

INJUNS

A Musical

by

**JAMES WARDROBE &
WILLIAM GODFREE**

Music by

WILLIAM GODFREE

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

INJUNS

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Pop McMillan *Injun Chief, formerly Sheriff of Yellowsands*

Mandy McMillan *his daughter, aged 17*

Cowboys:

Big Al Neapolis *Marshal of Tucson*

Seb Smith *his Deputy*

Tony McMillan *Sheriff of Yellowsands; Pop's younger
brother*

Zeke *faithful old-timer*

Ferdy Neapolis *Big Al's son, aged 19*

Stevie }
 } *Seb's daughters*
Twinkie }
 }

Injuns:

Cal *Brave*

Fresh-Air *Squaw*

Chorus of Injuns

SCENE: The Desert, some 30 miles from Yellowsands, Arizona

TIME: Summer 1870

INJUNS

by James Wardrobe and William Godfree

ACT I

I. PRELUDE TO ACT I (Instrumental)

(On stage : SEB, ZEKE, TONY, AL.)

2. SONG: WHAT CAN WE DO?

(SEB, ZEKE, TONY, AL.)

All: *Injuns attacked us, came and ransacked us,
Down from the hills in waves;*

Al: *Taken my son,*

Seb: *And taken my daughters,*

All: *Murdered by Apache braves.*

*I can't remember such a dilemma
In all my history;*

Zeke: *Maybe they'll come back,*

Tony: *Maybe they'll scalp us,*

Seb: *Finish off both you and me!*

All: *Oh, what can we do?*

Can we be saved from renegades and marauders?

Oh, what can we do?

Can we survive? I don't know why they've ignored us.

Please God don't let them come back and seize us;

Please God don't let them come.

When they hijacked us, hid behind cactus,

What a calamity!

Al: *Stolen our guns,*

Seb: *And stolen our horses,*

All: *Genuine* catastrophe! (*= genuwine!)*

`How come there's still us? Why don't they kill us?`

Feeds my anxiety.

Zeke: *Waiting for nightfall?*

Tony: *Waiting for sunrise?*

Zeb: *What we need's the cavalry!*

All: *Oh, what can we do don't let them come.*

Zeke: There's no sign of 'em, but they were Apaches all right....

Seb: Of course they were Apaches, there's no other injun tribes round here for hundreds of miles....

Zeke: These Apaches always attack at Dead Man's Gulch. I remember once when I was a young 'un, travelling back from Phoenix, just like now, and we got to Dead Man's Gulch, and....

Al: Zeke, shut up about Dead Man's Gulch, or I'll give you Dead Man's Gulch!

Zeke: Hold your horses, Al!

Seb: (*aside*) We ain't got no horses.

Tony: (*investigating the wagon*) Well, tarnation, they've stolen your crate of whiskey, Al, as well as the weapons and horses. A dozen bottles of top-grade Kentucky Rye.

Al: What? What else has gone? Where's my black leather bag? Where's my....

Tony: Don't worry, Al. Here's your money bag. How much is it? 20,000 dollars? It looks all there to me, but greenbacks is no use to us out here in the middle of nowhere. We're finished if those injuns come back. The girls weren't much use riding shotgun, and Ferdy wasn't much of a scout. They never saw those redskins coming...(*muses*) I guess they're dead, but why did they take the bodies?

Zeke: That's why they always attack at Dead Man's Gulch. I remember in the old days.... in eighteen-fifty-two, it was....

Al: (*shuts ZEKE up with a glare*) At least the money's safe. I wonder what else they've taken.

Seb: Apart from the whiskey, the rifles, the revolvers, your son, my daughters....

Al: They should have taken you, you smart EX-Deputy!

Seb:all the food and all the water!

Al: We never should have gone to that daughter of mine's wedding in the first place. Why Clarrie wanted to marry a whiskey salesman from Phoenix at all, I'll never know.

Tony: I thought you were mighty keen on the idea - free crates of whiskey delivered at regular intervals to the Marshall's Office in Tucson,* an' all.

Zeke: (*rummaging in the wrecked wagon*) Well, lookee here! Good news after all. Them pesky injuns didn't take everything useful.

Al: What? What've you found? Guns?

Tony: You got some provisions there, Zeke?

Zeke: Nope, better'n that. I found me my favoureet harmonica.... listen. (*plays e.g. The Yellow Rose of Texas excruciatingly badly*) Yep, it still works perfect.

Seb: Those injuns sure knew how to make us suffer....

Tony: Now I understand why they didn't kill us.... (*ZEKE starts playing again*)

* pronounced "Too-son" - emphasis on the first syllable.

Al: Shut up, all of you. We've got more to worry about than that harmonica. If we stay here we won't last till sundown, We'll have to try and find some water, and maybe we'll get lucky and even find the horses. I wish that son of mine had kept his eyes skinned for trouble. Still, now I guess he's with his Maker. And those poor girls... *(sobs)* *(They all start to leave)*

Zeke: I still don't understand why they didn't kill us all in Dead Man's Gulch...
(ALL exeunt)

3. ENTRANCE OF INJUNS *(Instrumental)*

(Enter POP, MANDY, CAL, FRESH-AIR, INJUNS)

Pop: Has everything been done EXACTLY as I ordered?

Injun: Exactly, Chief Poppamac. The whitemen were off their guard, and easy to ambush.

Cal: We've completed your instructions EXACTLY, but I don't know why we couldn't kill them, like we used to when my father was chief.

Pop: *(ignoring CAL)* What about the girls, and the youth who was riding ahead of the wagon?

Fresh-Air: The two girls were blindfolded and taken on horseback three miles east of the trail, then released. They're well out of the way, but they're being watched at a distance. The other we dumped without his horse in the other direction, over there. *(points)*

Pop: Good, so they've been split up from these four. *(rounding on CAL)* Did you hurt the whitemen?

Cal: No, Chief. Fresh-Air wouldn't let me. She let me hit the big one a bit, but not much. Not enough really.

Pop: Right, what about the horses?

Fresh-Air: They've been taken back to the camp with the guns. The palefaces won't be able to find them. And we took their supplies. The whiskey's with the girls.

Pop: Well done! Now I have time to deal with these. *(gestures offstage)* Go and rest. I need to think about.... revenge.... after all these years. *(ALL withdraw slightly, except POP and MANDY)*

Mandy: What's happening, Pa? You're scaring me. This isn't like you. You've always kept our tribe at peace with the whiteman. You believe in peace. Now you're behaving like that savage, Cal. Why did you ambush these men? Who are they?

Pop: Three of them are my enemies from long ago. Not the old man, or the young ones. The old man, Zeke, helped us once, when you were a child. The big one, who bosses the others around, is the Marshall of Tucson, he's called Big Al Neapolis. The shifty-looking one with the moustache is his Deputy. Oh, the spirits have been kind to me today at last.

Mandy: How do you know these men? You talked about revenge? What did they do to you?

Pop: What did they do to US!?! Listen, I've never told you much about my past, or about your mother. I loved her very much.

Mandy: I know. You told me she died when I was two years old.

Pop: And you know too that we are white folk, not native injuns like the rest of the tribe.

Mandy: Yes, but I feel like an injun, I am an injun. I don't know whiteman's ways. *(pause)* I think it's time you really told me how we came to live amongst the Apaches.

Pop: The fourth man - an accident of fate has delivered him into my hands today, after fifteen years - ismy brother.

