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Product Code Y540-FC

The Good, the Bad & the Sugary

A Healthy Spoof on the Old West

by

Jane and Jim Jeffries

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The Good, the Bad & the Sugary

by Jane and Jim Jeffries

8 M / 7 F + Extras

CHARACTERS:

DOC HOLIDAY; *the local dentist with a sweet tooth – and the acting sheriff*

CANDY; *the “new trititionist” in town – and you didn’t know they had an old one!*

COOKIE; *owner of the bakery (female)*

KARI; *works for Cookie at the bakery (female)*

MR. LOWE; *a banker*

MR. RANDALL; *a blacksmith*

MR. JONES; *a telegraph office worker*

MR. JACOBS; *a farmer*

MR. EDWARDS; *a lumber mill employee clearly addicted to sugar*

OLD MINER; *works at the mine*

MRS. WALLACE; *a well-to-do woman in town*

SARAH WALLACE; *her daughter*

MRS. WILDER, *the preacher’s wife*

MISS. CODY, *a well-to-do woman*

MR. RANEY, *one of the townsfolk*

EXTRAS; *other townsfolk, as many as needed*

SETTING: *In and about the old west town of Dodge City including the train depot, a campsite six miles from town, and a jail cell*

NOTE: *Toy guns play a role in “The Good, the Bad & the Sugary”. An alternate ending calling for a tug-o-war as opposed to a gunfight is provided for groups who find the guns objectionable.*

Dedication

A special thank you to our inspiration Karen Hurd, the new tritisionist.
(And you didn't even know we had an old tritisionist!)

“To God be the glory; to us be the blame.”

CONTINUE TO NEXT PAGE

TO READ PLAY

The Good, the Bad & the Sugary

by Jane and Jim Jeffries

SCENE I

(AT RISE: The Train Depot at the edge of Dodge City. A TRAIN WHISTLE is heard along with the SOUND OF A TRAIN SLOWING DOWN AND COMING TO A HALT. The LIGHTS RISE on a platform with a bench. TOWNSFOLK gather nearby. Various PASSENGERS step out onto the platform from off, as if disembarking from the train. As THEY do, THEY are greeted by various TOWNSFOLK and exit. Last to step onto the platform is CANDY, the new nutritionist. SHE carries three large pieces of luggage. LOWE, the banker, steps forward from the thinning crowd and offers some assistance.)

LOWE

Can I help you with that, ma'am?

CANDY

Why, thank you, kind sir. *(She lets go as LOWE grabs one of the bags. He crashes to the floor with the weight of the bag. He continues to struggle to lift the bag throughout the rest of the conversation. Play this up. Have fun.)*

LOWE

Always willing to help out a lady. *(A bit embarrassed. Still trying to lift the bag.)* So, uh, are you the new blacksmith? *(Pointing to the bag.)* This your anvil?

CANDY

(Laughing.) Oh, goodness no. *(Grabs the bag and lifts it quite easily.)* These are just nutritional supplements. But *(CANDY says with a twinkle in her eye.)* I guess there is a lot of iron in here.

LOWE

(Seeing how easily CANDY lifted the bag, he grabs it again.) Allow me, Miss. *(The bag crashes to the floor again, this time on his foot. He gasps the next line in pain.)* Whereabouts are you headed?

CANDY

Oh, well, first I have to get the rest of my luggage.

LOWE

Uh, there's more?

CANDY

Oh, yes. These are just my carry-ons. *(Looks SR.)* Ah, here they are. *(Enter JONES SR, attempting to carry more satchels, suitcases, and trunks. He also is having a tremendous struggle.)*

LOWE

So, where might we take your things? *(He continues to struggle with the bag.)*

CANDY

(Looks SR.) Wait, there's more.

(Enter JACOBS SR, carrying more satchels, suitcases, and trunks, also struggling.)

LOWE

All right, we best be on our way. *(Bends to pick up suitcase.)*

CANDY

(Looks SR.) Wait, there's more.

(Enter RANDALL SR, carrying more satchels, suitcases, and trunks, also struggling.)

