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## THE GREAT AMERICAN WESTERN

By Bruce Guelden

### Characters:

Lone Ranger	All American Hero (clueless)
Tonto	Trusted sidekick
Hoover FBI	Federal Agent
Carrie Nation	Ax-wielding temperance advocate
Sioux (Sue)	Gold digger (...but she's hot)
Mayor Joe Carboni	Political Hack
Little Fester	10 year-old boy (orphaned and crippled)
Maggie	Likes to blow-up things
Garmaine	Works part-time at Target

### ACT I SCENE I

*(Set: Main Street, Dirtwater, Texas. On the left is the sheriff's office. On the right is the Redeye Saloon. There is a hitching post in front of the saloon. Lights up slowly as the "Theme from Grease" begins. Suddenly Carrie Nation and her three followers burst into the theater from a back door. The girls are carrying signs protesting alcohol. They march through the theater, harassing the audience, then onto the stage).*

#### CARRIE

All right, all right! Somebody shut that tape recorder off! *(to sound booth)* I said kill the tape recorder!! Wrong play, moron! Cheap, low budget outfit anyway! O.K. girls, everyone have their signs? Maggie, where did you learn to spell anyway?

#### MAGGIE

Huh? *(Maggie carries sign: "Down with Boos")*

#### CARRIE

Oh, never mind. Now listen here. Up 'til now we've been pretty soft on these booze hounds and it ain't done us no good. So the way I figure it, maybe we better start bustin' some heads around here to get our point across.

GARMINE

Yeah, just like ya done to the sheriff.

CARRIE

That's right. So I figure today's the day we go on into the Redeye Saloon and commence to breakin' some bottles and some heads.

SIOUX

Oh boy, maybe we could smash the piano!

GARMINE

Or even set the whole place on fire!

MAGGIE

Hey. I know where we can get some dynamite then we could blow...

CARRIE

Now, now girls, sounds like fun but let's not get carried away. We do have an image to maintain. O.K., everyone ready? A one and a two and a...

*(all four women break into song)*

TEMPERANCE SONG ("Hey Look Me Over")

Hey whiskey drinker, lay off the booze  
 Hey whiskey drinker, you're only gonna lose.  
 Put down your glasses, it's up against the wall.  
 You're cruising' for a bruising' by abusing' alcohol...so all ya...

Hey whiskey drinkers, drinking's just vice,  
 No matter how you take it, straight up or over ice...so  
 Put down your glass, you better pass, your drinking days are  
 through...  
 Whiskey drinkers we'll get you!

*(song starts on stage then the women disappear into the Redeye Saloon. Sounds of bottles breaking; cowboys shouting -- running out of bar and off stage. Finally women exit bar onto stage.)*

*(enter Mayor Joe Carboni and Fester. Fester is a ten-year-old boy on crutches--left leg heavily bandaged.)*

CARRIE

*(sarcastically)* How ya doing Mayor? Been in any parades lately? Well, maybe you should join ours. Come on girls, let's get outta here. We've got better things to do.

*(Exit women.)*

MAYOR

What am I gonna do, Fester? Those women have been like a spur under my saddle ever since they come up with this Temperance Business. My popularity around town ain't been so good lately. Say, they're not voters are they? This is an election year, ya know.

FESTER

Gee, I don't think so Mr. Mayor. They're women aren't they?

MAYOR

Sometimes I wonder, my boy. Sometimes I wonder. Hey Fester, why don't you just call me Joe. You're almost like my own son, ya know.

FESTER

O.K... Joe.

MAYOR

There ya go. *(ruffles his hair)* Say, how's that leg of yours doing?

FESTER

It's comin' long pretty good Mr. May... I mean... Joe. That last operation finally gave me some feeling in my toes. Doc says a couple more times under the knife and I won't need these here crutches no more.

MAYOR

Couple more times huh? *(thinks to himself)*

FESTER

Yeah, then the Doc says I'll be good as new. Ya think there's enough money for two more operations?

MAYOR

*(still thinking)* Two more operations, ya say.... Hmmmm.... Why sure Fester, sure. Hey, don't worry kid. When your folks passed away they left ya plenty of money, and I stuck most of it in high-tech no-load mutual funds. Why shoot, there's probably enough money now for twenty more operations if that's what it takes.

FESTER

*(excited)* And enough so I can go to school?

MAYOR

Sure, kid, any school you want.

FESTER

Even bartending school?

MAYOR

(*chuckling*) Bartending school? Why sure, Fester, any school you want. Say... ah... listen, I gotta fill out some more of them government papers, so why don't you do me a favor and mosey on down to the sheriff's office and see if he....

FESTER

But Joe (*talking over Mayor*)

MAYOR

...can do anything about these uppity women. Them town fathers been puttin' a lot of pressure on me lately.

FESTER

But that's what I been trying' to tell you Mr. Mayor... I mean Joe. We ain't got no sheriff.

MAYOR

(*startled*) No sheriff!!!? What do ya mean no sheriff?

FESTER

Well, yesterday I saw him talkin' to that there Miss Nation gal 'bout all this protestin' business, but before he could get a word in edgewise, she went and conked him on the head somethin' fierce. Next thing ya know, I see him saddling' up his horse, backwards, and high-tailing out of town, yellin' "giddy-up" to its rear end. (*giggles*)

MAYOR

Oh that's just great. Now what are we gonna do? O.K., Fester, tell ya what. Run on down to the telegraph office and send out a notice to all the newspapers advertising for a new sheriff. Oh, and Fester, put in a lot about fringe benefits. Everyone wants the benefits these days.

FESTER

O.K. Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR

Fester?

FESTER

I mean... Joe (*exit Fester*).

MAYOR

Thatta boy.

*(Starts to exit, hears women chanting offstage, decides to exit into saloon).*

Bartender, Bartender! Set 'em up!

***(Black out)***

## Act I Scene II

*(black out. Spot lights pan audience. "William Tell Overture"... Music down, voice over: "A fiery horse with the speed of light, a cloud of dust, and a hearty: Hi Ho Silver! It's the Lone Ranger"...*

*Music up, then down. "This is the legend of the Lone Ranger, along with his faithful Indian companion Tonto, as they led the fight for justice throughout the American West. Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear as the Lone Ranger rides again!")*

*(a single spotlight sets on a side entrance to the theater. Music fades. A voice is heard outside theater: "Whoooooaaa, Big Fella!" Enter Lone Ranger and Tonto.)*

*(Lone Ranger and Tonto enter pushing a shopping cart. It is filled with aluminum cans, plastic water bottles, and newspapers. Lone Ranger is dressed like a homeless person except for a white hat and the mask.)*

LONE RANGER.

Are you sure this is the right place, Tonto? Everything looks so dark and depressing.

TONTO

This right place, Kemo Sabe.

LONE RANGER

What time did that letter say, Tonto?

TONTO

Letter say ten-thirty, Kemo Sabe.

LONE RANGER

I hope we're not late. You know how I hate to be late.

TONTO

Come, Kemo Sabe. Over here.

*(lights up on stage. Set: State Unemployment Office. Three people wait in line to talk with the State Worker. Lone Ranger and Tonto enter stage and get in line.)*

EXTRA 1

I sure hate coming here. They act like it's their own money they're giving away.

