

Redux Working Draft

February 12, 2013

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL  
NOT FOR DISTRIBUTION WITHOUT PERMISSION OF  
JOHN L. HABER AND JACK HERRICK



LONE STAR LOVE

or, The Merry Wives of Windsor,  
Texas

An American Musical

## SHAKESPEARE ON THE RANGE

In the wake of The War Between the States, cattle became king in Texas – with a population ratio of 9 cows to every human. Within three years, the annual total grew from 35,000 to 350,000 head of cattle that were driven on foot to Colorado, Wyoming, and Kansas, beside the thousands that were shipped by steamer to New Orleans and other points south and east. This boom time attracted a lot of carpetbaggers, scoundrels and social misfits to the Lone Star State. Among them were “Big John” Falstaff and his Musical Band of Rebels.

## FURTHER HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Texas became the twenty-eighth state in 1845. By 1860, it was ninth in the nation in per capita wealth, due largely to livestock and farming interests. There emerged an affluent and aspiring middle class from peasant roots, not unlike the bourgeoisie of Shakespeare's Windsor, England.

In 1861, Texas seceded from the Union and joined the Confederacy. Though the state was never the scene of significant military operations during the Civil War, it did contribute 50,000 men and extensive supplies to the Confederate cause.

The Reconstruction era presented significant problems of law enforcement in Texas, with the influx of carpetbaggers, ex-Confederates and other opportunistic outsiders. From its earliest days, Texas had attracted more than its share of outcasts and criminals. In the rebuilding of a war-damaged economy, land and cattle were the state's greatest assets. Ranching commenced on an unparalleled scale, and the cowboy culture expanded and flourished.

Eventually, the town of Windsor along with the Page, Ford and countless other ranches were swallowed up by King Ranch, the largest in Texas, larger in size than the state of Rhode Island.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

COLONEL JOHN FALSTAFF, one of Shakespeare's greatest characters, larger than life -- imported in all his glory from Windsor, England to Windsor, Texas

SERGEANT PISTOL     )  
CORPORAL NYM        ), His Band of Rebels  
PRIVATE BARDOLPH    )

GEORGE PAGE, a wealthy, successful, second-generation cattle rancher  
head of the Cattlemen's Association

MARGARET ANNE PAGE, his wife – attractive, smart, resourceful,  
community leader

MISSANNE PAGE, their daughter – independent, pretty and coming of age

MISS QUICKLY, housekeeper to the Pages – minds her business and others' with skill

JOE FRANK FORD, “new money” cattle rancher – a hardworking self-made man

AGGIE FORD, his wife – honest, strong, loyal and beautiful to boot

LUCAS and

CHESTER, ranch hands to the FORDS

SHERIFF BOB SHALLOW, the local law in the body and spirit of Gabby Hayes

MASTER ABRAHAM SLENDER, his nephew and ward

DOCTOR CAIUS, a French-born eccentric who lands in Windsor by way of New Orleans

FARLAND FENTON, the iconic yodeling cowboy

CONSUELA     )

RUBY           ), Windsor gals

GRACE         )

RUGBY, utility ranch hand

BARMAN, Bass Player and Host of the GARTER SALOON

STICKS, Percussionist of the GARTER SALOON

MISS LIBBY, Fiddler of the GARTER SALOON

## MUSICAL NUMBERS

### ACT ONE

<b>PRELUDE:</b>	<b>"THE BALLAD OF FALSTAFF"</b>	Bardolph, Pistol and Nym
<b>SCENE 1:</b>	THE PAGE RANCH BARN <b>"TEXAS CATTLEMEN"</b>	Men of the Company
<b>SCENE 2:</b>	SOMEWHERE NEAR THE SOUTH 40 <b>"BIG JOHN JUMP"</b>	Falstaff and Company
<b>SCENE 3:</b>	THE GARTER SALOON	
<b>SCENE 4:</b>	THE PAGE RANCH <b>"ONLY A FOOL"</b> <b>"THROWDOWN IN WINDSOR"</b> <b>"CAIUS'S THEME"</b> <b>"SLENDER'S THEME"</b>	The Pages and the Fords The Company Doctor Caius Slender
<b>SCENE 5:</b>	OUT ON THE PRAIRIE <b>"PRAIRIE MOON"</b> <b>"THE COWBOY'S DREAM"</b>	MissAnne and Fenton Fenton and Miss Quickly
<b>SCENE 6:</b>	THE GARTER SALOON <b>"ASK ME NO REASON"</b>	Falstaff and Wives
<b>SCENE 7:</b>	THE PAGE RANCH <b>"ANOTHER MAN'S HAT"</b>	Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford and Company
<b>SCENE 8:</b>	THE PAGE RANCH BARN	
<b>SCENE 9:</b>	THE GARTER SALOON <b>"ONLY A FOOL"/"EL TONTO CELOSO"</b>	Ford, Miss Libby and Saloon Girls
<b>SCENE 10:</b>	THE FORD RANCH <b>"LONE STAR LOVE" Prelude</b> <b>ACT ONE FINALE: "LONE STAR LOVE"</b>	Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page and Falstaff The Company

### ACT TWO

<b>ENTR'ACTE:</b>	<b>"HARD TIMES"</b>	Bardolph, Pistol and Nym
<b>SCENE 1:</b>	THE GARTER SALOON <b>"COLD CASH"</b>	Falstaff, Women and Band
<b>SCENE 2:</b>	THE PAGE RANCH HOUSE <b>"COUNT ON MY LOVE"</b>	Fenton and MissAnne
<b>SCENE 3:</b>	BEHIND THE SCHOOL HOUSE AT HIGH NOON <b>"CODE OF THE WEST"</b> <b>"QUAIL-BAGGING"</b>	The Company The Company
<b>SCENE 4:</b>	THE FORD RANCH <b>"TEXAS WIND"</b>	Mrs. Ford
<b>SCENE 5:</b>	REPTILE RIDGE <b>"THE WILD CAT MOAN"</b>	Pistol, Miss Libby, Falstaff and Company
<b>SCENE 6:</b>	THE SAGUARO (CACTI) GROVE <b>"LOVE IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON"</b> <b>"THE BALLAD OF FALSTAFF"</b> <b>REPRISE: "LONE STAR LOVE"</b> <b>"SUGARFOOT RAG"</b>	Falstaff, Wives and Company Falstaff, Band and Company The Company The Company and Band

# LONE STAR LOVE

is dedicated to

**TOMMY THOMPSON**

(1937-2003)

Founder of The Red Clay Ramblers



Tommy and son Tom Ashley  
in the mid-1970's



Tommy as Falstaff  
(with Jim Wann as Pistol) in  
*The Merry Wives of Windsor*  
Forest Theatre, 1973

## LONE STAR LOVE

### or, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Texas

**AUTHORS' NOTE:** The entire action takes place in and around Windsor, Texas in the fall of 1865. BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM are FALSTAFF'S *Band of Rebels*, which includes additional on-stage musicians. In this rough and tumble environment, microphones and other modern components co-exist with objects of the period. Minimal scenic elements, props and furniture define locations and suggest the world more than representing it. Paying homage to the original Globe Theatre (built in 1599) with its inner "below" and upper "above," the set is a multi-level barn— with several stairways and entrances and large sliding doors upstage, opening onto views of the prairie landscape. This is Shakespeare "Texas-style."

### ACT ONE

#### PRESHOW/PROLOGUE

A casual and friendly ambiance is advocated from the get-go, and from time to time, characters break the "fourth wall" as in Shakespeare's *Merry Wives*. Old-fashioned signs are posted at various entrances to the theatre such as "Welcome to Windsor" and "Cattle Crossing," etc. The set is in open view, with a big "Windsor, Texas Cattlemen's Association" banner stretching across the railing of the upper deck of the barn. Band members may be spotted on stage and out in the house -- playing Western tunes idiomatic to the show. House lights go to half, and GEORGE PAGE appears on stage and addresses the audience.

#### PAGE

Howdy, folks! My name's George Page and I wanna welcome y'all to Windsor, Texas. It's the year of Our Lord 1865, so I gotta ask you to turn off those beepy things, you know, cell phones and the like – [turning off his own ringing cell and sticking it into his pocket] that's it. Much obliged. Now I reckon you may have heard of Billy Bob Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor" --*England*, that is—well, we've taken that tale and given it some Texas *beef*. [Sound of cattle.] So sit back, kick off your shoes (maybe not) and enjoy how that big 'ole tub o' lard John Falstaff rode into Windsor town with his band of rebels and tried to take our local wives for a ride, how he got his comeuppance--and a whole lot more!

#### FALSTAFF

[From back of the house] Come on, ya lousy bunch of loafers!

#### PAGE

[To BAND] Hit it, boys!

[PAGE exits as BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM emerge from the back of the house up the center aisle. They begin singing in the house and relate and sing to the audience.]

#### ♪ SONG: "BALLAD OF FALSTAFF"

BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM

BARDOLPH, PISTOL AND NYM

WE'RE NOT PROPER AND PRIM  
 WE GO RIDIN' ALONG  
 DOIN' WRONG, FOLLOWIN' HIM!

WHO IS THIS RAMBLIN' KNIGHT,  
 RUNS AWAY FROM A FIGHT?  
 DRUNKEN, GREEDY AND MEAN  
 TOO FAT TO BE SEEN IN THE NATURAL LIGHT. OH, IT'S...

BIG JOHN FALSTAFF!  
 WILDEST IN THE WEST—  
 BIG JOHN TAKES THE HIGH ROAD  
 AND THE DEVIL TAKE THE REST.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND TEN  
 IN A MISTY MOUNTAINEOUS GLEN  
 SOME DOWN IN NORTH CAROLINA  
 GAVE A MIGHTY WHINE LIKE A PIG IN THE PEN!

FALSTAFF

[Popping up out of the audience, choosing a lady to represent his mother] Mama!!

AND SINCE THAT TROUBLESOME MORN  
 WHEN FAT LITTLE JOHNNY WAS BORN—

FALSTAFF

[Handing cigar to someone] It's a boy!

    BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM  
 HE RAMBLED ALL OVER THE SOUTH  
 HAND TO MOUTH THROUGH THE COTTON AND CORN. AND IT'S...  
 BIG JOHN FALSTAFF—

FALSTAFF

That's me!

    BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM  
 THRIVES UPON HIS WITS  
 BIG JOHN GETS THE PEACHES  
 AND ALL WE GET'S THE PITS!

BIG JOHN FALSTAFF!  
 LEADER OF THE BAND  
 TEARIN' UP THE WOMEN  
 AND BURNIN' UP THE LAND

TEARIN' UP THE WOMEN  
 AND BURNIN' UP THE LAND!

FALSTAFF

Come on boys, I'm hungry. Let's poach us some cattle!



[HOEDOWN TAG]

[FALSTAFF and BAND disappear, as arguing CATTLEMEN take their places for the Cattlemen's Association meeting.]

**ACT ONE, SCENE 1: THE PAGE RANCH BARN**

SHERIFF BOB

Mr. Page, persuade me not!

PAGE

Simmer down, Sheriff Bob!

SHERIFF BOB

By hell, I'll nab whatever thievin' skunk's been poachin' my herd, and introduce him to the business end of a rope!

FORD

You sayin' we got rustlers?

SHERIFF BOB

I'm sayin' I'm one longhorn short of a herd. I'm sayin' I'm the law, and that's all I'm sayin'. I ain't one of the big owners like you, Mr. Ford, or you, Mr. Page. I can tell when I lose a cow.

CAIUS

I do not like zees cows. Fermez la bouche—you nasty leetle mans!

SHERIFF BOB

[Pulls out his guns on CAIUS] Says who, Frenchie?!

PAGE

Sheriff Bob, put those things away!

ALL CATTLEMEN

[Tempers flare. Vocal ad-libs escalate between SHERIFF BOB and CAIUS, with others joining in and/or breaking them up.]

PAGE

Gentlemen, Gentlemen, please! Let us conduct ourselves with the dignity befitting the Windsor, Texas Cattlemen Association.

FORD

George is right. Let's not forget who we are...

**♪ SONG: "TEXAS CATTLEMEN"**

PAGE

WE'RE CATTLEMEN –

CAIUS, CHESTER, FORD & LUCAS

CATTLEMEN

CATTLEMEN SHERIFF BOB, RUGBY & SLENDER

CATTLEMEN PAGE

CATTLEMEN CAIUS, CHESTER, FORD & LUCAS

CATTLEMEN SHERIFF BOB, RUGBY, & SLENDER

TEXAS CATTLEMEN! ALL

WHEN FIRST WE CAME TO TEXAS  
THE LAND WAS WILD AND RAW

RAW! SLENDER

THE COLD WIND AND A SIX-GUN  
WERE THE PRAIRIE'S ONLY LAW

FORD  
WE TAMED IT, FENCED IT IN  
INTRODUCED THE LONGHORN BREED

PAGE & FORD  
NOW THE WILD WEST TEXAS PRAIRIE'S  
GOT EVERYTHING WE NEED

FORD  
TO BE...  
CATTLEMEN -

TEXAS: Population nine hundred cows for every one hundred men!

CATTLEMEN - SLENDER, RUGBY & SHERIFF BOB

...Just the way God intended!

TEXAS CATTLEMEN ALL MEN

THE EARTH WILL ROAR AND RATTLE  
TEN THOUSAND CATTLE

THEN STORM THE DUSTY SAGE

ALL MEN

ONE MAN IS IN THE SADDLE  
HE'S FIT FOR BATTLE  
TO TURN BACK SATAN'S RAGE

SHERIFF BOB & SLENDER

THEY CAME OUT TO SEEK A FORTUNE IN THE WEST  
THE KIND OF MAN WHO'S TOUGHER THAN ALL OF THE REST

FORD & PAGE

MEN

RAISIN' CATTLE, LIFE IS GOOD      000-000-000  
WHO WOULDN'T BE ONE IF THEY COULD?      000-000-000

ALL MEN

IN TEXAS WHERE THE CATTLEMAN IS KING --

FORD

AND WE ARE CATTLEMEN

PAGE

CATTLEMEN

CAIUS

CATTLEMENZ

ALL MEN

CATTLEMEN  
TEXAS CATTLEMEN!

SHERIFF BOB & SLENDER

TEXAS CATTLEMEN!

ALL MEN

CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN  
TEXAS CATTLEMEN!

SHERIFF BOB & SLENDER

TEXAS CATTLEMAN

FORD

AND WHEN I DIE  
PLEASE  
LET ME DIE IN TEXAS

ALL MEN

DEAD IN TEXAS

FORD

LAY MY BONES BENEATH THE PRAIRIE SKY  
AND WHEN THAT FINAL WAGON TRAIN

ALL MEN  
OO-OO-OO

ROLLS ABOVE THE WESTERN PLAIN  
I'LL MEET YOU UP IN TEXAS

OO-OO-OO

MEET YOU UP IN TEXAS ALL MEN

I'LL MEET YOU UP IN TEXAS FORD

MEET YOU UP IN TEXAS ALL MEN

IN THE SWEET BYE AND BYE FORD ALL MEN  
OOO-BYE-AND BYE  
[Distant sounds of discontent cattle begin to register.]

WHERE WE'LL BE

CATTLEMEN FORD

CATTLEMEN CAIUS, CHESTER, LUCAS

CATTLEMEN SLENDER, SHERIFF BOB & RUGBY

CATTLEMEN PAGE

TEXAS CATTLEMEN ALL

TEXAS CATTLEMEN CHESTER & LUCAS

CATTLEMEN MEN

CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN  
TEXAS CATTLEMEN

TEXAS CATTLEMEN SHERIFF BOB & SLENDER

MEN  
CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN  
TEXAS CATTLEMEN

FORD & PAGE  
HERE  
IN  
TEXAS  
WE ARE  
CATTLEMEN

SHERIFF BOB & SLENDER

TEXAS CATTLEMEN

MEN  
CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN

FORD & PAGE  
HERE  
IN  
TEXAS  
WE ARE  
CATTLEMEN

TEXAS CATTLEMEN!

[Sound of discontent cattle swell. A stampede is under way. MRS. PAGE and MRS. FORD and other WINDSOR WOMEN appear.]

MRS. PAGE

George! The cattle are loose!!

MRS. FORD

Frank! HURRY!!

SHERIFF BOB

Holy cow! They're headin' right this way!

LUCAS

Run fer your lives!!

CHESTER

It's a stampede!

ALL

STAMPEDE!!!

[As the stampede accelerates, the WOMEN run off and the MEN clear table and chairs and scatter. What follows is a *coup de theatre* as devised in collaboration with director and creative team. Off Broadway, for example, there was an animated shadow-puppet sequence of stampeding cattle, storming across the plains growing larger and larger until all light is blocked out. At the conclusion of the stampede, FALSTAFF was revealed, up to his chest in the mud.

At the 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue Theatre in Seattle, the stampede was enacted in a black and white silent film with musical underscoring on a screen that lowered in the style of an old movieola. The scenario involved MRS. PAGE and MRS. FORD in harm's way of the thundering herd, and FALSTAFF wildly riding a Longhorn, barely able to stay on, hat in hand, arms flailing wildly – seeming to divert the cattle from the LADIES' path. There was vintage stampede footage with chyron lines from MRS. PAGE, MRS. FORD and FALSTAFF. The film concluded with FALSTAFF appearing to burst through the movie screen, landing on the stage floor at the feet of MRS. PAGE and MRS. FORD.]

MRS. FORD

Margaret Anne!

MRS. PAGE

Aggie, are you all right?

MRS. FORD

I reckon I am. [Noticing FALSTAFF] who are you?!]

