



Love, Sick,
and
Montezuma's
Gold

by
Daris Howard



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1999

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Drama Source

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Cast

Misty Giving - The beautiful, young heroine.

Louise - Mary's sidekick and a tough foreign cook with a strong accent.

Charlie Dunsap - Head ranchhand.

Tom - Charlie's sidekick.

Hannibal - The hero. Also a ranchhand.

Bartholomew Blackburn - The villain. Enough said.

Priscilla Blackburn - The villainess, and Bartholomew's sister. Despises and is despised by Charlie.

Bonnie Smith - Actress and Hannibal's sister.

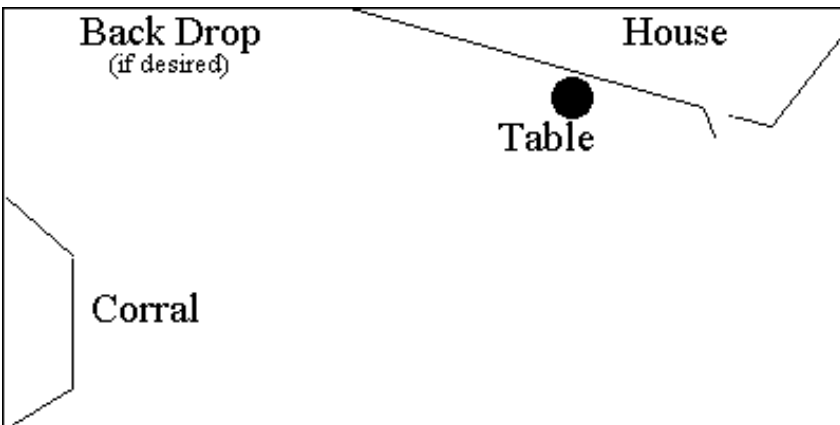
Costumes

At least Misty will need some type of black coat and perhaps a black hat she can wear. Louise, Charlie, Tom, and Hannibal will wear typical ranchhand clothes.

Bartholomew needs to wear some sort of suit, or coat to hide the love potion and wine glasses in. Priscilla just wears nice dresses, feeling she is a bit above everyone else.

Bonnie will need to dress in something that makes her look as if she is a professor.

Stage Layout



**Lov
e,
Sic
k,
and
Mo
ntez**

uma's Gold

Act I

{The stage opens to a scene with a corral to the right of stage angling so the actors and actresses can lean against the pole rail and still be facing the audience. On upstage left is a cabin with a door leading in. Against the cabin is a table for large meals. It has a broken hammer on it. The backdrop, if there is one, is a rolling prairie or mountain scene. Misty, Louise, Tom, and Charlie come on from stage right. Misty is dressed in black or has a black coat on and possibly a black hat. (The others might wear black as well.) They will all need to be in regular clothes the first chance they get to change. Charlie is carrying a bottle of liquor and is somewhat drunk. They all come in from behind the corral.}

Misty: I can't believe Pappa is gone.

Tom: He was such a good man.

Louise: Vell you know vat zay say. Only zee good die young.

Tom: But Mr. Giving was eighty years old. He's run the Giving Ranch for longer than I remember.

Louise: Vell, I am sixty nine. Eighty is not so many.

Tom: Well, it isn't young.

Louise: *{Threateningly.}* You maybe say I'm old.

Charlie: Na, no one's saying you're old, Louise. Why I've seen a lot of deadwood older than you.

Louise: Vat dis deadwood?

Charlie: It's sunbaked, mud-caked, wind-raked, half-baked timber that's wrinkled, dry, and old.

Louise: You're saying maybe I'm **old and wrinkled**.

Charlie: I didn't say that. It's just every time you forget to wear anything on your legs I think your stockings need pressed.

Louise: Maybe you like to go hungry tonight, Mr. Smarty Chaps.

Charlie: It's smarty pants and going hungry might be preferable to your cooking.

Louise: Now you vait just a minute 'ere. You can't talk about my cooking dat-a-vay you ...

{Hannibal enters from behind the corral.}

Hannibal: I've got the horses put in the barn, Miss Misty. I need to go move the cows to a lower pasture.

Misty: You work so hard, Hannibal. Maybe you ought to take a break.

Hannibal: We're running out of feed in the high country. I need to get the cattle down

before the water runs out.