EXTRA 2

Hey, you think you got it bad. They made me come in today just 'cause my horse took lame. They want to know how I can look for a job with a lame horse. Don't that beat all.

LONE RANGER

You know, Tonto, this reminds me of something my mother once said. She said, "Give a man a fish and he eats for one day; but if you teach him how to fish, he eats for life."

EXTRA 1

That's gotta be the stupidest thing I ever heard.

STATE WORKER

Ten-thirty?!... Diez y media?... Ten-thirty?!

TONTO

Come, Kemo Sabe. That us.

L.R.

No, Tonto. My mother always taught me never to cut in front of lines.

TONTO

Come! *(Tonto guides Ranger to front of line)*

SATE WORKER

Are you ten-thirty? *(looks up at L.R., startled by his mask)* Oh my goodness! Please don't shoot! Here, have some food stamps. How 'bout free dental? Do you need childcare? Just don't shoot, please!

L.R.

Ma'am, I'm afraid you don't understand. We have an appointment for ten-thirty.

STATE WORKER

But that mask?

L.R.

*(facing audience to make his point, hands on hips, steps forward, spot light)* Although I wear this mask, I always ride on the right side of truth and justice. *(Steps back into line)*

STATE WORKER

*(puzzled)* Yes... well... ah... that's fine. May I see your booklet, please?

L.R.

Here you are. *(handing her a bullet)*

STATE WORKER

What is this?

L.R.

*(proudly)* 100% sterling silver.

TONTO

No, no. Not your bullet. Your booklet. Booklet.

L.R.

Booklet? I don't think I have a booklet... Tonto?

TONTO

Just letter, Kemo Sabe.

STATE WORKER

Let me see that.

EXTRA 3

Could ya hurry it up? I got cramps.

STATE WORKER

Mr. Ranger, I'm not entirely certain your claim is valid at this time, but let me ask you this one simple question.

In-the-twelve-month-period-starting-April-first-last-year-and-proceeding-forward-until-March-thirty-first-of-this-year,-have-your-earnings-been-over-five-hundred-dollars-for-any-one-quarter-and/or-in-excess-of-seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollars-for-your-entire-previously-mentioned-benefit-year?

L.R.

What?... Well... I don't think so. You see, rarely do I accept money. *(proudly)*

## STATE WORKER

Oh, good! Sorry. Next!

L.R.

Wait! You don't understand! I need employment. I want a job.

## STATE WORKER

A job? You want a job? Mr. Ranger, I want you to understand something. This country has been out-sourcing jobs for years. I can't be expected to waste my time finding jobs for people. If I gave a job to everyone that came in here, what possible good would that do me? Pretty soon I wouldn't have a job and I happen to like my job. *(to audience, smiling)* I work for the government.

## TONTO

Tonto, figure that.

## STATE WORKER

Now, if you're just looking for work, why don't you look in the newspaper like everyone else, Dummy. Next! *(gestures to next person in line)*

*(Tonto and Lone Ranger move to stage front)*

L.R.

Tonto, that woman's got all the charm of a rattlesnake. However, she did say something that might provide us with a means of attaining employment. *(Tonto pulls out newspaper)* She said to look in the newspapers like everyone else. Now what could she have meant by...

## TONTO

*(reading newspaper)* Kemo Sabe, look here.

L.R.

*(taking paper from Tonto)* Wow! That's incredible! I don't believe it! You can buy a bed at Sleep Train today -- and be sleeping on it tonight!

## TONTO

*(disgusted look from Tonto)* No, Kemo Sabe. Here. *(points)*

L.R.

Oh... "Wanted: Sheriff; Free room and board, also burial site. See Mayor Joe Carboni at WWW Dirt-water dot com" *(excited)* By golly Tonto, this is perfect. I'm gonna get this job and turn this recession around. And with my first paycheck I'm gonna go out and buy me some good old, Made-in-America, durable goods. Tonto, it looks like we're going to Dirtwater. We've got a job to do.

Song: Dirtwater, Dirtwater (New York, New York)  
(choreography: a la Rockettes)

(as the song progresses, the Lone Ranger's clothes are changed by the cast on stage from homeless attire to his powder blue outfit, white boots, and guns)

L.R., TONTO

Start spreading the news  
We're leaving today  
(Cast joins in) I want to be a part of it  
Dirtwater, Dirtwater.

These vagabond shoes,  
are longing to stray;  
right through the very heart of it,  
Dirtwater, Dirtwater.

I want to wake up in the city  
that doesn't sleep  
And find I'm king of the hill  
top of the heap.

These little town blues  
are melting away,  
I'll make a brand new start of it  
in old Dirt-water.

If I can make it there,  
I'll make it anywhere,  
It's up to you,  
Dirtwater, Dirtwater.  
(repeat chorus)

(blackout. Music...voice over: "The Masked Man and Tonto departed the Unemployment Office with a new sense of direction. The prospects of a job and also the knowledge that they would be off on a new adventure were the driving forces that moved them onward. Later that day they headed for Texas. Their mood was upbeat and positive as they rode along across the great American Desert. On the fourth day, however, as they descended a high plateau preparing for the final stretch into Dirtwater, an otherwise uneventful journey was interrupted by a curious stranger -- a stranger who would affect the lives of the citizens of Dirtwater for many years to come.")

### Act I Scene III

*(Enter Lone Ranger and Tonto who are riding "stick" horses. They ride in place for awhile, looking bored)*

TONTO

*(finally)* Kemo Sabe? Me think maybe we stop and let horses eat.

L.R.

Oh, I don't think that's necessary. Why would we do something like that?

TONTO

*(looking behind him at "stick" horse)* It just a thought.

L.R.

Well, think what you want. I know old Silver here is good for another couple of days. *(Silver rears-up in protest)* You see? He's as feisty as ever.

TONTO

*(giving up on getting through to this moron)* Yes, Kemo Sabe.

L.R.

Ya know, Tonto, I think I feel a song comin' on.

TONTO

Again?

L.R.

*(to audience)* This has always been one of my favorites and I hope some day it will be one of yours as well. It's a simple little number, and it goes something like this:

Song: Don't Fence Me In  
*(song lyrics printed on program)*

L.R. and TONTO

Oh give me land lots of land  
under starry skies above,  
Don't fence me in.

Let me ride through the wide  
open country that I love,  
Don't fence me in.

Let me be by myself in the evenin' breeze  
 Listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees  
 Send me off forever, but I ask you please  
 Don't fence me in.

Just turn me loose  
 Let me straddle my old saddle  
 underneath the western sky,  
 On my Cayuse, let me wander over yonder  
 till I see the mountain rise.

I want to ride to the ridge  
 Where the West commences  
 Gaze at the moon 'til I lose my senses  
 Can't look at hobbles and I can't  
 stand fences.  
 Don't fence me in.

L.R.

*(cheerily)* Now that wasn't so bad was it?

TONTO

Maybe next time you sing on key.

*(cold stare from L.R. as he "rides" a few feet in front of Tonto)*

But Tonto did like song.

*(L.R. smiles and eases back to once again ride with Tonto.)*

L.R.

Ya know, Tonto, I think I once passed through this town of Dirtwater about ten years ago.

TONTO

They got Karaoke there?

L.R.