Mandy: Brother? What brother?

Pop: My brother, your uncle, Tony McMillan. He was my Deputy in Yellowsands. I was the Sheriff. When your mother died, I let go of keeping that town in order, and he did all the work, because I was grieving so much. He did a good job.... too good a job.

Mandy: What do you mean?

Pop: I left the running of the Sheriff's Office to him, and I stayed at home, book-learnin' mostly. Reading and thinking.

Mandy: Thinking?

Pop: Thinking, not doing. Tony was doing. He wanted me out, he wanted me dead. I never realised what was happening in that spring of 1855

4. SONG: *IN THE SPRING OF EIGHTEEN-FIFTY-FIVE*
(POP, INJUNS)

Pop: *In the Spring of Eighteen-Fifty-Five, a dirty deed was done
By the Deputy of Yellowsands and the Marshal of Tucson,
To a Sheriff too darn blind to see those two varmints in cahoots
Making sure that trusted Deputy could step into his boots.*

All: *In the Spring of Eighteen-Fifty-Five, a dirty deed was done*

Pop: *By the Deputy of Yellowsands and the Marshal of Tucson.
Well, that Sheriff was your Daddy, dear, and you a babe in arms
But my brother sent us both to die, and with no fraternal qualms.
And his lust for power condemned us both to our hunger and
our thirst.
To my vengeful eyes, the sight of him will always be accursed.*

All: *In the Spring of Eighteen-Fifty-Five, a dirty deed was done
By the Deputy of Yellowsands and the Marshal of Tucson.*

Injuns: *After dark, a posse took 'em out and tied 'em to a horse,
Then they slapped its ass and drove it out without mercy or
remorse.
Only one man kept his loyalty, and that man was faithful Zeke;
If it hadn't been for his canteen, they'd died within the week.*

All: *In the Spring of Eighteen-Fifty-Five, a dirty deed was done
By the Deputy of Yellowsands and the Marshal of Tucson.*

Pop: *So beware that folksy Marshal man, your bosom pal for life;
Don't you ever turn your back on him, 'cos you're sure to feel
his knife.
And ambitious, smilin' deputies who pretend to be your friend;
They may bide their time for years and years - they'll get you in
the end.*

All: *In the Spring of Eighteen-Fifty-Five, a dirty deed was done
By the Deputy of Yellowsands and the Marshal of Tucson.*

Mandy: How could your own brother do that to you?

Pop: The man who helped us, who secretly put his canteen of water in my saddlebag, is also one of this party.

Mandy: The old man?

Pop: Yes. I promise you no harm will come to him.

Mandy: What about the others? What will happen to them?

Pop: Don't ask me that! A slow death will be too quick for them. They must suffer first.

Mandy: You've always taught me forgiveness

Pop: (*angrily interrupts*) Don't start teaching me. Do you know why I'm chief? These injuns found us half-dead, in the middle of the desert. We were double

lucky - we'd lasted long enough on Zeke's water, but only just, AND they were a friendly tribe. When we'd recovered, we could have tried to go back to Yellowsands

Mandy: Why didn't we?

Pop: I came to realise that injun culture was really more humane and civilised than the white settlers'. I decided to stay and help the old chief, Cal's father, and the tribe benefited from my knowledge and skills. I began to love the injun life. When the old chief was dying, he named me as his heir

Mandy: Cal's never forgiven you.

Pop: And he never will. But he's not fit to rule. His father was right.

Mandy: So now you have power over your enemies.

Pop: I never expected to see them again. I had forgotten, but not forgiven. I'm sure they've forgotten, too

(Enter INJUN) Yes? What news?

Injun: The two girls are moving slowly back towards the trail, and the young man is moving this way from the other direction.

Pop: Right. Cal, come here.

Cal: Yes, chief.

Pop: Circle round the two women, and tail them. Keep out of sight, and report back if they get too close.

Cal: Why can't I tail the men instead? Fresh-Air should deal with the women. It's squaw's work. I want to tail the men, and pick them off one by one.

(He makes whooping noises and chants)

*I stole their horses }
I covered my tracks } (Injun wardance
Now they'll get my tomahawk } rhythm!)
In their backs! }*

Pop: YOU aren't even fit to follow the women! Stay there! Fresh-Air, follow the young man, and make sure he doesn't meet the women. Try and trick him into coming right here. We'll be ready for him.

Fresh-Air: Yes, master. *(Exits)*

Pop: *(addresses the rest of the INJUNS)* Follow the four men who've left this wagon, but don't let them see you. I have to decide what to do with them.

Injun: They'll just go round in circles in that desert. They can't escape. *(ALL exeunt, except POP, MANDY and CAL)*

Pop: So you think trailing women is squaw's work, do you?

Cal: *(defiantly)* That's what I said. I won't do it.

Pop: You've got a short memory. Have you forgotten what happened the last time you disobeyed me?

Cal: No, chief.

Pop: Well? Remind me.

Cal: You staked me to the ground near a trail of giant red ants and poured honey over me and

Pop: You screamed for forgiveness, and promised eternal obedience.

Cal: (*wearily*) Yes, Chief, eternal obedience. But that was then. That was the day before yesterday. Besides, there aren't any red ants around here

Pop: Silence! Will you obey me, and follow the women, or

Cal: Yes, chief.

Pop: Go! (*exit CAL*)

Mandy: Look, Pa, the young cowboy is coming! (*POP and MANDY withdraw separately to back of stage. FERDY enters, and does not see them*)

5. SONG: *I'VE HAD THIS DREAM*
(*FERDY*)

Ferdy: *I've had this dream, I've had it often,
I am lost and all around is sand;
The burning sun beats down upon me,
I've no friend to take me by the hand.
An old and broken melody is jangling in my ears,
And I see a dreadful image in the sound:
The body of my father lying face down in the sand,
Hungry birds wheeling round and round.
Now this dream's become reality
And it's turning into a nightmare.*

*It's just a dream - that's what they told me,
That's for kids, and you're a grown-up guy;
But now it's here, the fear I've dreamt of,
There are vultures darkening the sky.
The green and spiky fingers of the cactus beckon me,
Fevered images come at me through the haze.
The only sound at all is going on inside my head
Where the music just plays and plays:
Now this dream's become reality,
And it's turning into a nightmare. (*sees the wrecked wagon*)*

Oh so the injuns did get them. There's the proof. They must have taken them prisoner. (*walks around the wagon, investigating. Sees MANDY and*

starts) What who's that? (*raises hands*) She must be an injun. Where's her menfolk? I'm done for. (*addresses MANDY*) Peace peace .. to .. you. Me .. friend. Me .. Ferdy. Who .. are .. you? (*diffidently raises right palm*) How? (*pause. MANDY is silent*) How?

Mandy: How-dee, Mister Cowboy!

Ferdy: You .. speak .. English .. yes?

Mandy: I surely do.

Ferdy: (*aside*) This squaw seems quite friendly. (*to MANDY*) What's your name?

Mandy: My name's Mandy and your name's Ferdy.

Ferdy: Ferdy? How do you know that?

Mandy: We know ALL about you, Ferdy. Welcome to the desert, Ferdy Neapolis!