Misty: What about some lunch?

Hannibal: I'll just grab a few of Louise's biscuits to take with me. They should last me to dinner.

{Hannibal exits into the house.}

Louise: *{Eyeing Charlie and Tom}* If it weren't for 'annibal I don't tink any ranch work would get done around 'ere.' And he likes my biscuits.

Charlie: He didn't say that. He said they'd last him until dinner. I have one I've been chewing on for two years now and I think it will last at least another two.

Louise: Vy you vorthless cowboy. I ought to tear you apart like a good-for-nothin' rag.

Tom: She can do it too, Boss.

Charlie: You stay out of this.

Tom: But don't you remember that time you caught her the side of the head with that cow chip and she picked you up and stuffed you in the molasses barrel.

Charlie: I thought I told you to shush your trap. I'm not afraid of any woman, especially one that cooks like a possum in a forest fire.

Louise: Dat does it.

{Louise winds up and swings at Charlie. He ducks and she hits Tom, laying him out on the floor. Just as she is taking the swing Bartholomew and Priscilla walk in from behind the corral. Louise tries to revive Tom.}

Bartholomew: Well, well, well. If it isn't the happy little funeral goers. *{Turning to Misty}* Too bad about your papa, my dear sweet Misty.

Tom: *{Sits up, still delirious.}* Momma.

Louise: Momma? *{She pushes him back down.}*

Charlie: Well, if it isn't the local two-bit, two-faced, two-for-the-price-of-one, pack of puddin' faced liar and his little moron sister.

Bartholomew: *{Acting tough and stepping up to Charlie}* What did you call me?

Charlie: *{Picking up his shotgun that is by the corral and cocking it.}* Me an old Bessie here called you morons.

Bartholomew: *{Nervously looking at the gun.}* Oh, for a minute there I thought you had called us Mormons.

Tom: *{Sits up again and sees Bartholomew, who has moved over by him.}* Pappa.

Bartholomew: Pappa? *{He shoves Tom back down.}*

Priscilla: Mr. Dunsap, you are drunk.

Charlie: Miss Priscilla, you are ugly. And I might be sober tomorrow.

Priscilla: You aren't ever sober.

Charlie: And you ain't never good lookin' but don't feel too bad, Miss Priscilla. My daddy taught me a poem which you ought to learn to help you feel better. It goes, "I know how ugly I are. I know that my face ain't no star. But, I don't mind it, because I'm behind it. It's the ones out there get the jar."

Bartholomew: That is totally uncalled for.

Charlie: Well if it ain't called for by tomorrow, it's all yours.

{Hannibal enters but stands in the background. Tom sits up looks at Louise.}

Tom: Sweetums.

Louise: Sweetums? *{She pulls him to his feet. Slaps him a couple of times.}* Tom, Snap out of it.

{Tom shakes his head.}

Bartholomew: Well, Miss Misty, it's going to be a pleasure to get rid of you and your worthless friends.

Charlie: You rat-faced rodent, I ought to knock your teeth up between your ears so there would be somethin' there.

Misty: Oh, Mr. Blackburn, please, my family has had the ranch for 40 years. Please give me a little more time.

Bartholomew: *{Laughing.}* Time? Time? Do I look like Father Time to you?

Charlie: No, you look like Dick the Dork of Dufas.

Bartholomew: Flattery will not help your cause. Every one of you knows Mr. Giving traded me the deed to the Giving Ranch for the Old MZ mine.

Charlie: You get a man drunk and get him to sign a deed over to you. What did you put in his drink anyway?

Bartholomew: *{Defensively and a bit nervous.}* Who said I put anything in his drink? Besides, he was mortgaging the deed for the mine.

Charlie: That's because you told him there was a fortune in gold in there.

Bartholomew: *{Laughing.}* There is a lot of gold, fool's gold. And Mr. Giving was the fool.

Charlie: *{Pulling up his shotgun to Bartholomew's nose. Priscilla is behind him. Bartholomew tries to move her in front of him.}* That does it, you wretched, wormy weasel. You can't talk about a good man like that. Prepare to meet your maker.

{Bartholomew keeps pushing the gun down and Charlie keeps pulling it back up through the next few lines.}

Tom: Hey boss, do you think he'll really go there?

Charlie: Go where?

Tom: You know. To meet his maker.

Charlie: Of course he won't go there?

