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Dramatic Publishing





Book by
TODD MUELLER
and **HANK BOLAND**

Music and Lyrics by
GREGG OPELKA

The SINGIN' COWBOY

"A fresh approach to an old tale ... I'll be ding-danged
if you don't have a good time."

—Michigan City News Dispatch

Musical. Original premise by Todd Mueller. Book by Todd Mueller and Hank Boland. Music and lyrics by Gregg Opelka. Cast: 6m., 5w., with a chorus of 3m. (expandable to 20) and 3w. (expandable to 20). *The Singin' Cowboy* tells the tale of how the Singin' Cowboy tames the fierce Tumbleweed Tammy and converts her gang of outlaws to the ways of goodness. Singin', as he's usually called, is the finest shot and the best musician in the Wild Wild West. When Singin' is captured by Tumbleweed Tammy and her ragtag band of bandits, they force him to help them pull off Tammy's biggest caper yet—stealing a half-million-dollar payroll from the safe down at the town saloon. One by one, however, Singin' converts Tammy's gang from a life of thievin' and killin' to a life of song and harmony—using nothing but his innate musical talents and his aw-shucks charm. Sidesaddle Sal, Cookie and Preacher all succumb to our hummin' hero's charisma. That leaves only Spade—Tammy's bumbling right-hand man—and the orneriest bandit in the West, Tumbleweed Tammy herself. Meanwhile, the town's sheriff, Cyrus Potts, is forced to do his sworn duty and hang his best friend, Singin', for taking part in the robbery. The whole town turns out for the hangin'. Has Singin' sung his last stanza? One thing's for sure: your audience will go home singin' the foot-stompin', shoot-ern-up saloon and trail songs as well as the tender ballads from *The Singin' Cowboy*. *Area staging. Accompaniment CD available. Approximate running time: 2 hours, 15 minutes. Code: S1Q.*

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The Singin' Cowboy

A right fine musical entertainment

Book by

TODD MUELLER and HANK BOLAND

Music and lyrics by

GREGG OPELKA



Dramatic Publishing Company

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Music and lyrics by GREGG OPELKA

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(THE SINGIN' COWBOY)

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The Singin' Cowboy received its world premiere at A Theatre Group in Silverton, Colo., on July 22, 2001.

CAST

Tumbleweed Tammy.....	Anna Allen
The Singin' Cowboy	Keith Houston
Cookie	David Upton
Spade Reynolds.....	Phoenix Knight
Preacher.....	Ben Fearn
Guy Reynolds.....	Ben Fearn
Hannah Ripple	Mary Eileen Morris
Sheriff Potts	Don D. Doane
Sidesaddle Sal	Somer Morris
Cora.....	Blair Runion
Millie.....	Zelda Morris
Mr. Tyler.....	John Cook
Mrs. Tyler.....	Mary Eileen Morris
Temperance Crusader.....	Mary Eileen Morris
Sadie.....	Lisa Zwisler
Townspeople	Company
At the piano.....	Karen Wylie

PRODUCTION STAFF

Director Marianne Fearn
Music Director Karen Wylie
Vocal Directors..... Anna Allen, Keith Houston
Choreographer..... Anna Allen
Setting A Theatre Group
Costume Coordinators Bonn Jean Jacobs,
Zoe Jean Saabye
Lighting..... Ben Fearn
Stage Managers Lisa Franz, Blair Runion
Set Consultant Steve Fearn
Set construction..... Eric Erdman, Steve Fearn, Jeff Orr
Scene painting Blair Runion, Deborah Runion,
Somer Morris, Marianne Fearn
Costume crew..... Ann Jacobs, Mary Eileen Morris,
Anna Allen
Poster design Triad Productions, Mary Eileen Morris
Poster distribution Zelda Morris, Mary Beaber,
Francie Tisdale, Karen Wylie
Program design Amy Swonger
Program maintenance..... Rose Raab
Printing..... Country Graphics,
Silverton Area Chamber of Commerce
Company Photographer Dave Emory
Box office..... Mary Eileen Morris, Rose Raab, Anita Steck,
Caren Perra, Maria Call, Lyn Dodd

The Singin' Cowboy premiered at Footlight Players in Michigan City, Ind., in 2003.

CAST

(In order of appearance.)