6. SONG: *I LIKE WHAT I SEE*
(POP, MANDY, FERDY)

Pop (*upstage*): *Welcome, Ferdy Neapolis,
Son of my enemy;
It's almost twenty years since we met,
But I guess I like what I see.*

Mandy: *I can't believe what I'm seeing;
What a heavenly being!
Oh my, I cannot deny
I think I like what I see.*

Ferdy: *I never saw a western dame dressed as a Cherokee before;
I never saw a lady's ankle, let alone a knee before;
As to femininity, she goes against the grain,
Still, I know I like what I see.*

Pop: { *Welcome, Ferdy Neapolis.....*

Mandy: { *I can't believe what I'm seeing.....*

Ferdy: { *I never saw a western dame....*

(POP approaches and is seen by FERDY)

Pop: Ferdy Neapolis, you are my prisoner

Ferdy: How do you know my name?

Pop: (*pompously and “chief-like”, with arms crossed*) I am Chief Poppamac. This squaw is my daughter. (*points to the Wagon*) My Apache braves did this. All are dead.

Ferdy: Oh, no! Why? Where are they? One of them was my father

Pop: Yes, my enemy. All were my enemies. You are my enemy, Ferdy Neapolis.

Ferdy: No, no! But how do you know who I am?

Pop: (*produces scalp of hair*) This man told me before he died. He said his name was Neapolis, Marshal of Tucson, and that you were his son. (*thrusts the scalp under FERDY’S nose*) Do you recognise this?

7. ‘SCALP’ (*Instrumental - under dialogue*)

Ferdy: (*weeping and distraught*) Take it away! Yes, my father’s hair, yes. (*FRESH-AIR enters, behind FERDY and unseen by him*)

Pop: You will not be killed yet. If you do as you are told, you will live a little longer as my slave.

Ferdy: No! Never! (*makes to escape, but FRESH-AIR closes on FERDY, and holds a knife to his throat*)

Fresh-Air: What’s it to be, cowboy? Scalping or slavery?

Ferdy: All right. I have no choice.

Pop: Tie his hands behind his back. We must take the prisoner back to camp. This has been a great day for the Apache! (*POP, MANDY and FERDY exeunt. INJUNS enter and dismantle the wagon. Exeunt*)

Fresh-Air: (*muses aloud*) A great day for the Apache! But for which Apache, O Great White Chief! (*enter CAL*) Which Apache, indeed!

Cal: Who are you talking to, chief squaw? You make me sick as a prairie dog, with your “Yes, master! No, master! Let me lie down on this cactus, master, so you can walk all over me”

Fresh-Air: You’re too stupid to understand what’s good for me, or for yourself, or for Chief Poppamac. If you had more sense, you’d get what you wanted by keeping quiet, and listening, and learning Anyway, what are you doing here? You’re supposed to be following the white women. Have you lost them?

Cal: Of course not. They’re coming through the ravine. I know exactly where they are.

Fresh-Air: You’d better, or Poppamac will

Cal: will what? Forget about him. Look, Fresh-Air, I quite like you. You’re smart for a squaw. In fact, if you weren’t so taken with Poppamac, and his every wish, I might even consider inviting you to share my wigwam with me.

(CAL sidles up to an amused FRESH-AIR, who is finding it very difficult not to laugh) Hey, what do you think? You must like me more than old Poppamac. I've got a future in this tribe. Help me to do in your great master, and then I'll be Chief, which I ought to be anyway, and

Fresh-Air: I'll be chief squaw? But I am already. You said so.

Cal: MY chief squaw, not his. It makes all the difference.

Fresh-Air: That's very true.

Cal: Well, what do you say? You like me too, don't you? (*strokes FRESH-AIR'S hair*)

Fresh-Air: (*gently*) No, I don't think so, Cal. Maybe when you're a lot older and if you ever get wiser.

Cal: You're missing the best chance you'll ever get.

Fresh-Air: My future lies in another direction, far away from the tribe.

Cal: What do you mean?

Fresh-Air: I've had enough of teepees and totem poles. I want to try life the way the whiteman lives it, wear clothes like those girls you've been following, ride on the Iron Horse, visit the big towns, spend money in their stores

Cal: Well, why don't you?

Fresh-Air: Poppamac won't let me go. He said that he'd help me, if I helped him. But I'm tired of supporting him anymore. He'll have to keep his promise. I want to go to Yellowsands, maybe with those girls, if he lets them go

Cal: Yellowsands yesI've heard about Yellowsands. I might want to go there too. But first I have to get what I want here

Fresh-Air: I'm going to go soon, after these white folk he hates so much have been dealt with. He'll have to agree.

Cal: If I were you, I'd go now. You've been loyal to him for so long.

Fresh-Air: Cal, for once you're right. I've been loyal to him too long ...

8. SONG: *FOR MANY SEASONS, MANY MOONS*

Fresh-Air: *For many seasons, many moons,
I've served him unreservedly.
For many seasons, many moons,
I've given him my loyalty,
My unrequited loyalty.*

*When he became our tribal chief
I helped him learn our ways.
When others hoped he'd come to grief
I gave my nights and days.*

*For many seasons
Long years ago he promised me,
Now he must pay his dues;
He promised me he'd set me free
My own life's path to choose.
For many seasons*

Cal: I'll believe it when I see it - him keeping his promises. Remember, if you change your mind about teepees and living with palefaces, my offer .. hm .. my wigwam, you know, remains open okay?

Fresh-Air: Thanks, but no thanks, Cal! (*exit FRESH-AIR*)

Cal: I wish I was clever, like Fresh-Air. Then I could get my revenge on that Poppamac. My father should have named me head of the tribe. In fact, he probably did, and I bet Poppamac lied about my father's last wish. I should be chief, and I'm gonna stand up to him, and tell him. He'll have to listen, real good I'll tell you, Poppamac McMillan, I'm not afraid of you. Listen to me

9. SONG: *LISTEN GOOD*
(CAL)

Cal: *Listen good, you clever McMillan,
Who cast you as the hero and me as the villain?
I should be chief, and it's my belief
Your pride is shortly coming to grief.*

*You swan in, my headdress yer snatches,
Who gave vermin authority to govern Apaches?
You tiny shrew, little kinkajou,
I'm gonna have the last laugh on you.*

If Fresh-Air won't help me, I'll find some other Apaches who will. (*STEVIE and TWINKIE enter silently, and creep up on CAL*) Then when I'm in charge, we'll fight the palefaces all the time (*STEVIE and TWINKIE pounce and disable CAL*) Aagh ... no, chief, no, I didn't mean it! I promise eternal obedience and loyalty aagh!

Stevie: Oh, yes please! I like that, eternal obedience from this injun.

Cal: You two?! I'm supposed to be tracking you.

Twinkie: Well, you're not much good at it, are you? Stay still, or I'll break your arm.

Cal: All right. You white women are very strong.

Twinkie: Stevie, bring that crate that we found here, and I'll tie this redskin up.
(*exit STEVIE. TWINKIE ties CAL'S hands up, in front*) Okay, redskin, are you going to behave yourself? What's your name?

Cal: Cal, son of Big Chief Standing Bison, who was the son of Little Chief Laughing Coyote, who was known to the whiteman as Billy "Look Both Ways"

Twinkie: Billy "Look Both Ways"? Why was your grandpaw called that?

Cal: The whitemen thought he was very alert and quick-sighted, but they were wrong.

Twinkie: Wrong?

Cal: Yep. He was shot in the back, when he wasn't looking. That was the end of him. (*enter STEVIE, dragging a crate of whiskey*) What's this?

Stevie: Twelve bottles of whiskey. Ever had whiskey, injun?