Hannibal: Then why did you say it?

Charlie: Because that's what everyone says.

Hannibal: Oh.

Charlie: *{Putting the gun back up to Bartholomew's nose.}* Now as I said ...

Tom: Hey Boss.

Charlie: Now what?

Tom: Do you think he'll go to that other place?

Charlie: What other place?

Tom: *{Pointing at the ground.}* You know.

Charlie: For crying out loud, who cares? *{Swinging the gun around to Tom.}* Maybe you'd like to join him to find out?

{Bartholomew and Priscilla start to sneak off.}

Tom: Well, I just thought ...

Charlie: You just thought, you just thought, well just stop thinking. Leave the thinking to me. Now where was I? Oh yeah, I was just about to de-scent a skunk. *{Seeing them sneak off.}* Hey! Where do you think you're going?

{Bartholomew and Priscilla stop dead in their tracks as Charlie cocks the gun. Hannibal steps out further. Charlie walks up and puts the gun back up to Bartholomew's nose.}

Bartholomew: Now Charlie, let's not do anything I would regret.

Charlie: Oh, I don't think I would regret it. I think I would **relish** it.

Priscilla: Oh, you think you're so smart.

Charlie: I'm smarter than you. I don't hang around with a snake.

Bartholomew: *{Pushing the gun down.}* Just who are you calling a snake?

Charlie: *{Bringing up the gun.}* A sniveling, seedy, slimy, son of a snookering scalawag that's who. I'm going to fill your backside so full of buckshot your britches will blow like a loin cloth when you eat some of Louise's beans and need to

Hannibal: *{Stepping up and clearing his throat.}* Charlie, there are ladies present.

Charlie: Sorry.

Hannibal: Now Charlie, let's calm down. Bartholomew is doing what the law allows.

Charlie: You mean you're going to just let him take the ranch away.

Hannibal: I don't think we should go against the law. We just got to figure another way.

Bartholomew: Sure, you got twenty-four hours to raise five hundred dollars.

{He laughs. Charlie raises his gun. Hannibal steps in.}

Hannibal: Bartholomew I think it is best you leave now.

{Bartholomew and Priscilla leave stage right.}

Misty: Running to Hannibal. Oh, Hannibal, what are we going to do?

Hannibal: We can try to raise the money.

Louise: I 'ave a dollar fifty.

Tom: I have one dollar, but no cents.

Charlie: You can say that again.

Tom: I have one dollar, but no...

Charlie: Would you stop? Listen, this is ridiculous. We can't raise five dollars among us, how are we going to raise five hundred dollars?

Hannibal: I have an idea. Miss Misty, do you still have the deed to the mine?

Misty: Yes, but it isn't really a mine. It's just an old cave.

Hannibal: I have two dollars and fifty cents. Will you sell it to me?

Misty: But, Hannibal, it isn't worth anything.

Hannibal: That's ok.

Misty: I'll just give it to you.

Hannibal: No, I want to buy it legally.

Misty: Ok. Here it is.

Hannibal: Here is the two fifty.

Misty: Here is the deed. I'll sign it for you.

{Misty signs over the deed.}

Hannibal: Now, I've got to go into town and take care of some business. But remember, every cow pie has an upside as well as a downside.

{Hannibal leaves stage right.}

Charlie: Well, that was about the dumbest thing I ever heard. Every cow pie has an upside as well as a down side.

Tom: Yeah, it reminds me of your phrase, "Every beer has its day."

Charlie: Don't you have anything better to do?

Tom: Not right now.

Charlie: Well, find something. Now as I was saying before I was rudely interrupted, Miss Misty, where did you find such a cow hand as Hannibal. I think he's a few rounds short of a full chamber.

Misty: Now don't you go bad mouthing Hannibal. He's always looking out for my welfare and he's got a big heart.

Charlie: But he has the dumbest ideas.

Tom: I don't know. I think that one of yours to teach cows to suck themselves so we didn't have to milk them on weekends takes the cake.

Charlie: We were able to train them weren't we?

Tom: Well, yeah. But seeing them all out there standing on three legs, *{Here he tries to act like a cow standing with her leg in the air nursing herself.}* with one back leg in the air nursing themselves was ridiculous. Why, we were the laughing stock of the county.

