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Dramatic Publishing

LOST IN TUMBLEROCK

**or, They Took the Wrong Road
to the Right Place**

A Melodrama by Katie Reed

LOST IN TUMBLEROCK

or, They Took the Wrong Road to the Right Place

Complete with rowdy ranch hands and beautiful French cancan dancers, this comic melodrama will have you cheering the heroes, booing the villain and dancing the cancan as you find your way home.

Melodrama. By Katie Reed. *Cast: 7m., 8w., extras.* The old widow may lose the ranch, the innocent heroine is unjustly accused of robbery, and the hero must save them both from the clutches of the evil villain. *Lost in Tumblerock or, They Took the Wrong Road to the Right Place* has everything you expect from a comic melodrama. The characters wouldn't be lost in Tumblerock if they hadn't taken a few unexpected turns along the way. The new sheriff, Simon Surefire, took a wrong turn somewhere in the Midwest and ended up in Tumblerock just in time to replace the old sheriff, who went out with a posse and never returned. Simon is determined to help the citizens of Tumblerock find the robber of many local businesses, including the Tumblerock Savings and Loan. As hard as he tries, he gets lost everywhere he goes, but he won't let his poor sense of direction stop him from carrying out his duty. Rosaline and her sidekick, Cecilia, disguised as Ross and Cecil, are on their way to the Show Palace Theatre in San Francisco with a wagon full of French cancan dancers. They took a wrong turn and ended up at the Heartwell Ranch in Tumblerock. Ma Heartwell invites them to stay at the ranch with her and the rowdy ranch hands that she vows to turn into gentlemen. Rosaline recognizes Mayor Darrell W. Devlin as the villainous Willy Devarau from her past. He uses the girls' disguises as a reason to accuse Rosaline and Cecilia of being the robbers. Simon is forced to arrest the two women, but he gets lost on the way to jail, giving Rosaline time to explain how Devlin kidnapped her and blackmailed her adoptive parents many years ago. Rosaline tricks Devlin into confessing his many crimes while Simon, Ma and the ranch hands listen from behind a screen. It is discovered that Rosaline is really Ma Heartwell's daughter, and they all decide to stay in Tumblerock rather than trying to reach San Francisco. They may have taken the wrong road, but they ended up in the right place. *Set: the living room of the Heartwell Ranch house. Place: originally set in Texas, but it may be set in any state. Costumes: 1890's. Approximate running time: 50 to 60 minutes. Code: Lj9.*

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Lost in Tumblerock or, They took the
Wrong Road to the Right Place

LOST IN TUMBLEROCK

or, They Took the Wrong Road to the Right Place

A Melodrama in 2 Acts

by
Katie Reed

Family Plays

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

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About The Play

The old widow may lose the ranch, the innocent heroine is unjustly accused of robbery, and the hero must save them both from the clutches of the evil villain. *Lost In Tumblerock* or, *They Took the Wrong Road to the Right Place* has everything you expect from a comic melodrama, but they wouldn't be lost in Tumblerock if they hadn't taken a few unexpected turns along the way.

The new sheriff, Simon Surefire, took a wrong turn somewhere in the Midwest and ended up in Tumblerock just in time to replace the old sheriff who went out with a posse and never returned. Simon is determined to help the citizens of Tumblerock find the robber of many local businesses including the Tumblerock Savings and Loan. As hard as he tries, he gets lost everywhere he goes, but he won't let his poor sense of direction stop him from carrying out his duty.

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Rosaline tricks Devlin into confessing his many crimes while Simon, Ma, and the ranch hands listen from behind a screen.

It is discovered that Rosaline is really Ma Heartwell's daughter, and they all decide to stay in Tumblerock rather than trying to reach San Francisco. They may have taken the wrong road to get there, but they end up in the right place.

Complete with rowdy ranch hands and beautiful French cancan dancers, this comic melodrama will have you cheering the heroes, booing the villain, and dancing the cancan as you find your way home.