I don't think so. If I recall it's a fairly civilized town.

Tonto:

That Karaoke -- it bad medicine. *(shakes head)*

L.R.

I think you're right again, good buddy. *(pause)* Ya know, Tonto, I do believe I hear nature calling me.

TONTO

You go ahead. Me ride on.

L.R.

I just gotta' drain the old water trough. I'll catch up soon. (*pulls horse back and exits*)  
(*Tonto continues "riding" in place*)

HOOVER

Hey you! Hey you over there! Pull up! Pull up I say!  
(*enter Hoover carrying carpet bag*)

TONTO

Whoa! Whoa Scout.

HOOVER

Alright fella, let me see the registration on that horse.

TONTO

This open territory. No need paper.

HOOVER

I'm afraid you're mistaken my friend. You just crossed the border into Texas and that's where I come in - Federal Agent. (*shows badge*) What's your destination?

TONTO

Me go Dirtwater.

HOOVER

Isn't that the town that's got that Mayor Carboni?

TONTO

That right. Joe Carboni, Mayor.

HOOVER

And what's your name?

TONTO

Me name Tonto.

HOOVER

Is that so? Well, my name's Hoover, F.B.I.

TONTO

What you got in bag? Vacuum cleaner? (*starts laughing to himself*)

HOOVER

(*not amused*) That's funny redskin, real funny. Say, I've heard of you... yeah, you and that masked man. Some of the boys back at the office were talking about you two. They say you ride your horses awfully close together. I've even heard that sometimes you two ride the same horse.

L.R.

(*enter L.R., taps Hoover on shoulder*) Smile when you say that stranger.

HOOVER

(*startled*) The Masked Man!!! (*Nervous*) Hey, I didn't mean nothin' by it. Honest. I was just horsing around.

TONTO

You like "horse around"? (*smiling*)

HOOVER

Well, sure... Sometimes... I mean no... No I never horse around... (*regains composure*) O.K. you two get moving. Get outta here or I'll ticket you for blocking a roadway... C'mon. Move it! (*exits offstage*)

TONTO

Yes, sir... have nice day.

*(Blackout. Music... voice over: "As our travelers continued on across the Texas plains, the Masked Man sat back and quietly pondered this latest encounter. Exactly who was this Federal agent and what possible business could he have in Dirtwater. The Masked Man had dealt with the Feds before, but this Hoover fellow was a different breed. Even this town of Dirtwater left our hero somewhat unsettled. What exactly had happened to the previous sheriff and would his own job interview be tarnished by a slightly embellished resume?" Music... "In a few short hours they finally arrived at their destination. Ignoring a mild case of saddle, our two weary travelers set off to find the mayor of this rustic little town called Dirtwater.")*

## Act I Scene IV

*(Scene: Main Street, Dirtwater, Texas. Street people are walking around. Sudden noises of breaking glass, etc. Men scatter out of the bar... Carrie and gals follow singing "Whiskey Drinker". Enter Lone Ranger and Tonto.)*

L.R.

Look Tonto. Some citizens celebrating some quaint local custom.

TONTO

Me see Kemo Sabe. Maybe one of them know Mayor.

L.R.

Excuse me, Ma'am, could you...

CARRIE

Ma'am? I ain't no Ma'am. Carrie Nation's the name. Maybe ya heard of me?

SIOUX

Hey, what are you strangers doing here?

MAGGIE

Yeah and how come you're wearing that mask?

L.R.

*(addresses audience to make his point, hands on hips, single spot) Although I wear this mask, I always ride on...*

CARRIE

*(interrupting)* Cool it, big guy, ain't no business of ours. Besides, if a fella wants to wear a mask, I say that's his business. *(privately)* Tell me stranger, ya plannin' to rob the bank?

L.R.

Not hardly. My business is with the Mayor.

GIRLS

The Mayor!!!?

CARRIE

Maggie, maybe you better round up the undertaker. The Mayor ya say, huh? I wouldn't mind gettin' that old coot outta' my hair. C'mon stranger, I'll take ya right to him. I think he's down at the barbershop getting his ears lowered.

L.R.

Tonto, you stay here and watch our bedrolls. I figure there's no sense complicating this interview with another body along. I'll just slip your name in first chance I get.

TONTO

Right, Kemo Sabe. *(Tonto occupied with bedrolls)*

*(all exit except Sioux and Tonto)*

SIOUX

You fellas just come into town? (*Sioux preens*)

TONTO

Yes, we spend 4 days... (*Tonto finally looks at Sioux*) Wow! (*long awkward pause containing quick glances at Sioux*) ... (*finally*) Why you no go with others? (*hopefully*) Maybe,... maybe you like Tonto?

SIOUX

Who you? Yeah sure, you're O.K. Actually I was sorta wonderin' about some of the things you and that masked man do. (*saunters over to Tonto*) Have you ever been involved in... say a... a train robbery?

TONTO

In Kansas. Big train robbery. 50 dollars.

SIOUX

\$50? That doesn't seem like all that much money.

TONTO

Maybe closer to 5000? (*testing the water*)

SIOUX

(*now impressed*) 5000! Wow! That is a lot of money. And it was just you and the masked man?

TONTO

(*bragging*) Mostly Tonto, but, Kemo Sabe help some. Tonto brave warrior. Someday Tonto be "Big Chief Tonto!" (*over excited*)

SIOUX

Yeah, sure. Say... where is all that money now?

TONTO

Oh, money in safe place.

SIOUX

Well, that's good. (*Pause*) Tell me, you fellas gonna be in town long?

TONTO

Maybe yes, maybe no. All depend on business with Mayor.

SIOUX

Yeah, I catch your drift. (*elbows in ribs*) Say, Tonto, I think I could fall for a big, strong buck like you. You got any other fillies on the line?

TONTO

Hmmmmmm... just Scout.

SIOUX

Scout? I suppose she's got a great body, huh?

TONTO

Good body, strong shoulders... big chest... she go many day without water.

SIOUX

And I suppose she never gets outta line?

TONTO

She always obey Tonto. Tonto never need whip.

SIOUX

Well, I should hope not! (*to audience*) That's even a little too weird for me.

TONTO

I doubt it. (*enter Carrie, followers and the Lone Ranger*)

CARRIE

C'mon Sioux, these guys ain't what they seem at all. The Mayor just made that raccoon over there sheriff!

SIOUX

Sheriff?

GARMAINE

Yeah, and this Injun's gonna be his deputy.

SIOUX

Deputy? What do you want to go and do that for? What about that \$5000? I thought you said it was in a safe place?

TONTO

Money in safe place. Give back to bank.

SIOUX

Back to the bank?! Well, if you aren't the dumbest Injun I ever met.

CARRIE

C'mon girls, let's go. We got more important things to do than jaw with these polecats.

(*exit Carrie and followers*)

L.R.

*(proudly)* Well Tonto, I interviewed well and the job is ours. I'm the new sheriff and you get to be my deputy. Tonto? Why the long face? We've got the job.

TONTO

Kemo Sabe... you can take this job and shove it.

L.R.

Tonto!

TONTO

Me sorry Kemo Sabe. "I so lonesome I could cry".

L.R.

Tonto, "let me put you wise..."

TONTO

"Sioux goes out with other guys?"

L.R.