The Singin' Cowboy	Dan Moser
Guy Reynolds/Owen.....	Gary Jones
Spade Reynolds.....	Nate Whitmer
Mr. Tyler/Sheriff Potts	Emil Cripe
Mrs. Tyler.....	Carol Hooper
Cookie	Eric Edson
Tumbleweed Tammy.....	Christine Wiegand
Sidesaddle Sal	Jayma Kay Emerson
Good Preacher/Slim	Craig Earley
Preacher.....	Ray Walters
Hannah Ripple	Rebecca Martin
Cora.....	Sarah Alessi
Millie.....	Caitlin Vanlaningham
Chorus	Mark Blane, Mark Garris, Kelly Marie Moser, Connie Scott, Angie Shriner

PRODUCTION STAFF

Executive Producer William Wild
Producer Diane Wantland
Director Robert W. Komendera
Assistant Director Kelly Marie Moser
Music/vocal Director Doug Pishkur
Choreographer Kathy Bogolia
Stage Manager Larry Piotrowski
Costumes Christine Wiegand
Props Diane Wantland, cast and crew
Lighting Design Jim Snyder
Lighting Operators Jim Snyder, David Swanson
Set Design Bill Wild
Set Construction Bill Wild, Diane Wantland
Scenic Artist Jim Schmidt, Val Nepshaw
Scenic Crew Jim Schmidt, Diane Wantland,
Val Nepshaw, Bill Wild, Terri Metz,
Eric Edson, Bobby Komendera
House Manager Jim Schmidt
Box Office Diane Wantland, Steve Rohe
Canteen & House Staff Barbara J. Stanfield,
Jim Schmidt, Terri Metts
Publicity William Wild
Program William Wild

ORCHESTRA

Keyboards Doug Pishkur
Bass Don Parker
Percussion Derek Bolka

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The Singin' Cowboy

CHARACTERS

THE SINGIN' COWBOY: The best shot and the best singer in the West.

TUMBLEWEED TAMMY: The fiercest outlaw in the West.

MR. TYLER: A shopkeeper in Happy Valley. / A Townsman.

MRS. TYLER: A shopkeeper in Happy Valley. / A Townswoman.

GUY REYNOLDS: A member of Tammy's gang.

SPADE REYNOLDS: A member of Tammy's gang.

COOKIE: An underappreciated cook for Tammy's gang.

SIDESADDLE SAL: A member of Tammy's gang who idolizes Tammy.

PREACHER: A retired safecracker.

HANNAH RIPPLE: The madam in the town saloon.

CYRUS J. POTTS: The sheriff.

SLIM: A younger patron of the saloon / A Townsman.

OWEN: A younger patron of the saloon / A Townsman.

CORA: One of Hannah's saloon "associates."

MILLIE: Another of Hannah's saloon "associates."

TOWNSPEOPLE: May be as many as your stage will accommodate.

THE OLD MAN

SCHOOL MARM

BLACKSMITH

BANKER

LIBRARIAN

PHOTO HAWKER

COWBOYS

LADIES

The Singin' Cowboy

PROLOGUE

AT RISE: *THE SINGIN' COWBOY* peeks out from the wings, tips his 10 gallon hat to the audience and saunters over to the band. Although he carries his trusty guitar, he doesn't play unless he can—which is to say, he doesn't pretend to strum the strings. The Singin' Mime is another show altogether.

(#1: “The Swingin' Singin' Cowboy Life”)

SINGIN'.

OH, IT'S THE SWINGIN', SINGIN' COWBOY LIFE
THAT KEEPS A FELLER FREE FROM STRIFE.
AND RIDIN'S ALL THE RHYTHM THAT I NEED.
WITH MUSIC AND YOUR SADDLE,
THERE'S NO BATTLE YOU CAN'T BATTLE.
YES, THE SINGIN' LIFE'S THE ONLY LIFE TO LEAD.

AND WHEN THINGS START TO GET TOO EDGY,
OH, JUST GIVE THEM YOUR ARPEGGIO.
THERE AIN'T A VARMIN'T YOU CAN'T SWAY
WITH A YIPPEE TI YI YI YI YI YAY.
YIPPEE TI YI YO,
YIPPEE TI YI YAY,
YIPPEE TI YI YI YI YI YI YI.

