The Good, The Bad, and The Fuzzy

**By Lee Ann Hotovy**

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*Synopsis: A story where white meets black; heroes and villains wrangle for righteousness, and the fuzzy gray tries to grab hold of Nowhere and its citizens. Loaded with humor and poignancy; music, dance, and a perfect lesson in the value of living a virtuous life in the Wild, Wild West!*

*Cast:*

*Vicely Mustache Villainous villain*

*Dudely Doozright Good guy sheriff and hero*

*Victoria Virtue Damsel in the dress and heroine of virtue*

*Judge Oneself Father of Victoria and judge of Nowhere County*

*A.M. Bigous Author and Snake Oil salesman of Relativism*

*Outlaws:*

*Hyan Mytee Prideful Boss of gang*

*Avarice Greedy accomplice*

*Dusty Rhodes Female outlaw, “dust”ful*

*Buffet French Chef outlaw/likes to eat*

*Envico Envious Amigo from South of the Border*

*TNT Angry outlaw that loves a good kabam!*

*Lazee Slothful outlaw that doesn’t do much of anything but complain*

*Townfolk:*

*Belle Buoy Bossy Saloon owner; make sure you pay your bill*

*Doctor Glue Horse Doctor*

*Ma Entrubble Mother of several “wild” children*

*Alwais Entrubble child*

*Nevur Entrubble child*

*Gonnaby Entrubble child*

*Sorta Entrubble child*

*Shuddabin Entrubble child*

*Nellie Fiventen Store Keeper*

*Deputy Donnit Deputy*

*Mr. Black Smith Blacksmith*

*Mrs. Ireed Tumuch Literary League chairwoman*

*Missy Taykabreak Bank Teller*

*I. N. Terest Banker*

*Bess Nottamesswuth Cowgirl*

*Margaret Manyminded Townswoman*

*Miss Sara Primrose Townswoman*

*Mrs. Polly Paddock Townswoman*

*Miss Bellringer School Teacher*

*Miss Pearly Necklace Townswoman*

*Faith, Hope, Charity Virtue Riders*

**Act 1/Scene 1: *The Wild West: Small western town with move-able saloon setting; corral; jail/bank; and gangster hideout on sub-stage.***

***Western Music opens scene/tumble weeds blow across stage. Virtue riders enter riding stick horses choreographed to music.***

FAITH: I’m Faith!

HOPE: I’m Hope!

CHARITY: And I’m Charity!

ALL: And we’re the Virtue Riders!

FAITH: So look out all you Villanous Villains…

HOPE: For the good always win!

CHARITY: Yee haw!

*Exit (Virtue riders will hold up Boo Hiss etc. signs during certain scenes)*

*Townsfolk enter to song: We’re the Folks from Nowhere/simple choreography/AM Biguous enters scene and moves to saloon as song ends. Belle is stationed in saloon along with a few townsfolk.*

BELLE: Whattaya have?

A.M.: Black coffee…with cream.

Belle gets drink.

BELLE: There you go, that’ll be two bits.

Stranger (AM) tosses coin to bartender and drinks.

A.M.: Interesting little town you got here, what’s it called?

BELLE: Nowhere.

A.M.: Come again?

BELLE: We’re out in the middle of Nowhere, so its called Nowhere.

A.M.: I see. How’s the law in these parts?

BELLE: The law? Why we have the best sheriff in the west…Dudely Doozright!

BESS: You won’t find one better. He’s good. Real good.

POLLY: Why he has kept Nowhere as clean as a whistle since the day he became Sheriff.

MARGARET: Not a single bank robbery in over thirteen years!

POLLY: Well now, there was that little incident with the cleaners…I thought he was going to put poor Mr. Tide in jail for washing his reds with his whites.

MISS BR: Yes…well…the sheriff did get a bit riled, but it was awful embarrassing for him to be ridin’ around town all dressed in pink!

(laughter)

A.M.: Hmmm.

Ireed enters saloon.

IREED: Hello ladies. (*to AM*) How do you do, I am Ireed Tumuch…Chairwoman of the Literary League …and you are?

AM: A. M. Biguous…author.

IREED: Author…really! I do love a good book…and what have you written?

AM: “Black Is Too Dark”

REEDZ: Yes…

AM: “White is for Drawing On”

REEDZ: Amazing…

AM: And my new best seller…

Sudden sound of broken glass is heard. Belle and AM react as if glass window in saloon is hit. Alwais Entrubble enters holding a slingshot ; he’s followed by Ma Entrubble, and Nevur Entrubble.

MA: Alwais Entrubble! You stop right there!

ALWAIS: But Ma…I didn’t mean it!

NEVUR: Yes he did Ma. He told me he’s gonna do it.

MA: Thank you Nevur, but I can handle this.