Cast of Characters

Ma Heartwell	She is fiftyish and runs the Heartwell Ranch
Rusty	A ranch hand with red hair
Harper	A ranch hand with a little bit of a gut
Shorty	The tallest of the ranch hands
Lefty	A left-handed ranch hand
Larry	The youngest ranch hand
Mayor Darrell W. Devlin (or Willy Devarau)	A villainous banker
Sheriff Simon Surefire	The new sheriff with a bad sense of direction
Rosaline (Ross) Needham...	A beautiful young heroine and a brave hero
Cecilia (Cecil) Tremble	Rosaline's faithful, frightened sidekick
Gigi	A French cancan dancer
Fifi	A French cancan dancer
Didi	A French cancan dancer
Mimi	A French cancan dancer
Lulu	A French cancan dancer
Sign Holders (optional)	

Time: ACT I: A Saturday morning in the fall of 1890.
ACT II: That evening.

Setting: The living room of the Heartwell Ranch house near Tumblerock is furnished with a small loveseat, two chairs and a small table. There is a large folding screen Up Left and a desk Up Right. The desk chair is on rollers, and a small trash can stands next to the desk. The room has one large entryway Up Center with a view of the entry foyer in one direction, and the stairs to the second floor lead off in the other direction. Originally the play was set in Texas; however, it may be set in any state.

LOST IN TUMBLEROCK was first produced at the Pasadena Little Theatre in Pasadena, Texas, December, 2002 in its current version under the title *LOST IN TEXAS* with the following cast:

Ma Heartwell Marley Heggen
Larry Keegan Hunter
Harper David Pederson
Shorty Robby Page
Lefty DJ Turner
Sheriff Simon Surefire Spencer Conner
Darrell W. Devlin Richard Sims
Rosaline Needham Terri Page
Gigi Kimberly Cates
Didi Christine Orchid
Fifi Wendy Barnett
Mimi Michelle Matula
Lulu Andrea Gallegos
Cecilia Tremble Kathy Deitz
Sign Holders Krissy Turner and Sue Sims

LOST IN TUMBLEROCK (originally known as *Lost in Texas*) is
dedicated to the memory of Charlotte Reed.

LOST IN TUMBLEROCK

or, *They Took the Wrong Road to the Right Place*

by **Katie Reed**

[SETTING: A Saturday morning in the fall of 1890.

AT RISE: MA HEARTWELL has five rough-looking RANCH HANDS lined up for an investigation. The RANCH HANDS look sheepish as she marches back and forth in front of them]

MA HEARTWELL. Now that I have ya'll together, I want to know who broke the gate on the corral? *[No answer]* One of you had to have done it. How about you, Rusty? Were you swingin' on the gate again, like you did last time it were broke?

RUSTY. No, Ma Heartwell, I ain't been anywheres near that there corral gate in pretty near three whole days. I been workin' out in the back forty roundin' up steers.

HARPER. Me and Shorty been with 'im Ma'am. We been campin' out under the stars for two whole nights. We just come home today 'cause Cook's makin' flapjacks tamarra' mornin' before we go to Sunday services.

MA HEARTWELL. Well, somebody had to have done it. You boys are wild as a pack of prairie dogs. *[Holding back her tears]* Ever since Pa Heartwell passed on and left me alone to run the Heartwell Ranch, I haven't been able to control you young fellas. I keep trying to hire a foreman, but each one of them wanted to fire all ya'll. They just don't understand that, since my own innocent baby girl died from a fever over 25 years ago, you boys have been like my very own children. You're just a little rowdy, that's all. Ya'll will outgrow this wildness one of these days.

SHORTY. *[A little chocked up]* We're offal sorry, Ma Heartwell. We don't mean no harm. *[Sternly to the other cowhands]* Now who broke the corral gate? Fessup!

LEFTY. Uhhh... I guess I done it. I was real excited when I broke that wild pony I found in Pico Canyon. I swear I didn't mean it. I'm real sorry, Ma!

