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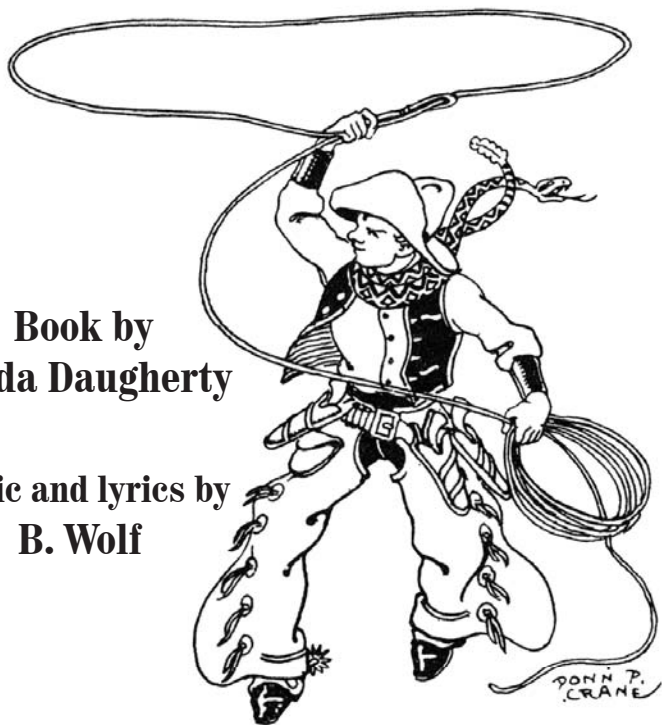
"Hilariously funny." —*The Dallas Morning News*

Pecos Bill

Musical

**Book by
Linda Daugherty**

**Music and lyrics by
B. Wolf**



"If you've had a hankering to see dancing cacti trip the light fantastic with various logs, coyotes and armadillos, then *Pecos Bill* is the show you've been waiting for." —*The Oregonian*

Pecos Bill

Musical. Book by Linda Daugherty. Music and lyrics by B. Wolf. Cast: 16m., 16w., 12 children. May double to 6m., 7w., 6 children. Armadillos, roadrunners, prairie dogs and coyotes join in song and dance with the world's first cowboys (and cowgirl!) in this toe-tapping, tall-tale musical chronicling the amazing exploits of Pecos Bill, his mentor Chuck Wagon Annie, and the love of his life, Slew Foot Sue. Along the way, Bill studies the mysteries of life with Old Wise Coyote; turns rattlesnakes into lariats and cougars and murderous cyclones into a means of transport; and braves hardship, disaster and inclement weather while leaving plenty of time to ponder his destiny, love and the relative merits of life in the wilderness as opposed to life in Blossom Gulch, with a "population of 24 and declining daily." You'll marvel at the sight of Slew Foot Sue riding a giant catfish in the Rio Grande and bouncing to the moon on her honeymoon bustle, chuckle at the countrified wisdom (or is it con-artistry) of Chuck Wagon Annie, and experience the poignancy at the end of the play when Bill and Sue admire the view from their new home in the sky. Audiences will leave the theater humming such songs as "Headed West!," "Take Us to the Pecos," "Cattle Drive!," and "I Reckon I'll Know Her When I See Her But I Sure Ain't Seen Her Yet." Premiered at the Dallas Children's Theater. Area staging. Approximate running time: 75 minutes. Code: PB6.

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(PECOS BILL)

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Pecos Bill premiered at Dallas Children's Theater (Robyn Flatt, Executive Artistic Director) from April 4, 1997, through April 20, 1997, directed and choreographed by Nancy Schaeffer.

Original Cast

Pecos Bill Karl Schaeffer
Chuckwagon Annie / Widow Linda Daugherty*
Slew Foot Sue / Flo / Coyote / Widow Anne Mallory
Old Wise Coyote / Mayor / Unk Juan B. Fernandez*
Zeke / Ed. Peter Fulton
Miss Purdy / Roadrunner / Widow Amy Seale Moore
Armadillo / Leviticus / Ned Bryan Matthews
Pa / Mr. Mercado / Ern David Joy
Jim / Coyote / Verne / Xavier Patrick McAfee
Master Puppeteer / Cougar / Rattlesnake / Widow Maker . .
Sally Fiorello
Prairie Dog Philip Schaeffer / Chad Dickson
Jill. Angellica Wilson / Helena Reynolds
Gert / Velma Linn Daugherty / Lori Wilson
Phil Carl Meyer-Curtis / Zachary Hawkins
Frank Anthony Schaeffer / Dane Jerabek
Lil Brooks Dennard / Laura Chandhok
Luke J.C. Schuster / J.J. Echavarria
Molly Sue Natasha Schumaker / Lindsay Dolan