I LOVE THE OPEN PRAIRIE
AND I NEVER FIND IT SCARY,
THOUGH THE ONLY THING I CARRY IS MY TUNE.
LET WOLVES AND BOBCATS RUN UP,
I'LL BE SAFE AND SOUND AT SUNUP.
OH, THE SINGIN' LIFE, THAT SWINGIN' LIFE,
THE SINGIN' LIFE, DON'T MEAN TO LEAVE IT—

(Loud gunshot.)

SINGIN' *(cont'd)*. Soon?

(SINGIN' is thrown into darkness and exits.)

ACT I

SCENE 1

(A general store in the town of Happy Valley. TUMBLEWEED TAMMY bursts in with guns drawn. The shopkeepers, MR. TYLER and MRS. TYLER, raise their hands. TAMMY takes cover behind a bolt of fabric, her focus on the front door.)

MRS. TYLER *(finally)*. The James Gang usually starts with the safe.

TAMMY. Hush up! I got no plans to rob you.

(The TYLERS lower their hands. TAMMY stares out the door.)

MR. TYLER. I can get you that gingham in a right purty shade of black.

TAMMY. Sure as sugar! All right you two, listen up. Two of my men are shufflin' this way with a mind to hold you up.

(The TYLERS raise their hands.)

TAMMY *(cont'd)*. Don't worry. Those nitwits couldn't hold up a pinwheel. 'Sides, ain't no lily-livered, backstabbin' weasels of mine gonna pull a job lessen' I say so. Just act normal like. I wanna catch 'em in the act.

(TAMMY takes a position hidden to the others onstage but visible to the audience.)

MRS. TYLER. You plan on shootin' up the place?

TAMMY. Only if I miss.

(The REYNOLDS brothers, GUY and SPADE, burst in, faces masked with bandanas and pistols drawn.)

SPADE. Reach for the skies!

(The TYLERS already have their hands raised.)

GUY. This is going to be easier than we thought. *(Tosses a sack.)* Fill up that bag, old man.

SPADE. Or your wife will be tellin' her next husband she was widdered by the Reynolds Brothers!

GUY *(removing bandana)*. Son of a—goll dern it all to heck!

SPADE. What?

GUY. You just told 'em who we are, you moron.

SPADE. No I didn't.

MR. TYLER. 'Fraid you did, son.

MRS. TYLER. Said I'd be tellin' my next husband I was widdered by the Reynolds brothers.

MR. TYLER. Though she's clearly too old for courtin'.

(Offstage, SINGIN' whistles his opening tune.)

GUY. You hear that?

SPADE. We got company!

GUY. Quick, behind the counter. Cover these two while I crack the safe.

SPADE. Make a move for help and I'll fill you both so full of lead they'll have to drag you outta here with a mule team and a mighty big magnet.

(GUY and SPADE duck behind the counter. During the following scene, GUY cracks the safe and they fill the bag with money.

SINGIN' enters. The stage seems to brighten.)

SINGIN'. Mornin', Mr. and Mrs. Tyler.

MR. TYLER. The Singin' Cowboy!

MRS. TYLER. Are we ever glad to see you!

(Mirroring the TYLERS, SINGIN' raises both hands in greeting.)

SINGIN'. I'm mighty glad to see you, too.

(They ALL lower their hands.)

SINGIN' *(cont'd)*. How's business treatin' ya?

MR. TYLER. Right poorly at the moment.

SINGIN'. That so? Then I arrived just in time to save the day.

(SINGIN' draws and spins his pistols, then sets them on the counter. He takes a list from his holster.)

SINGIN' *(cont'd)*. Here's a list of supplies I'm gonna need for my trip over to Canyon City. That oughta fatten up your safe.

MR. TYLER. Canyon City? That's a five-day ride cross a whole lot of nothin'.

MRS. TYLER. What's takin' you all the way out there?

SINGIN'. Going to see a friend of mine. Mr. Cyrus J. Potts.

MRS. TYLER. Well ain't that a coincidence.

SINGIN'. You know Sheriff Potts?

MRS. TYLER. No, sir. But I heard tell he's the only man ever stopped Tumbleweed Tammy and her gang.

SINGIN'. Shoot. The only thing Cyrus stopped was one of Tammy's bullets. But that did force her safecracker to run off empty-handed.

