Curly?

*(To the others.)*

He's got der ears of der hound dog.

**LUCKY:** Is it a train?

**CURLY:** Naw.

**SHERIFF:** Is it one of them horseless carriages?

**CURLY:** Naw.

**LUCKY:** Is it a areo-plane?

**CURLY:** They ain't been invented yet, ya ignernt gambler.

**COOKIE, SHERRIF & LUCKY:** Then what is it?!

### MUSICAL #2 -- THERE'S A STAGECOACH A'COMIN'

**CURLY**

SIX HORSES...

WHEELS ROLLIN'...

ALMOST ROUNDING THE BEND.

GEE, I HOPE THAT IT'S COOKIE'S GIRLFRIEND.

**COOKIE**

SOUNDS LIKE THUNDER

AND I WONDER

WHAT IT'S BRINGING TO ME.

**LUCKY**

I CAN'T WAIT TILL IT GETS HERE TO SEE.

**ALL MEN**

OH, THERE'S A STAGECOACH A COMIN'

IT'S CLOSER THAN IT SEEMS.

OH, THERE'S A STAGECOACH A COMIN'

AND IT'S CARRYIN' MY DREAMS.

**COOKIE**

A "VEEF."

**LUCKY**

A "SIS."

**SHERIFF**

A "GUN."

**CURLY**

A "MISS."

**ALL MEN**

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TO CARRY ME AWAY.

YES, A STAGECOACH ON IT'S WAY TO ME TODAY.

**LUCKY**

HEY, MISTER...

MY SISTER...

PRETTY FACE, PRETTY DRESS,  
AND SHE GORGEOUS AND MODEST LIKE ME.

**SHERIFF**

HE'S AMAZIN'...

GUNS ABLAZIN'...

HE'S GOT HAIR ON HIS CHEST,  
HE'S THE BEST, FASTEST GUN IN THE WEST.

**ALL MEN**

OH, THERE'S A STAGECOACH A COMIN'  
IT'S CLOSER THAN IT SEEMS.

OH, THERE'S A STAGECOACH A COMIN'  
AND IT'S CARRYIN' MY DREAMS.

**COOKIE**

A "VEEF."

**LUCKY**

A "SIS."

**SHERIFF**

A "GUN."

**CURLY**

A "MISS."

**ALL MEN**

TO CARRY ME AWAY.  
PLEASE BE THE ONES WE NEED TODAY,

**COOKIE**

SO SHE CAN TEACH ME TO MAKE A SOUFFLE!

**ALL MEN**

SO STAGECOACH, WHEELS A-HUMMIN'  
KEEP A COMIN'  
WE'RE DEPENDING ON YOU.

**CURLY:** C'mon! Let's go head 'em off at the pass!

*(They dash OFFSTAGE. The stage is empty for the briefest of moments, then a huge CRASH, and I mean an EARTH SHATTERING, SPINE TINGLING, WHAT THE HECK WAS THAT, CRASH, followed by a WOMAN'S VOICE.)*

**SHOTGUN:** Ouch.

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*(After a moment, SHOTGUN SAM, an attractive "Calamity Jane-type" in buckskins with a SIDE GUN and a SHOTGUN; FRENCHY, a knockout, Can-Can dancer in a kneed-length skirt and French lace; BELLE, an elegant "Fancy Lady" in taffeta; and MISS ELLANEOUS, a simple beauty in calico, drag themselves onstage dirty, dusty and bedraggled. In fact a door from the STAGECOACH hangs around MISS ELLANEOUS'S neck and FRENCHY drags a WHEEL behind her.)*

### SEGUE TO

### MUSICAL #3 -- THE WILD, WILD WEST

#### FRENCHY

WHAT THE HECK JUST HAPPENED BACK THERE?

#### SHOTGUN

I AIN'T TOO SURE.

#### MISS ELLANEOUS

HERE WE ARE WITHOUT A PRAYER.