You got it, Mister T.

*(Song: Poor Old Tonto) (Melody: Kaw-Liga)*

"Poor Old Tonto"

(TONTO)

Tonto was a lonely Indian,  
Till he met the Masked Man  
They traveled far and wide together  
catching outlaw band

Tonto - with Kemo Sabe he will always go  
But, it kinda makes his love life awful slow

He always wears his headband  
and carries his tomahawk  
He looks his very finest  
but he aint sure how to talk

Tonto - with Kemo Sabe he will always go  
But it kinda makes his love life awful slow

*(Gals enter, sing)*

Poor old Tonto - He'll never get a squaw  
Poor old Tonto - He'll never be a pa,  
Is it any wonder he'd rather chase outlaw  
He shy with girls and that's his basic flaw.

Poor old Tonto - he'll never stand a chance  
 Poor old Tonto - he don't know how to dance  
 Women don't come near him to give a second glance  
 So he never chinks up notches on his lance

One day he met an Indian maid  
 but she just turned away  
 When she learned his job was fighting' crime  
 and he never took no pay.

Tonto - with Kemo Sabe he will always go  
 But it kinda makes his love life sorta slow

Poor old Tonto - he'll never get a squaw  
 Poor old Tonto - he'll never be a pa  
 Is it any wonder his palms are always raw  
 He shy with girls and that's his basic flaw.

*(exit women)*

*(enter Mayor)*

MAYOR

Oh there you are masked man. Say, I got some papers here for you to read over...  
 Oh, you must be the Injun. *(holds up hand)* How!

TONTO

Some.

MAYOR

*(confused)* Some?

TONTO

Tonto know how; Tonto need some.

MAYOR

*(to Lone Ranger.)* I got this here town penal code. Figured you might want to study up. Also got the keys to the jail, case you wantta...

L.R.

Not needed Mayor. You see, *(pontificating, steps forward, single spot)* although I wear this mask, I always ride on the right side of truth and justice. And what is truth? What is justice? Are they merely simple buzz words to satisfy a 30 second sound byte? I think not! They are rather the ideals of a society -- a society that places honor above greed, kindness above profit, and bravery above apathy. Yes, Mr. Mayor, there

will always be truth, and, just as certainly, now that I am sheriff, there will also be justice.

MAYOR

*(to Tonto)* Does he always talk like that?

TONTO

Sometimes Kemo Sabe he very retentive guy.

*(Fester limps in)*

FESTER

Joe! Mayor! Mayor Joe! I've been lookin' all over for ya. There's this weird fella just come into town and... hey, who are these guys anyway?

MAYOR

This is our new sheriff and his deputy.

FESTER

But that mask?

L.R.

*(hands on hips, etc)* Although I wear this mask...

MAYOR

*(cuts him off)* Give it a rest, would ya? *(To Fester)* What's this about a new fella come into town?

FESTER

He said he's lookin' for ya. Said he'd give me a quarter if I found ya.

MAYOR

Probably just wants me to show him the sights of our fine town. *(hooks thumbs in suspenders)*

FESTER

No... I don't think so. He says he's from the F.I.B. or something.

L.R.

Tell me son, could that have been the F.B.I.?

FESTER

Yeah, that's it. Says you and him got somethin' to talk over.

MAYOR

*(anxious)* Well will ya look at that. *(checks watch)* It's three-thirty already. I better get up to my office and uh... clean up some paper work.

FESTER

But he'll be here any minute!

MAYOR

*(quickly)* Gotta keep movin'. Can't let the citizens of Dirtwater see me slackin' off. Election year, ya know. Masked man, why don't you and your Injun friend get set up in your new office. Just let me know if there's anything you need. I left some donuts on the desk. *(Mayor ushers Lone Ranger and Tonto into sheriff's office)* Gotta run Fester. See you later. *(starts to exit)*

*(enter Hoover)*

HOOVER

Hold it right there, Mayor Carboni. Good work kid. Here ya go. *(flips Fester a nickel)*

FESTER

*(picks up coin from ground)* A nickel?

HOOVER

My name's Hoover, F.B.I.

MAYOR

Glad to meet ya, Hooper, but I'm running a little late and... *(trying to make exit)*

HOOVER

That's Hoover. Yes... yes, indeed... interesting little town ya got here.

FESTER

Hey, you promised me a quarter.

HOOVER

But what I find most interesting is the fact that the only hitching post in the entire town is the one you're leaning on.

MAYOR

H... hitching post? *(guilty, playing dumb)*

FESTER

Hey, where's my quarter?

HOOVER

*(hint of W C Fields)* Go away, kid, ya bother me. That's right Carboni, hitching post. You know what they are, or should I jog your memory a bit. *(pulls out papers)* Maybe you'll recognize some of these grants you've been sending off to the Federal Government. Grants to put up hitching posts in this town.

MAYOR

Well, you see... I... uh...

HOOVER

Yet with all that grant money, I see only one, one hitching post in this entire town.

FESTER

What's he talking about Joe?

HOOVER

I've traveled a long way to get you, Carboni, and now I'm arresting you for embezzling money from the United States Government.

FESTER

Say it ain't so, Joe!

MAYOR

Listen, Hoover, give me a minute with the boy, would ya?

HOOVER

Yeah, O.K. Just don't try any funny business.

*(Fester, Mayor stage front, single spot, lights down)*

MAYOR

Yes, Fester, it's true... I have been misusing Federal grant money, but I think it's important for you to know why I done it.

FESTER

*(hurt and disillusioned)* Yeah, sure. Probably to pay for your election campaign.

MAYOR

No, Fester, that's not it at all. *(gently)* I'm talking about the health and well being of a little boy, a little boy who I know and love dearly. You see, Fester, your mother weren't a school marm like I told you. Truth is she worked over there in the Red-Eye Saloon. She worked... nights.

FESTER

Nights?... Oh... yeah... nights... But what about my father? You said he was a great general and left me lots of money?

MAYOR

Actually, son, no one was really certain just who your father was; leastwise no one would admit it. Ya see, Fester, soon after you were born, your mother decided to move out of Dirtwater. A town like this can be mighty cruel sometimes. And then... well, that's when the stagecoach accident happened... and your mother was killed... and you busted your leg up so bad. Well, when those doctor bills started piling up from your leg operations, well... I kinda got this idea about the grant money. It all seemed so easy and harmless. And so for each operation, I'd send off for a new grant, and so on, and so on...

FESTER

But Joe, what's gonna happen now?  
(*stage lites up*)

HOOVER

I'll tell you what's gonna happen. I'm taking his honorable mayor here to the Federal court in Dallas. Probably get 20 years.

FESTER

20 years!

MAYOR

Don't worry Fester, most I'll get is probably a year or two. Heck, if they put everyone away who pinches a little money from the government, why shoot, they'd have to build a jail the size of Texas!

FESTER

Do you think I could come and visit you?

MAYOR

Why sure, you little prairie dog. And don't you forget to write...