Louise: No, our neighbors cows vatching over the fence vere dee laughing stock. Old Mr. Johnson claimed his bull got a 'ernia laughing so 'ard.

Charlie: Look at all of the free time we had. We didn't have to milk them on weekends did we?

Louise: Nor any other day of dee veek. Dey are not going to just do it on veekends.

Tom: We would still be the butt of all the jokes if they hadn't all died.

Louise: Why **did** dey all die?

Tom: Charlie decided they were all self contained systems so he decided we didn't need to feed them either.

Charlie: Hey, what came out went back in.

Tom: It **was** interestin' to see how long they lasted.

Charlie: I thought you were going to find something to do.

Tom: There ain't no one to help me. With Bartholomew taking all of our money all of the other cowhands are gone.

Charlie: Well, get a board and fix the corral.

{Tom leaves stage left.}

Louise: Why Charlie, I'd 'ave to say you're dee laziest bum I've ever known.

Charlie: I don't see you hauling hay and fixin' fence.

Louise: I fix dee meals for you, you-good-for-nothin' cow'and.

Charlie: Yeah, and I fix fence as good as you cook.

Louise: You 'aven't ever fixed a good fence in your life.

Charlie: And you haven't ever fixed a good meal.

Louise: Is dat so? Well 'ow come dee cowboys are always coming in at all times of dee day and getting my biscuits?

Charlie: Because our hammers are all broken and the biscuits are tougher.

{Louise screams and goes for him. Misty steps in and intercepts her.}

Misty: Now you two stop. I think we're all a little worked up. Maybe we ought to go get some lunch.

Charlie: Yeah. There's nothing like indigestion to get your mind off things.

{Louise grabs a small board from by the corral and chases him into the house. Misty follows. Almost immediately Bartholomew and Priscilla come back on from stage right.}

Bartholomew: It looks like everyone has gone into the house.

Priscilla: What did we need to come back here today for? You know Charlie threatened to shoot us.

{Hannibal enters from up stage left unnoticed and listens to the following conversation.}

Bartholomew: He's just a big wind-bag and we need to get ready for taking over the ranch tomorrow.

Priscilla: He sounded a bit suspicious.

Bartholomew: About what?

Priscilla: About what you gave Old Man Giving to drink. He acts like he knew it wasn't just liquor.

Bartholomew: *{Laughing.}* Don't worry, my dear. There is no way he can know it was a love potion.

Priscilla: You call that a love potion? That stuff is dangerous.

Bartholomew: *{laughing and pulling out the bottle}* The old lady that sold it to me called it that. She said it could make a man fall in love with a cow as long as she was the first female he saw.

{Hannibal perks up as if he just had an idea.}

Priscilla: That's ridiculous.

Bartholomew: I don't know. It made Old Man Giving fall in love with you didn't it?

Priscilla: But it only lasts twenty four hours.

Bartholomew: That was long enough for you to blink your eyes and get him to sign the contract for the old Indian cave.

{Hannibal looks shocked. He sneaks around back of the house and off stage right. Bonnie enters carrying some rolled up, scroll-like papers.}

Bonnie: Excuse me. I am Bonnie Smith and I am looking for a Bartholomew Blackburn or a Misty Giving.

Bartholomew: I am Mr. Blackburn. What can I do for you?

Bonnie: *{Looking at Priscilla.}* This is kind of a confidential matter.

Bartholomew: Oh, she's nobody. She's just my sister.

Bonnie: I am looking for the owner of an old Indian Cave that is supposed to be in these parts. In tracing the records down I found you had been the owner, but there seemed to be a deed transfer to a Mr. Giving. The county clerk said, however, that Mr. Giving had passed away recently and he has only one daughter, named Misty.

Bartholomew: It just so happens I am again the owner. Did you have some interest in them?

Bonnie: *{Pulling Bartholomew forward and looking around cautiously as Priscilla tries to listen in.}* It so happens, I think there is a fortune in that cave.

Bartholomew: *{Laughing.}* There ain't no gold in there. That's my line.

Bonnie: No, listen. I am a professor of ancient American studies. I started my own company called Bonnie Smith History Consulting, B.S. History for short. I happen to come across some old scrolls that indicate Montezuma's gold might be buried in an old Indian Cave near here.

Bartholomew: Hang on just a minute. *{He drags Priscilla to the side.}* Have you ever heard of the Zuma family, or their gold?