#### BELLE

THIS WAS A CHEAP TOUR.

#### BELLE, FRENCHY & MISS ELLANEOUS

I BEEN SAVIN' UP FOR ALL THESE YEARS.

SOME NEW FRONTIER.

THERE'S DUST AND DIRT AND SNAKES AND CRUD.

#### SHOTGUN

YOU AIN'T SEEN THE BEST.

#### BELLE, FRENCHY & MISS ELLANEOUS

NOW WE'RE TRUDGING THROUGH THE MUD.

#### SHOTGUN

YOU KNOW IT'S THE WEST.

IT'S A PURTY COUNTRY.

#### BELLE, FRENCHY & MISS ELLANEOUS

PURTY BAD! I'M CERTAIN.

#### BELLE & FRENCHY

I'D MUCH RATHER BE BACK IN THE CITY.

BACK WITH ANIMALS THAT HAVE TWO LEGS LIKE ME!

#### ALL WOMEN

HERE WE ARE, AND WE'RE MILES FROM NOWHERE.

HERE WE ARE, AND WE'RE ALL ALONE.

#### BELLE, FRENCHY & MISS ELLANEOUS

NOOOO SIGN OF MAN,

NO STAGECOACH AND NO HORSES,

AND WE BLAME IT ON YOU!

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### SHOTGUN

I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED,  
'TWERE THIS THING ON THE TRAIL.

### FRENCHY

'T WAS BIG AND SCARY,

### MISS ELLANEOUS

HAIRY, TOO.

### BELLE

IT MUST HAVE BEEN MALE.

### SHOTGUN

'TWERE A SWEET AND FRIENDLY BUFFALO,

### BELLE, FRENCHY & MISS ELLANEOUS

YOU'RE CRAZY.

IF THE WEST IS LIKE THIS, I'LL REALLY HATE IT.

### SHOTGUN & MISS ELLANEOUS

I LOVE IT. I LOVE——

### BELLE, FRENCHY

I HATE——

### ALL WOMEN

LIVIN' IN THE WILD, WILD, WEST.

LIVIN' IN THE WILD, WILD, WEST.

*(LIGHTS come back up on MEN.)*

### WOMEN:

DUST AND DIRT AND SNAKES  
AND CRUD.

YOU AIN'T SEEN THE BEST.

NOW WE'RE TRUDGING THROUGH  
THE MUD.

YOU KNOW IT'S THE WEST.

IT'S A PURTY COUNTRY.

PURTY BAD! I'M CERTAIN.

I'D MUCH RATHER BE BACK  
IN THE CITY.

BACK WITH ANIMALS THAT HAVE  
TWO LEGS LIKE ME!

HERE WE ARE,

AND WE'RE

MILES FROM NOWHERE.

HERE WE ARE,

AND WE'RE ALL ALONE.

### MEN:

SOUNDS LIKE

THUNDER

AND I

WONDER

WHAT ITS BRINGIN' TO ME. I CAN'T

WAIT TILL IT GETS HERE TO SEE. I'M CERTAIN!

PURTY WOMEN ARE HERE

FROM THE CITY!

PURTY LADIES I CAN HARDLY

WAIT TO SEE!

OH, THERE'S A STAGECOACH A-

COMIN' IT'S

CLOSER THAN IT SEEMS. OH THERE'S A

STAGECOACH A-COMIN' AND ITS

CARRY-IN' MY DREAMS!

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NOOOO SIGN OF MAN,  
NO STAGECOACH  
AND NO HORSES,  
AND WE BLAME IT ON YOU!  
IF THE WEST IS LIKE THIS,  
I'LL REALLY HATE IT.

**SHOTGUN & MISS ELLANEOUS**

I LOVE IT. I LOVE——

**BELLE, FRENCHY**

I HATE——

**ALL WOMEN**

LIVIN' IN THE WILD, WILD, WEST.      LIVIN' IN THE WILD, WILD WEST.  
LIVIN' IN THE WILD, WILD, WEST.      LIVIN' IN THE WILD, WILD, WEST.

