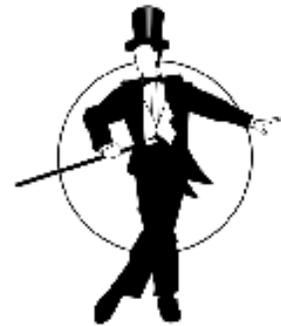


Love Conquers the Wild West

Jim Gustafson



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LOVE CONQUERS THE WILD WEST

by

Jim Gustafson

CAST

NARRATOR ONE

NARRATOR TWO

U.S MARSHAL CLIFF BARLOW

VIRGIL

TAMMY

LADY ONE

LADY TWO

MISS FOUNTAINE/DAISY

CHRISTOPHER SMITH/BARON

OFFICE WORKER ONE

OFFICE WORKER TWO

TOWNSPERSON ONE

TOWNSPERSON TWO

COWBOY ONE

BARKEEP

(Music: Cowboy/Western Guitar)

NARRATOR ONE: Around Carson City in the 1870's the only law they had was behind the star on the chest of U.S Marshall Cliff Barlow.

NARRATOR TWO: He was getting up in years so he took on a deputy...His daughter, Tammy. While Tammy was cute as a kitten, she could shoot the fangs off a rattler at a 100 paces.

(Sound effect: Gunshot)

BARLOW: Drop your shootin' iron, Virgil. You're under arrest for horse thievin.'

VIRGIL: You're not taking me nowhere, Barlow. You ain't as young and fast with a gun as you used to be.

BARLOW: Don't need to be. I got my deputy now.

VIRGIL: That pretty little filly? I'll shoot you out'a the saddle and take her home so she can cook and do laundry for me. Go for your gun, Marshal.

(Sound effect: One gun shot and horse neigh)

BARLOW: Right between the eyes. Good shootin', honey.

TAMMY: You taught me well, Daddy.

NARRATOR ONE: The west was growing in leaps and bounds as homesteaders moved in setting up little farms here and there. One of those farms was run by Howard Fontaine, his wife Mary and three little girls. Howard came from a wealthy New York family but left it all for his western dream.

NARRATOR TWO: But we're getting ahead of ourselves. Our story starts back with this Howard fella's sister, Miss Fontaine. In New York City, that socialite sister...Miss Fontaine...was the belle of the ball.

(Sound effect: Crowd sounds)

LADY ONE: Ahhh, that Miss Fontaine! Every bachelor in New York wants her hand in marriage.

LADY TWO: Can you blame them? She's the prettiest woman in America. She's a catch, that Miss Fontaine.

NARRATOR ONE: Miss Fontaine...That's what everybody called her out'a respect because she was as sweet and nice as she was beautiful.

NARRATOR TWO: But with all the fellas chasing after her, only one man could capture her heart.

MISS FONTAINE: Christopher Smith, you're such a scamp. But I guess that's why I love you so.

CHRISTOPHER SMITH: Well, Miss Fontaine, how would you like to change your name..? Change it to something like...How about Mrs. Smith...Will you do me the honor of marrying me?

MISS FONTAINE: Of course...I thought you'd never get around to asking. I love you, Christopher Smith.

NARRATOR ONE: Well, Miss Fontaine and Mr. Smith planned a wedding like no other...But it was never to be...

(Ominous Organ stinger)

MISS FONTAINE: Christopher, I have terrible news. My brother's wife Mary died of the fever. I have to go west and help him raise his three wonderful daughters.

CHRISTOPHER SMITH: Did he ask you to do that with our wedding so near?

MISS FONTAINE: No he'd never ask but I must go...It's family...I'm so sorry.

CHRISTOPHER SMITH: Your heart of gold breaks my heart but I understand. Miss Fontaine, I'll always love you. I'll never love anyone else.

MISS FONTAINE: And I'll always love you...I'll never love another. Farewell.

(Music: Sad Organ Sting)

NARRATOR TWO: The very next day Miss Fontaine was on a train west to join her brother and the girls. *(Sound effect: Train sound)* As the engine pulled out of the station she left her love and her life behind...She also left her moniker in New York. She wouldn't be Miss Fontaine any more...

NARRATOR ONE: Now she's just plain Daisy...Frontier woman. Her departure left Christopher Smith despondent and heartbroken. He couldn't manage the hand fate had dealt him. It changed him...Changed him bad.

(Music: Organ Sting)

CHRISTOPHER SMITH: Get out of here all of you...Now!

OFFICE WORKER ONE: My goodness he's a crab.

OFFICE WORKER TWO: He's been like that since his fiancée left. He's been carrying a torch for her that's big enough to burn down Manhattan. He says he's gonna get out of town to try to forget her.

OFFICE WORKER ONE: Good riddance...Where's he going?

OFFICE WORKER TWO: Who knows? Who cares? As long as he takes that anger with him.

(Musical Sting)

NARRATOR ONE: And then Christopher Smith vanished...Just disappeared. Now our story picks up a few years down the trail...Just after Miss Fontaine's...Now Daisy's...life took another hard turn.

(Remorseful Organ funeral dirge)

TOWNSPERSON ONE: Those poor little girls. First they lose their mama to the fever and then their papa to consumption. Good thing they got their Aunt Daisy.

TOWNSPERSON TWO: You mean Spinster Daisy.

TOWNSPERSON ONE: Don't call her that...That's a nasty name.

TOWNSPERSON TWO: But it fits...A fine looking woman and any man in town would be happy to have her but she won't give a fellow a second glance...She hasn't smiled since she got here. She must be carrying a heavy burden.

TOWNSPERSON ONE: Hush! Here she comes...Daisy, how are you holding up?

DAISY: Oh, I'll get on...

TOWNSPERSON ONE: How about the girls?

DAISY: I'm sending them back east to live with their grandparents...They're very fine people and they're wealthy so the girls will get a proper education and want for nothing.

TOWNSPERSON TWO: What about you?

DAISY: I never want to see New York again...Too many memories and the farm is my life now.

(SFX: Music and cattle sounds)

NARRATOR TWO: Carson City was the starting point to drive cattle north to the Denver train depot. Turns out Daisy's farm with its barbed wire fence was smack dab in the middle of their trail.

NARRATOR ONE: All the cattlemen respected her property until a newcomer that called himself "Baron Longhorn" came to town. He had a mean streak and wasn't about to let some spinster spin his cattle off the trail.

(SFX: Horses hooves)

COWBOY ONE: There's her fence. Start cutting. We'll have it down in no time.

(SFX: Wire being cut)

DAISY (*Shouting*): Put those wire cutters down or I'll put you down like a lame horse.

COWBOY ONE: Sure, lady...You couldn't hit the side of a mountain with that shotgun.

DAISY: Oh yeah.

(SFX- Shotgun blast)

END OF FREEVIEW

You'll want to read and perform this show!