MA: Now don’t start with one of yer whoppers young man! I saw you aim and shoot right at Miss Belle’s finest stain glass window!

ALWAIS: But Ma, there was a sparrow making a mess on the ledge! I’se just tryin’ to shoo it away!

MA: Nonsense, there weren’t no bird. Now how many times have I told you not to shoot that thing in town?

NEVUR: Five thousand, nine hundred and eighty- six countin’ today.

MA: Thank you Nevur for keepin’ track. Alwais, you are just goin’ to have to learn the hard way…

Ma makes motion to spank Alwais, but is suddenly stopped by the voice of A.M.

A.M.: ‘Scuse me Ma’am…I seemed to have overheard your dilemma and I think you might be overreacting.

MA: What? This boy has out and out disobeyed me, and has broken a window owned by Miss Belle. I do not think I am overreacting!

A.M.: You have admitted this is a *boy*…and wouldn’t you say it to be in the ‘nature’ of a boy to…uh…experiment…test the physics of his surroundings?

MA: Huh?

A.M.: Son, were you curious to see just how high your rock could soar?

ALWAIS: Well sure! When you got a good sling shot, a fella likes to see just what it can do!

A.M.: That’s right, perfectly natural.

ALWAIS: I especially like to hear the beauteous sound of glass windas breakin’…it’s like music to my young ears.

A.M.: Beautiful…just like Mozart…

NEVUR: And, he likes to see the millions of tiny pieces of broken glass on the ground…

A.M.: Like a work of art, ain’t it?

NEVUR: Well, I don’t kn…

ALWAIS: Nuttin’ purdier!

MA: Now just a doggone minute! If that’s art, than I’m Whistler’s Mother! I don’t know who you are or where you come from, but in this here town wrong is wrong and right is right!

A.M.: And just where are we?

NEVUR: Nowhere!

A.M.: My point exactly!

 *(Suddenly opens up briefcase/stand and sets up miniature bookshop)*

A.M.: You’re nowhere! We live in a new century! It’s time to be somewhere! Open your mind to a new way of thinking! This boy isn’t behaving badly, he’s behaving naturally, and you should let nature unfold itself! Let him run wild; free to roam this Wild West! He’ll become a man more accepting of all things!

MA: You really think that’d be better for him, than for me to punish him?

A.M.: It’s all relative. Had your window been an old tin can, would you have cared?

MA: Course not, but there ain’t no value in a tin can.

A.M.: And what makes a glass window more valuable than a tin can?

MA: I don’t know, it just is.

A.M.: According to someone’s standards, but no one seems to know who that someone is.

MA: I’m feelin’ a bit confused.

A.M.: No need. Just think of it this way, there is no right or wrong. It’s a peaceful, pleasant way to get around things. (Pulls out book)

*(To audience and townsfolk)* Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls! Are you tired of guilt? Are you tired of struggling with your conscience? Would you like two wrongs to make a right? Then search no further! An answer to all your woes lies between the cover of this book!

BESS to BELLE: She’s got the lies part down right.

A.M.: This book is the best seller of the Wild West, Gray Matters, A Relative Cure-all by A.M. Biguous, that’s me!

BESS TO BELLE: That figures.

BELLE: Snake-oil salesman if I ever seen one!

IREED: Oh you two wouldn’t know a fine work of literature if it hit you between the eyes!

Go on Miss Biguous!

A.M.: There is no such thing as objective truth, no-siree! You can have your cake and eat it too!

MISS SARA: Well, I’ll take one!

MARGARET: Me too!

A.M.: That’s right, all the answers are here! And for only one silver dollar. That’s right four bits! Hurry get em’ while they last!

IREED: Ladies and Gentlemen, educated and uneducated citizens of Nowhere…

BESS TO BELLE: Here she goes again…

IREED: As Literary Chairwoman I am going to see that every citizen of our fair community has this new and amazing work of genius…

BESS: How do you know it’s any good?

IREED: Because its on the best seller list!

# Townfolk rush up to buy books

# AM Biguous song

# Chorus enters/song is interrupted as V icely Mustache (dressed in black) enters(Boo Hiss signs held up by Virtue riders). Evil laugh, then he grabs audience purses, and money from A.M.Biguous. Dudely Doozright enters (signs read Hooray!).

DUDELY: Vicely Mustache, you notorious villain, halt in the name of the law!

VICELY: Name of the law? I’m afraid I don’t know it! (laugh)

*Vicely sets off bomb in middle of stage and exits grabbing Victoria Virtue, as crowd screams and hides. Dudely quickly throws drink on fuse, then jumps on white stick horse and follows Vicely off stage.*

DEPUTY: Don’t worry folks, Sheriff Dudely will save the day!