FALSTAFF

Who am I? Oh—I was just passing through town when I—

MRS. PAGE

—Saved our lives, is what you did.

FALSTAFF

I did? I did. Yes, saved your lives— is exactly what I did!

MRS. FORD

We were standing directly in the path of that stampede!

FALSTAFF

You were? Yes, you were. And I knew, as if the Almighty Himself was speaking to me, that I had to risk my own highly decorated life to—

MRS. PAGE

--Ride that longhorn right down the middle, forcing the herd to split off in two directions.

MRS. FORD

Praise the Lord, and praise you, Mr.—?

FALSTAFF

Falstaff. Colonel John Falstaff. Of the Carolina Falstaffs.

MRS. PAGE

My oh my—the *Carolina* Falstaffs.

MRS. FORD

Where're our manners? I'm Aggie Ford.

FALSTAFF

[Seeing her ring] Mrs. Ford. [Gallantly kisses hand.]

MRS. FORD

Margaret Page.

FALSTAFF

[Seeing her ring] Mrs. Page. [Kisses her hand as well.]

MRS. PAGE

Perhaps if my husband paid a little more attention, he'd display the same bravery as you.

FALSTAFF

You're safe and sound now, pretty lady!

[MISSANNE PAGE runs on followed by PAGE.]

MISSANNE

Mama! Mama-- what happened?

PAGE

Wife-?! Mrs. Ford—are you gals all right?

[FORD enters with LUCAS and CHESTER. FORD quickly cocks and points his rifle at FALSTAFF.]

FORD

Aggie, what's going on here?

[PAGE, LUCAS and CHESTER draw their guns as well and point them at FALSTAFF.]

MRS. FORD

Hold your fire, boys. Meet Colonel John Falstaff!

MRS. PAGE

He saved our lives.

FORD

Say what?!

FALSTAFF

It was nothin'.

FORD

Tell me, 'Colonel,' when you pulled into Windsor, did you notice any unsavory characters lurking about who might be runnin' off with cattle that don't belong to them?

[BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM (with hands up) are led on by SHERIFF BOB and SLENDER.]

SHERIFF BOB

Looks like we got our rustlers!

[All guns now point at BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM.]

FALSTAFF

Whoa! You got it wrong— [seeing badge] Sheriff. These are my trusted foot soldiers— Bardolph, Pistol, and Nym.

BARDOLPH, PISTOL & NYM

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE, MISTER  
PLEASE DON'T LAY A HAND UPON US  
WE'RE HEROS OF THE CIVIL WAR  
WE'RE SENSITIVE AND HONEST  
WE RISKED OUR LIVES TO SAVE THE SOUTH  
YOU WOULDN'T WANT US JAILED  
YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO HURT OUR FEELINGS  
JUST BECAUSE WE FAILED...

PAGE

Lower your arms, men. [To BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM] God bless you and all who fought for the South.

FALSTAFF

Amen!

[Guns are lowered. Everyone welcomes the veterans, except FORD.]

FORD

[To LUCAS and CHESTER] Come on, boys. We gotta wrangle up what's left of the herd while there's still daylight. [To FALSTAFF] Good day, 'Colonel.' [To MRS. FORD] Wife – get you home. Go!

[FORD exits with LUCAS and CHESTER.]

MRS. FORD

You have to forgive my husband. He's suspicious of anyone who even looks in my direction.

FALSTAFF

Can't say as I blame him, ma'am.

MRS. PAGE

Colonel, George and I are havin' a barbecue throwdown tonight to celebrate the birthday of my daughter Nan here—

FALSTAFF

Surely you jest—I took you for-- sisters!

MRS. PAGE

You flatter me—! Any-hoo, Colonel, as the hero of the day, we'd be honored if you join us.

FALSTAFF

I'd be dee—lighted.

MRS. PAGE

Come on, Nan. We gotta get you gussied up for the throwdown. I've invited Dr. Caius! [To FALSTAFF] He's French, and he's gonna marry my Nan!

MISSANNE

[Embarrassed] Oh, mama—

[The three ladies exit.]

PAGE

I owe you a great debt, Colonel.

FALSTAFF

Happy to be of service, sir.

PAGE

You can call me George.



FALSTAFF

Delighted, George. You can call me “Colonel.”

PAGE

Then “Colonel” it is! [FALSTAFF corrals his MEN as PAGE takes SHERIFF BOB aside] Sheriff Bob— a word with you.

SHERIFF BOB

I’m all ears.

PAGE

I want you to bring your nephew Slender here on out to the throwdown. Our daddies were the first to settle this great land-- and I’d like to propose a blessed union between the two families.

SHERIFF BOB

You hear that nephew? We’re gonna marry MissAnne Page!

SLENDER

Uncle Bob, she’s a girl.

SHERIFF BOB

That don’t make no never mind.

PAGE

[Back to FALSTAFF] Till tonight, good Colonel!

[PAGE, SHERIFF BOB and SLENDER exit.]

FALSTAFF

[To PAGE] Till tonight, good George! [To his BOYS] Boys, I’m a bona fide hero. Did you see the way those Windsor wives were swoonin’? Look around. This here is the promised land!

**♪ SONG: “BIG JOHN JUMP”**

MMM-MMM-

THIS WORLD WAS PUT HERE FOR MY BENEFIT

BARDOLPH, PISTOL & NYM

BENEFIT

FALSTAFF

COUNT UP THE BLESSINGS THAT I’M GONNA GET

BARDOLPH, PISTOL & NYM

GONNA GET

FALSTAFF

DON’T YOU JUST LOVE THESE WIDE OPEN SPACES?

DID YOU GET A LOAD OF THOSE INNOCENT FACES?

[During the above, set changes to The Garter Saloon. LUCAS, CHESTER and SALOON GIRLS are present within. The SALOON BAND is arrayed

around a tack (saloon) piano, on a small stage, which will become the Band Platform. FALSTAFF and his BOYS spy the Saloon, and prepare to enter.]

**ACT ONE, SCENE 3: THE GARTER SALOON**

I'LL PITCH MY TENT RIGHT HERE ON EASY STREET

BARDOLPH, PISTOL & NYM  
EASY STREET

FALSTAFF  
I'LL RUN MY GAME ON EVERYONE I MEET

BARDOLPH, PISTOL & NYM  
ONE I MEET

FALSTAFF  
THEY'RE HOLDING DEUCE; MY CARD IS TRUMP  
BOYS, I THINK WE FINALLY MADE IT PAST THE HUMP  
HARD TIMES IS OVER-- LET THE BIG DOG RUN

[Falstaff throws open the swinging doors.]

PEOPLE LET ME TELL YOU HOW THE WEST WAS WON—

[Music changes]

WAS HE A SMALL MAN?

SALOON GIRLS  
NO, NO!

FALSTAFF  
OR MAYBE A TALL MAN?

SALOON GIRLS  
NO, NO!

FALSTAFF  
I'D SAY HE WAS ALL MAN  
GO AND LISTEN TO WHAT I SAY—

ALL  
WHAT YOU SAY, WHAT YOU SAY

FALSTAFF  
YOU'RE LOOKING AT THAT MAN

BARDOLPH, PISTOL AND NYM  
THAT MAN, THAT MAN

FALSTAFF  
ISN'T A FLAT MAN

ALL  
FLAT MAN, NO, NO

FALSTAFF  
FEAST YOUR EYES ON A FAT MAN, PEOPLE,  
CAUSE HE'S DOIN' THE FALSTAFF JUMP!

Drinks on the house!

[BARMAN (bass player) sets up drinks on the saloon piano, others partake,  
and gather to hear FALSTAFF.]

I'M LIGHT ON MY FEET – READY TO EAT  
"HELP YOUR SELF" – THAT'S MY PHILOSOPHY  
COME ON, PEOPLE, DON'T TRY TO DISSECT IT  
JUST SIT BACK AND ACCEPT IT  
YOU'RE ONLY YOU, BUT I'M ME!

SO IF LIFE UP TO NOW HAS BEEN HOLLOW  
AND ROMANCE IS LIKE PULLIN A STUMP  
THE WEATHER'S DUE FOR A CHANGE  
NOW THAT I'M HOME ON THE RANGE  
I'M JUST A' DOIN' THE BIG JOHN  
I MEAN I'M A' DOIN' THE BIG JOHN JUMP

YOU LIKE THE WAY I MOVE?  
YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHING YET—  
NATURE CAN'T IMPROVE  
ON MY SILHOUETTE—

OH, YEAH SO COME ON, PEOPLE, DON'T JUMP AND JUIVE  
THERE'S GOTTA BE MORE TO LIVIN'  
THAN JUST STAYIN' ALIVE  
I'LL MAKE YOUR HEART GO THUMP THUMP THUMPITY THUMP?  
JUST DOIN THE BIG JOHN— UP IN THE AIR  
I'M DOIN' THE BIIG JOHN JUMP!

I'M THE HALF-TON SON OF A SEVENTH SON  
I'M AN EVER LOVIN' GREAT BIG SON OF A GUN  
DON'T THE PICKINS' ROUND HERE LOOK PLUMP?

DID YOU EVER SEE A BIG MAN JUMP?  
I MEAN—DID YOU EVER SEE A BIG MAN JUMP?

BABY, I WAS BUILT FOR COMFORT AND NOT FOR SPEED  
I THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT—  
I KNOW I GOT WHAT YOU NEED—

[MUSIC goes to half-time as LUCAS and CHESTER hook up FALSTAFF  
to his flying rig.]

YOU NEED A LITTLE BIG JACKIE, OH, YEAH!

SALOON GIRLS

WHOOO!

FALSTAFF

—THAT’S ALL THAT YOU NEED  
AND HE’S JUST DOIN’ THE BIG JOHN JUMP?  
EVER DO--

FALSTAFF AND EVERYONE

	...EVER DO THE BIG JOHN JUMP?
HALLELUJAH	DID YOU EVER DO THE BIG JOHN JUMP?
IN THE MORNING	DID YOU EVER DO THE BIG JOHN JUMP?
HOME FOR DINNER	DID YOU EVER

EVER DO THE BIG JOHN—JUMP!

FALSTAFF

Look, ma – I’m flyin’!

[FALSTAFF flies out, as the scene and song ends.]

**ACT ONE, SCENE 4: THE PAGE AND FORD RANCHES**

[Lights up on one side of the stage, representing the PAGE house. MRS. PAGE is preparing for the Throwdown.]

MRS. PAGE

Miss Quickly! Come on out with the “hors durves”!

QUICKLY

[Off-stage] I’m comin’!

PAGE

[Entering] ‘Horse durves’?

MRS. PAGE

French for “vittles.” You could use some more culture, George. Dr. Caius will change all that.

PAGE

Why did you invite that lizard over here? I told you our Nan is promised to Master Slender!

MRS. PAGE

That boy doesn’t have the sense God gave a goose! The doctor has wealth and status—and he parlays the Fran-say.

PAGE

‘Parlays’ my boot!

[QUICKLY enters, balancing a few trays and baskets of food.]

MRS. PAGE

Miss Quickly—

QUICKLY

Oh, humbug...

[QUICKLY does a u-turn, and heads out, not wanting to be a part of this.]

MRS. PAGE

Don’t you agree our Nan should marry Doctor Caius?

PAGE

You mean Master Slender!

QUICKLY

Seeing that I work for you both, I really don’t have an opinion. But if you want an impartial assessment of the situation – mind your business! Let the girl marry who she wants. But like I said, I really don’t have an opinion.

[MISSANNE has been listening from upstairs, and appears.]

MISSANNE

Miss Quickly is right! Daddy, Mama—please don’t make me marry either one of them.

PAGE

You'll marry who we say, and you'll get used to him.

MRS. PAGE

Look at your father and me.

PAGE

Look at your mother and me.

BOTH

It worked for us!

MISSANNE

It's my life—not yours!

[MISSANNE runs off.]

QUICKLY

I'll go talk to her. [QUICKLY follows.]

MRS. PAGE

That child. I swear...

**♪ SONG: "ONLY A FOOL WOULD MARRY FOR LOVE"**

MRS. PAGE

WHAT DOES SHE KNOW  
A GIRL OF HER YEARS?

PAGE

YOU TAUGHT HER HOW TO COOK AND SEW

MRS. PAGE

YOU TAUGHT HER ROPING STEERS

PAGE

I TAUGHT HER ROPING STEERS!

MRS. PAGE

SHE'LL SOON LEAVE THE NEST  
THOUGH WE'VE DONE OUR BEST

PAGE

WE SOWED OUR WILD OAT LOOK HOW SHE'S GROWN

MRS. PAGE AND PAGE

LET'S PICK HER OUT A HUSBAND OF HER OWN.

MRS. PAGE

A MAN OF CULTURE WEALTH AND TASTE  
TO GIVE OUR DAUGHTER UP FOR ANY LESS WOULD BE A WASTE  
WON'T TRACK MUD ALL OVER THE PLACE  
NOW THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT IN A MAN.

HE'S SEEN PLACES YOU AIN'T BEEN  
GOT A LOT OF MONEY KEEPS ROLLIN' IN  
TRADE YOUR FIDDLE FOR A VIOLIN

(NOW) THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT IN A MAN  
ONLY A FOOL WOULD MARRY FOR LOVE

PAGE

DEAR IF OUR DAUGHTER ANNE IS GONNA TAKE HER WEDDIN' VOWS  
BETTER GET A SON IN LAW'S WHO'S GOT A HERD OF COWS  
BREED 'EM UP QUICK AS THE LAW ALLOWS  
THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT IN A MAN

PAGE

A SON OF THE TEXAS SOIL

HEIR TO OUR SWEAT AND TOIL

THERE'S A FIRE IN HIS SOUL

FINALLY WE BOTH AGREE  
ONLY A FOOL  
WOULD MARRY FOR LOVE  
ONLY A  
FOOL  
WOULD MARRY FOR LOVE

MRS. PAGE

I LIKE THE WAY HE  
COMBS HIS HAIR

HE'S GOT A CERTAIN  
SAV-WAHR-FAIR  
THERE'S A FIRE IN HIS SOUL  
BUT IT'S UNDER CONTROL  
MAYBE HE'S JUST THE BOY  
WE NEED--

FINALLY WE BOTH AGREE  
ONLY A FOOL  
WOULD MARRY FOR LOVE

ONLY A FOOL  
WOULD MARRY FOR LOVE.

[Lights up on the other side of the stage, representing the FORD house.]

MRS. FORD

Come on, Frank, we'll be late to the Throwdown!

FORD

Throwdown—hell!

MRS. FORD

Margaret Anne's expecting us!

FORD

I swear, if George and I were dead and gone, the two of you would marry.

MRS. FORD

True—to two other husbands! Come on, Frank—just for a while.

FORD

All right, just for a while—[Noticing her dress] You're not gonna wear that dress out, are you?

MRS. FORD

What's your problem?

FORD

It's so—tight!

MRS. FORD

It is not. You're talkin' nonsense.

FORD

I'VE SEEN THE WAY MEN LOOK AT YOU  
YOU'RE ON DISPLAY  
SOMEBODY COULD MISCONSTRUE YOUR GLANCES

MRS. FORD

Oh Frank, stop it!

FORD

I'LL TAKE NO CHANCES  
WHEN YOU'RE ALONE STAY HOME UNDER LOCK AND KEY  
AND PLEASE DON'T RIDE OUTSIDE DRESSED IN FINERY  
I WON THE PRIZE BUT WAS I WISE TO WED FOR PLEASURE?  
I SHOULD BE GLAD BUT I GO MAD GUARDING MY TREASURE  
ONLY A FOOL WOULD MARRY FOR LOVE

MRS. FORD  
I MUST HAVE  
MARRIED A  
FOOL

FORD

ONLY A FOOL

MRS. PAGE AND PAGE

ONLY A FOOL WOULD  
MARRY FOR LOVE

I MUST HAVE  
MARRIED A  
FOOL

ONLY A FOOL

ALL FOUR  
ONLY A FOOL WOULD MARRY FOR LOVE.

[Lights out on FORDS. Back to the PAGES, with sounds of horses and guests arriving.]

MRS. PAGE

Good lord—our guests are here! Quickly—the barbecue! [QUICKLY rushes off.]  
George—the door! [PAGE takes his station.] Nan—the dinner bell!

[PAGES take their welcoming positions as everyone in Windsor descends.]

MRS. PAGE

Lordy lord—they're here! Quickly—the barbecue! [QUICKLY rushes off.] George—the door! [PAGE takes his station.] Nan—the dinner bell!

[PAGES take their welcoming positions as everyone in Windsor descends.]

**♪ SONG: “THROWDOWN IN WINDSOR”**



ALL  
SMELL THE CHILIES ROASTING WHILE THE  
HACIENDA DOOR IS SWINGING  
OPEN ON THE HOST AND ALL THE  
FAM-I-LY IN CHORUS SINGING

PAGES AND QUICKLY  
WELCOME TO THE BARBECUE, YOU  
ALL COME IN AND PRAY A MERRY  
GRACE TO GOD, ENGAGING HIM TO  
BLESS OUR FEAST THIS VERY DAY.

[MISSANNE grabs and starts to ring the giant triangular “dinner bell.”]

MISSANNE  
Come and get it, or we’ll give it to the dogs!!