Cal: Nope, but I've heard it really cheers you up. I need cheering up. Poppamac's gonna kill me, when he finds out I let you women tie me up.

Twinkie: Who's Poppamac?

Cal: He's the Big Chief.

Twinkie: If your father was Big Chief, why aren't you?

Cal: I should be, and after I kill him I will be.

Stevie: Kill him? Mmm.... so you're a bit of a rebel, are you? (*pause. STEVIE and TWINKIE exchange knowing looks*) Here, try some whiskey have a good slug. (*aside*) Twinkie, are you thinking what I'm thinking?

Twinkie: Yes, indeedee! Now, Cal, stop drinking that and listen. There's plenty more where that came from.

Cal: It's veryinteresting. I'm feeling happier already. Where did it come from?

Twinkie: From the whiteman's city, Phoenix, but there's plenty of this in Yellowsands.

Cal: Ah, yes. Yellowsands. I keep hearing about that town. What else happens there?

Stevie: There's lots of drinking and gambling.

Cal: What's gambling?

Stevie: Winning lots of money off other people

Cal: Lots of money, eh? I suppose I'd have to kill them to get it. Is that it?

Twinkie: No, not quite. You just have to be very quick-witted, like you. Have another drink?

Cal: What else?

Stevie: Well, lots of girls like us. You know, friendly

Cal: You're not friendly, you've tied me up.

Stevie: We could be more friendly, especially if you helped us get to Yellowsands.

Twinkie: Or if you came with us to Yellowsands

Stevie: (*ruffles CAL'S hair*) Even better!

Cal: Wow, let's go! Now!

Twinkie: We can't, Cal, withouthorses. I don't suppose?

Cal: Horses - that's no problem. I know just where the horses from the wagon are.

Twinkie: The horses from the wagon? If you show us where these horses are, we'll show you a really good time in Yellowsands, won't we, Stevie?

Stevie: You betcha. It's a wonderful place, Cal.

Cal: Oh yeah!

10. SONG: ***THERE'S A WONDERFUL PLACE***
(*STEVIE, TWINKIE*)

Stevie/Twinkie: *Well there's a wonderful place we can go
With the opportunity of spending masses of dough*

Stevie: *You can dance or shoot craps,*

Twinkie: *You can drink and drink until you collapse.*

Stevie: *All the folks, they will cheer,*

Twinkie: *As they watch you sink your twentieth beer,*

Both: *If you lay on the horses
We could be in Yellowsands today -
Hey, hey, hey.*

*So go and grab yourself fame and renown
As a debonair, sophisticated man-about-town.*

Stevie: *Savoir-faire, etiquette,*

Twinkie: *And a golden touch at playing roulette.*

Stevie: *So tonight rest your head*

Twinkie: *In a warm saloon 'n' a deep feather bed -*

Both: *A perfect way to slumber
After roistering the night away -
Hey, hey, hey.*

Cal: Come on, let's go! Let's get those horses and go!

Stevie: Here, have some more redevye, Cal.

Cal: That's mighty friendly. Er, have you girls ever seen inside a real Apache wigwam? I could show you mine, on the way

(*Exeunt CAL, TWINKIE and STEVIE*).

11. *NIGHTFALL.* (Instrumental)

(Night begins to fall. Enter FERDY, with hands tied, MANDY, FRESH-AIR and INJUNS. The INJUNS prepare the camp fire, and they all settle down around it).

Ferdy: Where's your father gone, Mandy? I don't understand why he's being so unpleasant, and yet you and this squaw have treated me kindly.

Mandy: There's a lot of things you don't understand, Ferdy. I'll tell you, but it won't help. You'll still be his prisoner.

Fresh-Air: Don't tell him anything.

Mandy: I'll tell him what I please, Fresh-Air!

Fresh-Air: I'm sorry, Mandy. We both know Poppamac is acting strange these days, but he's still our Chief.

Mandy: Do you think what he's doing is right?

Fresh-Air: I don't know. It doesn't seem to be for the good of the tribe, does it?

Mandy: No, it's personal, very personal. Listen, Ferdy, your father and his friends are still alive

Ferdy: What? How do you know?

Fresh-Air: It's true, cowboy. They're roaming about in the desert, just like you were. They think they're lost, but we know just where they are. They won't come to any harm yet. Poppamac doesn't want them to.

Mandy: Tomorrow, if you promise not to try and escape, I can show you where they are, to prove they're alive and kicking.

Fresh-Air: Kicking each other, from what I've seen.

Ferdy: Okay, I won't try any funny business. But what about that scalp? Why did he pretend he'd killed them?

Mandy: Your father did something bad to mine a long time ago, and now the past has caught up with him. Poppamac wants revenge, and I'm sorry to say he's enjoying it.

Ferdy: Revenge? What for?

Mandy: This'll surprise you too. Tony is Poppamac's brother - my father was Pop McMillan

Ferdy: Pop McMillan? Impossible! He's dead. The story in Yellowsands was that he went on a trip into the desert, and never came back.

Fresh-Air: (laughs) Well, that's true, as far as it goes!

Mandy: Tony and Al kicked him out - that's how Tony became Sheriff

Ferdy: I see. That's why your father is so hostile.

Mandy: There's nothing we can do about it. We'll just have to be patient, and watch what happens.

Ferdy: I guess so.

Mandy: If you promise not to be a nuisance, I'll untie you.
Ferdy: I ...don't think I want to be a nuisance to you, Mandy. I promise.
Mandy: Okay. (*FRESH-AIR cuts FERDY free*)
Ferdy: Are the two girls okay too?
Fresh-Air: Yes.
Mandy: Is one of them your girl, Ferdy?
Ferdy: No. Why do you ask?
Mandy: Aw, nothing. (*MANDY pokes the embers distractedly with a stick*).
Fresh-Air: Mandy, now that Poppamac has caught his brother, will he want to go back as Sheriff of Yellowsands, or will he stay with the tribe?
Mandy: He hasn't said. I don't think he's decided yet. And I don't know what he'll do to his brother.
Fresh-Air: But he has many responsibilities as Chief. These (*gesturing towards the INJUNS*) are like his children.
Mandy: Of course, and you are all my brothers and sisters. He won't abandon you, I'm sure. He will provide for you.
Injun 1: He is our protector.
Injun 2: He is like the great sun of Arizona that feeds and warms us.
Injun 1: But now the great sun is setting. One day it may not arise
Fresh-Air: The sun will always rise. Day and night Poppamac will protect us from our enemies

12. SONG: MIGHTY SUN OF ARIZONA
(INJUNS)

Injuns: *Mighty sun of Arizona, day has breathed its last;
 Hide behind the Horseshoe Canyon now your time is past.
 Gaze on other islands half a world away,
 For Poppamac will keep our foes at bay,
 For Poppamac will drive them all away.*

*Fiery Colorado River, surging to the sea;
 Bringing life to poor Apache, drop no tears for me.
 Leave us with the darkness, have no thought to stay,
 For Poppamac will keep our foes at bay,
 For Poppamac will drive them all away.*

*Peaks of high Sierra Madre, Mountain God above,
 Look not down on desert children, save your Mother's love.
 Fear not for the Injun, if our lives decay,*

*For Poppamac will keep our foes at bay,
For Poppamac will drive them all away.*

END OF ACT I

ACT II

13. *PRELUDE TO ACT II* (Instrumental)

(Dawn next day. AL, ZEKE, TONY and SEB are asleep, AL cuddling moneybag, ZEKE with his mouth wide open. POP and FRESH-AIR enter).