MR. TYLER. That's encouraging.

SINGIN'. Tammy's safecracker at that time was a man by the name of Preacher. Now, to hear Cyrus tell it, that Preacher fellow spent one whole night trying to pry open Miss Hannah Ripple's oyster.

MRS. TYLER. Beg pardon?

SINGIN'. That's what Miss Hannah calls her safe, on account of the fact that it's darn near impossible to open. Plus, that's also where she keeps her pearls.

MR. TYLER. I'd like to have me one of those.

SINGIN'. Ya can't. A locksmith made it special for Miss Hannah for ... services rendered. He also made her some real purty handcuffs.

MRS. TYLER. All we ever get is livestock.

SINGIN'. Just between you, me and the hitching post, that's the real reason I'm heading to Canyon City. The railroad asked Miss Hannah to lock up a half million dollar payroll. And Cyrus asked me to stand guard.

MR. TYLER. But you ain't no law man.

SINGIN'. No sir, I'm not. But Cyrus lost two of his deputies in a twister a few weeks back and he's a might desperate.

MRS. TYLER. Actually, we're a might desperate ourselves.

MR. TYLER. We're having trouble with, er ... skunks.

MRS. TYLER. And they're getting into everything. (*Points to the counter.*)

SINGIN'. Skunks got into your safe? You sure it wan't raccoons? They're nature's bandits, ya know.

MR. TYLER. That's it, Singin'. It's bandits.

(SPADE jabs his piston into MR. TYLER's side.)

SINGIN'. You feelin' all right, Mr. Tyler? You look 'bout as nervous as a coyote in a cattle run.

MR. TYLER. I'm under a lot of counter. *(Another jab.)* Pressure! A lot of pressure!

SINGIN'. All this talk about Tumbleweed Tammy would make any shopkeep a little jumpy. From what I hear, that Tammy is as tough as they come.

MR. TYLER. And her gang is a little rougher than need be.

SINGIN'. Well, maybe they ain't never been treated kindly themselves. It's like I always say, a person's like a guitar. Even those that sit out of tune for years still hold the promise of a beautiful tune, you just gotta know which pegs to turn. That reminds me, I need a new pitch pipe, if you got any left. And you better throw in some extra penny candy for Tempo.

MRS. TYLER. I swear, Singin'. You treat that horse better'n most men treat their women.

SINGIN'. Maybe so. But most women won't let a man saddle her up so's he can ride around on her back.

MR. TYLER. Ain't that the truth.

SINGIN'. Say, I got me an idear. How 'bout I take your money over to the bank? Should be safe from skunks over there. If you load up a bag—

(MRS. TYLER snatches the bag from SPADE and hands it to SINGIN'.)

MRS. TYLER. Much obliged.

SINGIN'. Well then, guess I'll be hittin' the trail. So long now.

(SINGIN' exits, whistling. SPADE jumps up and takes MRS. TYLER by the arm.)

SPADE. I'll bet you feel awful for what you just done. But don't worry, in a minute you won't feel nothin' at all.

GUY. Let the nice lady go, Spade.

SPADE. Let her go? But she just gave all our money to that singin' nancy.

GUY. That singin' nancy is gonna make us the richest outlaws this side of the Mississipp. So let-her-go.

(GUY exits in pursuit of SINGIN'.)

SPADE. I swear. He never lets me kill nobody.

(SPADE releases MRS. TYLER and exits. TAMMY comes out of hiding.)

TAMMY. You tell anybody that me and my boys were here today and I'll be back for that gingham, in a nice shade of blood red.

(TAMMY moves to exit.)

MR. TYLER. Afraid it don't come in that color.

MRS. TYLER. Go on, Miss Tumbleweed. I'll explain it to him later.

TAMMY. Much obliged.

(TAMMY grabs some licorice sticks and exits.)

SCENE 2

(#2: "Plenty of Trouble on the Range / Tumbleweed Tammy")

(The streets of Happy Valley. SINGIN' bids farewell to the TOWNSPEOPLE. THE OLD MAN posts a wanted poster for TUMBLEWEED TAMMY. GUY and SPADE lurk in the

crowd, trailing SINGIN'. TAMMY does the same, trailing the REYNOLDS.)

SCHOOL MARM. Hear you're going to Canyon City, Singin'. You best be careful.