ALL  
THROWDOWN IN WINDSOR

LUCAS AND CHESTER  
BAR THE DOOR GET READY FOR THE

CONSUELA, GRACE AND RUBY  
SHOWDOWN IN WINDSOR

LUCAS AND CHESTER  
NO NEED TO BE POLITE—THE

CONSUELA, GRACE AND RUBY  
HOEDOWN BEGINS ‘ER

SHERIFF BOB  
THAT KICK THE DUSTIN’ CATTLE BUSTIN’

SHERIFF BOB, LUCAS AND CHESTER  
COWPOKE THAT WINS ‘ER’S  
GOT THE BIGGEST APPETITE

ALL  
COME ON, THROWDOWN IN WINDSOR TONIGHT!

MRS. FORD  
Why, Colonel John— such bravery in the face of such torment—

FALSTAFF  
There I was, bleeding the wounded blood of a celebrated soldier of war, the demons of battle pullin’ on my torn, tattered, and much-decorated uniform. Ma’am, I was surrounded—fightin’ off two or three hundred or a dozen o’them varmints per hour with a single sword that was hacked up like a handsaw.

MRS. PAGE  
Heartless Yankees!

FALSTAFF

Going forward would be suicide. Turning back would be cowardly. Standing still, ill advised. I took a deep breath, possibly my last, and tasted what might have been my final, sweet, luscious gulp of 100-proof distilled Kentucky bourbon. So with guns blazing, and my men squarely in front of me, I charged forward, capturing not only every one of those ninny enemy soldiers, but also this shiny, pointy, dented medal of distinction in the process—or was it this one?

MRS. PAGE

And where was this bloodbath of a battle that nearly took your heroic life?

FALSTAFF

Have you heard of the battle of Red Ridge?

MR. PAGE

Can't say as I have—

FALSTAFF

Then that's where it was! —But enough about me and my foolish legendary feats of awe inspiring—awe. Tonight's about your lovely daughter, the belle of the ball—or the throwdown, or whatever—

[DR. CAIUS enters with his violin and a bouquet of yellow roses.]

CAIUS

Madame Pahj!

MRS. PAGE

Why, look who's here! Nan, come say "bone swarr" to Dr. Caius!

SLENDER

[To PAGE] "Father" Page!

PAGE

Nan, it's Master Slender come a'callin'!

MISSANNE

[Turning to QUICKLY] Miss Quickly—

QUICKLY

Just humor 'em, sugar. Enjoy the attention while it lasts. Life has a way of workin' out—sometimes even in your favor.

CAIUS

[To QUICKLY] You zink ze maid MissAnnePahj canna love me, no?

QUICKLY

Dr. Chaos, you do have that certain "juno say quoy."

[CAIUS hands bouquet to MISSANNE.]

CAIUS

Mademoiselle—

MISSANNE

[Humoring him] Thank you, Doctor Caius.

CAIUS

Alors. Ecoutez...

[CAIUS pulls out his fiddle.]

**♪ SONG: "CAIUS'S THEME"**

IN THE SALONS OF PARIS  
ALL THE WOMEN FOUND ME CHIC  
I HAD A GIFT, JUST CALL IT "SAVOIR FAIRE."

BUT WHEN I CAME OUT WEST TO WINDSOR,  
ZERE I TOOK ON NEW MISTIQUE  
ZE MAN OF DEEDS WITH ZE CONTINENTAL FLAIR.

PEUT-ETRE ZIS IS WHY YOU FEELS ZE STRONG ATTRACTION  
YOU MUST SEE ME AS YOUR NOBLE MUSKETEER  
BUT WHEN I GIRD MY LOINS AND GALVANIZE POUR L'ACTION,  
YOU WEEL SWOON BEFORE ZIS LUSTY PIONEER!

AND WHEN ZE MOON IS SHINING BRIGHT  
I WEEL BE ON MY WAY TONIGHT  
BY ZE LIGHT OF ZE PRAIRIE...

[HE plays extended flourish. In the distance, a hound dog howls.]

MOON!

PAGE

[Steering CAIUS away] Step aside, Doc.

SHERIFF BOB

Woo her, boy! [Pushes SLENDER toward MISSANNE.]

MISSANNE

[Aside] That dog won't hunt...

SLENDER

Howdy, MissAnne.

MISSANNE

Howdy, Slender.

SLENDER

Nice dress, MissAnne.

MISSANNE

Thank you, Slender.

[He reaches out and starts to feel the fabric of her dress, but SHERIFF BOB slaps his hand.]

**♪ SONG: "SLENDER'S THEME"**

SLENDER [on mouth bow]  
 TELL ME, YALLER PRAIRIE MOON,  
 IS SOMEONE WAITING FOR ME OUT THERE ON THE PRAIR--IE  
 JUST FOR ME?  
 DUM DUM DUM DUM DUM DE DIGGIE DIGGIE  
 SHE'S SO...DUM DUM DUM DUM DE DIGGIE DIGGIE  
 EYES ARE LIKE A COW, THEY'RE BLUE...

[GUESTS applaud.]

CAIUS  
 Qu'est-ce que c'est que ca? Vat are you ding?!

SLENDER  
 Serenadin' MissAnne.

[SLENDER starts playing again.]

CAIUS  
 I'll "doodle de dum dum" you -- you little peep squip!

[CAIUS pulls the harp from SLENDER'S mouth and lightly slaps his face with his kid leather gloves. The crowd reacts. Tensions escalate.]

SLENDER  
 Uncle Bob, he hit me!

SHERIFF BOB  
 What're you doin' to my nephew, you frog eatin' Frenchie?! I'll send you back to Paris on a platter!

[SHERIFF BOB takes a swing at CAIUS and the two of them go at it. OTHERS try to separate them, but fighting escalates into a choreographed classic Western hoedown/brawl. MISSANNE runs off. Within the scenario, FALSTAFF dances with and noses up to the WIVES, fueling FORD to storm off.]

ALL  
 BRING ON THE FRACAS  
 FALL INTO THAT CHICK'N STEW  
 WON'T NOBODY MAKE US  
 LEAVE A SINGLE BITE

SHERIFF BOB  
 THEM

GALS GETTIN' FRISKY  
 FIDDLES PLAY YOU BETTER STAY  
 AND DRINK ALL THE WHISKEY  
 IN WINDSOR TONIGHT

ALL  
 THROWDOWN IN WINDSOR  
 BAR THE DOOR GET READY FOR THE  
 SHOWDOWN TO WINDSOR  
 NO NEED TO BE POLITE  
 THE HOEDOWN BEGINS 'ER  
 THAT KICK THE DUSTIN' CATTLE BUSTIN' SHERIFF BOB,

THROWDOWN IN WINDSOR

ALL

TO-  
OO-  
NIG  
GHHT!

CAUIS & SLENDER  
THROWDOWN IN WINDSOR

SHERIFF BOB & CAUIS  
THROWDOWN IN WINDSOR

SLENDER  
THROWDOWN IN WINDSOR

**ACT ONE, SCENE 5: OUT ON THE PRAIRIE**

[MISSANNE is looking up at the moon. FORD appears.]

FORD

Hey, there, MissAnne.

MISSANNE

Mr. Ford—where're you off to in such a hurry?

FORD

We still got some stray cattle from the stampede down on the South 40, and someone's gotta round 'em up. I've had my fill of Colonels and Throwdowns —no offense—

MISSANNE

You're not the only one. You need some help?

FORD

Oh, that's all right. I got it covered— [mounting his horse] See you later. Giddy-up! [He rides off.]

MISSANNE

Don't work too hard. [Aside] Now that's the type of man who can win a girl's heart— someone like that might suit me fine. Maybe a little more gentle and kind, and a tad more romantic...

**♪ SONG: "PRAIRIE MOON"**

TELL ME, PRAIRIE MOON, IS THERE SOMEONE  
OUT RIDIN' ON THE PRAIRIE TONIGHT?  
IS HE LONESOME AND BLUE?  
OR DOES HE SHINE JUST LIKE YOU?  
WILL HE EVER FIND ME OUT HERE IN YOUR MOONLIGHT?

WON'T YOU TELL HIM, PRAIRIE MOON, THAT I'M WAITIN'?  
JUST HOPIN' HE NEEDS A GAL THAT'S TRUE  
WON'T YOU TELL ME THAT YOU  
KNOW HE'S RIDING HERE SOON  
YOU BIG BEAUTIFUL PRAIRIE MOON?

SHADOWS GET TURNED INTO DREAMS  
WAY OUT HERE IN YOUR LIGHT  
DON'T YOU SHINE ON OTHER PLACES  
MYSTERIES THAT FLY ON BRIGHT WINGS  
THROUGH THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT  
CAN YOU SEE THEIR FACES?

[FENTON is revealed in silhouette against the prairie moon.]

WON'T YOU TELL HIM, PRAIRIE MOON, I'M STILL WAITIN'  
YOU KEEP ON SHINING

BUT HOW DO I KNOW WHAT TO DO?  
WON'T YOU TELL ME THAT YOU  
KNOW HE'S RIDING HERE SOON  
YOU BIG BEAUTIFUL PRAIRIE MOON

FENTON  
YO-DE-LAY-EE--HOO---

MISSANNE  
OH, BEAUTIFUL PRAIRIE MOON!

[FENTON appears.]

FENTON  
Howdy ma'am.

MISSANNE  
“Howdy” yourself.

FENTON  
My name's Fenton. I'm a yodeling cowboy.

MISSANNE  
I thought I was dreamin' you-- I mean-- I heard you yodelin'—

FENTON  
I heard you singin'--

BOTH  
[Simultaneously] Sure sounded purdy!

MISSANNE  
My name's Anne, but you can call me Nan.

FENTON  
All right, I will! Nan—this is my horse, Dusty.

MISSANNE  
That's a fine name for a horse.

[Dusty's head moves and we hear a whinny.]

FENTON  
Me and Dusty were just passing through, looking for work on one of these ranches, when we heard beautiful singing, so I just had to stop, find out what angel it was coming from, and probably fall in love.

MISSANNE  
You don't say...

FENTON  
It's like the moon was telling me to come this way, if I could read moonlight.

MISSANNE

Maybe you can! Maybe we both can.

**♪ REPRISE: "PRAIRIE MOON"**

BOTH

SHADOWS GET TURNED INTO DREAMS  
WAY OUT HERE IN YOUR LIGHT  
DON'T YOU SHINE ON OTHER PLACES  
MYSTERIES THAT FLY ON BRIGHT WINGS  
THROUGH THE BLUE OF THE NIGHT  
CAN YOU SEE THEIR FACES?

[Their eyes lock, and they start to kiss, when suddenly, PAGE, MRS.  
PAGE and QUICKLY appear.]

MRS. PAGE

George, a mouth-bow  
lacks the sophistication of a violin.  
a finely tuned instrument that...

PAGE

Margaret Anne, I hear what  
You're saying – but you have to...

PAGE

WHOA! What the hell's goin' on over here—and who are you?

FENTON

My name's Fenton. I'm a yodeling—

PAGE

What the hell you doin' with my daughter?

MISSANNE

It's not what you think.

PAGE

Is he a stranger?

MISSANNE

Yes.

PAGE

Is he a cowboy?

MISSANNE

Yes.

PAGE

Did he kiss you?

MISSANNE

Yes.

PAGE

It's what I think.



MRS. PAGE

My daughter's spoken for!

FENTON

I'm sorry-- I didn't mean to-- I was jus' lookin' for work--

PAGE

Well, you're lookin' in the wrong place, stranger! Now you get off my property and away from my daughter!

MISANNE

Daddy!

PAGE

—And don't come back here or I'll kill you!

FENTON

Sorry, sir, I—

MISSANNE

Lordy lord, Daddy!!

PAGE

You heard me buster-- [Pulls out gun] Get moving!

MRS. PAGE

Come on, Nan. We're goin' on back to the house. George—

MISSANNE

[Seeking help] Miss Quickly—

PAGE

[To MISSANNE as they exit] Good golly, Nan. What were you thinkin'?!]

QUICKLY

[Lingering behind] She's got good taste. I'll give her that.

[QUICKLY exits. A small campfire rolls out from the wings. He settles in for the night.]

FENTON

Things sure happen fast here in Windsor, huh Dusty?

[DUSTY'S head moves and we hear a whinny. FENTON laughs.]

FENTON

I know, Dusty, I saw that too. [Another whinny.] Now settle down -- I'll find a way to see that girl again and make her mine. [Getting himself settled] For tonight, though, it's just you and me. [One more whinny.] Oh, all right, Dusty, I'll sing you a song.

[DUSTY'S head moves and we hear another whinny.]

**♪ SONG: "COWBOY'S DREAM"**

A COWBOY DREAMS UNDER STARRY SKIES  
WHEN THOSE BLUE SHADOWS FALL

OUT IN A TRAILSIDE CAMP NEAR THE EDGE OF TOWN  
BY A LONESOME FIRESIDE

BUT WHEN THIS COWBOY DREAMS TONIGHT  
THAT EVENING STAR WON'T LIGHT THE SCENE  
THOSE LOVIN' TEXAS EYES WILL LIGHT THE SKY  
SHE'S A COWBOY'S DREAM

OH WHAT A HEART SO TRUE  
WHAT A COWBOY WOULDN'T DO  
I KNOW THAT I'VE GOT TO MAKE HER MINE  
AND LEAVE MY RAMBLING WAYS BEHIND

BARDOLPH,  
PISTOL & NYM  
OOOO-OOOO  
OOOO-OOOO

OH-YO-DE-LE DEE-TEE  
YO-DE-LE-DEE-TEE  
FROM OLD EL PASO CLEAN ON UP TO ABILENE  
I NEVER FOUND A GAL SO TRUE

OLD PRAIRIE MOON WON'T YOU RISE UP BRIGHT  
AND LIGHT MY WAY WHEN YOU SHINE YOUR BEAM  
TO FIND THAT GAL TONIGHT  
BECAUSE I'VE SET MY SIGHT  
ON A COWBOY'S DREAM  
YO-DE-O-DE-LAY-DE-O-DE -

QUICKLY [ENTERING]

YO-DE-O-DE-LAY-DE-O-DE -TEE

FENTON

Miss— Quickly, is it?

QUICKLY

Quickly it is. I don't know what you did, boy, but you've given that girl some kind of mad cowboy disease.

FENTON

What am I gonna do, Miss Quickly? Her daddy wants to kill me, but I just gotta see Nan again, let her know I love her, finish that kiss we started, and make her mine. And in that order, I'm thinkin'.

QUICKLY

It won't be easy.

FENTON

I know it's a long shot, but I got a pretty good aim.

QUICKLY

Good answer, Mr. Fenton. Faint heart never won fair lady.

TWO LOVING TENDER HEARTS  
SHOULD NEVER BE APART  
THAT'S NOT THE WAY TRUE LOVE SHOULD BE

I KNOW A COWBOY DREAMS AT NIGHT  
BUT BY THE DAY WE'LL MAKE A SCHEME  
THAT LITTLE TEXAS GAL  
WILL BE YOUR PAL  
SHE'S A COWBOY'S DREAM

FENTON BAND  
YO-DE-O-DEL-E-DE-O-DEE-TEE 000-000

QUICKLY  
YO-DEL-E-HE-O-DEE-TEE 000-000

FENTON  
YO-DE-O-DEL-E-DE-O-DEE-HOO 000-000

QUICKLY  
YO-DEL-E-HE-O-DEE-HOO 000-000

FENTON & QUICKLY  
A-DE-O-LE-HE-O-DE-LE-HE-O-DE-LE-HE-O-DE-LE-HE

QUICKLY  
AND JUST AS DARK AS THINGS MAY SEEM  
AND WHEN THE MOON SHINES AGAIN TONIGHT

FENTON & QUICKLY  
I (YOU) WON'T NEED HER SILVERY BEAM  
THOSE LOVING TEXAS EYES  
WILL LIGHT THE SKY  
IN A COWBOY'S DREAM  
THAT LITTLE TEXAS GAL WILL BE A SPECIAL PAL—

QUICKLY  
Go get her, Cowboy.!

FENTON  
I sure will.

FENTON & QUICKLY  
SHE'S A COWBOY'S DREAM...

[QUICKLY exits. FENTON and BAND plays CODA as we shift the prairie to the saloon. FENTON withdraws.]

**ACT ONE, SCENE 6 - THE GARTER SALOON**

[BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM step forward, THEY sing...]

BARDOLPH, PISTOL AND NYM  
BARDOLPH, PISTOL AND NYM  
OUT WHERE PICKIN'S ARE SLIM  
TAKE OUR DRINKS ON CREDIT  
BIG JOHN SAID IT—GET IT FROM HIM.

BARMAN  
Wag and trot, bully rooks! Bar tabs must be paid!

BARDOLPH, PISTOL AND NYM  
BIG JOHN FALSTAFF—

[FALSTAFF bursts through the saloon doors and interrupts them.]

FALSTAFF

Can it, boys—can it and listen up. The fact is, I've found me a prize—two of the finest lookin' heifers to ever grace the eyes. Married ones it seems, to two of the biggest cattle ranchers in the State of Texas. [No response.] Now I mean to make love to Ford's wife. I spy entertainment in her. She discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation. [No response.] I'm gonna write me a love letter to Mrs. Ford, and another to Mrs. Page, who gave me good eyes, too. Sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, and sometimes my portly belly. I'm gonna butter up these merry wives, woo 'em both, and enjoy their husband's money.

PISTOL

Husbands with guns!

NYM

Surely you jest.

BARDOLPH

You can't be serious.

FALSTAFF

I'll show you serious—you good for nothin' ingrates! You've been mooching off of me and cramping my style for the last time. You're lude, crude, uncouth and unkempt. Without me, you're nothin' more than three dirty pennies beggin' for change. Now I have some poetical letters to compose, and I don't want to see your sorry ass faces around here again—! I'm movin' up in this upwardly mobile society and you're goin' down. So clear out, git—you're FIRED!