LARRY. Well, I certainly hope that means you're gonna fix it. I sure ain't plannin' on fixin' it. You broke it so you gotta' fix it.

[LARRY punches LEFTY and a puff of dust comes off his dirty shirt.]

LEFTY. Fix it! I'll fix you, ya mangy prairie dog.

[LEFTY hits Larry back]

LARRY. Who ya callin' a mangy prairie dog? Ya dirty pile of buffalo dung!

[LEFTY and LARRY go at it in a cloud of dust as the OTHERS cheer them on]

MA HEARTWELL. Boys, boys stop yer fightin'. *[They continue as the OTHERS join in the fight]* I said stop this fightin'. Help! Help! Somebody help! They'll bust up the house. Help!

[SHERIFF SIMON SUREFIRE enters with a heroic gesture. He does not have a Western accent since he is from Chicago]

SUREFIRE. Is someone in here calling for help?

MA HEARTWELL. Yes, help! Please make 'em stop fightin'. They'll bring down the house.

SUREFIRE. I'm Sheriff Simon Surefire. This is no place for horse play. Don't you boys know you're never supposed to fight inside of the house?

[SUREFIRE grabs LARRY and LEFTY by the collars and separates them.]

LEFTY. Ya ain't?

LARRY. We didn't know that.

SUREFIRE. Your parents should have taught you that.

RUSTY. We ain't got no parents.

LEFTY. We're all orphans.

LARRY. The only Ma we got is Ma Heartwell.

SHORTY. She ain't our real ma. Our parents was all killed in a tragic wagon train accident.

HARPER. *[Pulling out a large hanky with a cloud of dirt and crying into it]* I miss my mommy and daddy!

LARRY. *[Crying with him, and using the other end of the hanky]* Me too! Maaaaamaaaa!

SUREFIRE. Were your parents attacked by wild Indians?

SHORTY. [*Crying into the hanky too*] No, it was just an accident. They were really bad drivers.

RUSTY. We're all homeless.

[*RANCH HANDS blow their noses loudly into the hanky crying hysterically*]

MA HEARTWELL. There, there, it'll be all right. Now don't cry. Ma Heartwell is here for you boys. Yer not homeless. This is yer home.

SUREFIRE. Gee, Ma'am, I'm really sorry if I intruded on your family, but you sounded so desperate. I can't help but respond to a heartfelt cry for help.

MA HEARTWELL. I am desperate. I love these boys as if they were my very own sons, but they're like wild horses unfit ta ride. They don't have any house manners, they break everything in sight, and they're constantly fightin'. They're all good hearted though, and trustworthy, and honest, and kind. Their insides are good, they're just kinda rough on the outside.

SUREFIRE. It sounds like they need discipline.

MA HEARTWELL. Pa use ta be able ta handle 'em. I just don't know what ta do.

HARPER. I'm really sorry, Ma.

SHORTY. I'll try harder to be good.

RUSTY. I didn't mean no harm.

LEFTY. I'll go fix that corral gate now.

LARRY. I could help ya, Lefty.

[*They start out*]

SHORTY. Why'd ya'll have ta start fightin' like that?

LEFTY. You was fightin' too.

RUSTY. Y'all ain't got no manners. Fightin' insida the house.

HARPER. I got class; I only fight outdoors.

[*Offstage*]

LARRY. Well, we're outside now.

HARPER. Oh yeah, well how do ya like this?

[*We hear a fight begin offstage*]

LEFTY. I got yer manners right here.

[MA HEARTWELL moves to the hall, and we hear the DOOR shut]

MA HEARTWELL. *[As she re-enters]* Well, at least ther not in the parlor this time. *[Shakes hands with SIMON]* You must be our new sheriff hired to replace Sheriff Marshall who went out with a posse last week and never returned.

SUREFIRE. I just happened to be passing through Tumblerock, when Mayor Devlin requested my help. He explained how desperately the town needed a new sheriff after the recent robberies and the disappearance of Sheriff Marshall and his men.