A 'VEEF' A SIS A GUN A 'MIS' TO  
CARRY ME AWAY!  
YES, A STAGE COACH ON ITS  
WAY TO ME TODAY!  
ALL THIS WAITIN' JEST GETS ME  
MIGHTY NERVOUS.

BUT I LOVE

*(The LIGHTS go out on the MEN and the WOMEN are still alone.)*

**BELLE:** *(She speaks with a refined Southern accent.)* Well, this is a fine "how dee do."

**FRENCHY:** I always wanted to see the west, but I didn't think I'd have to walk there.

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** Was that really a buffalo we ran into?

**SHOTGUN:** Swear on a stack a' bibles.

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** Fascinating.

*(She shuffles through her "MICHELIN GUIDEBOOK TO THE WESTERN FRONTIER.")*

*"Buffalo. Any one of several oxlike Old World mammals of the family Bovidae. The Bison. AKA Tatanka." Isn't that interesting, Miss Shotgun?*

**SHOTGUN:** Just Shotgun. No Miss. I never miss.

*(Rim shot. Sees all the MEN'S gear and picks up the lantern.)*

Well, it looks like someone was waitin' fer us.

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** How can you tell?

**SHOTGUN:** *(Hides lantern behind her back.)* I just got a keen instinct about them things.

**BELLE:** It couldn't have been the fire, the bedroll and the lantern behind your back?

**SHOTGUN:** *(Brings lantern into the open.)* Well, that too.

**FRENCHY:** *(In a thick FRENCH accent.)* Well, then I guess we just wait here for the people who were waiting for us.

**SHOTGUN:** Might as well. They should be along soon. Sheriff Shirley's 'spose to meet me here. I'm gonna be her new deputy.

**BELLE:** Really? Women are peace officers out here?

**SHOTGUN:** Yep. We're right forward-thinkin' here in the west.

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** I'm finding that I love the west, don't you, Miss Belle?

**BELLE:** Why yes. South west. Key West. Branson West. Even here. Where the men are men and the women are...

*(A look at SHOTGUN.)*

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Too.

**SHOTGUN:** (*To MISS ELLANEOUS.*) Well, I take it, this is your first time in the west.

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** (*Genuinely.*) My, your instincts are keen, it is my first time in the west.

**SHOTGUN:** So, what brought you out here?

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** I came to be with my brother. Well, that and I answered an ad to be a mail order bride.

**BELLE:** You did? Why?

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** Why not?

(*Simultaneously.*)

**SHOTGUN & BELLE & FRENCHY:** Cain't argue with that. Good answer. She's got a point.

**SHOTGUN:** How 'bout you, Frenchy? What you doin' way out here in the west?

**FRENCHY:** I am the cook. I am here to take over a hotel from my no good fiancée.

**BELLE:** (Very interested.) A hotel? Does it have a Roulette Wheel?

**FRENCHY:** Don't know.

**SHOTGUN:** Yer no-good fiancee? Why's he no good?

**FRENCHY:** Oh, he is not "no good." That is his name. "Nogud." The hotel, it is beautiful and has six rooms!

**BELLE:** Six rooms!

**FRENCHY:** Ah...oui. It is called The Hotel Six. He said they would leave the light on for me.

(*RIM SHOT.*)

**BELLE:** Six rooms. Does it have a Roulette Wheel?

**FRENCHY:** (*Slightly annoyed.*) I don't know.

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** Where is your fiancée now?

**FRENCHY:** He married another and left me alone with only my memories of him... And the hotel.

**BELLE:** A hotel.

**BELLE & FRENCHY:** Does it have a Roulette Wheel?

**FRENCHY:** I-don't-know! Stop with the Wheel du Roulette!

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** I wish I had memories of someone I was in love with. All I want to do is marry a kind and handsome man, who will always be kind and handsome, and treat me the way a kind and handsome man should. Oh, and I'd prefer if he was kind and handsome...and good looking.