...and Special Guest Performer, Randy Erwin as Joe / Slim
/ Arthur Pallid

Original Production Staff

Stage Manager Terrell Roykouff *
Set Design Zak Herring
Costume Design Garry D. Lennon
Lighting Design Linda Blase
Puppetry Design and Construction Kathy Burks and
Sally Fiorello
Properties Design Kellie Hardie

* Denotes member of Actors' Equity Association, the union for professional actors and stage managers in the United States.

PECOS BILL

For 16m, 16w, 12 children
(Suggested doubling: 6m, 7w, 6 children)

CHARACTERS

Pecos Bill

Bill's Ma / Widow in Veil (La Vuida)

Chuckwagon Annie

Bill's Pa / Undertaker Arthur Pallid (town) / Cowpoke
(Ern)

Flo (family) / Slew Foot Sue

Zeek (family) / Cowpoke (Ed)

Jim (family) / Young Coyote / Leviticus (town) / Cowpoke
(Xavier)

Jessie (family) / Young Coyote / Cowgirl (Pearl)

Gert (family) / Velma (town) / Widow in Veil (La Vuida)

Old Wise Coyote / Mayor Buford T. Bellows (town) /
Cowpoke (Unk)

Armadillo / Verne (town) / Cowpoke (Slim)

Roadrunner / Schoolmarm Miss Purdy (town) / Widow in
Veil (La Vuida)

Prairie Dog / Shopkeeper Mrs. Mercado (town)

Youth Roles:

Molly Sue (8) / Town Child (Esther Anne)

Luke (10) / Town Child

Lil (10) / Town Child

Frank (12) / Town Child

Phil (12) / Town Child

Jill [or Will] (14) / Town Child

Note: Available actors may puppeteer the rattlesnake and cougar in Act I, Scene iii. In Act I, Scene iv, the photographer in song, "Cattle Drive," may be played by available actor.

Additional Possible Doubling

Bill's Ma / Widow in Veil (La Vuida) may double with Chuckwagon Annie.

Flo / Slew Foot Sue may double with Widow in Veil (La Vuida) IF Gert (family) / Velma (town) is a youth role.

Prairie Dog may be a youth role (girl or boy). Mrs. Mercado would then be played by Jessie / Young Coyote / Pearl.

SONGS

Overture Instrumental

ACT I

“Headed West!” Family
“Take Us to the Pecos” . Armadillo, Roadrunner, Prairie Dog
“The Great Mystery” Old Wise Coyote, Bill
“Where It’s At” Mayor, Townspeople, Bill, Zeek
“The Crystal Ball” Chuckwagon Annie, Bill
“Pecos Bill! That’s Me!” Bill, Chuckwagon Annie
“Cattle Drive!” Bill, Cowpokes

ACT II

Entr’acte Instrumental
“Tall Tale Bill” Chuckwagon Annie, Cowpokes, Bill
“I Reckon I’ll Know Her
When I See Her, But I
Sure Ain’t Seen Her Yet” Bill, Chuckwagon Annie,
Old Wise Coyote
“El Vuidero” (“The Widow Maker”) . . Three Widows, Bill
“Sue’s Song: “I Reckon...” (Reprise). Sue, Bill
“The Weddin’ ” Zeek, Company
“Finale” Company

NOTES

In the Dallas Children's Theater production, the rattlesnake in Act I, Scene iii, was made from a long, stiff rope which was covered in fabric and painted. A snake's head was constructed on one end of the rope and a large rattle at the other end. The rattlesnake was puppeteered from behind a boulder with two, long, black sticks with "u"-shaped holders, allowing Pecos Bill to grab it for "fight." The Rattlesnake may have velcro or a loop to help with twirling the snake like a lasso.

For the cougar, a puppeteer wore a head and paws. Another puppeteer controlled the tail.