MA HEARTWELL. Are you an experienced sheriff? This is a difficult case.

SUREFIRE. No, I'm actually an attorney from Chicago. I was on my way to California to bring law and order to the Wild West. Somehow I took a wrong turn and ended up in Tumblerock. As you've already seen, I can't resist a plea for help. So, I won't rest until I've captured the robbers and found the missing sheriff.

MA HEARTWELL. *[Aside]* If he can't find his way to California, how's he gonna find the robber? *[To Surefire]* Well, we're sure glad ya happened along. We need law and order in Tumblerock now more than ever with all the robberies that have taken place in the last few months: first the stage coach, then the feed store, next the saloon, and finally the Tumblerock Savings and Loan. We all had our money in that Savings and Loan and now it's gone. All the money Pa Heartwell left for me is gone, all gone. If it wasn't for the kindness of Darrell W. Devlin, the manager of the Savings and Loan, I'd be put out of this house. I don't have 'nuff money left to pay the mortgage. Thank heaven for Mr. Devlin.

SUREFIRE. You can rest easy, Ma'am. Sheriff Simon Surefire is on the job. I'll find the scoundrel responsible and bring him to justice. I confront evil wherever I encounter it.

MA HEARTWELL. Have ya run into much evil so far?

SUREFIRE. Well, no, not yet! But then I was only in the Midwest. I can only imagine the evil villains I shall encounter in the West, the Wild West as they say.

[DARRELL W. DEVLIN enters wearing a black top hat, black cape, a mustache, and carrying a walking stick]

DEVLIN. *[Kissing Ma Heartwell's hand]* Good morning, my dear Mrs. Heartwell. *[Notices Surefire]* Sheriff Surefire, what are you doing here? You should be out looking for the robber. Isn't that what I'm paying you for?

SUREFIRE. It sure is, Mr. Devlin. I was just...

DEVLIN. Just wasting time talking. Get to work immediately.

SUREFIRE. I have been working.

[SUREFIRE moves about the room demonstrating the investigation, and MA and DEVLIN follow after him]

SUREFIRE. I found a set of horse tracks and followed them around for three hours.

MA HEARTWELL. Did they lead to the robber?

SUREFIRE. No, they led to a horse. It was a wild horse just running around the countryside, but I chased it to a cave... *[DEVLIN turns sharply toward Surefire]* ...where I thought the robber could be hiding out. It appeared as if someone was inside.

[DEVLIN looks worried]

MA HEARTWELL. Was it the robber?

SUREFIRE. No, I think it was a ghost.

DEVLIN. A ghost?

SUREFIRE. Yes, a ghost. I heard moaning, shrieking, and spooky rustling that sent chills down my spine. I got out of there pretty fast, I can tell you. I fell down a hill and landed right on a pile of... freshly dug soil. It appeared as if someone had buried something.

[DEVLIN looks worried again]

MA HEARTWELL. Was it the money?

SUREFIRE. No, it was a garden in the back of some woman's house. She came out swinging a broom like a wild Indian on the war path. She was worse than the ghost. I got out of there quicker than the cave. I found myself in a dense forest searching for the way out...uh... searching for clues when I found a bandit's mask in a bush next to a handkerchief with the initials W.D. on it.

DEVLIN. What did you do with them?

SUREFIRE. *[Pulling out a dirty handkerchief]* Oh, I used the handkerchief to wipe my hands. It is a really nice hanky, and my hands were dirty after falling in that woman's garden.

[DEVLIN takes the handkerchief from Surefire. It's very dirty. He looks at how dirty it is and throws it into the trash can]

DEVLIN. The mask, what did you do with the mask?

SUREFIRE. Oh, I don't need a mask. *[Laughing]* I'm not a robber. What would I do with a mask? I've got more investigating to do. I should have something to report very soon, Mr. Devlin. I feel like I'm right on the edge of making a big discovery.

DEVLIN. Sure you will, Surefire. That's why I hired you. Now get out of here and continue the good work.