Fresh-Air: Here they are, master, safe and sound and at your mercy

Pop: What do you think I should do to them, Fresh-Air? Do you think I have the right to kill them, for what they did to me and Mandy?

Fresh-Air: I am an Apache - for me the answer must be yes. For an Apache brave it would bea matter of honour. Like prairie wolves they come snapping and snarling into our history. But you have tried to teach us a different justice, the justice of the whiteman What is that worth to you now? The tribe is worried and frightened

Pop: I know - they are right, you are right and Mandy is right. My anger and my desire for retribution have got the better of me. I won't neglect my duty to the tribe. But isn't it more than just a coincidence that has brought these men into my power? Why shouldn't I be the instrument of natural justice, my own avenging angel?

Fresh-Air: You alone must decide that, master.

Pop: I won't kill them, but they will suffer more in this parched desert before I confront them

Fresh-Air: There's something else, master.

Pop: What?

Fresh-Air: I think Mandy likes the young cowboy quite a lot

Pop: I thought so. You see - it's impossible to control the lives of others, as I'm trying to do

Fresh-Air: You can't control the heart, master.

Pop: No, so we must let that friendship take its course. As for these (*pointing to AL et al*) they are about to have a rather eventful day.

Fresh-Air: But first they can walk around in circles for a few more hours (*Exeunt FRESH-AIR and POP. TONY and SEB wake up, stretch, rise etc. and look down at AL and ZEKE, who are still sleeping*).

Seb: Just look at him, cuddling his baby.

Tony: He may have lost his boy, but he's still got his precious money.

Seb: And his Marshal's badge.

Tony: Just think what I could do with that money

Seb: Just think what I could do with that badge

Tony: Women

Seb: Power

Tony: Gambling

Seb: Respect

Tony: Liquor

Seb: Authority

Tony: Forget it - once we're out of here, things will be just as they were.

Seb: If we all of us get back, that is

Tony: Get back?

Seb: Well, put it this waysupposing there was to be an unfortunate accident.

Tony: Accident?

Seb: As long as Neapolis is alive he's a thorn in your side as well as mine. I'll never be more than Deputy Marshal. You'll always have him looking over your shoulder. Now, if there was to be a landslide

Tony: How long are we gonna wait around for a landslide?

Seb: We don't WAIT for one, you cowpoke, we CAUSE one. Just a very small one.

Tony: What about the old-timer?

Seb: He's too weak to make it out of here - it would be a mercy-killing. Anyway, can you stand any more of that harmonica playing?

Tony: We've got to kill them both?

Seb: It didn't seem to worry you fifteen years ago when you murdered your brother and his little girl. Or have you grown yourself a conscience since then?

Tony: I don't want to talk about it. Al pushed me into it.

Seb: It suited him well to have his yes-man as Sheriff of Yellow Sands.

Tony: It was his fault.

Seb: (*mock-righteous*) Indeed it was. What a very wicked man. A landslide's too good for him. Pick up that boulder. (*they each pick up a large rock*) Over here. (*they move towards the sleeping pair*)

Tony: Seb, I'm not so sure this is the way.

Seb: Listen, Mr. Scruples, are you gonna deny the good Marshal the privilege of meeting his Maker and the joy of leaving you twenty thousand dollars in his will?

Tony: And leaving youMarshal of Tucson.

14. SONG: **WHEN WE GET BACK TO TOWN**
(TONY, SEB)

Tony / Seb: *When we get back to town, we'll have
A tragic story planned,
How all but us were wiped out*

*By a murd'rous Injun band.
A simultaneous avalanche
We pardners must contrive,
At the count of one, two, three, four*

(AL and ZEKE stir)

Tony: *When I get back to Yellowsands
A wealthy man I'll be,
There's twenty grand inside that bag
And half will be for me.
To tell folks of these happenings
We will alone survive
At the count of one, two, three, four*

(AL and ZEKE stir)

Seb: *When I get back to Tucson
I'll be Marshal of that town,
At last I'll have the power to lock
Men up and shoot 'em down.
My claim is indisputable
Through being left alive
At the count of one, two, three, four (ZEKE wakes suddenly!)*

Zeke: Mornin', Tony! *(He rolls over. TONY drops the rock, narrowly missing him)* What are you doing with that there stone?

Tony: Er

Zeke: Take care now - you could hurt somebody.

Tony: *(lamely)* Oh yeah, hurt somebody.... *(AL wakes. SEB retreats quickly)*

Al: Just what were you doing, McMillan?

Tony: *(desperation)* We uhit was

Seb: *(inspiration)* INJUNS!

Tony: That's it! Injuns!

Al: I don't see no injuns.

Tony: Well it was a

Seb: FALSE ALARM!

Tony: Yeah - false alarm!

Al: What's up, Seb? Getting the jitters about a few redskins?

Seb: Jitters? Me? No, darn it!

Al: You scared of injuns, McMillan?

Tony: No, Marshal, I ain't.

Zeke: Did I ever tell you the story of my grandpappy?

Al: No, but I guess we're gonna hear it now

Zeke: He was a trapper. One summer he's putting his canoe ashore in injun territory, when he finds himself surrounded by a dozen ugly-looking redskins. "Jethro," he says to himself, "you can get out of this alive if you use your wits." So he looks them injuns boldly in the eye and he says to them: "Men of Wyoming, I am pursuing my lawful trade along this river, and I mean you no harm. I perceive you to be high-principled men who would not besmirch your honour with the blood of a man who has never raised his hand in violence against the Redskin. You are noble and just men. I know you will let me go my way in peace."

Al: And they let him go?

Zeke: Nope - killed him where he stood. (*An uneasy pause. FERDY and MANDY appear at the back, well concealed from the four*)

Tony: What was that?

Al: You ARE scared.

Tony: I ain't, I ain't! I just thought I (*lamely*) heard something.

Seb: Well, I say let 'em come. I'm not a yellowbelly.

Al: Me neither. Our ancestors didn't fight the Apache and open up the West so that we could get lily-livered over a few tiresome injuns.

The Others: No, siree!

15. SONG : *INJUNS*

(*SEB, ZEKE, TONY, AL*)

All: *Pesky Injuns - just let us near 'em,
They'll discover how much we fear 'em;*

Tony / Al: *We will show 'em the stuff we're made of,*

Seb / Zeke: *We will show 'em we're not afraid of -*

All: *Injuns! We're not afraid of Injuns!*

When fighting for the

Causes and freedoms that they pioneered,

Our fathers, they struggled, but were they afeared of Injuns?

No! And neither are we!

If you meet him, this Injun feller,

(Skin is red - underneath he's yellor)

Tony / Al: *Cock an ear and you'll hear him cluckin'*

Seb / Zeke: *He's a chicken, so let's get pluckin' -*

All: *Injuns! We sure ain't scared of Injuns!*

Our fathers were not

*Frightened of cowards who call themselves “brave”,
Nor were they about to be given a shave by Injuns -
No! And neither are we!*

Seb: Follow me - I'll get us out of here! (*Exeunt the four. MANDY and FERDY emerge*)

Mandy: That one-eyed jack is my uncle - think of it.

Ferdy: My Dad didn't come out of it too well either.

Mandy: How could anyone hate my Pa enough to want to kill him - and me too?