[They silently retreat to the bandstand. FALSTAFF pulls out a feather pen, paper and envelopes. He sits at table. Lights reveal MRS. PAGE and MRS. FORD entering above, each in her own space and each open a letter.]

FALSTAFF

[Writing] "Dear Mrs. Page" — "Dear Mrs. Ford"—

**♪ SONG: "ASK ME NO REASON"**

ASK ME NO REASON WHY  
 I LOVE YOU, MY DEAR  
 YOU THREW ME A SPARK  
 IT GLOWED IN THE DARK  
 NOW CUPID'S ARROW  
 IS STUCK IN MY MARROW – DIDN'T LOVE

WIVES

LOVE – LOVE

FALSTAFF

EVER COME UP BEHIND AND SHOVE –

WIVES

SHOVE

FALSTAFF

YOU, MY DEAR  
 LET'S JUMP OFF A CLIFF—I'LL FOLLOW YOU IF YOU'LL

WIVES

OO--

OO—

FALSTAFF AND WIVES

LEAD ME TO LOVE'S HIDDEN SHRINE

FALSTAFF

MRS. PAGE—

MRS. PAGE

MRS. PAGE

FALSTAFF

OR MRS. FORD—

MRS. FORD

MRS. FORD BE MINE—

FALSTAFF

BE MINE

MRS. PAGE

MRS. PAGE,

MRS. FORD

MRS. FORD,

WIVES

...WON'T YOU BE MINE.

FALSTAFF

ASK ME WHY

WIVES  
ASK ME NO REASON WHY

FALSTAFF  
REASON WHY

WIVES  
ASK ME NO REASON

FALSTAFF  
I PLACE NO BODY ABOVE YOU  
YOU LIKE CAKE,

WIVES  
I LIKE CAKE—I LIKE PIE

FALSTAFF  
I EAT PIE

FALSTAFF AND WIVES  
YOU LOVE DRINK AND SO DO I

FALSTAFF  
THE WORLD IS A STAGE

WIVES  
WORLD IS A STAGE

FALSTAFF  
WHEN YOU'RE ADORED

WIVES  
WHEN YOU'RE ADORED

FALSTAFF  
WOAH, MRS. PAGE, WOAH WOAH WOAH, MRS. FORD  
I FEEL FAINT, MAYBE WE SHOULD RECLINE  
I'M NOT YOUNG, YOU'RE NOT EITHER, BUT  
I WON'T TAKE A BREATHER UNTIL

FALSTAFF AND WIVES  
AFTER WE'VE INTERTWINED

FALSTAFF  
MISSUS PAGE—

MRS. PAGE  
MISSUS PAGE

FALSTAFF  
MISSUS FORD—

MRS. PAGE  
MISSUS FORD

FALSTAFF  
OUT ON THE SAGE YOU'RE UNEXPLORED  
MISSUS FORD AND MISSUS PAGE,  
LIKE A POOR NEGLECTED FLOWER FADES WITH EVERY HOUR

WIVES  
AH— A— AH— A—

FALSTAFF  
WE ALL NEED LOVE!

WIVES  
WE ALL NEED LOVE!

FALSTAFF  
YES, WE DO – YOU KNOW THAT  
I'D BRING YOU A FLOWER AND  
IF I HAD THE POWER –

WIVES  
AH— A— OO— [ETC.]

FALSTAFF  
I'D SHOW THE WORLD  
I'M THINKING

FALSTAFF AND WIVES  
OF YOU—

FALSTAFF  
MISSUS PAGE

MRS. PAGE  
MISSUS PAGE

FALSTAFF  
AND MISSUS FORD—

MRS. PAGE  
MISSUS FORD

FALSTAFF  
YOU'RE IN A CAGE – YOU'VE BEEN IGNORED  
DON'T GIVE UP ON LOVE—

FALSTAFF AND WIVES  
SPREAD YOUR WINGS AND FLY—

FALSTAFF  
BUT ASK ME NO REASON WHY—[RETARD]

WIVES

“FOREVER YOURS, COLONEL JOHN FALSTAFF”

[MRS. PAGE and MRS. FORD withdraw, as FALSTAFF passes each letter by his underarms for the scent, seals them and exits.]



**ACT ONE, SCENE 8: THE PAGE RANCH**

[MRS. PAGE enters reading her “love letter.” Clip-clop of horse.]

MRS. FORD

[Heard from a distance] Yoo-hoo! Margaret Anne! [To her horse] Whoa!

MRS. PAGE

[Hiding her letter] Over here, Aggie!

MRS. FORD

[Entering] There you are—!

MRS. PAGE

What’s goin’ on?

MRS. FORD

Oh—nothin’ much. I was just ridin’ by—

MRS. PAGE

Nonsense. Something’s goin’ on. I can see it in your face.

MRS. FORD

Here— [Taking out letter and handing it to MRS. PAGE] Read! Perceive! [MRS. PAGE reads.] Have you ever seen the like?

MRS. PAGE

Letter for letter! [Revealing her letter] Take a gander.

[They switch letters, read, look at each other again, switch letters back.]

MRS. FORD

Why it’s the same, the very hand, the very words!

MRS. PAGE

I bet the man has a thousand of these letters, writ with a blank space for different names!

BOTH

Who knew?!

**SONG: “ANOTHER MAN’S HAT”**

HE HAD REAL FINE MANNERS, HE WAS QUITE WELL VERSED

MRS. FORD

TELL THE TRUTH, SHAME THE DEVIL!

MRS. PAGE

AND I’VE GOT TO ADMIT -- I WAS FLATTERED AT FIRST

MRS. FORD

Really?! So was I.

MRS. PAGE

You, too?!

BUT WHAT MADE HIM THINK WE COULD BE COERCED?

MRS. FORD  
WE THOUGHT HE WAS ON THE LEVEL

MRS. PAGE  
IF YOU LOOK FOR THE BEST YOU BEST LOOK OUT FOR THE WORST

BOTH  
MAYBE WE SHOULD TELL THE BOYS  
I HATE TO THINK ABOUT ALL THAT NOISE

MRS. FORD  
“LEAVE IT TO THE MENFOLK!”

MRS. PAGE  
“STAY HOME, DEAR!”

BOTH  
AIN'T WHAT WE WANT TO HEAR!

MRS. FORD  
BESIDES, MY MAN FRANK'S GOT A REAL HOT HEAD

MRS. PAGE  
TELL THE TRUTH SHAME THE DEVIL!

MRS. FORD  
BEEN THAT WAY SINCE THE DAY WE WED

MRS. PAGE  
HE GETS HOT, QUITE A LOT

MRS. FORD  
WELL, HE'D DRAW DOWN QUICK AND FILL HIM FULL OF LEAD

MRS. PAGE  
SELL YOUR HORSE TO KEEP THE SADDLE

MRS. FORD  
WHY DON'T WE TELL YOUR HUSBAND INSTEAD?

MRS. PAGE  
WELL, IT'S TRUE MY MAN IS SLOW TO HEAT UP  
HE MAKES HIS PLAN WITH HIS FEET UP  
BUT HIM AND FRANK ARE BOUND TO MEET UP  
AND THEY BOTH HAVE A CODE SAYS FLAT  
”NEVER TRY ON ANOTHER MAN'S HAT!”

BOTH  
DIDN'T YOUR MAMA EVER TEACH YOU THAT?  
YOU NEVER TRY ON ANOTHER MAN'S HAT!

[CHORUS]

BETTERTAKE IT FROM HERE  
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE

YEAH, WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE!  
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE!

MRS. PAGE

DON'T NEED NO—

BOTH

GUN-TOTING CATAWOMPUS COWBOY TO RUN AMOUK US

MRS. PAGE

COWGALS—

MRS. FORD

COWGALS

BOTH

CAN RAISE A RUKUS TOO!

MRS. FORD

WE COULD STAND UP

MRS. PAGE

STAND UP

MRS. FORD

ON OUR OWN

BOTH

STAND UP RIGHT NOW!

MRS. FORD

DON'T YOU GET THE FEELING

BOTH

THIS TIME IT'S UP TO ME AND YOU—

LOVE GROWS COLD OR IT CAN BURN TOO BRIGHT  
YOU'VE GOT TO TEND THAT FIRE TO MAKE IT BURN JUST RIGHT  
IT'S A BATTLE -- YOU AND I, WE DIDN'T WANT A FIGHT  
WE'VE GOT TO TAKE TWO MEN AND MAKE 'EM SEE THE LIGHT

MRS. PAGE

WE'RE GONNA MAKE IT—

WE CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE—

WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE

DON'T NEED NO TWO-FACED FOUR-FLUSHING FAT MAN  
RIDING ON A HIGH HORSE TRYING TO TRUMP US!

BOTH

GET OFF -- YOU BIT OFF MORE THAN YOU CAN CHEW  
WATCH WHAT YOU DO - IF YOU DON'T KNOW TROUBLE

JUST COME INTO MY HOUSE RAISING A RUMPUS  
YOU'RE GONNA FIND TROUBLE BY THE TIME WE'RE THROUGH

WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE  
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE  
AND IF YOUR MAMA NEVER TAUGHT YOU THAT  
"YOU NEVER TRY ON ANOTHER MAN'S HAT!"

WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE  
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE  
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE

WE CAN TAKE IT FROM HERE  
WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE  
WE CAN TAKE IT FROM—

WE'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE!

MRS. PAGE

C'mon gal, we got some fish to fry.

MRS. FORD

The fat's in the fire!

[WIVES exit.]

**ACT ONE, SCENE 9: THE PAGE RANCH BARN**

[PAGE is busy working. FORD enters.]

PAGE

Ford.

FORD

Page. I'm just checkin' to see if you found any more of your strays... missin' from the stampede?

PAGE

Nope.

FORD

Nope?

PAGE

Nope. Like I told you this morning when you asked me the same question. Nope.

FORD

Okay. Nope.

[PAGE goes back to work, but FORD doesn't leave.]

PAGE

Anything else?

FORD

Nope. Just the cattle thing. [Beat.] What about that Colonel, huh? War hero my butt! Did you see how he was carrying on with my wife?! I swear, the very thought of a man like that toying with my Aggie's affections makes my blood boil.

PAGE

Look at you, Frank. Your bolts, hinges and nuts are gettin' all unloosed.

FORD

You're right. Aggie has that effect on me. Don't you ever worry about Margaret Anne?

PAGE

I have two theories on how to handle my wife. Neither one of 'em works.

FORD

Well, maybe I'm overreactin', but I love that woman more than a man loves anything—his cattle included.

[BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM enter playing their signature vamp.]

PAGE

What the hay—?

**♪ SONG: "BALLAD OF JOHN FALSTAFF (REPRISE)"**

BARDOLPH, PISTOL & NYM  
 BARDOLPH, PISTOL AND NYM  
 BRING THE NEWS AND IT'S GRIM  
 BIG JOHN FALSTAFF NEVER FAILS  
 TO GET WHAT'S COMING TO HIM

FORD

What are you sayin'?!

BARDOLPH, PISTOL & NYM  
 THERE'S GALS THAT TRIED TO RESIST  
 THEY ALL WOUND UP IN A TRYST  
 IT'S NO SURPRISE THEM MERRY WIVES  
 OF YOURS ARE DOWN ON HIS LIST  
  
 SO NYM PISTOL AND BARDOLPH  
 SWEAT THE TRAITORS OATH  
 WATCH OUT FOR YOUR WOMEN  
 CAUSE BIG JOHN'S AFTER 'EM BOTH!

[BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM retreat to the bandstand.]

PAGE

I've never heard such drawling, affecting rogues.

FORD

Do you think there's any truth in them?

PAGE

Hell, no! Even so, if the Colonel were to approach my wife, I'd set her loose on him! If he got more out of her than smart words, I'd give you my prize heifer.

FORD

A man may be too confident—

PAGE

Or too suspecting, my friend. Don't think on it. Enjoy what you have. [PAGE exits.]

FORD

[To audience] Though Page stands securely on his wife's fidelity, I cannot put off my opinion so easily. I know that Colonel's up to no good. I think I'll pay him a visit—and I have just the disguise to sound Falstaff out. If I find my wife is honest, I lose not my labor. If she be otherwise—'tis labor well bestowed.

**ACT ONE, SCENE 10: THE GARTER SALOON**

[FALSTAFF, paces. QUICKLY enters nonchalantly.]

QUICKLY

Colonel Falstaff?

FALSTAFF

Why, if it isn't Mrs. –

QUICKLY

Quickly—Miss Quickly.

FALSTAFF

To what do I owe the pleasure, *Miss* Quickly?

QUICKLY

Mrs. Ford sent me.

FALSTAFF

Mrs. Ford?!

QUICKLY

She received your letter, for which she thanks you a thousand times. And she wants you to know that her husband, Mr. Ford, will be absent from his ranch between the hours of ten and eleven.

FALSTAFF

Ten and eleven.

QUICKLY

Her husband, Mr. Ford, will be out sloppin' his hogs at that time. The sweet woman leads an ill life with him. He's a very coarse man-- and *jealous*?! I'd sooner mess with a rattlesnake than sample the venom of Joe Frank Ford! You best be warned!

FALSTAFF

Calm yourself. This is "Big John" you're talkin' to. I've handled much worse than the likes of this cowpoke.

[FALSTAFF starts up the staircase to his room.]

QUICKLY

Whoa! There's more.

[FALSTAFF reverses direction and descends.]

FALSTAFF

More's better!

QUICKLY

Mrs. Page received your fragrant letter and desires your company as well! Her husband, Mr. Page, is seldom away from his ranch, but she hopes there will come a time.

FALSTAFF

Splendid! Tell me this—do the two ladies know of each other's plans, or that each has received my poetical letter?

QUICKLY

Now wouldn't that be rich?! I leave you to prepare—and suggest you do what you can, other than drinking, to build up the stamina you'll need for your 'visitation.' Surely I think you have charms, yes sirree—I think you do!

FALSTAFF

Setting aside the attraction of my good parts, I have no other charms.

QUICKLY

I'll settle for the charm of your good parts.

FALSTAFF

I hope to see more of you, too, Miss Quickly.

QUICKLY

Have a nice day. [She exits.]

FALSTAFF

This news ignites me! Good body, I thank you!

[Mexican guitar riff as FORD enters, disguised as RIVERA and employing semblance of a bad Spanish accent.]

[In a generous moment, seeing only one patron] Drinks all around!

FORD

[Toasting FALSTAFF] Gracias, Señor. My name is Rivera. [Revealing a bag of coins] I am a gentleman with mucho *dinero*.

FALSTAFF

Colonel John Falstaff at your service, Señor.

FORD

Jou seem so—*joyously joyous*. In my country, we believe that when a man shares news of his good fortune with another, such fortune is then possible for both. Will jou share jour *joyous* news with me—the other of us both?

FALSTAFF

Señor, have you ever seen a woman—a *señora*—so captivating that you momentarily considered giving up drinking just to make sure you were clearly seeing what it was you were seeing before you started drinking again?

FORD

I have known one such señora, jes.

FALSTAFF

Now, imagine *two* of them, each one better than the next. One in particular is *so* enamored with me, she desires that I come to her when she knows her husband is away.



FORD

And does this señora have a name?

FALSTAFF

Her name, señor, is Ford. Aggie Ford.

[FORD jumps up, barely able to control himself.]

Does that name ring a bell?

FORD

[Desperate to keep control] I will tell you. I know this woman—señora you speak of, and I, too, have desperately longed for her affectioné, but to no avail.

FALSTAFF

Maybe I can help. If you have the wherewithal, and the price is right, I could mention you to the lady—and after I've finished 'exploring the territory,' you can follow!

FORD

[Aching] You will really do this? Really? You will do this!? Really?!?!]

FALSTAFF

For the right price.

[FORD throws a bag of pesos on the table.]

That looks right. [Grabbing the money] Señor Rivera, I will make bold with your pesos, as I am a gentleman, you shall enjoy Ford's wife.

FORD

I kiss your-- hand!

FALSTAFF

I will be with the Señora this very day, between the hours of ten and eleven.

FORD

What?!]

FALSTAFF

That's the time her husband will be out sloppin' his hogs—which believe me, is a blessing—considerin' he's a raving jealous lunatic!

FORD

Do you know Ford, Señor?

FALSTAFF

Hang the poor fool! Yet I'm wrong to call him "poor"—I hear the devil has masses of land and money. I'll use his wife as the key to his coffers, and there's my harvest home! Adios, Señor. Come to me mañana and I'll tell you how I fare. You, too, shall have her, Señor! You, too, shall cuckold Ford! [He exits.]

[FALSTAFF exits gleefully.]

FORD

What a damned Epicurean rascal is this? My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife has sent for him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Can any man see this—the hell of having a false woman? God be praised for my jealousy!

I'LL TAKE NO CHANCES

I'LL FORM A POSSE SWIFT AND VENGEFUL SHALL WE RIDE

SALOON GIRLS

ONLY A FOOL...

FORD

TO SERVE UP JUSTICE WE'LL DISMOUNT, THEN BUST INSIDE  
ARRIVING IN FORCE DURING THE COURSE OF THEIR PLEASURE

SALOON GIRLS

ONLY A FOOL...

FORD

PLEADING REMORSE, FEARING DIVORCE, REPENTING AT LEISURE

SALOON GIRLS

ONLY A FOOL...

FORD

NOW TO MY HORSE, I MUST ENFORCE, MEASURE FOR MEASURE  
NONE WOULD ENDORSE THE ALTERNATE COURSE—  
LOSING MY TREASURE

SALOON GIRLS

ONLY A FOOL WOULD MARRY FOR LOVE!