SUREFIRE. I shall not rest until the robber is brought to justice. Good day, Ma'am.

[SUREFIRE exits]

MA HEARTWELL. That's a fine young man ya hired, Mr. Devlin. I'm sure he'll find the robber fer us.

DEVLIN. Well, that remains to be seen. *[Aside]* The old broad has no idea that I hired Surefire because of his incompetence. Hahahahaha! *[To Ma]* I've come to talk to you about your recent loan from the bank.

MA HEARTWELL. Loan? I ain't aware of any loan. What loan?

DEVLIN. The loan you took out after the robber stole all your money from the bank. *[Aside]* At least that's what everyone in town believes. Actually, I stole the money myself. The feed store, the saloon, and the stage coach robberies were just to distract the old sheriff and his men. Hahahahaha! *[To Ma]* You were unable to make your most recent mortgage payment. I issued you a loan to cover the payment. I'm here to find out how you intend to pay back the loan and the interest that is compounding.

MA HEARTWELL. But Mr. Devlin, I was under the impression that it was a friendly loan 'til the robber was found. I had no idea you were adding interest! The robber took all the money that Pa Heartwell left for me. Without that money, the ranch is doomed.

DEVLIN. So, you have no means of paying back the loan? That is if the robber isn't found?

MA HEARTWELL. I could sell the ranch, but then I'd be homeless. The ranch hands would lose their jobs and they'd be homeless, as well. We'd all be destitute. *[She cries]*

DEVLIN. *[Aside]* I have to pretend to feel sorry for this old bird. *[To Ma]* These are hard times, Mrs. Heartwell. It may be too much for a woman alone to run a big ranch like this. Maybe you should consider

selling the ranch. *[Aside]* Better yet don't pay the loan, and I'll foreclose. Hahahahahaha! *[To Ma]* I could help you find a buyer.

MA HEARTWELL. *[With conviction]* No, I can't do it! I can't sell the homestead. Pa and I worked so hard to build up the place. Pa wouldn't want me to sell his ranch.

DEVLIN. *[He twirls his mustache]* Well, your money is gone, we don't know if the robber will ever be found, and you must pay the mortgage. I'll give you as much time as I can, but you must figure out what you're going to do. The next payment is due in three weeks. I'll leave you alone now to find your own solution, if that's what you want. *[Aside]* Actually, I think I'll lurk about. Perhaps those odd ranch hands will unwittingly offer some assistance. Hahahahaha! *[To Ma]* Remember, Mrs. Heartwell, I have a solution for you if you decide to sell. *[He bows to her]* Darrell W. Devlin at your service. *[Exits]*

MA HEARTWELL. *[Ma begins to cry even more pitifully than before]* Oh, Pa, what should I do now? I need your help, Pa. But, alas, you're in heaven now.

[As MA continues to cry, DEVLIN sneaks back in and hides behind the screen Upstage Left]

DEVLIN. *[Aside]* It appears that my plot is well laid. It is only a matter of time before the ranch is mine. Hahahaha!

MA HEARTWELL. There is no one to help me. I'm all alone, alone, alone, all alone. I can only hope that my prayers for help will be answered. And soon, very soon. *[Ma bows her head and cries in silent prayer]*

[ROSALINE/ROSS enters quickly with a heroic gesture. She is dressed as a cowboy, and acts like a man]

ROSALINE/ROSS. Is someone in here calling for help?

MA HEARTWELL. Yes, I was praying fer help! Are you the answer ta my prayer?

ROSALINE/ROSS. I will help you, ma'am, in any way I can. I'm Rosa...ah...ah...Ross Needham at your service, ma'am. What's the problem?

MA HEARTWELL. Somebody has robbed the stage coach, the feed store, the saloon, and the Savings and Loan; they took all of my dead husband's money, I may lose the ranch, I miss my baby who died, and the boys just won't stop fightin'. What am I to do?