In Act 4, Scene iv, Pearl, the cowgirl, twirls a lasso and does other rope tricks. During the rehearsal period for the Dallas Children's Theater production, several cast members, including children, became proficient at twirling ropes. This effect can also be obtained more easily by using a rope with swivel handle that can be found on the Internet. Several cast members twirling ropes made for an exciting curtain call.

The Act II, Scene iii, shadow scene of Bill taming Widow Maker was played behind scrim. A horsehead was worn by an actor whose costumed arms represented the front rearing legs of the horse. The angle and position of the light created a giant shadow of a rearing horse roped by the smaller Pecos Bill. This was followed by a puppeteered two-foot cutout of Pecos Bill riding Widow Maker which appeared galloping along a boulder.

In Act II, Scene iv, Slew Foot Sue enters riding a giant fish. The fish was constructed of two large cutouts with stairs between. A stagehand inside moved the fish.

The following text contains 2 excerpts.

First Excerpt

ZEEK meets his long lost brother BILL on the trail. BILL has been raised by coyotes and thinks he is one.

(ZEEK's horse shies.)

ZEEK *(cont'd)*. Whoa, now, Paint! What in tarnation's got into you? Whoa, boy! Whoa! Easy now! *(BILL growls.)* What's that growlin'? Dagnabbit! I think it's coyotes! Come on! This ain't no stoppin' place for us! *(BILL climbs on top of boulder. He is on all fours, growling.)* Hold up, Paint. That ain't no coyote! It's a feller! *(ZEEK gets off "horse" and crosses downstage of boulder.)* Why, he must be delirious! Will you look at that? Thinks himself to be a coyote. *(To BILL, coaxing.)* Hey there, feller. How 'bout a little sip from my canteen? I ain't no mirage. I'm a feller, too...like you. *(BILL approaches on all fours and sniffs around ZEEK.)* This feller has definitely been out in the sun too long. *(To BILL.)* How 'bout a plug of jerky meat, pardner? *(ZEEK takes jerky*

from his pocket. BILL jumps up like a begging dog.) It's worse than I thought. Down, boy, down! (*ZEEK looks BILL right in the eye.*) Those eyes...that nose...those ears...that mouth! (*He suddenly realizes.*) Holy cow!!! I'll be a monkey's uncle! (*Grabbing BILL by his shoulders.*) You're my long lost baby brother Bill, bounced out and left behind when we crossed the Pecos! (*Growing emotional.*) Our ma and pa searched everywhere for ya, cryin' and callin'. Oh, brother...brother Bill! It's me...Zeek! It's your big brother Zeek! (*BILL licks ZEEK happily.*) Hey now, what's the matter with you? You ain't no dog, no coyote. Stop it now, Bill! (*BILL reverts, putting thumb in his mouth and his head on ZEEK's shoulder.*) That's better. (*Realizing BILL has his thumb in his mouth.*) Well, no, that ain't no better! You're a growed-up man, Bill. Snap out of it! (*BILL takes his thumb out of his mouth.*) A growed-up *half-naked* man... (*looking closely at BILL*) ...more like *three-fourths* naked! Ooh wee! My work's cut out for me. We'll fix you up, brother Bill. Put you in touch with *civil-lie-zation*. Why, you must've been roamin' all by your lonesome nigh on twenty years! Come on, Bill, we're goin' to town. Mount up! (*ZEEK motions BILL to get on "horse" with him. BILL, confused, runs on all fours downstage of boulder.*) Dadburnit, *man*, stand up like a *man*! And put this here saddle blanket on, you jaybird! (*ZEEK "rides" and BILL, wearing the blanket, imitates him.*) Now listen here, brother Bill, and listen good. You're a man, same as me. You ain't no coyote. You're not to howl or bark or growl no how no more. (*Pointing off in the distance.*) Now, see that there speck over yonder—that's where we're headed. That's a town