BARDOLPH, PISTOL AND NYM AND

SALOON GIRLS

HE'S A PEAKING CORNUTO HIDING BEHIND EVERY PINON  
NONE PITY EL TONTO CELOSO THE POOR JEALOUS FOOL  
NONE PITY EL TONTO CELOSO THE POOR JEALOUS FOOL!

**ACT ONE, SCENE 11: THE FORD RANCH**

[Enter MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE.]

MRS. FORD

Lucas! Chester!

LUCAS AND CHESTER

[Off stage.] Ma'am!

MRS. FORD

Bring in the buck-basket!

LUCAS AND CHESTER

[Off stage.] Yes ma'am!

MRS. PAGE

Quickly—quickly!

LUCAS AND CHESTER

[Off stage.] Comin'.

[LUCAS and CHESTER enter with a very large wicker basket.]

MRS. FORD

Set it here—

MRS. PAGE

Give your men the charge. We must be brief.

MRS. FORD

Boys, wait out by the bunkhouse; and when I call you, come in and take up the basket. That done, trudge it in all haste down to Devil Creek, and empty it in the muddy ditch.

CHESTER & LUCAS

Yes, ma'am.

[LUCAS and CHESTER exit. QUICKLY enters.]

QUICKLY

He's here.

[Taking her place on the sofa with her guitar. Others scatter and hide.]

**♪ SONG: "LONE STAR LOVE" – PRELUDE**

MRS. FORD

I'M LOOKING FOR  
A GREAT BIG CERTAIN COWBOY  
BREAK DOWN THAT DOOR  
'CAUSE I'M THROUGH FLIRTIN' NOW, BOY—  
HERE'S A HEART THAT BEATS WITH UNCONTROLLED ANTICIPATION  
UNFOLD YOUR HANDKERCHIEF AND GENTLY DAB THE  
PERSPIRATION

FROM MY FEVERED BROW  
I NEED A LITTLE LONESTAR LOVE

AND WHAT'S THIS FEELING HAS ME PEELING  
HAT AND SCARF AND GLOVE?  
I NEED A MAN RIGHT NOW BOY

FALSTAFF [Entering]

HOW 'BOUT 300 POUNDS OF WOW, BOY?!

MRS. FORD

BOY I'M HELPLESS AND I'M LONELY  
IF I ONLY HAD A LONESTAR LOVE  
I NEED A LITTLE LONESTAR LOVE

FALSTAFF

Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? Then let me die, for I've lived long enough. This is the summit of my ambition. Oh, blessed hour!

MRS. FORD

I beg of you, dear Colonel, to tell me true: is the spell you cast in your letter merely a tease from a battle-fatigued war hero, or truly the charted road map to my endless desires?

FALSTAFF

That one. That second one.

DEAREST MADAM, HAVE NO FEAR, YOUR FEVER AND YOUR  
WANT'LL  
DISAPPEAR THE MOMENT WE'RE – HORIZONTAL  
AND EVEN THOUGH IT'S CLOUDY  
THERE'S A SKY OF BLUE  
I'M FEELING ROWDY  
THE TIME HAS COME MY PRECIOUS JEWEL  
THIS IS THE HOUR OF MY AMBITION  
A MAN'D BE A FOOL TO LEAVE YOU HERE IN THIS POSITION  
I KNOW YOU NEED SOME LOVIN'

LET'S GET THOSE BISCUITS OUT THE OVEN  
CAUSE I NEED A LITTLE LONESTAR LOVE

MRS. FORD  
OH, COLONEL JACKIE—

MRS. FORD & FALSTAFF  
I NEED A LITTLE LONESTAR LOVE

MRS. FORD  
My heart flutters, but I fear you love Mrs. Page.

FALSTAFF  
Mrs. Who?! I barely know her. Pigeon-like, yes?

MRS. PAGE  
[Bobbing up] Why you—

FALSTAFF  
It's you I love. You and only alone!

MRS. FORD  
BUT SWEET COLONEL JOHN, I'M SO AFRAID THAT  
YOU'D LEAVE ME IN A BALL-UP  
IF MRS. PAGE SHOULD COME ON STAGE YOU'D RUN OFF  
WITH THAT TROLLOP  
I COULDN'T BEAR THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF A SPURNED  
AFFECTION  
I'M NOT SOME JELLY ROLL FOR YOU TO

MRS. FORD  
ADD TO YOUR COLLECTION

FALSTAFF  
MY LITTLE DESERT ROSE

FALSTAFF  
YOU CAN'T COMPARE YOURSELF  
TO THAT OLD CACTUS  
JUST NAME ONE SIMILARITY

MRS. FORD  
FAT MEN ATTRACT US

FALSTAFF  
I'D RATHER WALK BY A LATRINE  
OR KISS A WOLVERINE  
BECAUSE IT'S YOU MY LITTLE LONESTAR LOVE  
NOT THAT OLD HEIFER  
IT'S YOU MY LITTLE LONESTAR LOVE!

QUICKLY [Entering]  
LOOK OUT, SHE'S COMING!

MRS. FORD & FALSTAFF  
I NEED A LITTLE LONESTAR LOVE!

QUICKLY

Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Ford! Mrs. Page is at your door, and she's mad. Crazy mad. Puffy-eyed-crazy mad. Insane. Puffy-eyed, blood shot, crazy mad—

MRS. FORD

I got it! [To FALSTAFF] This isn't good. Mrs. Page is quite meddlesome, and below the surface of her gentle demeanor is the temper of a wildcat. You better hide—

FALSTAFF AND MRS FORD

--Behind the screen!

[FALSTAFF goes behind downstage screen in view of the audience. MRS. FORD sits back on the couch. MRS. PAGE bursts in.]

MRS. PAGE

[Entering] Mrs. Ford! Oh, Mrs. Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you're overthrown, you're undone forever!

MRS. FORD

Why, what 's the matter?

MRS. PAGE

Woman, your husband's comin' with a posse--

FALSTAFF

Posse?!

MRS. PAGE

To search for a gentleman he says is here on the ranch by your consent.

MRS. FORD

[Casually] My husband is out sloppin' his hogs—

MRS. PAGE

Oh, no he's not. He's on his way here, with half o' Windsor at his hooves!

FALSTAFF

Oh—mommy!

MRS. PAGE

Defend your reputation-- or bid farewell to your good life forever!

MRS. FORD

What shall I do? There is a gentleman—

FALSTAFF

No!

MRS. PAGE

How could you?!

MRS. FORD

Heaven forgive me—I have strayed—but I fear not so much my own shame as his peril!

MRS. PAGE

Well we can't hide him here. We have to find some way to get him out of the house.  
[Indicating the buck basket] Why, look-- here is a buck basket! If he be of any reasonable stature, he can climb in and we'll throw foul linen on him—and send the basket off to washin'!

MRS. FORD

[Wailing] He's too big to go in there!

FALSTAFF

Let me see it, let me see it! I'll in—I'll in—

MRS. PAGE

Why, Colonel John Falstaff—I am deceived!

FALSTAFF

[*Sotto voce*] I love you! Now help me get away! [He somersaults into the basket.]

MRS. PAGE

[Cramming laundry on top of FALSTAFF] You dissembling scoundrel!  
Call your men, Mrs. Ford.

MRS. FORD

Lucas! Chester!

LUCAS & CHESTER

[Re-entering] Ma'am?

MRS. FORD

Take up the basket—

CHESTER & LUCAS

Yes, ma'am.

[LUCAS and CHESTER try moving the basket. It won't budge.]

FORD

[Off-stage] If I suspect without cause-- then you let me be your jest!

MRS. FORD

Oh, my God—my husband really is here!! Move it—NOW!!

[LUCAS, CHESTER, WIVES and QUICKLY desperately attempt to push the basket out, but they're caught in the act by FORD, who enters with PAGE, CAIUS, SLENDER and SHERIFF BOB.]

FORD

WHOA!!! What the hell's goin' on? Wither bear you this?

LUCAS & CHESTER

To the laundress, forsooth!!

MRS. FORD

What do you care where they take it? Since when do you meddle with the buck washing?

FORD

Buck? Buck? Would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Here, here are my keys. [FORD hands key to each man.] Search, seek, find out! I warrant we'll un-colonel the fox.

PAGE

Now, Frank, calm yourself. You don't want to be taken for a mad man.

FORD

[Calmly] True, Mr. Page. [Exploding] Come, gentlemen! I'll show you a monster—spread out! [FORD exits.]

PAGE

All right, boys-- let's do his bidding.

[FORD, PAGE, CAIUS, and SHERIFF BOB exit. Noises of the search are heard off stage. LUCAS and CHESTER maneuver the basket off.]

MRS. PAGE

Is there not a double excellency in this?

MRS. FORD

I don't know what pleases me more—that my husband is deceived or the fat Colonel.

FORD

[Coming back through, to WIVES] I know the two of you are up to somethin' and it irks the hell out of me! [He storms off again.]

MRS. FORD

I've never seen my Frank in such a state.

MRS. PAGE

He's mad as a rained on rooster!

FORD

[Charging through above] Where is that no-account bastard? I know he's here somewhere—he's too fat to hide!

MRS. FORD

Did you hear that?!

[CAIUS re-enters.]

CAIUS

Zis is not the fashion of France. It is not jealous in France.

[CAIUS looks under the dress of MRS. FORD, who shrieks.]

[Raising his hat] Excusez-moi.

[Sound of clucking chickens.]

FORD

[Returning, brushing off chicken feathers] Well, I can't find him.



MRS. FORD

You use me well, Mr. Ford.

FORD

So I do.

MRS. FORD

Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

FORD

Amen!

SHERIFF BOB

If there's anybody in this house, you can sauce me up and serve me for supper. Mister, your wife is an honest woman. [He throws down a key.]

CAIUS

By gar, zere is nobodies. Zere is an honest voman. [He throws down a key.]

PAGE

For shame, Joe Frank—I wouldn't have your distemper for all the wealth in Windsor! [He throws down a key.]

FORD

It's my fault, George, and I suffer for it. [SLENDER throws down a key] I pray y'all—pardon me. Wife? Mrs. Page? [Through gritted teeth] *Pray heartily pardon me.* [Air of relief.] Come on, George, Sheriff Bob—y'all follow me out back and I'll tell you why I've done this.

PAGE

All right—we'll follow. And how 'bout we make a plan to go hunt and bag us some quail tomorrow?! [He and FORD exit.]

SLENDER

Quail-baggin'? Oh, boy! [He exits.]

SHERIFF BOB

If there's one in the company, I'll make two. [He exits.]

CAIUS

If zere be one, or two, I shall make-a ze turd. [He exits.]

[WIVES come together.]

MRS. PAGE

Well done, Mrs. Ford!

MRS. FORD

You, too, Mrs. Page! But how do you think Frank knew Falstaff was here?

MRS. PAGE

I don't know—but we need to find out.

MRS. FORD

Are we getting' in over our heads?

MRS. PAGE

Not so. There's more to finish off—with your husband— and Falstaff!

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do—

MRS. FORD

Wives may be merry, and yet honest, too! [Music starts.]

**♪ ACT ONE FINALE: LONE STAR LOVE**

MRS. FORD

I KNOW THE CREEK RAN MUDDY  
WHEN THE COLD RAIN FELL  
NOW THE WATER AIN'T FIT TO DRINK  
YOU GO AND DIP YOUR BUCKET IN A POISON WELL  
HEY BUDDY WHAT MADE YOU THINK  
THAT YOU COULD COME AROUND HERE  
WITH YOUR BOOTS ALL MUDDY  
AND YOUR SPURS TEARIN' UP MY RUG?  
COME ON YOU HOT SHOT TWO-GUN YOU THINK YOU'RE READY  
FOR A GREAT BIG HURRICANE HUG  
YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

MRS. PAGE

YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

MRS. FORD

I SAID YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' 'BOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

MRS. PAGE

I DON'T SIT AROUND HERE ALL DAY LOOKIN' PRETTY  
WHILE YOU'RE OUT KICKIN UP A ROW  
I GOT MORE TO DO THAN WAIT FOR YOU  
TO COME HOME SMELLING LIKE A DOGGONE COW  
I'M A TEXAS GAL I CAN MAKE SOME TROUBLE  
AND RAISE A LITTLE HELL OF MY OWN  
YOU GOT A PAIR OF QUEENS BUT I BET YOU DOUBLE  
WHEN YOU COME HOME I'LL BE GONE CAUSE

MRS. PAGE & MRS. FORD

YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

QUICKLY & MISSANNE

DON'T KNOW, KNOW ABOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

MRS. PAGE

YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHING 'BOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

ALL  
DON'T KNOW, YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'

MRS. PAGE  
IT'S THE KIND THAT'LL TAKE YOU HIGHER  
BUT THE BUZZARDS'LL BE FLYING UP ABOVE  
AND YOU SURE DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'

WOMEN  
NOTHIN' 'BOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

MEN  
CATTLEMEN CATTLEMEN CATTLEMEN

FENTON  
DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT THE WAYS OF LOVE

WOMEN  
YOU DON'T KNOW, DON'T KNOW CATTLEMEN

MEN  
CATTLEMEN—

WOMEN  
YOU LOOKIN' FOR TROUBLE,

ALL  
I'M GONNA SHOW YOU PLENTY OF IT (OOH)

WIVES  
YOU THINK YOU'RE FLYING HIGHER  
BUT WHEN PUSH COMES DOWN TO SHOVE

QUICKLY  
I GOT TO GOT TO GOT  
TO TELL YOU THAT YOU DON'T KNOW

WOMEN  
NOTHIN' 'BOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

MEN  
DON'T KNOW, KNOW ABOUT A LONE STAR

WOMEN  
YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' 'BOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

MEN  
DON'T KNOW, KNOW ABOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

WOMEN  
YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' 'BOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

ALL  
DON'T KNOW, KNOW ABOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

WOMEN  
YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

ALL (A cappella)  
DON'T KNOW, KNOW ABOUT A LONE STAR LOVE  
YOU DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' BOUT A LONE STAR LOVE

[Basket is tipped as LUCAS and CHESTER dump FALSTAFF and the dirty laundry into Devil Creek. Huge splash of water.]

LUCAS AND CHESTER

Into the creek with you!

[Via an inventive and appropriately wacky *coup de théâtre*, FALSTAFF appears to slide down Devil Creek—screaming and carrying on to keep his head above water.]

FALSTAFF

Whoa—ohhh—ohhh... [etc.]

ALL  
[GOSPEL ENDING AD LIB.]

**END OF ACT ONE**

**LONE STAR LOVE**

**or, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Texas**

**ACT TWO**

[BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM appear.]

**ENTR'ACTE**

**♪ SONG: "HARD TIMES"**

[A cappella]

NYM

WE RODE OUT WEST TO MAKE A FORTUNE

THE THREE

HARD, HARD TIMES

NYM

BUT THE ROAD WAS ROUGH AND THE SUN WAS SCORCHIN'

THE THREE

FALLIN' ON HARD TIMES.

PISTOL

DRIED-UP BEANS AND SALTY BACON

THE THREE

HARD, HARD TIMES;

PISTOL

MY BELLY'S SORE 'N MY BONES'R ACHIN'

THE THREE

FALLIN' ON HARD TIMES.

SWEET CAROLINA,  
HONEY FROM THE COMB  
HARD TIMES IN TEXAS  
LONG WAY FROM HOME.

NYM

WELL, WE HAD US A BOSS BUT WE WENT BUSTED

THE THREE

HARD, HARD TIMES;

BARDOLPH

NOW WE'RE BROKE AND PLUM DISGUSTED

THE THREE

FALLIN' ON HARD TIMES.

PISTOL  
CAUSE ONCE WE RODE WITH BIG JOHN FALSTAFF

THE THREE  
HARD, HARD TIMES;

BARDOLPH  
BUT NOW, HE ONLY WANTS A SMALL STAFF

THE THREE  
FALLIN' ON HARD TIMES.

SWEET CAROLINA,  
HONEY FROM THE COMB  
HARD TIMES IN TEXAS  
LONG WAY FROM HOME.

SWEET CAROLINA,  
WHY'D WE EVER ROAM?  
HARD TIMES IN TEXAS  
LONG WAY FROM HOME...

**SCENE 1: THE GARTER SALOON**

[FALSTAFF meanders down the aisle wrapped in a patchwork blanket.]

FALSTAFF  
I thought I fired ya lousy bunch of loafers— [Sad faces.] Oh all right. Help me up—[They help him up to the stage.] Fall in—and get me “The Remedy” quick. [He plops down in his chair.] Some Red Dog whiskey, hot sauce and a couple of eggs. [He sneezes.]

BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM  
Bless you.

FALSTAFF  
[To audience] Have you ever had a day like this? Those brutes dumped me into the crick with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's pups, fifteen in the litter—and you may know by my size that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking.