ROSALINE/ROSS. *[Aside]* This sad old woman may need more help than I can render. *[To Ma]* I may need some time to solve all of these problems. We have just arrived from the East. Can you suggest a hotel or boarding house where the girls and I can stay until I catch the robber, recover the cash, save the ranch, comfort you for your poor baby, and teach the boys to behave?

MA HEARTWELL. *[Aside]* This may be too heavy a load for this young man although I have no choice but to accept his help. *[To Ross]* Wait a minute...girls... what girls?

ROSALINE/ROSS. Did I forget to tell you that I have a wagon full of young ladies outside?

[DEVLIN peeks out from behind the screen with interest]

DEVLIN. *[Aside]* A wagon full of young ladies. How interesting. Hahahaha!

MA HEARTWELL. What brings you to Tumblerock with a wagon full of young ladies?

ROSALINE/ROSS. We weren't heading for Tumblerock when we left New York City. We're expected at the Bells and Whistles Show Palace in San Francisco. The Petite Francaise princesses will be entertaining at the Palace, if we ever get there. They've danced at all the grand show places throughout Europe. I'm sorry to say we took a wrong turn somewhere, and before we realized it we were in Tumblerock.

DEVLIN. *[Aside]* Another traveler with a strange misguided sense of direction.

MA HEARTWELL. French princesses. I'd be honored ta have 'em stay right here at the Heartwell Ranch fer as long as ya like.

ROSALINE/ROSS. We sure could use a place to stay. The girls are very tired, and another night on the trail would probably break their spirits.

[GUN SHOTS, WHOOPS, and SCREAMS are heard from offstage. GIGI, FIFI, DIDI, MIMI, and LULU burst in with the RANCH HANDS in wild pursuit. The GIRLS are dressed in their showgirl finery and speak with French accents]

GIGI. Help us...

FIFI. Save us...

DIDI. They have guns...

MIMI. and ropes...

LULU. and muscles. Oo la la!

ROSALINE/ROSS. What is this? I asked you girls to stay in the wagon.

[CECILIA/CECIL runs in dressed as a man like Rosaline except that she has a beard]

CECILIA/CECIL. Yes, Ross.

ROSALINE/ROSS. Cecil, you were supposed to watch after them.

CECILIA/CECIL. *[Shaking with fright and stuttering]* Ye-ye-yes, Ross, bu-bu-but these cowboys were circling the wagon like a tribe of sa-sa-savage Indians. I thought we mi-mi-might be sa-sa-safer inside the house. From the way they lo-lo-look, I didn't think anybo-bo-body would allow them inside their ho-ho-house.

[The RANCH HANDS try to straighten their clothes and palm their hair]

MA HEARTWELL. Now, you boys should show better manners. These fine ladies are our guests.

LARRY. We were just trying to make 'em feel welcome, Ma.

CECILIA/CECIL. They were who-ho-ho-hoping and hollering and sh-sh-shooting guns and sw-sw-swinging ropes. *[Pointing to Lefty]* He wa-wa-was swinging that rope like a cowboy going after a ca-ca-calf.

LEFTY. More like that wild pony I found in Pico Canyon. Whoopy!

HARPER. They're some fine lookin' fillies, that's fer sure.

MA HEARTWELL. Stop this at once. *[The RANCH HANDS hang their heads in shame]* I knew you boys were wild, but I'm truly shocked by yer behavior. These young ladies deserve yer respect. They're princesses. *[MA makes an awkward royal bow to the girls that takes her all the way to the ground. The RANCH HANDS rush over to help her up. The GIRLS giggle and turn shyly to each other. To the ranch hands]* Look at how ya frightened 'em. *[To Ross, Cecil, and the girls]* I must apologize for their behavior. They've never learned manners. I consider it my fault. They work the ranch. They sleep in the bunkhouse or under the stars. They've learned their manners from cows and horses. But not for long. I'm gonna make some changes 'round here. *[To the ranch hands]* Rusty, Lefty, Larry, Harper, Shorty— first, Rusty and Harper ya'll bring the ladies' luggage inside. Second, Lefty, Larry and Shorty ya'll take care of their horses and wagon. Then I want