Ferdy: I don't know, Mandy, it's like I never really knew Al Neapolis until now.

Mandy: In some way I'm partly responsible for all this

Ferdy: I suppose that's true - if it weren't for you and your father I'd be back in Tucson by now.

Mandy: And yet you don't bear any grudges?

Ferdy: I can understand your father wanting revenge - even after fifteen years. I don't welcome it, but I do understand it.

Mandy: And me?

Ferdy: It's different with you.

Mandy: How come?

Ferdy: (*diffident*) You must know how I feel about you.

Mandy: I don't know that I do.

Ferdy: Well, I (*funks it*) think you're a swell kind of girl, Mandy.

Mandy: And I think you're a swell kind of guy.

Ferdy: Ilike you a whole lot, Mandy.

Mandy: Gee, thanks, but with things as they are, good friends is all we're ever going to be.

Ferdy: Because of our fathers' hatred towards each other? (*she nods*) Oh, Mandy, if only we could run away from all this - leave it behind.

Mandy: Believe me, Ferdy, I'd come with you now if I could

16. SONG: *IF I WERE FREE*
(*FERDY, MANDY*)

Ferdy: *If I were free to take you back to Tucson,
Would you be free to travel there with me?
Or anywhere in Arizona, we could build a house and own a
Little farm, and raise a family;
So would you come, or must I go alone?*

Mandy: *If I were free to come with you to Tucson,
We would be living in a world of dreams;*

*And even in New Mexico, wherever we might wish to go,
Our fathers' hate would always follow me:
I could not come, so you must go alone.*

Ferdy: *If I were free to take you back to Tucson,
Would you agree to travel there with me?
Or heading for the Rio Grande, would you, oh my dearest
Mandy,
Leave your tribe to come and follow me?
So would you come, or must I go alone?*

Mandy: *If I were free to come with you to Tucson,
If I could earn the blessing of your kin,
I'd even go to Yellowsands, forsake my native Injun lands,
But then I know that's unreality;
I could not come, so you must go alone.*

Ferdy: It's no, then?

Mandy: I wish it weren't, but it is.

Ferdy: So what do we do now?

Mandy: Take off your hat. *(he places it on a rock)* Come here. *(she unsheathes her knife)*

Ferdy: A suicide pact? Can't we talk this over?

Mandy: Calm down - there won't be any killing. *(takes his arm)* Just a little blood-letting.

Ferdy: Mandy

Mandy: Just trust me, will you?

Ferdy: Will it hurt?

Mandy: I daresay. I never done it before. *(she makes a cut in his forearm. He winces)* Now it's my turn. *(she cuts her own forearm)*

Ferdy: Now we can stand here and bleed to death.

Mandy: Shut up and repeat after me: "I, Ferdinand Neapolis" *(presses arms together)*

Ferdy: I, Ferdinand Neapolis

Mandy: "...do pledge myself as blood-brother"

Ferdy: Do pledge myself as blood-brother

Mandy: "...to Miranda Charity McMillan"

Ferdy: CHARITY?

Mandy: Just say it.

Ferdy: To Miranda Charity McMillan

Mandy: “.... as long as we both shall live.”

Ferdy: As long as we both shall live we haven't just gotten married, have we?

Mandy: (*ignoring him*) Now me. I, Miranda McMillan, do pledge myself as blood-sister to Ferdinand Neapolis from now until our lives' end. There. Now take off your neckerchief.

Ferdy: Now we're going to try strangling each other.

Mandy: To staunch the blood, wise guy.

Ferdy: So we're blood-brothers?

Mandy: For eternity.

Cal: (*off*) My head! Curse them broads!

Ferdy: Who's that?

Mandy: It's Cal. He mustn't see us.

Ferdy: He doesn't sound very happy (*Exeunt MANDY and FERDY, leaving his hat. Enter CAL, hung-over*)

17: SONG: **HANGOVER BLUES**

(CAL)

Cal: *They said to me, “Have one wee dram”,
But I should have stayed sober in my wigwam.
Bourbon, Irish, Scotch Whiskey -
This whiteman's life is not for me.*

*Too much firewater made me mad;
My sore head tells me how much I've had.
Too many bottles of neat redevye
Make me feel like I wanna die.*

*I put my trust in them two young critters,
And now I'm really suffering from alcoholic jitters;
I fell off my horse and my backside's raw -
I've got the shakes like I've never had before.*

*They can keep their whiskey and their gamblin' too,
It's heap bad medicine for you-know-who!
Tequila Sunrise is not for Cal -
I'm gonna change my name to Tee - toe - tal!*

(*sits*) My head! My poor head! (*enter STEVIE and TWINKIE*)
Go away! You shouldn't have let me drink that whiskey - my head hurts.

Stevie: Come on, you big brave injun. You've only had two bottles, there's ten more to go. Now, where are those horses you promised us?

Cal: I don't know, and I don't care.

Twinkie: Don't you want to go to Yellowsands with us, then?

Cal: Heck, no. I'm going back to the camp. You can stay here and rot, and you can keep your whiskey. I'm never gonna touch another drop.

Twinkie: What about all that gambling you were gonna do? All that money you were gonna win?

Cal: (*hesitant*) No ...I don't think so, not if it's as painful as drinking.

Stevie: It's not, it's not. It's easy. Look, I'll show you. (*produces pack of cards*) This is a really easy card-game. It's called "Dead Redskins"

Cal & Twinkie: WHAT?

Stevie: Yes, you know, Twinkie. (*STEVIE winks at / nudges TWINKIE, etc., and shows CAL the cards*)

Twinkie: Oh yes, "Dead Redskins", that's a great card-game - much better than Stud Poker or Montana Red Dog. Cal, you'll love it.

Cal: (*fascinated by the cards*) Well, all right, show me, but no tricks, or I'll go home.

Stevie: Since we've no money to gamble with, Cal, here's the deal. If I win, you give us the horses. If you win you can go home and leave us

Cal: Okay, but only if I can keep the cards as well.

Stevie: Right. Let's play. To help you, Twinkie will play on your side, won't you, Twinkie?

Twinkie: Of course.

Cal: That doesn't seem right somehow... (*TWINKIE sits down next to CAL and cuddles him.*) Well, all right then. (*STEVIE sits opposite*)

Stevie: Now, Cal, look at these. These cards have black or red markings on them.

Cal: Yep. (*CAL takes the cards, examines them closely, picks one out, and drops the rest on the ground*) I'll have this one. (*TWINKIE collects the rest of the cards and returns them to STEVIE*)

Stevie: This game doesn't work like that. I'm gonna have to learn you the rules real good. Are you watching? (*Shuffles the cards impressively*).

Cal: Yep.

Stevie: (*Talks very fast, in order to confuse him*) I deal you nine cards and me nine cards, you lay down one, I lay down one, highest black wins, I lay one down, you lay one down, lowest red wins, you lay one down, I lay one down, highest red wins, I lay one down, you lay one down geddit?

Cal: Nope. (*Produces the card he kept*) What about this mean-looking chief with the headdress?

Twinkie: That's the King of Diamonds.

Cal: Where'd he get that fancy tomahawk?

Stevie: Shut up and play. *(She deals. While STEVIE, TWINKIE and CAL are intent on their card game, FRESH-AIR and INJUNS, armed, creep up on them)*

Twinkie: Oh dear, the game's up.

Fresh Air: What's this, Cal? Guarding them close, are you? You were supposed to keep out of sight, not play cards with them.