SINGIN'. Will do, Miss Daniels.

BLACKSMITH. Wouldn't catch me travelin' all alone out there.

BANKER. Best to sleep with one eye open.

LIBRARIAN. ... and both guns loaded.

TOWNSPEOPLE.

THERE'S PLENTY O' TROUBLE ON THE RANGE.
THERE'S ALL KINDS O' CREATURES MEAN AND STRANGE.
THERE'S ALL KINDS OF THINGS CONTRARY
OUT ON THE OPEN PRAIRIE.
EVEN THE WESTERN WIND CAN CHANGE.
THERE'S PLENTY OF TROUBLE ON THE RANGE.

THERE'S NOTHIN' BUT TRICKS AND TRAPS OUT THERE.
AND NOTHIN' BUT DANGER IN THE AIR.
THERE'S ALL KINDS OF THINGS TO FRIGHT YA,
ALL KINDS OF THINGS TO BITE YA.
EVEN A TEMP'RATE MAN MIGHT SWEAR,
WHEN OUT ON THE OPEN RANGE SOMEWHERE.

MEDICINE MEN WILL TRY TO SELL YOU
THINGS YOU DO NOT NEED.
THEATRE JOES FROM MINSTREL SHOWS—
NOW THAT'S A FRIGHTFUL BREED.
BEWARE THE MOST THE LAWYER
WHO CAN MAKE YOUR POCKETS BLEED.
THERE'S PLENTY OF TROUBLE ON THE RANGE.
ON THE RANGE.
ON THE RANGE!

SINGIN'.

OH, IT'S THE SWINGIN', SINGIN' COWBOY LIFE
THAT KEEPS A FELLER FREE FROM STRIFE.
AND Y'ALL DON'T NEED TO WORRY 'BOUT A THING.
CUZ OUT ON THAT HORIZON
I'LL BE SWEETLY HARMONIZIN'
AND THERE'S NOTHIN' BAD CAN HAPPEN WHILE YOU ...

THE OLD MAN.

NOW HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, COWBOY.
DON'T BE SO DANG CAREFREE.
THERE'S ONE THING YOU'RE FORGETTIN'.
THERE'S ONE THING YOU CAN'T SEE.

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF TUMBLEWEED TAMMY?
ALL ACROSS THE PRAIRIE HER SHADOW IS TALL.
PITY THE MAN WHO CROSSES HER:
HE TURNS UP DEAD—IF AT ALL.

THE MEANEST, MOST ORN'RIEST,
FIERCEST OF CREATURES
IS TUMBLEWEED TAMMY BY FAR.
HER VOICE IS AS SWEET AS A MOUNTAIN CAT'S ROAR.
SHE MIGHT SHOOT YOUR HEAD OFF.
SHE'S DONE THAT BEFORE.

WHEREVER YOU TRAVEL FROM HITHER TO YON,
THIS WARNING YOU MUST NOT IGNORE:
BE WARY OF TUMBLEWEED TAMMY, MY FRIEND,
FOR TUMBLEWEED TAMMY MEANS WAR.

(Underscored dialogue.)

GUY. This is just how I like it, Spade, easy pickin's, easy pickin's.

SPADE. Can't I just shoot him?

GUY. No, you idiot. We need him to get to that payroll. Now, listen up. We'll follow 'em until he makes camp for the night and then pay him a little moonlight visit.

SPADE. Then can I shoot him?

GUY. Yes, Spade, then you can shoot him.

SPADE. Good.

TOWNSPEOPLE.

THE MEANEST, MOST ORN'RIEST,
FIERCEST OF CREATURES
IS TUMBLEWEED TAMMY NO DOUBT.
AT HER MERE APPEARANCE,
THE VULTURES VAMOOSE.
HER FAVORITE NECKLACE IS YOU IN A NOOSE.

WHATEVER YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT OUTLAWS OF YORE,
THERE'S ONE THAT'S FAR WORSE THAN A SLEW.
FORGET ABOUT TUMBLEWEED TAMMY AND BOY,
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT MAY ENSUE.

IF YOU DON'T TAKE TUMBLEWEED TAMMY,
MY FRIEND,
THEN TUMBLEWEED TAMMY TAKES YOU.

(SINGIN' exits, followed by SPADE and GUY, followed by TAMMY.)