all o' you to get cleaned up down by the river, and I mean soaped up from head to toe, Saturday night, drippin' clean. You got twenty minutes to make yourselves look and smell like fragrant flowers instead of pasture patties. Then it's time fer lessons in high society manners. It's high time ya'll learned some, and I swear I'll teach 'em to ya or die tryin'. Now get goin', and if I find one inch of dirt on any of ya'll, you'll wish you were restin' with Pa on the hill. [*The RANCH HANDS hurry out in shocked obedience*] Now, Mr. Needham, Cecil, princesses, yer graciously welcome to all that Heartwell Ranch has to offer. Please make yerselves to home.

ROSALINE/ROSS. Do you have room for all of us here at the ranch, Mrs. Heartwell?

MA HEARTWELL. We sure do. Pa and I always intended to have at least a dozen or more children. But alas, Pa has gone to heaven, and our only daughter, my sweet little Nellie May, died from a fever twenty-five years ago. It'll be a comfort to have the house filled with young ladies. My room is here on the first floor, so the girls may pick out whatever rooms they want upstairs. You boys can find room in the bunkhouse with the ranch hands.

[*The GIRLS giggle*]

ROSALINE/ROSS. Uh... if it's all right with you, Mrs. Heartwell, Cecil and I will sleep on the floor in the hallway outside the girls' rooms. Our honor demands that we watch out for the welfare of our innocent young charges.

MA HEARTWELL. Well, I guess I don't blame ya after the wild behavior that the ranch hands have demonstrated. There's water and soap ready in the bath house if the girls want to clean up after their days on the trail. Please excuse me, I have a heavy task ahead of me in the barn. I promise the next time ya see the ranch hands they'll be gentlemen. [*MA HEARTWELL exits Upstage Center into the foyer where RUSTY and HARPER have entered with the girls' luggage*] Stop gawkin', put down those bags, and get movin'. Ya got some serious scrubbin' that needs doin'.

[*RUSTY and HARPER exit*]

ROSALINE/ROSS. Finally, a decent place to rest, and this room will be perfect for rehearsing the act.

MIMI. We have not rehearsed in a very long time.

GIGI. The last rehearsal was in that cow pasture with all those smelly droppings. Oh, so very unpleasant.

[GIGI demonstrates dancing around cow droppings]

CECILIA/CECIL. It sure wasn't the same da-da-dance.

LULU. I hope I can remember all of the steps.

[LULU practices a few steps]

FIFI. I can remember the steps, but I get oh so confused about the order. Which foot do I start with?

MIMI. I think it is the right foot, but it could be the left. I can't really remember.

DIDI. There is little point in rehearsing if we never get to San Francisco to perform the act.

ROSALINE/ROSS. I'll study the maps, Didi. We'll make it! I don't know when, I don't know how, but we're going to make it. After all, the show must go on.

[DEVLIN peaks out from behind the screen]

CECILIA/CECIL. I don't know, Ross. We've been on the r-r-road for six months now and m-m-most of the time we've been heading in the wr-r-r-rong direction.

ROSALINE/ROSS. For now, we should all enjoy the comforts Mrs. Heartwell has kindly offered us in her beautiful home.

GIGI. Oh! Rosaline, ma cherie...

ROSALINE/ROSS. *[Looking around to see who has heard Gigi]* Shhhh! Gigi, you forget yourself.

GIGI. I am just so excited to sleep in a house in a bed with sheets and a pillow. I am in heaven.

[All the GIRLS giggle with pleasure]

CECILIA/CECIL. Oh, Gigi, you must never forget. Our sa-sa-safety depends on our disguise. If anyone discovers that we are all ladies traveling alone in the Wi-wi-wild We-we-west...

ROSALINE/ROSS. No one will find out. Our disguises are perfect. Lulu is a true artist. My mustache and your beard look very real. No