Cal: Well, er They're my prisoners, really. Can't you see?

Fresh-Air: Poppamac wants the white women brought to him. He has decided what to do.

Cal: That suits me.

Twinkie: *(To FRESH-AIR)* I don't suppose you'd like some firewater....

Fresh-Air: No, thanks. I can see what it's done to Cal.

Stevie: or maybe a trip to Yellowsands?

Fresh-Air: Now that's an attractive idea, but I'm afraid our Chief wants to talk to you, so we'll have to see him first. Maybe then we'll talk about Yellowsands *(ALL exeunt)*

(Enter SEB, leading, ZEKE, TONY and AL, exhausted)

Seb: Keep going - we're definitely on the right track.

Zeke: Couldn't we rest for a couple of minutes? My bones are aching fit to bust

Al: Hold on a moment - I recognise this place.... Seb, you've led us round in a circle! We're back where we started! That does it, I'm definitely getting me another Deputy.

Seb: *(cracking)* You do that! You just do that! I'm done with you, Neapolis! I've wasted enough years working for you, you....buffalo-brain! *(An icy pause)*

Al: *(slowly and calmly, with great menace)* I don't think you can have meant that, Sebastian, If you did, I'm gonna tear you apart and make strips of beef jerky outta your hide....

Tony: *(diplomatic)* He's overwrought, Marshal. He's lost his daughters....

Al: Isn't it worse for me? Haven't I lost my only son? Oh, what's happened to that boy?

Zeke: I know what's happened to his hat. It's right here.

Al: His hat! *(they rush to the spot)*

Tony: And what's this? Fresh blood?

Seb: That's right. Fresh blood.

Al: *(resigned)* He's dead. He's gotta be dead. *(AL, TONY and ZEKE respectfully remove their hats)*

Zeke: The Lord has taken him to his bosom. Amen. *(starts to play his harmonica)*

Tony: God rest him. *(crosses himself)*

Al: My boy, my boy....

Tony: We've got to get out of here!

Seb: It's no use - we can't.

Tony: (*desperate*) What do we do, then?

Seb: (*calm and detached*) We wait to see who gets us first - the injuns or the vultures.

Tony: We can't just sit here.

Seb: If you've got a better suggestion, I'd like to hear it.

Tony: Pray.

Seb: What?

Tony: Pray to the good Lord for deliverance. (*kneels*)

Al: Yes - we'll pray. (*kneels*)

Seb: I ain't gonna pray.

Al: (*pulling SEB down onto his knees*) You're gonna pray, son, and you're gonna pray like you've never prayed before....

Zeke: (*catches sight of the others*) Hey - are you racing bullfrogs down there?

Al: Come here, old timer, and ask the Lord for help.

Zeke: Whatever you say, Al.

18. **SONG; VULTURES OVERHEAD**
(*SEB, ZEKE, TONY, AL*)

All: *Vultures overhead are flyin',
Lookin' forward to a feed;
We are not prepared for dyin', Saviour -
Help us in our time of need.
We've committed misdemeanours,
We'll repent our every sin;
Please, Lord, please do thou redeem us, Saviour -
Or they'll dig their sharp beaks in.*

Zeke: *Sir, we don't mean to insult yez -*
Seb: *Maybe you ain't heard our prayer -*
Al: *You made us as well as vultures -*
Tony: *Can't they get a bite elsewhere?*

All: *Lord, we're guilty of all seven
Deadly sins, as you know well;
We ain't ripe to be in heaven, Saviour -
Nor yet fit to go to.....*

(Enter CAL and the INJUNS. They surround the four and tie them up)

19. SONG; **WAR CHANT** (INJUNS)

Injuns: *Ha ti waka taraha, Ha ti waka taraha,
Hena waci, hena waci
Ha ti waka taraha!*

(Enter FRESH-AIR, transformed by war-paint and costume into a terrifying and threatening figure).

20. SONG: **BOW DOWN TO YOUR WHITE MASTER**
(FRESH-AIR, INJUNS)

Fresh-Air: *Bow down to your white master, you Blackfoot and you Sioux,
One day you're gonna thank him for all he's done for you;
You knew all he was seeking was territory to share
So if you chose to fight him, that was surely your affair;
You redskin, sing your gratitude, as loudly as you can,
For the civilising influence of European man.*

Injuns: *You redskin*

Injun 1: *An ancient tribal lifestyle you wanted to preserve,
Resist the march of progress - you get what you deserve.
And does it really matter - a little price to pay -
If ten or twenty Indians were killed along the way?
You redskin, sing your gratitude, as loudly as you can,
For the civilising influence of European man.*

Injuns: *You redskin*

Injun 2: *He gave you guns and bullets, the instruments of war,
You've always killed each other, he helped you do it more;
He gave you his diseases, but let us not pretend
That cholera and smallpox wouldn't get you in the end.
You redskin, sing your gratitude, as loudly as you can,
For the civilising influence of European man.*

Injuns: *You redskin*

Injun 3: *He saw you in a stupor, a bottle in your hand,
Attended to your women and oversaw your land,
And though you may not think so, you're really in his debt,
His lessons may be brutal but they're ones you won't forget.
You redskin, sing your gratitude as loudly as you can,
For the civilising influence of European man.*

Injuns: *You redskin*
(Enter POP, masked, and MANDY, unrecognisable in her injun warpaint).

Pop: Release the old man. *(ZEKE is released)*

Zeke: *(to an injun)* Thanks, sonny.

Pop: Alfred Neapolis. *(AL is pushed forward)*

Al: How come you know my name?

Pop: Be silent. Neapolis, your crime is that in March Eighteen-Fifty-Five you conspired to depose a lawfully elected sheriff, cold-bloodedly arranging the murder of that same sheriff and of his infant daughter. Does anyone wish to speak for him?

Injuns: No!

Al: What? What's all this? I thought you were just bloodthirsty Apaches on the warpath....

Mandy: Great One, this crime took place fifteen years ago. Since then he has led a law-abiding life and has proved a loving father.

Cal: It's a whitewash! He's gotta die - slowly, painfully....

Injuns: Yes!

Mandy: Look at him. He's a broken man. Who would profit from his death?

Pop: Neapolis, do you wish to speak?

Al: Chief - you seem to know all about me. I am defenceless. As for my punishment - my only son is dead. I've nothing left. If you're going to kill me, you'd better do it now. Just make it quick.

Pop: Sebastian Smith. *(SEB is pushed forward)*

Seb: You can't pin McMillan's death on me. I wasn't there. I'm innocent.

Pop: Innocent of that...maybe. But what about this morning when you plotted the assassination of a Federal Marshal and of an innocent old man.

Seb: How come you know about that? He must have told you. *(glares at TONY).* Well it was all Tony McMillan's idea. He made me do it.

Cal: He's lying through his teeth! Death for him too! A lingering, agonising death!

Injuns: Yes!

Pop: Silence, Cal. Anything in his defence?

Injuns: No!

Pop: No-one? Smith, do you wish to speak?

Seb: Yes, darnit, I do. Do you know - have you any idea what it's like? Always being the number two man? The second line? The deputy? Passed over - abused - ignored? A chance to prove myself, that's all I needed, a crack at the number one job. All my life it's been the same: "Hey Seb, be a good fella and look after the town for me while I'm out enjoying myself." "Seb, will you just do this.... do that...." I needed an opening, that's all.