**BELLE:** Good luck, honey?

### MUSICAL #4 -- BE LONESOME

**BELLE:**

WHEN I THINK OF ALL THE MEN I'VE EVER KNOWN,  
AND I TELL YOU, LADIES, I HAVE KNOWN SOME.  
WHETHER TENOR, BASS, OR BARITONE.  
I'D RATHER JUST BE LONESOME.

**FRENCHY**

BUT IN FRANCE THE MEN HAVE SAVOIR FAIRE  
AND REAL NICE HAIR AND NA-ILS.

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### SHOTGUN

WELL, I JUST DON'T CARE WHAT THE MEN ARE LIKE,  
IF THEY'RE BREATHIN' AND THEY'RE MA-LES.

### ALL WOMEN

BUT SAM

### SHOTGUN

YES, MA'AM.

### ALL WOMEN

WHY CAN'T YOU BE MORE PICKY.

### SHOTGUN

THERE'S SOMETHING 'BOUT A SHOTGUN,  
THAT KEEP THE MEN AWAY.

### BELLE, FRENCHY & MISS ELLANEOUS

THAT'S TRUE, FOR YOU,  
SO JUST PRETEND YOU GOT NONE.

### SHOTGUN

OH, I WISH I LOOKED A LITTLE MORE LIKE YOU,  
I WISH I COULD WEAR FILLS AND LACES,  
BUT A DRESS IS A MESS, I CONFESS, NO FINESSE.

### BELLE, FRENCHY & MISS ELLANEOUS

BUT YOU'RE PRETTY JUST THE WAY YOU ARE,  
THOSE BUCKSKINS SURE DO FLATTER.

### ALL WOMEN

IF YOU WEAR A SACK, OR CHEW HARD TACK,  
IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER.  
'CAUSE MEN ARE PRONE TO SCATTER.  
FROM ANYTHING THEY FLATTER.  
LET'S END THIS FOOLISH PATTTER.  
LET'S CHANGE THE SUBJECT MATTER,  
BEFORE OUR FRAIL NERVES SHATTER.

### BELLE: That's enough!

*(Everyone freezes. Silence, except for one lone cricket. BELLE sits.)*

Ladies.

*(She motions for them to sit. They do. Then suddenly.)*

### FRENCHY

I THINK I'M GETTING FATTER.

*(Music vamps from the WILD WILD WEST number. BELLE scowls at the band.)*

### BELLE: Don't even think about it.

*(The Band changes the vamp. MISS ELLANEOUS goes back into her book.)*

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## How The West Was Done by Elizabeth Hansen and C. Michael Perry

Thank you.

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** Listen, ladies. It says here that "Way out here they got a name for rain and wind and fire. The rain is Tess. The fire's Joe and they call the wind Mariah-er."

**FRENCHY:** Huh. In France "Maria-her" means "woman with big...feet." In France we call the wind....  
"Geegeeee!"

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** (*MISS ELLANEOUS is fascinated by FRENCHY'S dress.*) Excuse me, Miss Frenchy, but you've got grapes on your dress.

**FRENCHY:** Ah, oui. In France it is very fashionable to have food on your clothes.

**BELLE:** (*Droll.*) Fascinating.  
(*To SHOTGUN.*)

Miss Shotgun, when do you think another Stagecoach will pass this way?

**SHOTGUN:** Well... End of next week, maybe.

**BELLE:** Oh, my stars and garters. I can't wait a whole week! I need to be on my way!

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** Why? If you don't mind my asking.

**FRENCHY:** You got a hot date with a Roulette Wheel?

**BELLE:** Very funny. Let's just say I have... Business...of a very urgent nature to attend to in San Francisco. So you see I'm just passing through.