[BARDOLPH, PISTOL and NYM return with requested items.]  
My belly's as cold as if I'd swallowed snowballs for pills to cool the kidneys. I'm telling you, the next time I ever endure such torture, I'll have my brains taken out and buttered, and given to a dog for a New Year's gift. This too shall pass. [He drinks the potion and presto:] Like a charm—liquid gold. You know—

**♪ SONG: “COLD CASH”**

FALSTAFF  
I LIKE THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE  
THE MARIGOLDS IN BLOOM  
A WELL-PROPORTIONED—ROOM

ART, LITERATURE OR EVEN POETRY [IF IT'S NICE]  
 PHILOSOPHICAL DEBATE.  
 IN THE RIGHT CONTEXT, IT'S GREAT

I SAY, THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD ARE SOUL-FULLFILLING  
 THE FINEST MINDS I'VE MET THEM EACH IN TURN  
 BUT IF I HAD TO GIVE IT ALL UP I'D BE WILLING  
 FOR TWO LITTLE THINGS THAT MAKE MY SPIRIT YEARN

COLD CASH AND HOT SEX  
 ONE FIRST AND ONE NEXT  
 GO ON NOW, ADD IT UP IT AIN'T SO COMPLEX  
 I WANT COLD, COLD CASH  
 AND RED HOT SEX

BOYS

COLD CASH AND RED HOT SEX

BOYS AND FALSTAFF

COLD CASH AND RED HOT SEX

FALSTAFF

BIG DOUGH

BARDOLPH

GOLD BRICKS

FALSTAFF

GOOD LOVE ...

NYM

HOT CHICKS

FALSTAFF

GO ON, ASK ME HOW I'M GONNA GET MY KICKS  
 I'LL TELL YOU COLD, COLD CASH  
 AND RED HOT SEX

BOYS

COLD CASH AND RED HOT SEX  
 COLD CASH AND RED HOT SEX

FALSTAFF

SOMEBODY LIGHT MY FIRE  
 I NEED A WHOLE LOT OF MONEY SO I CAN RETIRE  
 I GOT TO GET AHEAD  
 I WANT A RED HOT MAMA WAITIN' IN MY BED

DREAM LADIES [appearing]

OOO-OOO-OOO IN MY BED, IN MY BED, IN MY BED

GRACE  
OOO BIG JACKIE

RUBY  
OOO BIG JACKIE

CONSUELA  
OOO BIG JACKIE

ALL LADIES  
THE CATTLEMEN HAVE LEFT US ALL ALONE

QUICKLY  
THAT'S WHY WE GOT NOBODY—

QUICKLY AND MRS PAGE  
GOT NO ONE TO KEEP US SAFE AND WARM

QUICKLY, MRS PAGE AND MRS FORD  
AND HOLD US IN THE NIGHT TIME WHEN WE MOAN

ALL LADIES  
OUR CLOTHES ARE THIN AND THEY'RE FALLIN' OFF OUR FRAMES  
WHY DON'T YOU NESTLE IN WITH US AND STAKE YOUR CLAIMS

FALSTAFF  
I WANT A BIG FAT ROLL  
I'VE GOT TO SOOTH MY SOUL  
DEEP WITHIN MY LOINS  
I NEED GOOD LOVIN' AND A PILE OF GOLD COINS

HEAT UP OR COOL DOWN  
THE BEST THING THAT I'VE FOUND  
LOVE AND MONEY THAT'S MY FAVORITE MIX  
I WANT COLD COLD CASH

Sing it to me girls.

LADIES  
COLD COLD CASH

FALSTAFF  
Ah! That's what I'm talking about.

FALSTAFF AND LADIES  
COLD COLD CASH--

FALSTAFF  
MAMA, MAMA, MAMA, MAMA  
MAMA, MAMA, MAMA, MAMA



[Dream ladies disappear.]

OIL ME UP AND CALL ME TEX  
I WANT COLD COLD CASH  
AND RED HOT SEX  
COLD COLD CASH AND RED HOT SEX!  
WOMEN

AHHH!

[FALSTAFF exits. Lights shift. QUICKLY enters with a basket of victuals.]

QUICKLY

Yoo-hoo! Colonel John!

FALSTAFF

[Re-entering] Top of the morning, Miss Quickly!

QUICKLY

You're surprisingly chipper considerin'...

FALSTAFF

That dip in the crick, dear lady, was little more than a footnote in *The Life and Times of the Great John Falstaff*.

QUICKLY

You don't say. Any-hoo—Mrs. Ford is mighty sorry about everything and sent me with a breakfast basket to show you how sorry.

FALSTAFF

[Taking basket] I accept her apology and her vittles. [He chows down.]

QUICKLY

Her husband, Mr. Ford, is goin' quail-baggin' today-- and she requests your company at the ranch between two and three.

FALSTAFF

Can't we meet in some demilitarized zone—like say, here for example?

QUICKLY

Surely you jest. A lady like Mrs. Ford wouldn't be caught dead in a dump like this! It's the ranch or nothin'. Your choice.

FALSTAFF

I'll take the ranch.

QUICKLY

Good choice. Mrs. Page is mighty sorry, too—and is pining for your company as well.

FALSTAFF

Can't say I'm surprised.

QUICKLY

Your modesty becomes you. [About to leave] I jest. Actually, you take away the arrogant façade, the septic aroma, and sixty pounds or so, and I can almost discern what the ladies see in you.

FALSTAFF

From your velvet tongue, Miss Quickly, I take that as a compliment.

QUICKLY

Well, bless your heart. Gotta go. Toodle-loo.

FALSTAFF

Toodle loo.

[QUICKLY exits. FORD as RIVERA enters as FALSTAFF sneezes.]

FORD

[Entering] Bless jou, Señor.

FALSTAFF

Why, Señor Rivera! I suspect you're wondering what went on between me and Ford's wife.

FORD

That, Colonel Juan, is my business. I've paid jou well.

FALSTAFF

Señor Rivera, I will not lie to you. I was at the ranch at the designated hour—

FORD

[Assuming FALSTAFF is lying] Oh, really?

FALSTAFF

—And we got off to a good start, Señor, with perfunctory courtin' and sparkin, spoonin' and swoonin'. Then, in comes that jealous maniac husband of hers with a posse of idiots! Fortunately, the resourceful Señora and her comadre Mrs. Page managed to ferry me out in a buck basket—

FORD

A BUCK BASKET?!!

FALSTAFF

A buck basket! Señor Rivera, I've been through hell and high water to bring this woman to evil for your good.

FORD

[Barely able to contain himself] Then my suit is lost. You'll undertake her no more.

FALSTAFF

I'd sooner be thrown into the Gulf of Mexico than let you down, Señor Rivera—but this is your lucky day! Mr. Ford is goin' "quail-baggin'"—whatever the hell that is—and the Señora and I will reconvene this afternoon between the hours of two and three.

FORD

[About to explode] What—?!

FALSTAFF

Señor Rivera—Are you all right?

[FORD's face turns red, as he gasps for air.]

FALSTAFF

You better sit a spell— [covering him up with the quilt.] Get a grip on yourself, for Señor Rivera, you shall have the Señora—just as soon as I have her first. Adios, Señor. Adios!

[FALSTAFF exits upstairs to his room.]

FORD

Is this a vision? Is this a dream? Mr. Ford—[slapping himself] wake up! [He hugs 'the Remedy' which knocks him for a loop.] This 'tis to be married! This 'tis to have linen—and BUCK BASKETS!! I will take the letcher. He'll be at my ranch. He cannot 'scape me. It's impossible he should. He cannot creep into a penny purse or a pepper grinder. I will search impossible places! Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not shall not make me tame. If I have horns to make me mad, I'll be horn-mad!

[As trumpet flairs, FORD exits like a bullfighter about to enter the ring.]

**SCENE 2: OUTSIDE PAGE'S RANCH HOUSE**

[Sound of hound dog howling. MISSANNE is out on her balcony watching the sunrise. FENTON sneaks on below and yodels quietly.]

FENTON

YO-DE-LAY-EE-WHO---

MISSANNE

Mister Fenton?!

FENTON

Sweet Nan!

You shouldn't be here. It's not safe—

FENTON

I had to see you again!

MISSANNE

My daddy'll kill you—

FENTON

Death is a small price to pay to be with the gal I love—

MISSANNE

You're so brave.

PAGE

[Off stage] Daughter! Nan!

MISSANNE

Quick-- hide! I'm out here, Daddy.

PAGE

[Entering] What's goin' on? I thought I heard yodelin'—

MISSANNE

No—jus' that lovesick hound dog howlin' again.

PAGE

I got some news for you, daughter, and I hope you'll take it the right way. Sheriff Bob and I have made our arrangements. Wedding bells will soon be ringin' at the mission for you and Master Slender! You're getting' married!

MISSANNE

Daddy, please! I don't love him.

PAGE

That don't make no never mind, child. Look at your mama and me. Your granddaddies arranged our wedding, and like us, you'll learn to love each other in time—

MISSANNE

That'll take forever!

PAGE

Of course none of this matters if Master Slender gets himself killed today—

MISSANNE

Killed?!

PAGE

That lunatic Dr. Caius challenged him to a showdown at high noon today behind the school house. If the doctor wins, your mama's gonna insist that you marry him!

MISSANNE

I can't stand either one of 'em daddy, but I sure don't want to see anyone getting killed on my account. Daddy, please, you have to stop them!

PAGE

You got a kind heart, daughter, but a showdown is a matter of honor. Come on inside and we'll talk about wedding plans.

MISSANNE

I'll be right along, daddy.

PAGE

[Exiting] Say a little prayer for Master Slender--

MISSANNE

[To FENTON] Psss! Hey! Did you hear what my daddy said about them havin' a showdown? I'm gonna have to marry whoever wins--

FENTON

Then nobody can win!

MISSANNE

You mean they both gotta die?

FENTON

No, they both got to live, but I'm the one you're gonna marry—

MISSANNE

Me? Wow! But how?

FENTON

**♪ SONG: "COUNT ON MY LOVE"**

COUNT ON MY LOVE FOR YOU  
ALWAYS BELIEVE IT'S TRUE  
AS THE TALL PINE GROWS  
TRUE AS THE WIND BLOWS WE'RE  
TWO HEARTS AS ONE THAT TIME CAN'T UNDO  
COUNT ON MY LOVE FOR YOU.

COUNT ON MY LOVE FOR YOU  
MEASURE WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH

WITH FORTUNE A SHAMBLE  
 THROUGH MANY A RAMBLE  
 PRAIRIE SKIES WERE ALWAYS A SORROWFUL BLUE  
 SO COUNT ON MY LOVE FOR YOU.

LO--DEE-O-DAY--OH  
 LO--DEE-O-DAY--OH  
 LO--DEE-O-DAY--OH.

COUNT ON MY LOVE  
 ONE AND ONE IS MORE THAN TWO  
 COUNT ON MY LOVE  
 I FEAR WHAT'S IN STORE FOR ME WITHOUT YOU...  
 LO--DEE-O--

BOTH

--AY--OH  
 LO--DEE-O-DAY--OH  
 LO--DEE-O-DAY--OH.

MISSANNE

COUNT ON MY LOVE FOR YOU  
 ALWAYS BELIEVE IT'S TRUE  
 OUR LOVE IS FOREVER  
 CAUSE WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER  
 SORROW FADES LIKE SHADOWS GONE IN THE BLUE  
 COUNT ON MY LOVE FOR YOU.

BOTH

LO--DEE-O-DAY--OH  
 LO--DEE-O-DAY--OH  
 LO--DEE-O-DAY--OH  
 COUNT ON MY LOVE  
 ONE AND ONE IS MORE THAN TWO  
 COUNT ON MY LOVE  
 I FEAR WHAT'S IN STORE FOR ME WITHOUT YOU...

BOTH

LO--DEE-O-DAY—OH  
 LO--DEE-O-DAY--OH  
 LO--DEE-O-DAY--AY--AY--AY--OHH---!

[THEY kiss, then FENTON slips away. MISSANNE exits.]

**SCENE 3: HIGH NOON BEHIND ZE SCHOOL HOUSE**

[Ominous spaghetti-western underscoring. CAIUS appears in silhouette upstage.]

CAIUS

[Talking to himself] Take-a your gun, May-ster Slayn-der— You have met your doom. For a gun is like a scalpel. In the hands of a master, it is lethal.

[CAIUS tries some fancy gun-work and he inadvertently fires his pistol while it's still in his holster.]

Ouch!

[Sound of horses pulling up. PAGE enters with LUCAS, CHESTER, RUGBY and others -- startling CAIUS, who takes aim at them.]

PAGE

Easy there, Doc! You're gonna need some of them bullets—

CAIUS

Where's Mayster Slaynder? I pray you bear witness me have stay six or seven, two, tree hours for him, and he is no come.

[SHERIFF BOB enters with SLENDER. FENTON steps out of hiding above, unseen.]

SHERIFF BOB

Gennlemen—Doctor Cayeus— Sorry we're late. My nephew here's a wee bit gun shy.

[SLENDER tries to slip out.]

[To SLENDER] Git back here, ya lily-livered polecat!

PAGE

Gentlemen—is there some other way we can settle this? After all, we're men of peace-- isn't that right, Sheriff Bob?

SHERIFF BOB

Hell no, George, it ain't so! My fingers itch to pull the trigger!

[SHERIFF BOB starts waving his gun around. ALL duck and gasp.]

Though we be sheriffs and doctors and preachers and cattlemen, we still got the salt of our youth, by God! And we musn't forget-- the Code!

**♪ SONG: "CODE OF THE WEST"**

MEN

THE CODE!

CAIUS

Vat is zis code?

MEN

THE CODE!

PAGE

It means honor-- and justice--

SHERIFF

And a fair fight, ya Frenchie!

MEN

WAY OUT WEST THERE IS A LAW  
WHEN TWO MEN FACE OFF AND DRAW  
ONLY ONE WILL SURVIVE THE TEST –

WOMEN AND BAND  
THE TEST, THE TEST!

ALL

CODE OF THE WEST!

CAIUS

[To SLENDER] Imbecile!

ALL

HE'S THE MAN WITH SPEED SO GREAT  
THAT THE OTHER DRAWS TOO LATE --  
AND HE'LL DIE WITH A SLUG IN HIS CHEST –

MEN

HIS CHEST

WOMEN

HIS CHEST

ALL

CODE OF THE WEST!

CAIUS

I spit on your code.

ALL

AND THE VULTURES WILL FEAST  
ON HIS BONES, BUT AT LEAST  
WE'LL REMEMBER HIM - HE DID HIS BEST!

MEN

HIS BEST

WOMEN

HIS BEST

ALL

CODE OF THE WEST!

CAIUS

Take-a your gun, May-ster Slayn-der--

ALL

CODE OF THE WEST!



SHERIFF

Dag nabbit, boy—let him have it!

ALL

CODE OF THE---

SLENDER

ALL RIGHT FRENCHMAN, NOW YOU'VE HEARD MY UNCLE'S OATH  
"A MAN CAN DIE BUT ONCE" I THINK THE POET QUOTH

CAIUS

TAKE YOUR GUN, AND LET THE FATES DECREE--

CAIUS AND SLENDER

WHO THE HUSBAND OF MISSANNE SHOULD BE!

CAIUS

I vill keel you!

SLENDER

You can go straight to hale!

[CAIUS and SLENDER simultaneously draw, aim and shoot. All go into "slow-motion." NYM and MISS LIBBY, playing tremolo on their fiddles, become the "bullets" of the guns. The dueling fiddle bullets of CAIUS and SLENDER move toward each other. FENTON fires his gun, and his "bullet," represented by BARDOLPH, moves at a faster rate with a higher-pitched tremolo. He "splits" the other two bullets, causing them to spin harmlessly off course. CAIUS and SLENDER fall to the ground, each one thinking he's hit.]

PAGE

BRAVE MEN DYING IN THE DUST  
SING THEIR PRAISE...

PAGE AND OTHERS

FOR NOW WE MUST

ALL

DIG TWO GRAVES  
SIDE BY SIDE THEY'LL REST

MEN

THE CODE

WOMEN

THE CODE

ALL

CODE OF THE WEST!  
CODE OF THE WEST!  
CODE OF THE WEST!

[CAIUS and SLENDER lay there, seemingly dead. Then each comes to.]

SLENDER

Mornin', Uncle Bob! Is this heaven?

CAIUS

Sacre bleu!

PAGE

They must'a fainted—both of 'em!

SHERIFF BOB

Shoot me for a duck! Git up, ya worthless cow flop!

PAGE

I swear I heard a third shot—

LUCAS

Why look, Mr. Page! This bullet's cracked clean in two—

CHESTER

Like someone blasted it in mid-air!

PAGE

I wish I knew who. That's quite a shot!

[FENTON withdraws with a faint yodel—heard only by QUICKLY.]

Doctor Caius—son Slender—the Code has been satisfied. Shake hands and be friends.

[CAIUS puts out his hand; SLENDER tries to hug CAIUS, who recoils.]

Okay, men, let's saddle up and go bag us some quail!

[LUCAS, CHESTER and WOMEN exit as FORD enters on horseback.

QUICKLY re-enters (perhaps above), unseen by the MEN and eavesdrops.]

FORD

Whoa! Cattlemen, I need you to follow me back to my ranch—now!

PAGE

Come on, Frank—you know we're goin' quail-baggin'—

FORD

I beseech you heartily. That lecherous Colonel is there—about to go dippin' his bucket in my well—!

PAGE

For the love of Pete! We searched your house yesterday and he was nowhere in sight!

FORD

He was there, all right—carried out right before our eyes in a buck basket!

SHERIFF BOB

A buck basket?!

FORD

A BUCK BASKET!!!

CAUIS

Un basket de book!

FORD

I'm tellin' you, when I catch that polecat red-handed, he'll find out what we mean by the 'Code of the West.' C'mon y'all. We're gonna have ourselves a real quail bagging!

PAGE

All right. We'll follow!

[MEN start to take off. SLENDER'S mule won't budge.]

FORD

GIT UP, MULE! [He gives the mule a swift kick.]

[The mule responds and takes off like a bat out of hell, leading the rest of the POSSE in a big wide arc across the stage. They all gallop off whooping and 'ee-awwin'" as they disappear into the horizon.]