Pop: And you were ready to kill for it?

Seb: Sure I was.

Cal: Condemned out of his own mouth! When do we kill him? I vote for honey and red ants.

Pop: Cal.

Cal: Yes chief?

Pop: Shut up.

Cal: Yes chief.

Seb: I saw my chance - I took it. Tony McMillan did the same fifteen years ago. Difference was - I failed.

Mandy: He's been messing it up all his life. He couldn't even drop a stone right. I reckon he's not capable of killing a fly. He's all talk. When it comes down to it, he hashes things up.

Pop: Anthony McMillan. (*TONY is pushed forward*) You have conspired with others to murder your brother, his daughter, a Marshal and this old man.

Tony: I don't know what you're talking about.

Cal: Now this rattlesnake's GOTTA die! (*POP withers him with a glance*)

Mandy: This man has been led on by others all his life. He can't help himself. His crime is one of weakness.

Tony: Just wait a minute. Who are you calling weak?

Pop: You always were. Even as a kid you relied on your big brother. At school, he was the one who got you out of trouble, protected you, defended you. It was the same at home. You surely haven't forgotten the blueberry pie.

Tony: The blueberry pie? Who told you about the blueberry pie? No-one ever found out about that. Only me and my brother ever Who ARE you, mister?

21. SONG: *I AM THE JUDGE*

(POP, AL, SEB, TONY)

Pop: *I am the judge, the prosecution,
And I am the twelve good men and true;*

(to AL) *You've lost your son - think of McMillan:
He lost everything, much more than you.*

Al: *I dreamed I had a call to make the world a better place,
But the record shows I only made it worse;
This Marshal's badge I wear may give me plenty of respect,
But it carries a dreadful curse.*

*(Tears off his badge and gives it to POP)
Now this dream's become reality,
And it's turning into a nightmare.*

(FERDY is produced and is reconciled with AL)

Pop: *Sebastian Smith, you are a liar,
You've deceived your family and friends;
Just face the facts, look in the mirror:
See the truth and try to make amends.*

Seb: *Last night I had a dream - it makes me tremble to recall,
For my sanity is hanging by a thread:
My little world was shattered, I was seen for what I was,
And my poor precious girls were dead.
Now this dream's become reality,
And it's turning into a nightmare.*

(STEVIE and TWINKIE are produced and are reconciled with SEB)

Pop: *And now for you, Tony McMillan,
Can you bear to look me in the face?
Think of your greed and your ambition,
Think of how they've brought you to this place.*

Tony: *The spirit of my brother comes to haunt me in my dream,
And he carries accusation in his eyes.
It's something I will live with to the ending of my days,
There's no way I can exorcise.
Now this dream's become reality,
And it's turning into a nightmare.*

(Slowly, POP unmask himself)

Tony: Pop? You're Pop? Alive?

Pop: Alive, thanks to the Apache. Alive these fifteen years

Tony: Forgive me.

Pop: I am no longer angry with you. I forgive you.

Tony: I will return to Yellowsands to face whatever punishment I deserve.

Pop: Ferdy will take you back to the judgement of the townsfolk. As for me, *(addresses the whole company)* I want you to know that I have no desire to return to the society of the whiteman. I shall stay here with the injuns I love.

Tony: Pop, will you allow me to come back and stay here with you awhile, after things have been resolved in Yellowsands?

Pop: Of course.

Mandy: Pa....

Pop: Yes, Mandy, I know you wish to go away with Ferdy, and you have my blessing.. Ferdy, take her. Look after her, and understand that she has much to get used to in your world. Take this too. *(produces the Marshal's badge)* It is safe in your hands.

Fresh-Air: Master, may I ask....?

Pop: Your master no longer, Fresh-Air. It is past time for you to have your wishes granted.

Fresh-Air: You know I want to go to Yellowsands too?

Pop: Yes. Stevie and Twinkie have agreed to take you with them and show you everything. Perhaps then you will decide to return....

Fresh-Air: That will be MY decision!

Pop: Remember the wisdom of your forefathers. You have followed an old way in a new world. Farewell. *(to CAL)* Now, Cal, do you want to sample the whiteman's fleshpots too?

Cal: No, thanks, Chief. I have already, and I want no part of it. Whiskey, gambling, women - you can keep 'em.

Pop: I hear you want to be Chief...

Cal: Not at the moment, thanks. Maybe when you die of old age. But in the meantime I'll really try and stop being ornery. By the way, Pop, do you know any good card games? *(produces pack of cards)*

Zeke: *(to POP)* Excuse me, sir, but you're the spittin' image of a guy I used to know called Pop McMillan. Good man he was, too. Been dead these fifteen years.

Pop: Bless you, Zeke. Mandy, look after this good-hearted man. You owe him your life.

Mandy: We will, Pop, we will.

Zeke: *(to CAL)* I see you got some cards there, son. You ever heard of a card-game called "Dead Redskins"? I can teach you if you like...

Cal: Forget it. Fancy some whiskey, old-timer, I've got ten bottles here....

Zeke: Gee, that's mighty neighbourly of you. Thanks a lot. This'll do me nicely.

Hmm.... I wonder what happened to Big Al's crate.... In return, son, you can have my harmonica....

Cal: Thanks, old-timer!

Al, Tony & Seb: Thanks, old-timer!

Zeke: (to CAL) and let me give you a word of advice.. There's some dangerous injuns near Dead Man's Gulch. Keep your eyes open.

Pop: Enough. We all have journeys to make. Some of you have many miles to travel. Some of us have travelled into our past to find a better future, and we have further still to go. It's a rough and difficult road, for the young and for the old, for the wise and for the foolish, for the whiteman and for the injun.....

22. SONG: *WE'LL FIND OURSELVES A WAY*
(COMPANY)

All: *It's a long road back to where we started from,
Do we want to tread an ancient trail?
If the path has been smoothed by desert winds,
Our trackin' skills may fail;
We may lose what we've gotten through our sufferin',
If we try to live like yesterday,
We'll take our courage in hand,
And come what may, we'll find ourselves a way.*

Mandy & Ferdie: *Because you're free to take me back to Tucson,
If you agree to travel there with me,
From Yuma to San Bernadino,
Tell the world and say that we know
How to live in peaceful harmony;
Then they will smile and you won't be alone.*

Injuns: *If we soothe our anger smoking pipes of peace,
If we tease the splinters from our soul,
Bury our tomahawks and your six-guns,
The past won't take its toll;
We can learn from our story there's no benefit
In a death or life that we betray,
We'll join our hands in lovin',
And then we'll say, we'll find ourselves a way.*

Fresh-Air: *Too many seasons, many moons,
I served you unreservedly
Too many seasons, many moons,
I slaved for you in loyalty.*

Pop, Mandy, Ferdy, Al, Seb, Tony, Zeke, Stevie, Twinkie: *As we bid this farewell to our new-found friends,
As we wish 'so long' to former foes,
Never fear what this life may hold in store,
There is no man who knows.
We must learn that the future will not be foretold,
That tomorrow's hidden from today,
So take your courage in hand,
And come what may, we'll find ourselves a way,
And come what may, we'll find ourselves a way.*

Injuns: *Sacred Earth of all our Fathers
Guardians of this land,
Happy Hunting Ground of Injun,
Death's at your command.
Summon not our spirits, let us live today,
For Poppamac will lead us not astray,
For Poppamac will drive all hate away.*

CURTAIN