### MUSICAL #5 -- OH, SUSANNAH!

**BELLE:**

OH, I CAME FROM ALABAMA,  
WITH MY HAT AND CARPET BAG,  
I'M GOING TO SAN FRANCISCO,  
WHERE THERE'S GOLD... AND MEN... TO SNAG.

**SHOTGUN**

OH, THEY CALL ME SHOTGUN SAMMIE,  
I CAN SHOOT AND SPIT WITH EASE.  
AND I'M GONNA BE A DEPUTY,  
FOR TO KILL A NO GOOD SLEAZE.

**MISS ELLANEOUS**

I AM YOUNG AND STRONG AND...  
(*She looks frantically to FRENCHY.*)

**FRENCHY:** Curvy!

**MISS ELLANEOUS**

CURVY,  
AND I WANT TO BE A WIFE.  
SO I'VE ANSWERED ME AN AD FOR SUCH,  
TO BE WED——

**BELLE**

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## How The West Was Done by Elizabeth Hansen and C. Michael Perry

FOR ALL YOUR LIFE.

### FRENCHY

I CAN MAKE A SAUCE OR OM'LET.  
I CAN MAKE A CRÉME BRULEE.  
I CAN MAKE A MEAN FILET MIGNON,  
OR TO DIE-FOR A SOUFLÉ.

### ALL WOMEN

STARTS AND GARTERS!  
OH, WHAT WE DOIN' HERE?  
I HOPE SOMEONE WILL COME FOR US!

### BELLE

BUT MUST IT TAKE ALL YEAR!?  
*(DANCE BREAK.)*

### ALL WOMEN

STARS AND GARTERS!

### SHOTGUN

WE'VE GOT TO WAIT RIGHT HERE!  
I KNOW SOMEONE WILL COME FOR US.  
SO SIT DOWN ON YOUR REAR——

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** Miss Shotgun!

*(She gazes out to the audience.)*

I just had a horrible thought.

**SHOTGUN & BELLE & FRENCHY:** What?

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** What if no one comes for us?

*(That's a disturbing thought. Then:)*

**SHOTGUN:** Well, we could walk into town?

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** (She looks at the signpost.) But it says there that it's ten miles to Buckskin Gulch.

**FRENCHY:** Walk? Ten miles? How do you say, "chubby" chance.

**SHOTGUN & BELLE & MISS ELLANEOUS:** You mean... Fat chance?

*(A RIM SHOT from the drummer as SHOTGUN, BELLE and MISS ELLANEOUS all look out to the audience breaking the 4th wall.)*

**FRENCHY:** Ah...oui.

**SHOTGUN:** Well, it looks like we's all stuck here then.

*(All the WOMEN adlib grumbling.)*

**MISS ELLANEOUS:** And is anyone here hungry or is it just me?

**BELLE:** I am.

**SHOTGUN:** Shoot fire, we could go back to the stage and get that there buffalo. Buffalo steaks is mighty good.  
Tastes just like chicken.

**ALL WOMEN:** All right. Good idea. Let's go.

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## How The West Was Done by Elizabeth Hansen and C. Michael Perry

**SHOTGUN:** Well, then let's go.

*(BELLE and MISS ELLANEOUS start to follow SHOTGUN off. FRENCHY stays just where she is.)*

Frenchy, ain't you comin'?

**FRENCHY:** How do you say in your country? No. I cook. I do not walk. I will stay and, how you say, "Push down the fort."

**BELLE:** "Hold" down the fort.

**FRENCHY:** Ah, oui. That way if someone returns, I will be here.

**SHOTGUN:** All right, but I hate to leave you here all alone by yerself without anyone around.

**FRENCHY:** No, do not worry. Go on, vite, vite.

*(The ladies leave.)*

### MUSICAL #6 -- THAT NOGUD MAN

It is no worry to me. I have been alone all my life. Ever since Nogud, my fiancée, left me alone in France. I have always done everything by myself. I cook by myself. I clean by myself. I even dress myself. So you see, I am used to being alone.