Black out/scene change/music

***Scene 2: Railroad Tracks.***

 *Town items removed (bank, jail, saloon) and railroad track placed center stage. Cactus.*

*Vicely enters with Victoria over his shoulder. He sets her down on track and struggles to tie her to it as conversation ensues. (Boo Hiss signs)*

VICELY: Lie still, confound you!

VICTORIA: No, no…have you know decency, no sense of righteousness, no conscience?

VICELY: No. I am a villain, and that would go against my nature.

VICTORIA: Oh, but it goes against my nature to lie still and die! Oh, stop! Help! Help!

VICELY: No one will hear your pitiful wailing, we are in the middle of Nowhere!

VICTORIA: But Nowhere is Somewhere! Help! Help!

VICELY: Confound it woman, have you ever tried to tie a square knot with a rope that won’t be still? Stop struggling…there is no point to it!

VICTORIA: Oh, but I must. I am afterall, a damsel in distress!

VICELY: Fine! Have a good yell, and I will tie you up properly when you are finished. I hope you end up with laryngitis before this is over!

VICTORIA: Oh you are despicable! Help! Help! Is there no one to hear my cries? Oh, woe is me!

VICELY: Shakespeare?

VICTORIA: Why yes, do you know it?

VICELY: A little. Would you like to hear a bit of Hamlet?

VICTORIA: Oh please, no matter how nasty a person is…they should be able to pursue the arts…go on…

VICELY: To be or not to be, that is the question! Whether tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune…

VICTORIA: … or to take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them?

VICELY: To die…to…

VICTORIA: Stop!…right there. Ahem…that was lovely…

VICELY: But you cut me off…

VICTORIA: Yes, well…I’m just a little sensitive about death lines at present.

VICELY: Oh…I see…ha! Of course!

VICTORIA: How can it be that a dastardly villain such as yourself, should be so educated in the arts?

VICELY: Well, I can’t be tying damsels to the tracks all the time. How dull that would be. No, I try to be a well-rounded villain…I have a PHD, you know.

VICTORIA: From Harvard?

VICELY: No, I stole it from a doctor in Dodge City. (laugh) Besides every play has its dark side. I’m rather attracted to Hamlet, and even more so to his wicked uncle. (evil laugh)

VICTORIA: Of course you would be. But wouldn’t you agree that a dark side can only be contrasted by a light side?

VICELY: Undoubtedly.

VICTORIA: Well then, have you ever thought of pursuing the lightness rather than the dark?

VICELY: No. I am a villain after all, as you have so finely pointed out. It is in my blood to seek out the weak, the frail, the do-gooders of the world and…

VICTORIA: Tie them to railroad tracks?

VICELY: Exactly!

VICTORIA: But Vicely…may I call you Vicely?

VICELY: I don’t see why not. In a very short while you won’t be speaking at all! (laugh)

# Train whistle in background

VICTORIA: Oh…well…be that as it may, surely you once knew love…surely you were once somebody’s baby!

VICELY: I was raised by wolves.

VICTORIA: Oh my…but even so, was not your wolf mother tender with you? Didn’t she nurture you and comfort you? She didn’t abandon you to a worse fate did she?

VICELY (sob): Oh…Mother! I’d forgotten! Yes, she treated me just as if I was one of her own…a part of the pack. She’d often let me lead the hunt on those cool fall evenings, when the harvest moon was at its fullest, and we’d howl, oh, how we howled (lets out lonely howl)

*Song by Vicely (Just Let Me Howl)*

VICTORIA: So you see, even a villain raised by wolves needn’t live totally in the dark!

Train whistle in background. Vicely snaps out of daydream.

VICELY: Now look here, I am a villain. Mother, or no mother…and I am here to tie you to this train track! Enough time has been wasted, now lie still!

VICTORIA: Help! Please Vicely, there is another way!

VICELY: No! I won’t have it! What would the world be like without villains like me? Can you imagine it? If there were no evil, what would become of scandal, greed, and gluttony? What of gossip and vanity? What of pride and dust?

VICTORIA: Dust?

VICELY: Hush Madam, there are children present! Don’t you see, all the good things you are so fond of would be nothing without the evil of men to counter them. Even your precious Shakespeare would have nothing to write of! There would be no stories!

Train whistle in background

VICTORIA: Oh Vicely, I am only asking you to consider your story. Not the entire world’s. What if your story was not one of villainy, but rather chivalry?

VICELY: I tell you, no…

Train whistle louder; Victoria suddenly screams; Vicely turns his head toward train entrance

VICTORIA: Vicely! The light!

Train whistle again, and a bright light representing front of train shines on stage. Vicely is blinded by the light. He falls to the ground holding his eyes. Outlaws enter stage on stick horses. They stand and face (train).