with people just like me. People, Bill, people. (*He gets off "horse" and joins BILL.*) Now let me lay this out fer ya. Let's say you meet up with a feller you don't know. Well, a'course you don't know no one but me, so I'll introduce you like. (*Indicating imaginary person by his side.*) "Brother Bill, this here is Mr. Smelt, the blacksmith." (*BILL looks around, tilting his head back and forth like a coyote, and whimpers in confusion.*) Well, no, he ain't here now, Bill. I'm just sayin' if he was here what we'd be doin'. But a'course we know he ain't and it's just us. But say if *I* was a strange feller, who you don't know, which a'course you don't...say *I* was this Mr. Smelt, the blacksmith, fer example, and what would it be that a civilized, well-mannered feller like *you* would do if he met *me*, who you don't know—I bein' Mr. Smelt, the blacksmith? (*BILL thinks a moment and suddenly gets the idea. BILL vigorously sniffs around ZEEK, checking him out. ZEEK continues angrily, throwing his hat on the ground and stomping on it.*) I'll be a raccoon's cousin! I'm not gittin' through to you. (*ZEEK picks up his hat, dusts it off and puts it back on.*) Stand up. You are not a varmint! You take off your hat when you meet a feller! (*ZEEK takes off his hat. BILL is watching carefully, wanting to please. ZEEK continues, still irritated.*) And say these words: "Howdy do! Fine day, ain't it?!" Now you!

(*ZEEK gives BILL his hat. BILL throws it on the ground, steps on it, picks it up, dusts it off, puts it on, takes it off again and speaks angrily like ZEEK.*)

BILL. Howdy do! Fine day, ain't it?!

ZEEK (*grabbing his hat back*). I'll be an armadillo's aunt! This is gonna be harder than I thought. (*Discouraged, ZEEK starts for his "horse," shaking his head. He returns, grabbing BILL by shoulders.*) Hey, wait a ding dong minute! I'll be a mountain lion's mama! You talked! You spoke! Why, you can do it, Bill! You can talk like a man! A human bein'! Now, Bill... (*pointing to BILL to start him talking*) ...say what I say.

BILL. Say what I say.

ZEEK. Well, don't say everythin' I say.

BILL. Well, don't say everythin' I say.

ZEEK. What I mean is, just say what a man would say.

BILL. What I mean is, just say what a man would say.

ZEEK. Dadburnit! Will you stop it?!

BILL. Dadburnit! Will you —

(*Before BILL can finish, ZEEK puts his hand over BILL's mouth.*)

ZEEK (*controlling himself*). Now, listen carefully, brother Bill. When we get to town, you will pay attention and say what I say *only* when I...*only* when I... (*searching for a sign*) ...when I pull my ear like this. (*ZEEK pulls his ear.*) Got it?

BILL. Got it!

ZEEK. Now, hit the trail! (*BILL falls abruptly to ground on all fours.*) I swear I'll be a salamander's sister if I'm not done near the end of my rope! Civilizin' you, my baby brother Bill, is more bothersome than breakin' a buckin' bronco!

(*Lights fade on BILL and ZEEK.*)

End of first

Second Excerpt

Pursuing his "destiny" on the prairie, BILL comes across a pack of FELLERS and a cowgirl-to-be named PEARL. BILL is riding a cougar and roping with a rattlesnake.

BILL. Well, I'm ridin' it, a'course. Anyone like to trade a cougar for a horse? (*ERN faints, unnoticed by other FELLERS.*) Say now, who's mayor here?

XAVIER (*slapping his thigh with laughter*). Mayor? Mayor?! That's a good one!

(*FELLERS snicker.*)

ED. You ain't in no town, greenhorn.

UNK. What's your name, son?

BILL. Pecos Bill.

SLIM. Oh, my. "Pecos Bill." Now ain't that a fancy handle.

(FELLERS snicker.)

UNK *(seriously)*. I wouldn't insult a feller what's ridin' a cougar and ropin' with a rattlesnake!

(FELLERS cough and shuffle nervously.)

SLIM *(hat in hand)*. Well...ah, what we mean is we ain't got no mayor, sir.

BILL. Well, who's boss here?

FELLERS. *You are!*

UNK. It's uni-animous.

BILL. Boss? Of what? Who are you fellers?

(FELLERS introduce themselves in rapid succession.)

UNK. I'm Unk!

ERN. Ern!

ED. Ed!

SLIM. I'm Slim!

XAVIER. I'm Xavier!

PEARL. I'm Pearl!

BILL. *Pearl?!*

PEARL. You got a problem with that, hombre?

BILL. No, ma'am.

UNK. We're a bunch of no-count, no-fit, no-way galoots passin' our days on the prairie.

SLIM. The trail stops here.

XAVIER. We're the end of the line.

ED. The caboose of civilization.

UNK. Out here, it's just us and the varmints, critters, snakes, buzzards and these here longhorns.