(*Song Medley -- Swing Low and Goodbye Joe*)

MAYOR and HOOVER

Swing low, sweet scales of justice  
comin for to carry me to jail  
Swing low, sweet scales of justice  
comin for to carry me to jail

I looked over yonder and what did I see?  
comin for to carry me to jail  
A government agent comin after me  
comin for to carry me to jail

*(enter girls singing: Goodbye Joe)*

Goodbye Joe you gotta go me-o, my-o  
 You've been cheatin' with your finger in the pie-o  
 Felony crime, gonna do some time,  
 but don't you cry-o  
 While you're down, we're gonna make this town  
 high and dry-o.

The FBI, sent this guy, to catch Carboni  
 Cause the hitchin' post he asked for was a phony  
 And we're sick and tired of hearin' his baloney  
 So we're here to volunteer our testimony.  
*(repeat chorus)*

HOOVER

My, my, my... you ladies sure sing sweet. Tell me, which one of you is Miss Carrie Nation?

CARRIE

That's me honey.

HOOVER

*(patronizing)* Well, Miss Nation, you sing the sweetest of all. Yep, just like a bird, I'd say. *(gets mean)* Like a jailbird.

CARRIE

Jailbird? What are you talking about?

HOOVER

It looks like you'll be giving the Mayor here a little company on our trip to Dallas.

CARRIE

You're loco, Hoover. You ain't got nothin' on me.

HOOVER

Oh no? Well how does tax evasion sound?

CARRIE

Taxes? You're barkin' up the wrong tree mister. I ain't worked a day in my life.

MAGGIE

Yeah, and I seen her not workin' too.

HOOVER

Oh, I'm not talking about income taxes. No sir. I'm talking about liquor tax. Who's been paying the liquor tax on all those whiskey bottles you've been breaking?

*(Garmaine, Sioux, Maggie slowly back off stage)*

CARRIE

You won't get away with this Hoover! I'll get me a lawyer and sue you for everything ya got!

*(Hoover, Mayor, Carrie begin exiting)*

*(Enter Lone Ranger and Tonto)*

HOOVER

*(stopping to talk to L.R.)* Well, if it isn't the masked man and his redskin sidekick. I see you've been made the new sheriff around here. It looks like you're also going to be the Mayor now, but don't let it go to your head. This is the most decadent town I've ever seen. There's illegitimate children and alcoholics. You got your tax evaders and embezzlers. Not to mention that there group of subversive women radicals. I've even heard that that guy sitting over there is wearing a bra. *(points to audience)* This whole town reeks of moral neglect. And I wouldn't be at all surprised if that there Indian friend of yours is some sort of illegal alien. I'm giving you one month to clean up this town or else...or else! *(to Carrie and Mayor)* All right let's go you two... You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be held against you...

*(all exit except the Lone Ranger and Tonto)*

TONTO

What he mean Kemo Sabe?

L.R.

I'm not quite sure, Tonto. But I do know one thing. Yesterday I had no job at all, and today, I'm the sheriff and the Mayor of this fine town.

TONTO

Yes, Kemo Sabe. This truly land of opportunity.

L.R.

I think you're right, Tonto. And I think I'll take this opportunity to sing another song.

*(Song: Lone Ranger; Melody: Rhinestone Cowboy)*

*(sung a la Elvis)*

*(as Ranger sings, Tonto feeds him handkerchiefs which he wipes on his brow and drops on audience)*

Now it ain't easy to enforce the law  
 In between work and shovelin' straw  
 And cleanin' up after the horses that  
 hang around Main Street

With Tonto pickin' up the rear  
 You could never get a bum steer  
 Cause he won't let you down

I lead the fight for law and order  
 Send outlaws running for the border  
 I ride through the West bringin'  
 freedom and justice for all

I'm the Lone, Lone Ranger  
 Fighting' crime, injustice and villains  
 I don't even know  
 With help from my trusted Tonto

I'm the Lone, Lone Ranger  
 Fighting' crime, injustice and villains  
 I don't even know  
 With help from my trusted Tonto.

*(repeat chorus.)*

*(Lone Ranger soaks up applause, waves to audience, exits.)*

TONTO

*(pause)* The Ranger has left the building. We will now take a 15-minute intermission.

## **END ACT I (INTERMISSION)**

## **ACT II SCENE I**

*(Scene: Main Street. Lone Ranger is walking across stage spinning his gun. He steps in a pile of horse manure, slips, and falls to the ground.)*

L.R.

Tonto... Tonto! Come Here! *(Ranger gets up. Enter Tonto, carrying broom and dustpan.)* Look at this! Now what do you think this is?

TONTO

*(impressed)* Wow! Big mess from horse Kemo Sabe. Be careful, don't step here.  
*(smiles to audience)*

L.R.

Well, I guess I'm just a little too late for that, aren't I? I told you to clean this up yesterday. Now just look at this mess. Don't you remember what that Hoover fella said?

TONTO

*(frustrated)* He say we must clean up town. But I do clean up town! I clean up day! I clean up night! Honest Injun' -- hope to die!

L.R.

Well, T-Bird, it's a real mystery. Yet, in all the years I've known you, I've never had reason to doubt your work ethics and especially over something like this.

TONTO

No way.

L.R.

*(reminiscing)* Of course, there was that one time that you thought you should have your own mask for special occasions.

TONTO

*(embarrassed)* That long time ago.

L.R.

Boy, did you look silly.

TONTO

*(mumbles)* I think I clean up now.

L.R.

Ya know Tonto, sometimes you just crack me up.

TONTO

*(trying to change subject)* But, Kemo Sabe, what about horse mess?

L.R.

And then there was the time you thought you should dress up like a dance hall girl and...

TONTO

Kemo Sabe!! What about horse mess!?!

L.R.

Oh yeah... that. Well just clean it up as best you can in case that Hoover fella shows up. I'll be in my office scraping off my boots. *(exit into sheriff's office)*

*(as Tonto cleans up mess and exits, a cowboy plays "Red River Valley" on harmonica, then exits).*

*(Enter Maggie, Garmaine, and Sioux, moping)*

GARMAINE

There's nothing goin' on in this town anymore. Ever since Carrie's been gone, it's been dead as a near-sighted gunfighter.

*(Girls in thought)*

MAGGIE

*(excited)* Hey, I know what we can do! Let's make up some new signs and go on down to where they're putting on that stupid play about people stepping in horse manure and I can get some dynamite and we can blow the whole place up!

GARMAINE

Ya know, Maggie, sometimes I think you're just a little too existential for the rest of us.

MAGGIE

Yeah, well, I hear the guy that wrote that thing is a real jerk.

SIOUS

Yeah, forget it. It ain't the same without Carrie anyway.

MAGGIE

*(pause)* Well then... I think I'll pack up and head for Nashville... I hear it's a real hoppin' town. *(No response from others)*... Yeah, that's what I'll do; I think I'll blow this town and head for Nashville.

GARMAINE

Well, the way I hear it honey, you already have.

MAGGIE

Why you two-bit horse thievin' no good low-down...!!

*(Two girls scuffle)*

SIOUS

Hey, knock it off you two! *(breaks up fight)* That ain't doin' nobody no good. What we gotta do now is get some money and bail Carrie out of jail.

GARMAINE

Yeah, I guess you're right. But how can we get some money?

*(All think)*

MAGGIE

*(Excited)* I've got it! We can get one of those 900 phone numbers and then charge money every time some guy calls.

GARMAINE

Good idea, Maggie. And when they call, we can tell them to stick it in your ear.