Priscilla: No. And I know every man in these parts and none of them is called Monty.

Bartholomew: Maybe he was called Mont. How about Mont Zuma.

Priscilla: Nope. Never heard of him.

Bartholomew: *{Coming back over to Bonnie.}* Tell us a bit more about Mont Zuma and his gold.

Bonnie: **Montezuma** was the Indian chief of the Aztecs. He was held for ransom by the Spaniards. When the Spaniards killed him, all of the gold and jewels that were being gathered to pay for the ransom were said to be hid somewhere where the Spaniards would not find them. But that was many centuries ago. As a historian, I stumbled on some ancient writings that indicate perhaps they were hidden in an Indian cave around here.

Bartholomew: Excuse us a minute. *{To Priscilla.}* That must be the old MZ cave. After tomorrow it will all be ours anyway.

Priscilla: I thought you traded the deed to the cave for the ranch. Tomorrow you will own the ranch but not the cave.

Bartholomew: Drat it all. That's right. We must find a way to buy the deed to the cave.

Priscilla: First we must keep Bonnie from talking to anyone here.

Bartholomew: You're right. *{Now to Bonnie.}* We've been discussing the challenge of getting all of the permits in place to start on such a project.

Bonnie: Permits?

Bartholomew: Deeds, I mean duds. I mean environmental impact statement and all. Now why don't you let us put you up in a nice hotel in town. We want to keep quiet about this. If this got out there's no end to the type of problems we might have...

{Bartholomew and Priscilla lead Bonnie off stage right heading for town. Charlie, Misty, and Louise come back on from the house. Hannibal comes back on from stage left.}

Charlie: With a meal like that I shouldn't have to eat for a month.

Louise: Ate a lot, 'uh?

Charlie: No. That's how long it will take to break down the biscuits. You sure those weren't buffalo chips.

Louise: One more comment like dat and I'll buffalo chip your 'ead.

Charlie: Sticks and stones can break my bones, but your biscuits can really kill me.

{Tom comes in carrying a board horizontally. He stands in the middle of the stage. As different people talk he turns to look at them turning the board as well so people have to keep ducking or are getting wacked.}

Hannibal: Misty, will you sell me one more thing?

Misty: What's that?

Hannibal: I've got an idea, but I'm going to need a cow. I was wondering if you would sell me Old Daisy.

Misty: But Hannibal, Old Daisy isn't worth anything.

Charlie: What do you want with that old bag of hamburger?

Hannibal: It might not work, but maybe I can get Bartholomew to give us the ranch back.

Charlie: *{Bursts out laughing.}* Sure, you're going to just waltz up to him and tell him you got a cow that ain't worth a plug of tobacco and you're willing to give her to him in exchange for the ranch.

Louise: I don't see you coming up with any ideas.

Hannibal: *{Again to Misty.}* I don't have any money.

Charlie: Sure, now we want to purchase a cow with no money.

Misty: I still owe you for last month's wages.

Hannibal: I'll trade you last month's pay for the cow.

Misty: But, Hannibal, the cow isn't worth a week's wages.

Charlie: Why that old cow isn't worth a day's wages. *{Tom wacks Charlie again with the board.}* Would you put that board down!

Tom: But you told me to fix the fence.

{Charlie grabs the board and throws it down hitting his own foot.}

Hannibal: None the less, I need the cow. Is it a deal.

Misty: Okay. But, Hannibal, what do you have in mind?

Hannibal: I can't tell you right now, but sometimes the only way to catch a rat is to give him a little rat potion.

{Hannibal leaves off stage left.}

Charlie: Well, if he isn't Mr. Philosopher. *{Bartholomew and Priscilla come in from stage right.}* Well, well, well, if it isn't the slippery, slimy, pseudo, sack of scum and his cud-cow gum-chewing sidekick.

Priscilla: *{pops a bubble}* Gum chewing is all the rage.

Charlie: Well, my daddy always said, "The gum chewing girl and the cud chewing cow, so much alike but different somehow. I know what it is, I got it now. It's the smart look on the face of the cow."

Priscilla: *{ let's out an indignant squeal.}* You low life drunken cowboy. You can't speak to me that way

Charlie: I wouldn't have to if we had a good cat that would keep the vermin off the ranch.