*(During the song FRENCHY wanders out into the audience.)*

**FRENCHY:**

THAT NO GOOD MAN  
I LEFT HIM FAR BEHIND ME.  
WELL NOT QUITE TRUE  
HE LEFT ME IN THE DUST.  
AND NOW I'M HERE  
SO FAR FROM HOME AND GAY PAREE.  
IT'S BUCKSKIN GULCH  
AND MY HOTEL OR BUST.  
MY POTS AND PANS  
ARE READY NOW FOR HOLLANDAISE  
FOR SOME SOUFLEES  
AND SAUCE DE BORDELAISE.  
MY VICHYCHOIS  
WITH JUST A DROP OF CHARDONNAY.  
AND THEN FOR LUCK  
A LITTLE CLUB TO MAKE HIS STAY.  
MY VICHYCHOIS  
WITH JUST A DROP OF CHARDONNAY.  
AND THEN THE BOTTLE  
ON HIS HEAD, TO MAKE HIS STAY.

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## How The West Was Done by Elizabeth Hansen and C. Michael Perry

**CURLY** (*O.S.*): Them tracks a' theirs is a'headed t'ward the way station.

*(The MEN ADLIB as they follow the tracks. Meanwhile, FRENCHY, still in the audience, slaps her hand over a MAN'S mouth.)*

**FRENCHY**: Shh! Someone is coming. Hide me!

**CURLY**: (*As the men enter camp.*) This is as fer as they go.

**LUCKY**: It can't be. There's nobody here.

**CURLY**: Well, there was.

*(He picks up the stagecoach door.)*

What do ya make a this?

*(The SHERIFF takes it an looks it over.)*

**SHERIFF**: It's a door.

**LUCKY**: From the stagecoach.

*(COOKIE grabs it.)*

**COOKIE**: But vat is it doin' here?

**CURLY**: D'you think it got throwd this fer?

**SHERIFF**: Could have. That stagecoach looked pretty bad.

**LUCKY**: The buffalo looked worse.

**CURLY**: Hey, fellas. Look at this.

*(CURLY picks up a hanky and sniffs it like a dog.)*

**LUCKY**: Let me see that.

*(He snatches the hanky away.)*

That was... That was my ma's. How'd it get here? My sister was here!

**CURLY**: And look at all this other stuff.

*(He grabs BELLE'S carpet bag, opens it and drops it, afraid.)*

It's... It's... women's stuff!

*(SHERIFF picks up a pair of bloomers.)*

**SHERIFF**: It's got to belong them. Couldn't be no one else.

*(Looking around.)*

Could it?

**LUCKY & CURLY**: It ain't mine. I got my under-roos on.

*(COOKIE takes them and holds them up to him.)*

**COOKIE**: Vell, you know, dey are sorta cute.

*(SHERIFF grabs them away.)*

**SHERIFF**: Cut it out! Let's concentrate on the women.

**LUCKY**: (*With an lascivious grin.*) My pleasure.

*(Disgusted, the SHERIFF tosses the bloomers into his face.)*

**COOKIE**: Where coulda dem vomen a gotten to?

**CURLY**: The team done runned off so they couldn't've gotten fer on foot.

**LUCKY**: Where do you think they could have gotten to, Sheriff?

**SHERIFF**: Well... There's Injuns.

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## How The West Was Done by Elizabeth Hansen and C. Michael Perry

**CURLY:** Naw, the Injuns around these parts is as friendly as the regular folks.

**SHERIFF:** Wolves?

**CURLY:** No tracks.

**SHERIFF:** Buzzards?

**CURLY:** Naw.

**COOKIE:** I hate to tink of my poor little veef vanderin' and vanderin' and vanderin'.

**SHERIFF:** Take it easy, Cookie, we'll find yer "veef."

*(LUCKY nudges him.)*

Wife.

**COOKIE:** No, ve von't. She is gone fer good. I jes knows it.

**18 pages to the end**

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