ALL

GIDDY-UP! YEE-HAW! WHOOP! [etc.]

**♪ SONG: "QUAIL-BAGGING"**

QUICKLY

ROUNDING UP OF DOGIES

WOMEN

DOGIES

MISS QUICKLY

AND BRANDING STEERS

WOMEN

BRANDIN' STEERS

MISS QUICKLY

WILL GIVE YOU BURRS IN YOUR BRITCHES  
AND GET YOU BUGS IN YOUR EARS;  
BUT THERE IS NO OCCUPATION  
YOU WILL FIND ON THE TRAIL

THREE WOMEN

CAUSES SO MUCH FRUSTRATION  
AS THE BAGGING OF QUAIL!  
QUAIL QUAIL QUAIL QUAIL  
BAGGIN'!

[LUCAS and CHESTER enter with the buck basket.]

LUCAS AND CHESTER

ON THE DARK AND LONESOME PRAIRIE  
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT YOU MUST SEARCH

BEHIND THE SPINY CACTUS  
AND TUMBLEWEED YOU LURCH—

[FALSTAFF is seen above, back in his courting clothes, en route on horseback to the Ford Ranch.]

THE BULL IS ON THE RAMPAGE  
DRESSED IN FEATHERED CLOTHES  
LOOKING SO STRANGE HE'S A'RIDIN' THE RANGE  
WITH A RING STUCK THROUGH HIS NOSE

SOME  
HE'S QUAIL QUAIL QUAIL QUAIL  
BAGGIN' BAGGIN'!

OTHERS  
QUAIL QUAIL QUAIL QUAIL BAGGIN'—

[FENTON yodels above, attracting the attention of MISSANNE. Yodeling sequence features FENTON serenading MISSANNE, NYM, and then SLENDER and CAIUS competing against each other.]

ALL  
QUAIL-BAGGIN'

LUCAS  
IT'S NOT A NATURAL SPORT--

ALL  
QUAIL-BAGGIN'

CHESTER  
WHOEVER THOUGHT IT UP OUGHT  
TO BE RUN OUT OF TOWN ON A RAIL!  
WHY GO BAGGIN' FOR QUAIL?

[MISSANNE exits. SHERIFF BOB, SLENDER, PAGE, FORD and FALSTAFF emerge.]

SHERIFF BOB  
THEM SPANIARDS WENT 'PLUM LOCO  
CHASIN' THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH;  
THEM FORTY-NINERS, GOLD MINERS,  
THEY ALL DIED BROKE AND THAT'S THE TRUTH!  
NOW WHEN A COWBOY GOES TO HEAVEN,  
TO OLD SAINT PETE, HE WILL BRAG,

PAGE  
"BUDDY, I DROPPED DEAD OF EXPOSURE

PAGE AND SHERIFF BOB  
DOWN THERE HOLDIN' THE BAG!"

ALL  
[WE'RE] QUAIL QUAIL QUAIL QUAIL  
BAGGIN' BAGGIN'!  
QUAIL QUAIL QUAIL QUAIL  
BAGGIN'—

PAGE  
QUAIL-BAGGIN'!!

**ACT TWO, SCENE 4: FORD RANCH**

[MRS. FORD leads FALSTAFF into her parlor and walks him directly by the buck basket, at which he winces.]

FALSTAFF

Mrs. Ford-- your sorrow has touched my heart and eaten up my own suffering. I can see that you're anxious to please, and believe you me—I'm ready. But are you sure of your husband?

MRS. FORD

He's baggin' quail, sweet Johnny.

MRS. PAGE

[Off stage] Mrs. Ford! Aggie!

FALSTAFF

Not again—!

MRS. FORD

You better hide. [She points.]

FALSTAFF

I know—behind the screen.

[FALSTAFF hides behind screen. MRS. PAGE enters out of breath.]

MRS. PAGE

[With urgency] Aggie Ford—I hope you're alone!

MRS. FORD

Just me and my ranch hands—

MRS. PAGE

You better be glad the fat colonel's not here. Your husband's in his old lunes again.

MRS. FORD

[Acting] How so, Mrs. Page?

MRS. PAGE

Somehow he knows the Colonel was here yesterday and carried out in a basket-- and that he's back here again today! He's diverted George and the others from their quail-baggin' to ride out here and get Falstaff!

MRS. FORD

[Still acting] Oh, woe is me!

MRS. PAGE

Woman, you are not listening—this is for real. Joe Frank is headed here with a posse and they've got guns!

MRS. FORD

[For real] The Colonel is here!

MRS. PAGE

Then you are shamed, and he is a dead man. Away with him, away!

MRS. FORD

Should we cram him in the basket again?

FALSTAFF

[Out of hiding] Not the basket! Not the basket! Anything but the basket!!

MRS. PAGE

He's right—that's the first place they'll look. There's no hiding him in the house.

FALSTAFF

[Starts to leave] I'll just tiptoe out—

MRS. PAGE

Step one foot out that door and you die – unless you go out *disguised*.

FALSTAFF

Disguised?

MRS. PAGE

Disguised! [Whispers her idea to MRS. FORD.]

MRS. FORD

You're kidding. You're not kidding. Oh, my Lord!

MRS. PAGE

Go warn your ranch hands, and I'll take care of him—Come on, slim!

[MRS. PAGE grabs FALSTAFF and leads him upstairs.]

MRS. FORD

[Calling] Chester! Lucas!

[LUCAS and CHESTER enter.]

LUCAS AND CHESTER

Ma'am?

MRS. FORD

Take up the basket—

[LUCAS and CHESTER stop dead in their tracks.]

If Mr. Ford stops you, obey! [She goes upstairs.]

LUCAS

Yes, ma'am!

CHESTER

I hope it's not full of Colonel again—

LUCAS AND CHESTER

[Preparing to lift the basket] One-- two—three!

[They lift basket as FORD and POSSE enter. Ominous underscoring.]

FORD

WHOA! Let go'a that basket, villains. Call my wife. [Pointing shotgun at LUCAS and CHESTER] Call my wife, I say!

LUCAS AND CHESTER

[In terror] Ma'am!

FORD

[MRS. FORD appears.] Mrs. Ford—the honest woman, the modest wife--the virtuous creature with a jealous fool for a husband! I suspect without cause, do I?

MRS. FORD

Heaven be my witness you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

FORD

Well said, brazen-face. Keep it up.

[FORD gingerly pokes around linen with the barrel of his shotgun, and sends a dainty piece of clothing flying through the air.]

SHERIFF BOB

Lord help him. He's holding up his wife's laundry!

MRS. FORD

Aren't you ashamed? Leave the clothes alone—

PAGE

I swear—you oughta be corralled!

MRS. FORD

If you find a man in there, he'll die a flea's death.

PAGE

I'm sorry, Mrs. Ford—come on, boys. [They rummage through the laundry in the basket. SLENDER picks up a piece of women's lingerie and holds it up in front of himself.]

SHERIFF BOB

[Grabbing the lingerie from SLENDER] We've had this talk.

CAIUS

Zere is nobodies—

FORD

[Handing shotgun to SHERIFF BOB] Hold this for me, will you, Sheriff?

[He dives into the basket. Laundry flies through the air in all directions. Finally, there's no more laundry to hurl. Silence. FORD reappears from the bottom of the basket.]

He's not here.

PAGE

Or anywhere else but in your brain!



[POSSE start to exit as LUCAS and CHESTER pick up laundry and stuff it all back into the basket.]

FORD

Wait up, men—help me search the house one more time—

MRS. FORD

Mrs. Page! My husband is comin' up. You and the gypsy woman better come down!

FORD

Gypsy woman?!

MRS. FORD

The fortune teller. You remember her—Doamna Ioana Neaga. She's readin' our cards today.

FORD

Have I not forbade her in this house? She's a witch—a she-devil!

SHERIFF BOB

They work by charms—and spells!

FORD

Arrest her, Sheriff Bob! Come down here, you witch, you hag, you hussy! Come down, I say!

MRS. PAGE

[Leading on a disguised FALSTAFF] Give me your hand, Doamna Ioana.

[DOAMNA IOANA NEAGA descends the stairway. She's dressed in exotic and colorful attire worthy of a legendary Romanian fortune teller of the period (yes, such personages did inhabit Texas at this time). Although she's rather large, her girth is not accentuated. The silhouette of her dress and cape are sleek and flowing. Her face is veiled in black lace that hangs down from a most bewitching hat.]

FORD

I'll give you more than that, by God! [Grabs a broom and goes after 'her'] Out of my house, you witch, you hag, you baggage, you polecat, you runnion! Out, out I say! I'll conjure you. I'll fortune-tell you!

[As FORD chases DOAMNA IOANA, Tarot cards go flying everywhere. POSSE chase after FORD as they circle around the stage and into the house and down the aisle. FORD returns to the stage with a trick broom.]

MRS. PAGE

Aren't you ashamed? You've tortured the poor woman.

FORD

[Handing MRS. PAGE the "broken" broom] Hang her, witch!

SHERIFF BOB

I think she is a witch. I don't like it when a woman has whiskers, 'cept for that time—

FORD

Come on, men. Follow me out back—

PAGE

All right, but this is the last time. [Tipping his hat] Ladies. [MEN exit.]

MRS. PAGE

I almost feel sorry for the Colonel. Your husband scared the bejeezus out'a him.

MRS. FORD

He's scaring me more—

MRS. PAGE

We might've pushed him too far.

MRS. FORD

We provoked him, all right—but that doesn't excuse his behavior. It pains my heart to see him like this.

MRS. FORD

He'll find his way back.

MRS. PAGE

I don't know—

MRS. PAGE

I'm gonna go find my husband and set *him* straight. Don't you worry—love will prevail...

[MRS. PAGE exits.]

**♪ SONG: "TEXAS WIND"**

MRS. FORD

IT WASN'T THE END OF THE RAINBOW  
 WE BUILT A LIFE THAT WAS YOURS AND MINE--  
 WE DUG IN OUR BOOT HEELS SO LONG AGO  
 AND WE PUT DOWN ROOTS THAT WOULD INTERTWINE  
 YOU SAID HOLD ON LET THE WIND BLOW  
 AND DON'T LET OUR LOVE UNWIND

NOW JEALOUSY IS BURNING IN YOUR HEART  
 RAGING AS WILD AS A PRARIE FIRE  
 YOU CUT LOOSE AND YOU RUN LIKE A TUMBLEWE ED  
 HOW COULD YOU THINK I WOULD BE A LIAR?  
 NOW, I GOT TO KNOW IF YOU'LL STILL BE HERE  
 WHEN THE STORM IS OVER

'CAUSE I CAN HOLD MY GROUND  
 I CAN HOLD MY GROUND  
 IN THE TEXAS WIND  
 LET IT BLOW

WELL, I KNOW YOU'D PUT UP A FIGHT  
 FOR THE LAND THAT WE HOLD SO DEAR  
 YOU'D LAY DOWN YOUR LIFE FOR ME  
 IF I WAS IN NEED  
 BUT WHAT ABOUT JEALOUS LOVE?  
 IT BURNS WHEN IT COMES TOO NEAR  
 PUT OUT THE FIRE TEXAS WIND  
 AND BRING HIM TO ME

SO LET US BE JUST WHO WE ARE  
 A MAN AND A WOMAN WITH EYES WIDE OPEN  
 I TELL YOU THAT I'VE BEEN FAITHFUL TO YOU  
 I'M SORRY I LEFT YOU UNKNOWIN'

BUT THE LOVE THAT WE PLANTED SO LONG AGO  
 IT'S ROOTED SO STRONG IT WILL MEND

AND I CAN HOLD MY GROUND  
 YEAH I CAN HOLD MY GROUND  
 IN THE TEXAS WIND  
 YEAH—I CAN HOLD MY GROUND  
 I CAN HOLD MY GROUND—

BLOW TEXAS WIND...

[PAGE, MRS. PAGE, and FORD enter in conversation. PAGE and FORD are examining FALSTAFF'S letters,]

PAGE

He sent both of you these letters at the same instant?

MRS. PAGE

Within a quarter of an hour.

FORD

Damn snake!

PAGE

Incredible! Falstaff's men told us he was up to no good, but I didn't believe them.

FORD

George here's a mite too trusting for his own good!

PAGE

The hell I am! This isn't about me—it's about you not trusting your wife!

FORD

I'd a been a cuckolded-fool not to believe what that scoundrel was up to with my wife!  
 Hell, she sent for him! How was I to know she were just settin' the guy up for a fall?

MRS. PAGE

That's exactly why she didn't tell you in the first place.

FORD

I'm sorry, Mrs. Page. The two of you should have told us husbands about these letters from the start, and Falstaff would be long gone by now—run out of town—or worse. A husband's got the right to know if some leech is makin' a move on his wife, and it's the husband's duty to remedy the situation and protect what's his.

MRS. FORD

'What's his'?! Do you hear yourself? You sound like you're discussin' your cattle. You can own them by the thousands, mister—but I am not part o' your herd. And I would thank you to stop talkin' about me like I'm not here.

FORD

Wait a minute, Aggie. I didn't mean that. What I meant is—Oh, hell, I don't know what I mean—

MRS. FORD

You just don't want to admit that a woman can win at anything—and let's face it, you men let the Colonel get the best of you, but by God *we* didn't!

FORD

Aggie—okay, you're right.

MRS. FORD

Come on, Frank—you're the one that I love—you and you alone. And I'm not sure what else I can say or do for you to let go of this mad jealousy—

FORD

Enough said. Pardon me, wife—and this time, it's for real. From this day on, do what you will. I'd sooner suspect the sun of cold than you of wantonness. In him that's acted like a damned fool, now does your honor stand, as firm as faith.

[THEY kiss—and kiss...]

MRS. PAGE

Amen. Amen.

PAGE

Hey, you two! [FORDS curtail kiss.] All will be well.

FORD

I say we round up that fat ol' bastard and make him pay! How about you gals send Falstaff another one o'them love letters invitin' 'im to a secret rendezvous?

PAGE

I don't know, Frank. That man's been crammed into a buck-basket, thrown into Devil Creek and made to dress up like a gypsy woman to have the bejeezus beat out of him. What makes you think he'll come?

MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE

He'll come!

FORD

You two get Falstaff there, and the Cattlemen's Association will show 'im the time of his life!

MRS. PAGE

Let's have him meet us at midnight tonight in the Saguaro Grove. We'll all dress up in costume—

MRS. FORD

—And "Big John" Falstaff will be the prize bull!

PAGE

It'll be a night he won't soon forget— [Aside] and the night that Master Slender—in disguise— will steal my Nan away, and marry her straight! C'mon, Frank, we better get crackin'. [He and FORD exit.]

MRS. FORD

Come on, Mrs. Page—we're burnin' daylight! We got us a "love letter" to write!

[She exits.]

MRS. PAGE

Right behind you, Mrs. Ford— [Aside] But first to the Doctor. Tonight's the night—in disguise—Dr. Caius will steal my Nan away, and marry her straight! Ooo-la-la!

[She exits.]

**SCENE 5: REPTILE RIDGE**

[Eerie sounds of the night. PISTOL, NYM and MISS LIBBY emerge.]

**♪ SONG: "THE WILDCAT MOAN"**

PISTOL

BIG GREASY WIND BLOW WITH A CURIOUS MOAN  
NIGHT OWL HEADIN' FOR THE ROOST  
EVEN THE LONE WOLF DON'T WANT TO BE OUT ALL ALONE  
WHEN EVERYBODY ELSE HAS VAMOOSSED--

[During above lyric, enter QUICKLY with LUCAS and CHESTER. She gives them blue and yellow chicken costumes and pantomimes instructions on how to act like chickens. They imitate her, and all three exit. Enter PAGE (with lantern), SHERIFF BOB (with lantern), and SLENDER.]

PAGE

All right, now. Son Slender, do you know what to do with my daughter?

SLENDER

Aye, forsooth. I spoke to MissAnne and we have a plan to know one another... See, I'm gonna come to her dressed as my donkey and I'm gonna cry, "Eee--aww eee--aww!" and she's gonna be dressed as a yellow chicken and she's gonna cry, "Cluck cluck cluck bock cluck!" And by that, we'll know one another!

SHERIFF BOB

What do you need all that "eee-awwin'" and "cluckin'" fer? You'll know MissAnne by her disguise!

PAGE

Come on, the moon is full, and sprightly spirits will suit it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's git!

[PAGE, SHERIFF BOB, and SLENDER withdraw.]

PISTOL & MISS LIBBY

HE MAKES THE COYOTE HOWL AND THE WILDCAT MOAN  
WHEN HE'S ON THE PROWL, YOU BETTER GET ON HOME  
CAUSE THE WIND BLOW FOUL, MAKE THE RAFTERS GROAN  
HEAR THE COYOTE HOWL AND THE WILDCAT MOAN--

[During above lyric, LUCAS and CHESTER enter and exit upstage as chickens. Enter MRS. PAGE and CAIUS.]

MRS. PAGE

Now Doctor, my daughter will be in blue-- When the time is right, you grab her by the hand, and carry her off to the mission. Comprehend-ay-voo?

CAIUS

I know vat to do. She vill be bleu. Adieu!

[CAIUS exits as MRS. FORD enters with cow masks. MRS. FORD appears with cow masks.]

MRS. FORD

Margaret Anne, come on! We gotta get ourselves hid. We'll betray our Colonel finely!

MRS. PAGE

Against such lewdsters and their lechery, them that betray 'em do no treachery!

MRS. FORD

Come on, girl. It's almost midnight!

[WIVES disappear. FENTON enters.]