MAGGIE

Well, I was only trying to help.

*(Girls go back to thinking... Fester hobbles in, selling newspapers)*

FESTER

Paper. Get your paper here!

SIOUX

Hi, Fester.

FESTER

Howdy Miss Sioux, Garmaine, Miss Maggie. You ladies want to buy a paper?

MAGGIE

Sure Fester, how much you want?

FESTER

Four dollars. *(firm)*

SIOUX

Four dollars?! Fester there ain't no one gonna pay four dollars for a dumb old paper.

FESTER

*(dejected)* Yeah, I know. Ain't sold one all day... How 'bout two dollars?

GARMAINE

How come you're asking so much?

FESTER

*(playing sympathy card)* Oh, I'm just trying to get some money up so I can get my leg worked on.

SIOUX

*(sarcastically)* Oh, poor baby. Sometimes we get so wrapped up in our own problems that we forget how it is for those less fortunate. Fester, why don't you sing us a song about your poor miserable little life.

FESTER'S SONG

FESTER

Take this pain from my leg and set me free  
It's grown cold and no longer works for me  
All the town say I'm a freak  
My best friend calls me a geek  
Take this pain from my leg and set me free

Take this crutch for my arms and let me be  
I'm a kid who needs a little sympathy  
I just need a small donation  
To pay for operation  
Take this crutch from my arms and let me be

Take a break from your life to hear my plea  
I even gotta' sit down to take a pee  
And what really makes me mad  
Got no ma and lost my dad  
Take a break from your life to hear my plea

Take this pain from my leg and set me free  
It's grown cold and no longer works for me  
All the town say I'm a freak  
My best friend calls me geek  
Take this pain from my leg and set me free

*(as Fester sings, girls hit-up audience for donations)*

MAGGIE

All right, Fester, how much you want for a paper?

FESTER

How 'bout a dollar?

MAGGIE

How 'bout a dime? *(gives Fester dime)*

FESTER

Gee, thanks. Say, can I interest you ladies in some adult novelty toys?

MAGGIE

Goodbye, Fester.

FESTER

Well, thanks again. *(Exit Fester)* Paper! Get your paper here!

MAGGIE

Dibs on the funnies.

GARMAINE

That's about all you can read. *(reading paper)* Hey look here. Tonto got his name in the paper.

SIOUX

Big deal.

GARMAINE

Says his father just died and he's due to inherit a whole bunch of money.

SIOUX

Money! Where? Let me see that! *(grabbing paper from Garmaine) (reading from paper)* "After a lengthy illness, Chief Running Elk, father of the famous Indian Tonto, has succumbed in his sleep at the age of seventy-three. The Chief leaves an estate of over two thousand acres, containing fifty-three oil wells, one thousand head of cattle, and *(looks at audience)* several Bingo Parlors? Funeral services will be held on May fourteenth"... May 14? That's over a week ago! *(Sioux closes paper and looks at front page)* Hey, that dang Fester sold us a two-week-old paper. I just hope I'm not too late.

MAGGIE

Too late for what?

SIOUX

*(smiles, announces)* Girls. I'm gettin' married.

GIRLS

MARRIED!?

SIOUX

Sure, and with all that money, I'll have plenty to get Carrie out of jail. Besides, Tonto ain't all that bad looking.

GIRLS

TONTO!?! *(has Sioux gone mad?)*

SIOUX

Well, who'd ya think I was talkin' about?

GARMAINE

But you can't just go out and get...

TONTO

*(opens door, sticks head out of sheriff's office)* Someone call Tonto name?

SIOUX

*(sexy)* Oh... Hi there big fella. *(saddles up to Tonto)* Say Tonto... I've been thinking... Have you got any plans for today? You crazy galoot you.

TONTO

*(baffled)* No think so 'cept maybe help Kemo Sabe clean boots.

SIOUX

Now that doesn't seem all that important does it? Ya see, Tonto, I was wondering if you might... uh, well... do you want to get married?

TONTO

*(confused)* Married? Tonto get married?

SIOUX

Sure. Wouldn't it be fun? You see, you handsome devil you, I figure I ain't no spring chicken anymore...

GARMAINE

Oh, brother.

SIOUX

*(after giving a hard look to Garmaine)* And seeing as how you and I got the same kinda blood sorta... maybe we'd make a pretty good team. Of course Scout would have to go.

TONTO

*(spacey)* Tonto get married?

SIOUX

And then, in a couple years, there'd be four or five little braves runnin' around and they'd all be calling you "Big Chief Tonto."

TONTO

*(still spaced out)* Big... Chief... Tonto?... *(eyes light up!)*

SIOUX

Big!... Chief!... Tonto!... Now you go get yourself ready and tell old Kemo  
What's-his-name he's gonna perform a wedding.

TONTO

*(still spaced out)* Big!... Chief!... Tonto! *(exit into sheriff office)* Kemo Sabe! Oh Kemo  
Sabe!!

MAGGIE

Sioux, I'm ashamed of you. You're just marryin' that poor Indian for how rich he's  
gonna be.

SIOUX

Hey, he don't have to marry me if he don't want to. Besides, it's about time I got some  
of the finer things in life.

*(Song by Sioux. "Stand by Your Man")*

I've spent my lifetime at the bottom  
Playin' all those no good back door schemes  
Just paint your eyes with little white lies  
The ends will justify the means

If you got something you want badly  
Just step on toes along the way  
And let me clue ya, they'll do it to ya  
I know first hand that's why I say

Get it while you can  
Grab what you need to make it  
Don't wait around just take it  
Go get a guy and fake it *(pelvic thrust)*

Get it while you can  
Lie, cheat, and steal if need be  
Find you a rich and foolish man  
Get it while you can.

Now can't you see that I've got feelings  
I'm just a girl whose earned her pay  
So I'll use Tonto, though I don't want to  
That's how it is, and so I say

*(repeat chorus)*

GARMAINE

*(To Maggie)* Well... I guess she does deserve a break, anyway she can get it.

MAGGIE

Yeah, and you do know how I love weddings.

*(enter Lone Ranger and Tonto)*

GARMAINE

OK, places everyone. *(Hands book to L.R.)* Here ya go... now all ya gotta do is start reading and then, after awhile, ya pronounce them married. Ya got that? And try to put some feeling into it.

L.R.

I'm not sure I approve of all this. However I do know how to recite. I happen to have taken three years of drama in prep school.

GARMAINE

*(aside)* Ya coulda' fooled me.

SIOUX

C'mon, hurry up... Places everybody. Music. Start the music. *(she motions to sound booth to start music)* *(no music)* I said start the music. *(no music)* START THE DAMN MUSIC!! *(Tonto recoils at out-burst)* *(music starts-wedding march)* Thank you. *(sweetly)*

L.R.

*(reading from book)* "We are gathered here today"... etc.

*(Enter Fester carrying several newspapers)*

FESTER

Gee, what's going on here?

MAGGIE

*(wiping tear from eye)* Shhhhhh! They're getting married.

FESTER

Big deal.

*(Fester sits down and starts to read paper)* *(LR still reciting)*

Hey, look at this. Tonto got his name in the paper

*(Sioux secretly motions to Maggie to shut Fester up)*

*(Maggie grabs paper and returns to her spot)*

*(Fester shrugs, pulls out another paper and continues reading)*

Says here his father just died.