(Longhorns “moo” and horns appear over boulders.)

BILL. What do you do with 'em—those longhorns? Do you ride 'em?

SLIM. Why, we don't do nothin' with 'em.

UNK. We don't ride 'em and we don't rile 'em, what with them horns they got. When we get really desperate, we all sneak up on one—

ERN. And the next thing you know...we have a barbecue!

FELLERS. Yee-hah!

UNK. But they're mighty dangerous.

PEARL. And stubborn, too.

BILL. I cut my teeth in a coyote pack. I reckon I could handle a bunch of ornery longhorns.

XAVIER. Darn things are takin' over the whole wide West. Herdin' up and hornin' in.

BILL. That gets me to thinkin'. That gets me to figurin'—puttin' two plus two. Well, tell me somethin', fellers. What is your...*destiny*?

FELLERS. *Destiny*?

BILL. Ain't you fellers got no *destiny*?

SLIM. You're gettin' too personal.

ED. Who do you think you are, ridin' in here and nosin' about my *destiny*?

UNK (*taking charge*). Hold on. Don't git all riled up. He don't mean no harm. Now let's git a few things straight, son. Now...uh, just exactly what is a *destiny*?

BILL. Why, it's somethin' we're all supposed to have.

XAVIER (*overwrought*). I can't help not havin' one. I lost everything when the Rio Grande flooded me out!

ED. And me, I'm an orphan!

BILL. No, no. It's a purpose—a direction. Destiny gives meanin' to your life.

UNK. This is soundin' more and more serious.

BILL. I mean it's a good thing. And everyone can git one.

PEARL. Do we have to go to town?

SLIM. I ain't got a red cent.

ED. I'm doin' just fine without spendin' my money on some high-falootin' destiny!

ERN. Maybe I ain't the brightest feller in the world but I ain't caught on to what this destiny is.

BILL. Destiny? Destiny is...a feelin'.

ED. Like a toothache?

ERN. Like snakebite?

BILL. Destiny's like a knowin' deep inside you...of what you're supposed to be—what you're supposed to do.

FELLERS. Huh?

BILL. What the good Lord meant for you—what life is about.

ERN (*overcome*). Golly. Well, I ain't got no idea of my DENsity.

UNK (*hitting ERN with hat*). That's DESTiny!

ERN. Well, I still ain't got no idea!

BILL. Well, I do! For *all* of us. (*Cows moo.*) I think we're destined to be...*cowboys*!

FELLERS. Cowboys?

UNK. Cowboys? *Cow...boys*? What the heck does that mean?

BILL. Why, we're destined to make somethin' of this Wild West. We'll take these here cows—these wild long-horns—and give them and *us* a purpose.

FELLERS. Cow...boys?!

PEARL. Cowboys? Sumpin' about that jest don't set too well with me.

BILL. Well, maybe we better rethink yer destiny, Pearl.
(*Struggling.*) Cow...girl? Cow...*girl!* How's that workin'
fer ya?

PEARL. *Cowgirl?* Well, I do like that, Bill!

BILL. Cowboys, cowgirls, cowpokes, cowpunchers, cow-
hands, trailhands, wranglers, bulldoggers! I say, get along
little dogies, this here cowboy thing's our destiny!

FELLERS. Our destiny!

BILL. We'll herd up these longhorns and head 'em up to
where that blue norther blows from. Way up there—up
Kansas way. Why, we'll have us a cattle drive! Those
folks ain't never seen nothin' like that. They'll take a
real interest in these longhorns. Why, they'd make nice
pets...and keep their fancy grass cut...and if times was
hard them Kansas folks could sneak up on one and...
have a barbecue!

FELLERS. Yee-hah!

UNK. Now I'm beginnin' to grasp this destiny idea!

ERN. Can we dress up for our destiny, like you, Pecos Bill?

BILL. Sure thing, Ern. We'll git you a hat and a bandana,
too. Yes, we'll have us a cattle drive! Head 'em up and
move 'em out! It won't be pleasant. It won't be easy.
There's likely to be hardships, disasters and inclement
weather. (*ALL shudder.*) But we're cowboys, fellers!
Cowboys!

PEARL. A-hem!

BILL. Well...cowpokes then! That there includes us all!

PEARL. I like it!

BILL. We're cowpokes!

ALL. Cowpokes!

BILL. It's our destiny!!!

End of second