FENTON

[Whisper-like, singing] YO-DE-LAY-EE--HOO—WIH!

QUICKLY

[Whisper-like, singing, entering] YO-DE-LAY-EE--HOO—WIH!

FENTON

There you are! I thought I was lost—

QUICKLY

We're all set. MissAnne's a' waitin'. Now, remember, She'll be in white.

FENTON

Right! [He starts to take off.]

QUICKLY

Wait!

FENTON

What?

QUICKLY

Don't forget your headgear.

FENTON

Oh, yeah... Whah-hoo!

I'LL FIND THAT GAL TONIGHT  
BECAUSE I'VE SET MY SIGHT  
ON A—

BOTH

COWBOY'S DREAM!

QUICKLY

Away—now scoot! [FENTON exts in one direction, QUICKLY in another.]

PISTOL & MISS LIBBY

HE MAKES THE COYOTE HOWL AND THE WILDCAT MOAN  
WHEN HE'S ON THE PROWL, YOU BETTER GET ON HOME  
CAUSE THE WIND BLOW FOUL, MAKE THE RAFTERS GROAN  
HEAR THE COYOTE HOWL AND THE WILDCAT MOAN--

SLENDER

[From off-stage] Eee-aww! [Then entering] Eee-aww! Eee-aww!

CHESTER

[Entering] Cluck, cluck, cluck!

[CHESTER poses, while clucking, for SLENDER.]

SLENDER

[SLENDER becomes very excited.] Eee-aww!!! Eee-aww!!

[CHESTER and SLENDER “cluck” and “eee-aww” in excitement and exit together.]

CAIUS

[Entering as a billy goat] Baa-ah! Baa-ah! Baa-ah! [Impatiently] Baa-ah!

LUCAS

[Entering and posing] Cluck, cluck, cluck!

[LUCAS and CAIUS “cluck” and “baa-ah” in excitement and exit together.]

FENTON

[Entering as a rooster] Er-er-er-er-errr—

MISSANNE

[Entering as a white chicken] Er-er-er-er-errr—

FENTON

[Excitedly] Er-er-er-er-errr—!!

[They clumsily come together and try to kiss, but bump into each other with their headgear. They exit.]



**ACT TWO, SCENE 6: THE SAGUARO (CACTI) GROVE**

[FALSTAFF enters doning longhorn headgear. QUICKLY follows.]

FALSTAFF

How do I look?

QUICKLY

Wait—you're not done. [She pins the tail on the FALSTAFF.]

FALSTAFF

Ouch!

QUICKLY

[Standing back and beholding him] Perfection!

[Distant mission bell starts tolling.]

FALSTAFF

The Mission bell strikes twelve and I'm about to strike gold! Hot-blooded gods assist me! Let the sky rain potatoes! Let it thunder to the tune of 'Clementine'! [Big bolt of Thunder and lightning.] For me, I'm El Corriente Grande—the Great Longhorn, the wildest in the West! MAH-OOO!! MAH-OOO!!

QUICKLY

You better pipe down. It's a secret rendezvous. Off you go now.

[QUICKLY exits. FALSTAFF heads down into the grove.]

FALSTAFF

[In a quieter tone] Mah-ooo! Mah-ooo?

**♪ SONG: "LOVE IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON"**

THE GOOD LITTLE DOGIES ARE RESTING IN BED  
DREAMING A RHYTHM INSIDE OF THEIR HEAD  
TIME TO PLAY MY SIGNATURE TUNE  
LOOKING FOR LOVE IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON  
LOVE IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

[MRS. PAGE appears in her bovine disguise.]

MRS. PAGE

Mooo-hooo—! Mooo-hooo—!

FALSTAFF

Is it my golden heifer!

MRS. PAGE

[Seeing FALSTAFF in his glory] Holy cow!

FALSTAFF

I'm all yours—beefed-up for the occasion!

MRS. PAGE

Lead me not into temptation. I already know the way!

I CAN'T RESIST YOUR CATTLEY CHARMS  
TAKE ME IN YOUR CATTLEY ARMS  
LET THE FIRE OF LOVE IGNITE  
WE WILL GO BUMPITY BUMP IN THE NIGHT  
WE ALL NEED LOVE

FALSTAFF

WE ALL NEED LOVE

MRS. PAGE

WE ALL NEED LOVE

FALSTAFF

OH, YES WE DO

FALSTAFF & MRS. PAGE

LOVE IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

FALSTAFF

MOO-OO-OO, MOO-OO-OO

FALSTAFF & MRS. PAGE

LIGHT OF THE MOON!

[MRS. FORD appears in her bovine disguise—twirling a rope.]

FALSTAFF

All right—I'm game. Blessed be the tie that binds!

MRS. FORD

MY AREN'T YOU A SIZABLE BEAST  
PROBABLY STRONG AS AN OX

FALSTAFF

At least!

MRS. FORD & MRS. PAGE

POOR LITTLE BLACK AND WHITE HEIFERS, WE SWOON  
LOOKING FOR LOVE IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

[MRS. PAGE and MRS. FORD begin wrap rope around FALSTAFF.]

FALSTAFF

Don't forget the ankles! Am I not a lovesick bull? I'll sing it to the heavens! MAH-OOO!! MAH-OOO!!

FORD

[Off-stage, with echo] Aggie-eeee Forrr-ddd!

PAGE

[Off-stage, with echo] Maggie-eeee Paaa-ggge!

MRS. FORD

Heaven forgive our sins!

MRS. PAGE

Away, away!

[MRS. PAGE and MRS. FORD circle around and leave FALSTAFF.]

FALSTAFF

Wait a minute—where're you going?!

[TOWNFOLKS enter from all directions – all dressed as ANIMALS.]

ALL

THORNY RASH, OAK AND ASH; BALDER DASH FIRE  
CHOKE 'IM AND SMOKE 'IM WITH HORNY DESIRE  
DOCTOR THE DEVIL WITH SCROPION STINGS  
SPITTLING SPIDERS AND LIZARDS WITH WINGS!

[They circle around FALSTAFF, and begin to tickle, peck and poke at him. Cattlemen carry firearms, except for SHERIFF BOB, who holds an oversized glowing red hot branding iron (with the “LSL” logo). FALSTAFF becomes increasingly alarmed.]

MEN

HEAT UP THE IRON, PREPARE FOR THE TOAST  
BRAND THE BIG BULL WE'RE PLANNING TO ROAST  
TRUSS HIM UP GOOD AND GAYLY FESTOON  
LOOKING FOR LOVE IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON

FALSTAFF

Easy now, fellas—

I'm not really a bull—

ALL

NOW THE ROUND-UP'S NEARLY COMPLETE  
HOG-TIE HIS COLONELY ARMS AND HIS FEET

I'm a Colonel!

SHERIFF BOB

COLONEL MY BOOT! HE'S A -THIEVIN' BUFFOON  
CAUGHT!

ALL

LOOKING FOR LOVE IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON  
LOOKING FOR LOVE IN THE LIGHT OF THE MOON!

[Cattlemen cock their rifles and SHERIFF BOB positions branding iron above FALSTAFF.]

FALSTAFF

Have pity on me. Hold your fire!

[All remove their masks, headgear or what have you.]

FORD

I don't think we were ever properly introduced. My name's Joe Frank Ford. You've been out to my ranch a couple of times. Welcome to Windsor, “Señor Juan!”

FALSTAFF

[Meekly] Mr. Ford.

FORD

You might'a been able to bamboozle some suckers back East-- but that don't fly down here in Texas—not on my land-- and not with my wife!

FALSTAFF

No sir. No, sir.

FORD

Give us one good reason why we shouldn't fill you full of lead?

FALSTAFF

All right. I confess! I've poached your cattle, seduced your women, and taken your money—some of which I'll gladly return.

PAGE

All right, Sheriff Bob. Untie the fat man. [SHERIFF BOB does so.]

FALSTAFF

Thank you, George.

PAGE

It's "George" to my friends. You can call me "Mr. Page."

MRS. FORD and MRS. PAGE

[Re-entering] God save you, John Falstaff!

PAGE

What do you think of our Windsor wives now?

FALSTAFF

I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass.

MRS. PAGE

Did you really think you could beat two-of-a-kind – Texas gals?

MRS. FORD

Mister, you know nothin' 'bout a lone star love.

FALSTAFF

I am your theme. Use me as you will.

FORD

That ain't gonna cut it. Get over there right now and apologize proper to them most used and abused.

FALSTAFF

Ladies, I hope you can find it in your hearts to forgive a poor soldier. I have more flesh than other men, and therefore more frailty. The fact is, I haven't been myself since I took a blow to the head at the Battle of Bull Run.

[FORD gestures to SHERIFF BOB, who re-advances with the red-hot branding iron. He spits on it to test the heat. It sizzles.]

All right—okay! [Stepping up to the wives] Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, I have behaved badly, and for that I'm sorry—truly sorry.

MRS. PAGE AND MRS. FORD

Apology accepted.

SLENDER

[Entering] Father Page! Whoa, ho, ho, father Page!

PAGE

Son Slender! Have you done it?

SLENDER

Done it?! I'll tell you what I've done! And if it ain't the God's honest truth, you can fry me with chilies and stuff me in a tortilla!

PAGE

What are you talkin' about, son? Where's my daughter?

SLENDER

I came to MissAnne dressed as my donkey and cried, "Eee-aww. Eee-aww!" And she was dressed as a yella chicken, and cried "Cluck cluck cluck bock cluck!!" But it weren't no chicken—it was a great big rooster!

CHESTER

[Entering in disguise] Er-er-er-er-er! [He reveals himself.]

SLENDER

But I married 'im, just the same!

SHERIFF BOB

Dagnabbit it, nephew! Well—he better know how to cook!

MRS. PAGE

Good husband, don't be angry. I knew what you were up to, so I dressed our daughter in blue, and now she's at the mission, marryin' Dr. Caius.

CAIUS

[Entering] Madame Pahj! Madame Pahj!

MRS. PAGE

Dr. Caius! Where's my daughter?

CAIUS

Madam, I am robbed!

MRS. PAGE

What?!

CAIUS

By gar—ma "Cajun queen", she is a cowboy!

LUCAS

[Entering in disguise] Cluck, cluck, doc! [Revealing himself] You said you were gonna take me to Paris!

[LUCAS chases CAIUS away.]

FORD

This is strange.

FORD

Who's got the right MissAnne?

FENTON

YO-DE-LAY-EE-WHO!

MRS. PAGE

Lordy, lord—

[Enter FENTON and MISSANNE in white Western wedding attire.]

FALSTAFF

Who's this guy?

FENTON

My name's Fenton. I'm a yodeling cowboy.

MRS. PAGE

With my Nan! Why aren't you with the Doctor, girl?

PAGE

Why aren't you with Master Slender?

FENTON

Mr. Page—Mrs. Page— now hear the simple truth. Your daughter married for love.

MISSANNE

Pardon, good mother. Good father, pardon.

MRS. PAGE

George, have we been so blinded by our own selfish wishes for our child that we've overlooked the most important thing of all—what truly makes her happy?

FORD

Stand not amazed. There is no remedy. In love the heavens themselves do guide the state. Money buys lands—but wives are sold by fate.

SHERIFF BOB

Consarnit, Nephew! You jus' cost us a prize herd! You ain't worth a plug nickel!

[SHERIFF BOB, in frustration, throws plug nickel into the air. FENTON, without looking, pulls out his six-shooter, and points it toward where the nickel went flying. With great finesse, he shoots a hole through it. Instant "slow-motion" time as ALL watch it fall to the sound of descending fiddle. A real nickel hits the

ground with a “ping” sound (tossed center stage by SHERIFF BOB). Return to real time. PAGE picks up and examines nickel.]

PAGE

You’re the fella who took that ace shot at the showdown! Come over here and give me a big hug, you yodelin' cowboy!!

MRS. PAGE

Mr. Fenton, dearest Nan—heaven give you many, many merry days!

PAGE

And may you find in your lives the same passion that your mother and I sometimes foolishly forget that we have...

[PAGE takes MRS. PAGE into his arms and kisses her. FENTON and MISSANNE do the same.]

Now be of good cheer, and let's all go back to the ranch for a big ol' Texas throwdown!

MRS. PAGE

That goes for Colonel John—and all!

FALSTAFF

I appreciate the invitation, ma’am, but it’s time for us to hit the road.

FORD

Adios, Señor Juan. To Señor Rivera you yet shall have your word—for tonight he’ll lie with Mrs. Ford!

[All exit except FALSTAFF and QUICKLY.]

QUICKLY

Now you weren’t gonna leave town without sayin’ goodbye?

FALSTAFF

To the woman who threw me into the lion’s den not once, not twice, but thrice? [He extends his hand] It's been a pleasure to have met my match.

QUICKLY

Colonel Falstaff—any woman who wants to be equal to a man, simply lacks ambition. You be careful now, ya hear?

[She extends her hand to FALSTAFF. He gives it a gentleman’s kiss. QUICKLY exits with her dignity intact, as always.]

FALSTAFF

You feel that breeze, boys? Makes me restless—I feel frisky as a newborn colt. Come on, boys, I’ll still be the man to make you great! We’re headin’ west! Way west! I’ll scout ahead. [He exits.]

**♪ REPRISE: "THE BALLAD OF JOHN FALSTAFF"**

BARDOLPH, PISTOL, & NYM

BARDOLPH, PISTOL AND NYM

BAND  
WE'RE NOT PROPER AND PRIM  
WE GO RIDIN' ALONG  
DOIN' WRONG, FOLLOWING' HIM!

WHO IS THIS RAMBLIN' KNIGHT,  
RUNS AWAY FROM A FIGHT?  
DRUNKEN, GREEDY AND MEAN  
TOO FAT TO BE SEEN IN THE NATURAL LIGHT.

[FALSTAFF re-enters with electric guitar (or whatever) and plays an instrumental riff.]

BAND  
NOW BIG JOHN'S BACK ON THE BUM

FALSTAFF  
I'm back again, boys!

BAND  
TRYIN' TO FIND ANOTHER FAT PLUM  
DON'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN 'YA:

FALSTAFF  
California, here I come!!

NYM  
AND SO--

ALL  
BIG JOHN FALSTAFF!  
WIDEST IN THE WEST  
BIG JOHN TAKES THE HIGH ROAD  
AND THE DEVIL TAKE THE REST.

BIG JOHN TAKES THE HIGH ROAD  
AND THE DEVIL TAKE THE REST!

[Blackout. Then lights restore.]

## **ACT TWO FINALE: WEDDING CELEBRATION**

### **♪ REPRISE: "LONE STAR LOVE"**

FENTON  
WELL I'VE BEEN ALL OVER TEXAS  
FROM AMARILLO TO THE RIO GRANDE  
JUST A YO-DE-OH-DEL-IN' COWBOY  
I WASN'T LOOKIN' FOR A PLACE TO LAND

AND THEN I RODE MY PONY INTO



FENTON AND MISSANNE  
WINDSOR TOWN  
FENTON  
THEN I MET A LITTLE GAL

FENTON AND MISSANNE  
AND WE'RE THINKIN' 'BOUT SETTLIN' DOWN  
GUESS WE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT LONE STAR LOVE

WOMEN  
YOU DON'T KNOW, YOU DON'T KNOW

FALSTAFF  
I'VE HAD ME A LOT OF WOMEN  
I ALWAYS GET MY SHARE  
BUT I NEVER DID FIND THE KIND OF WOMEN  
THAT I FOUND WHEN I RODE DOWN HERE  
SO I'M LEAVING TEXAS

CONSUELA, RUBY, GRACE  
OHHH! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY BIG JOHN?

FALSTAFF  
BUT I MIGHT BE BACK SOME DAY

CATTLEMEN  
CATTLEMEN, CATTLEMEN, CATTLEMEN

FALSTAFF  
AND WHEN YOU SEE ME COMING  
BETTER HIDE YOUR WOMEN AWAY!

MRS. PAGE AND MRS. FORD  
IF YOU'RE BRINGIN' IT DOWN TO TEXAS MISTER  
BETTER BRING IT IN A GUNNY SACK  
ONCE YOU'VE SET IT DOWN IN TEXAS  
YOU WON'T NEVER WANT TO CARRY IT BACK  
'CAUSE YOU WON'T KNOW NOTHIN' BUT A LONE STAR LOVE

ALL  
YOU WON'T KNOW, WON'T KNOW

MRS. PAGE AND MRS. FORD  
IT'S THE KIND THAT WILL TAKE YOU HIGHER  
THAN THE EAGLE'S FLYIN' ABOVE  
AND YOU SURE WON'T KNOW NOTHIN'

WOMEN  
NOTHIN' BUT A LONE STAR LOVE

MEN

WON'T KNOW NOTHIN' BUT A LONE STAR LOVE

WOMEN

YOU WON'T KNOW NOTHIN' BUT A LONE STAR LOVE

ALL

YOU WON'T KNOW / YOU WON'T KNOW NOTHIN' BUT A  
LONE STAR LOVE

YOU WON'T KNOW / YOU WON'T KNOW NOTHIN' BUT A  
LONE STAR LOVE

YOU WON'T KNOW / YOU WON'T KNOW NOTHIN' BUT A  
LONE STAR LOVE

YOU WON'T KNOW / YOU WON'T KNOW NOTHIN' BUT A  
LONE STAR LUU--UUU—UUUVE---

PAGE

[To audience] So that's our show. Much ado about somethin', but all's well that ends well! Good night, folks!

ALL

LOVE--!!!

**CURTAIN CALL**

**DANCE ENCORE**

**THE END**