*(Sioux again motions, this time to Garmaine who grabs paper...Fester gets another paper and continues)*

Hey Tonto! Did you see this?

*(Fester starts towards Tonto)*

SIOUX

C'mon, c'mon. Hurry it up!

*(L.R. starts reading faster)*

FESTER

Gee Tonto, I didn't know your father just died.

TONTO

Tonto father die?... Big Chief Running Elk?

*(Tonto takes paper, starts reading silently to himself)*

*(LR looks up, sees Tonto not there, voice trails off)*

L.R.

What is it Tonto?... *(Reads paper over shoulder)*. I'm sorry Tonto. I didn't know your father had died. Truth is, I didn't even know you had a father.

*(cold stare from Tonto) (L.R. backs off)*

Sorry.

TONTO

*(stage front, single blue spot)*

*((Chief Running Elk Eulogy))*

Chief Running Elk dead... Chief Running Elk once great chief of great tribe... He hunt with eye of hawk. He fast as name--Running Elk. Strong as bear. He fearless warrior. All tribe say "Chief Running Elk great chief."

But then White Man come. He carry fire stick... He kill mighty buffalo. Leave animal to die and rot and stink at feet of Great Chief. Soon, no food for tribe. No hide to keep warm. Young Tonto must go to bed in cold with hunger.

Then all tribe say Chief Running Elk have mind of old dog and courage of squaw. Mighty Chief become broken chief.

Then White Man come back with big steel arrow. He push arrow in ground. Up come black blood. Black blood of dead buffalo.

White Man come again and again! He take more black blood of dead buffalo. He give Chief many things. He give firewater. He give fire stick. He give many, many piece of paper.

Then everyone in tribe say Chief Running Elk rich chief.

But Tonto know better.

Many time, long into night, Tonto hear Great Chief cry out... He cry out!... From pain inside, like baby with empty belly!

Now Chief Running Elk dead.

He cry no more.

*(long silence, lites up slowly)*

SIOUX

*(approaches Tonto) (softly)* But what about the wedding? What about the money?

TONTO

Tonto no want marry... no want money. Money blood money.

SIOUX

*(the real Sioux comes out)* But what about MEEEE!?!

TONTO

YOU?! *(he's pissed now)* Frankly, Tonto no give damn! Fester, you take money. Go to medicine man in big city. Make leg well.

FESTER

Gee thanks, Tonto. And do you think maybe I could get the Mayor out of jail?

TONTO

Yes. Get Mayor.

MAGGIE

*(to Fester)* Ask him about Carrie.

FESTER

And can we get Carrie out too?

TONTO

Tonto no care.

GARMAINE

Come on. Let's get outta here before he changes his mind.

*(All exit except Ranger and Sioux--who wishes to say something to Tonto but finally she turns and leaves)*

L.R.

*(arm over Tonto's shoulder, consoling, leading him Sheriff's office)*

I feel your pain, Tonto, I feel your pain. Why don't you take the rest of the day off, with pay of course. I think your father would have wanted it that way.

*(lights start to fade out, streets are empty. A skulking figure emerges with a bag over his shoulder. It's Hoover. He dumps horse manure out of his bag and onto the street. Chuckling to himself, he exits.)*

## ACT II SCENE II

*(Black out. Music up, then lower for voice over. "The Masked Man knew his Indian friend better than any man alive, yet he had never seen him so emotionally distraught. Having gone through several twelve-step programs himself, the masked man knew that it was best to remove Tonto from the stresses of city life and revisit the wide open spaces from which he was raised.*

*"They set off that very afternoon, traveling in silence, and hoping each step would melt away the pain of the day's events.*

*"We join our heroes later that night - around a campfire and a half days ride from town")*

*(Lights up on campfire scene. L.R. and Tonto are sitting around a fire cooking a rubber chicken; a Class III Fire Extinguisher is near fire).*

L.R.:

Well, Tonto, it looks like you're feeling a little better, now that you're out here under the moon and stars with nothing but the lonesome howl of the coyote to break the stillness. *(pause)* I said: *(louder)* "with nothing but the lonesome howl of the coyote to break the stillness."

*(finally coyote howls, audience will assist--trust me)*

TONTO

Sick puppies. *(back into character)* Me feel much better Kemo Sabe. Me know now that Big Chief Running Elk he not die. He just go to better hunting ground.

L.R.

*(choked-up with emotion)* That's... well... that's just beautiful Tonto. It sort of reminds me of something my mother once said. She said: "Lone,... life is like a bowl of chocolates -- you never know what you're going to get."

TONTO

Uh?... Kemo Sabe? Me think that box chocolate, not bowl of chocolate.

L.R.

What?

TONTO

It box of chocolate.

L.R.

Really? I always thought it was a bowl of chocolates.

TONTO

No, no. It bowl of cherry.

L.R.

Cherries!? Really!?

TONTO

Yes. *(rolls eyes)*

L.R.

Well I'll be darned. I always thought it was a barrel of cherries.

TONTO

*(losing patience)* No. Listen to Tonto. It Barrel of monkey....Bowl of cherry...Box of chocolate. Got it!?

L.R.

Are you sure?

TONTO

Trust me. It old Indian Expression.

L.R.

By golly, Tonto, I think you're right again. Ya know, you may be one of the best trusted sidekicks that's ever worked for me -- and I'd like to take this opportunity to say so.

TONTO

Sure.

L.R.

Ya know, Tonto, between the two of us, we've done a bang-up job taming that little one-horse town. I think I can honestly say that my crime prevention programs have been working quite well. I bet it's close to midnight right now, and I can almost hear those basketball games starting up.

TONTO

Excellent program. But, something no seem right in town.

L.R.

What is it Tonto?

TONTO

Me still puzzled by all horse manure in town Kemo Sabe. Everyday new pile but no horse to make it. What you think?

L.R.

I see your point. Maybe there's more here than meets the eye, my Third-World friend. On the surface it seems like a simple case of too much horse manure for a town the size of Dirtwater. But, in reality, I have this gut feeling we're sitting on a powder keg and someone has just lit the fuse! *(slams fist into hand)*

TONTO

What we do Kemo Sabe?

L.R.

Tomorrow morning we must head back to town. I think we've got some detective work to do.

TONTO

You right, big guy. Now who's turn was it?

L.R.

Oh, I think it was my turn. *(holding playing cards)* Let's see. Ya got any jacks?

TONTO

No jack. Go fish.

*(lights fade out. Music... voice over. "Although our two friends played cards for another hour, they never once made a wager on their card playing ability. You see, gambling is illegal in Texas and our two heroes would never consider it. That's just the kind of guys that they are.")*

*"Early the next morning they arose, broke camp and headed back into town. By noontime it was business as usual. The masked man retired to his office to update his expense account and Tonto continued to gather signatures for the Neighborhood Watch Program... But as the events of the day were to unfold, it would definitely not be "business as usual" for this small, one-horse town, called Dirtwater."*

## ACT II SCENE III

*(Lights up on Main St. Enter Hoover swaggering)*

HOOVER

Well, well, well. It's been exactly one month now since I left this town, and would you just look at this. *(looks at horse stuff, mock surprise)* A sanitation violation. Yes indeed! *(takes out tongs and evidence bag. kneels down and takes sample)*

L.R.