Bartholomew: Now, you wouldn't want to speak that way to someone who is trying to do you a favor.

Charlie: Oh! You've decided to commit suicide?

Bartholomew: I've decided to give you some money for that worthless hole in the ground you call the MZ mine so you won't have to leave destitute. I'll offer you fifty cents for it.

Misty: But, I don't own ...

Charlie: *{Interrupting her.}* What she means is we wouldn't sell it to you if you were the last *{looking him over}* person **pretending** to be a man on earth.

Bartholomew: I think this is Miss Giving's decision. If you would all please leave us **alone**. Priscilla has some things she would like to discuss with you.

Priscilla: I do? *{Bartholomew signals about the potion.}* Oh yeah. I do. Come on, let's go in the house.

Charlie: *{With a glance to Bartholomew.}* Misty, I'll be cleaning my shotgun, if you need anything.

{Charlie, Priscilla, Tom, and Louise exit into the cabin. Bartholomew pulls the secret potion bottle out of his pocket along with a glass.}

Bartholomew: Now Miss Misty, why don't we have a drink and discuss the old MZ mine.

Misty: You know I don't drink.

Bartholomew: *{Pouring the glass and handing it to Misty.}* Now you have had a rough day with the death of your father and all. This will make you feel better.

Misty: *{Setting the glass on the outside table.}* Even if I did drink, I wouldn't drink with you.

Bartholomew: That cuts me deeply. And I thought you would do anything to keep the Giving Ranch.

Misty: I would.

Bartholomew: *{To the audience with a nasty laugh.}* This is it. Maybe I can get this sweet little prairie flower to marry me. *{Now to Misty.}* I was thinking you might like to become Mrs. Blackburt.

Misty: Why would I want to marry you?

Bartholomew: You could keep the ranch that way.

Misty: But you're so old. *{To the audience.}* He's **so** old.

Bartholomew: The word is mature.

Misty: *{To the audience.}* The word is old.

Bartholomew: My years have given me experience.

Misty: You must have had some bad experiences.

Bartholomew: But just think of you and me together.

Misty: *{To the audience.}* That's what I'm thinking of.

Bartholomew: It would be heaven.

Misty: *{To the audience.}* It would be *{she pauses}* the other place.

Misty: But I don't love you.

Bartholomew: And your point is?

Misty: When I marry I want it to be forever.

Bartholomew: Why, my dear, it would be no other way. Why, my last woman told me a day with me seemed like forever.

Misty: When I marry I want to be his one and only.

Bartholomew: I totally understand. No one understands better than I. Why I have had

six one and onlies.

Misty: What happened to the others?

Bartholomew: Tragic stories my dear. I can hardly bear to repeat them. The pain of losing my love is more than I can bear.

Misty: I must have some time to think about it.

Bartholomew: You really should strike while the iron is hot. It just can't wait until tomorrow.

Misty: Good idea.

{She goes and gets a branding iron from near the cabin and is just about to clobber Bartholomew with it.}

Bartholomew: Hold it. That's not in the script.

Misty: But you said...

Bartholomew: I know what I said. It's just a figure of speech.

Misty: Oh.

{She puts the branding iron back.}

Misty: *{To the audience.}* Oh what should I do? I just don't know what to do if I lose the ranch. What would become of me?

Bartholomew: Come, come. I don't have all day.

Misty: Can't we wait until tomorrow?

Bartholomew: *{To the audience.}* By tomorrow she might just find out about Montezuma's gold. *{To Misty.}* I'm afraid, my dear, something like this just can't wait until tomorrow.

Misty: I...I just can't.

Bartholomew: Even for the Giving Ranch?

Misty: Even for the Giving Ranch.

Bartholomew: *{To the audience.}* There's more than one way to pick a prairie flower. *{To Misty.}* Well then, at least allow me to bestow on you this gift of perfume I bought specially for you. *{He takes a small bottle from his pocket.}*

Misty: My father told me not to take gifts from strangers.

Bartholomew: But my dear Miss Giving. You have known me for years.

Misty: Yes, but no one is stranger than you.

Bartholomew: Oh, you can trust me. Here just take a little whiff. *{Misty smells it and passes out into Bartholomew's arms. He laughs.}* Now we'll see who will get the MZ

cave!

{Bartholomew drags her off stage left.}

Intermission
(if desired)

**To Read The Rest,
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