*(enters from Sheriff's Office)* Well, Hoover, what brings you back in town? A social visit?

HOOVER

Hardly, masked man. If you'll recall during my last visit, I gave you exactly one month to clean up this town. Well your time is up and just look at this mess. Why in all my years of public service I have never seen anything like it. I have all the evidence I need right here to have you and that redskin friend of yours dismissed from your duties. It is now, therefore, my responsibility, and pleasure I might add, to officially assume the now vacant position of Mayor of Dirtwater.

L.R.

Not so fast, Hoover. I think there's one small item here you failed to considered.

HOOVER

And what is that?

L.R.

Just about 3 years ago, the Environmental Protection Agency dropped a lawsuit on the City of Dirtwater for excessive horse pollution. Part of the litigation from that lawsuit was the restriction of equestrian traffic to just one horse within the city limits at any one time. You see, Hoover, Dirtwater is literally "a one-horse town".

HOOVER

You mean that bloody white bronco down there is the only horse in town?

L.R.

That's right. The one parked in front of the Orange Julius.

HOOVER

OK, OK, but that doesn't prove nothin'. What about the... the... *(looking at horse manure)*

L.R.

The horse caca? That was the easy part. I took Tonto's advice and had a small sample tested down at the assay office. As it turns out, this particular strain of manure is not indigenous to these here parts. It can only be found in Dodge City, Kansas, where you, Hoover, broke jail 6 months ago for the crime of horse rustling!

HOOVER

No! You can't prove a thing!

L.R.

So now I'm placing you under arrest for impersonating a federal agent and trying to play off the gullibility of this fine audience. *(sweeping hand gesture to audience)*

HOOVER

It's not true!

L.R.

This is your third strike Hoover! And in this country - 3 strikes and you're out! *(umpire gesture--out)*

HOOVER

That's right, I'm out. I'm out of here! *(Pushes Lone Ranger to ground, starts to exit through audience)*

L.R.

*(Lone Ranger gets up and points his gun)*

I hate to have to do this! Stop or I'll shoot!!

*(Tonto appears and grabs Hoover just as he reaches the door)*

TONTO

Spread 'em, honky!

L.R.

Good work, Tonto! *(Tonto muscles Hoover into jail)* Book him, Tonto. Manure one! *(a la Dano)*

*(enter Fester and Mayor)*

FESTER

Mr. Masked Man! Mr. Masked Man!

L.R.

Well, hello there, son. Howdy, Mr. Mayor. I see your stay in the pokey didn't leave you any worse for wear. Say, where are those ladies? Did they get that Carrie gal outta jail?

MAYOR

They sure did, but they only left enough money for Fester's operation. They took the rest to who-knows-where.

TONTO

How go operation, young man?

FESTER

*(dejected)* Gee, not so good, I guess. The Doc poked around in there pretty good, but he just couldn't find nothin' wrong.

MAYOR

Doc says he should be running around on two good legs like everyone else.

L.R.

Well, just don't let it worry you, son. Maybe it'll just go away after awhile.

FESTER

Golly, ya think so?

L.R.

Why, sure. I remember one time I had this unsightly sore on my lip right here. *(shows Tonto lip)* You remember Tonto.

TONTO

*(Disgusted)* Not now, Kemo Sabe.

L.R.

But, I paid it no mind and pretty soon it just went away.

FESTER

Gee. I hope my leg don't go away. *(others laugh)*

L.R.

*(leading Fester away from others, single follow spot on L.R.)*

Ya know, Fester, there's something I've been meaning to tell you. Something that might help you understand why the birds and bees fly around so much in springtime. Something that may help you understand how you got here.

FESTER

Is this gonna be another song?

L.R.

*(big smile cause he gets to strut again)*

*(Song: I'm Your Dad)*

*(spoken words, music background)*

I was just a kid out on my own,  
oh 'bout 10 years ago.

When I came across this little town,  
whose name I did not know.

I met a girl that very day,  
and she asked me up to her room.  
And at the age of sweet 16,  
the old Ranger's life began to bloom.

Well, we spent all day and half the night  
just rollin' in the hay.  
And in the morning we went out to eat,  
I ain't proud - she offered to pay.

I stuck around that little town  
Even got a job attending bar  
And made good money, I gotta admit,  
From tips put in my jar.

Well, weeks went by and we met again,  
That gal that I called Lil.  
Now understand this was years ago,  
Long before we had The Pill.

She asked me to marry her and I said "sure",  
Although I lied.  
And then she said "just one more thing"  
"Ya know the rabbit died. "

It hit me hard, but to hide my shame,  
 I knew it would be my task.  
 To slip out of town that very night,  
 Incognito...behind a mask.

You see, Fester, I never meet that baby boy,  
 that came from that romance.  
 But, I've always said I'd make it up to him,  
 if I ever got the chance.

I ain't real proud of what I've done  
 and you probably think I'm bad  
 But the time has come and I must confess,  
*(stop music)* Fester... I'm your dad.

FESTER

Father!!! *(Fester drops his crutches and runs over to hug Lone Ranger)*

*(the actors freeze in position as the play's director steps on stage)*

DIRECTOR

Ladies and Gentlemen, may I have your attention please. I have been asked to read the following message: "Although sometimes in the world of theatrics, Life must be presented in its most raw form, we do not, at any time, wish to diminish the importance of the Basic Family Unit, nor do we condone, at any time, the practice of Unsafe Sex. Thank you."

TONTO

*(to audience, out of character)*

Also, for your added convenience and protection, we have now installed several dispensing machines in the men's bathroom.

*(and now back to the play)*

MAYOR

Look! Look everyone! Fester can walk! It's a miracle! He can walk! *(crosses himself)*

*(enter Carrie)*

CARRIE

Well, let me tell you, it ain't all that great being back here in this little chicken... Hey, Fester, you can walk! All right kid, good goin'.

MAYOR

So where have you been, Miss Nation? Out spending Fester's money?

CARRIE

No. Not any more. 'Cause we've already spent it all.

MAYOR

What?!

CARRIE

That's right. On a present for Fester. You see, while we were in Dallas, we met these Cowboys and we just couldn't resist buying Fester a... Football Team! Come on, girls, hit it!

*(Sioux, Maggie and Garmaine enter wearing Dallas Cowgirl cheerleading outfit. general pandemonium as stage is flooded with Football Players) (or not)*

THE GIRLS

*("Hey Look Me Over" cheer)*

L.R.

Well, Fester, it's about time Tonto and I rode on. You see, there are hundreds of small towns throughout the West... small towns with little boys just like you. And when I've explained to all of them why I wear this mask, why then...well...then I'll come back to Dirtwater. But until then... Tonto, WE GOT TO RIDE!

ALL CAST

*(Song: We Got to Ride)*

*(Melody: I've Seen the Light)*

We got to ride, we got to ride  
No more injustice, Tonto by my side  
We fight for freedom, we fight with pride  
Hi-Ho Silver!...We got to Ride!

*(repeat several times)*

*(While singing, the Masked Man leads the entire cast around stage and into audience...then exit)*

**END**

*(...and somewhere in the distant night,  
a lonely dog barks.)*

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