CANDY

Thank you again, boys. I am much obliged.

JONES

(Struggling under the weight of his load.) Any...time...ma'am. So, where did you say...you were headed?

CANDY

Well, I need to find a boarding house with reasonable rates and one that serves complete protein for breakfast. Can you recommend one?

JACOBS

(A bit confused.) Uh, what's a complete pro . . . bean?

CANDY

Protein. *(Blank looks from the MEN.)* Amino acids. *(Blank looks from the MEN.)* The food you need to build muscle. Like red meat. Eggs.

JONES

Steak and eggs? Why didn't you say so? The Widder Scott serves steak and eggs for breakfast.

RANDALL

(Still struggling.) And she's close by!

LOWE

And her biscuits are a taste of heaven. So light and airy and made with the purest lard.

CANDY

No, no, no. My carbohydrates must be multi-grain. And lard? Perish the thought.

JACOBS

Car. . . bo. . . hi. . . what?

CANDY

Carbohydrates. (*Blank looks from the MEN.*) Starches. (*Blank looks from the MEN.*)

JACOBS

You mean you eat starch, like, what they use for ironing shirts?

JONES

That can't be good for you.

CANDY

Starches are foods like bread or biscuits.

RANDALL

Oh, like cakes.

JONES

Or pies.

LOWE

Or donuts.

CANDY:

Well, technically speaking, they are carbohydrates, but cakes, pies, and donuts are just loaded with poly-unsaturated fats.

JACOBS

Who's Polly?

JONES

And why is she so fat?

CANDY

(*Laughing.*) No, poly-unsaturated fats are things like the lard in biscuits. It's quite bad for you.

Biscuits?
LOWE

And pies?
JONES

RANDALL
Are bad for you? You sure have some strange notions, miss.

JONES
(*Suspiciously.*) So, may I ask what business you have in Dodge City?

CANDY
Well, I finished my business in the last town, so I decided to move west. I plan on settling down here in Dodge.

LOWE
(*Laughing.*) Well, that explains it! I couldn't understand why you had so much luggage!

CANDY
(*Looks a bit offended.*) The rest of my luggage will be arriving this afternoon.

LOWE
Oh. (*Changing the subject.*) So, are you the new school marm?

CANDY
Oh, no.

LOWE
The new cook at the Apache Diner?

CANDY
Of course not.

LOWE
(*Hesitates.*) Uh, you're one of the new saloon girls?

CANDY
(*Offended.*) Absolutely not! I am a nutritionist!

JACOBS
New tritionist? (*Looks at other MEN.*) I didn't even know we had an old tritionist.

JONES
What's a tritionist?

CANDY

The term is nutritionist. N-U-T-R-I-T-I-O-N-I-S-T: a scientist concerned with the process of taking in and assimilating nutrients. The name comes from the Latin “nutrire,” which means to nourish. Our job—no, our vocation—no, our passion is to revolutionize personal wellness by managing the fundamental building blocks of our physiology at the cellular level.

(MEN pause and look blank.)

LOWE

Oh.

CANDY

I know it seems hard to understand, but just let me get settled in. I will have this town cleaned up in no time.

LOWE

Cleaned up?

CANDY

(Stops and looks around.) Well, I’ve been listening to you boys. And on the way into town, I took a good look out the train window. I saw a bakery.

LOWE

They can’t compete with the Widder on biscuits, but their custard-filled tarts are to die for!

CANDY

You’ve got that right. *(LOWE looks confused.)* And let me guess. Your general store has an entire display of candy right by the till. Am I right?

JACOBS

Well, yes, ma’am. *(Good-naturedly.)* I can’t buy a nail without my kids screaming for some penny candy.

CANDY

Have you ever thought of something reasonable to give them? Like carrot sticks?

JACOBS

(Very confused.) Carrot sticks? Well, I hear they lose their taste after one or two licks.

CANDY

And there’s the worst offender of all. *(Points out to the audience.)* A confectioner’s shop! Nothing but chocolate, sugar, icing, and more sugar! *(Looks at LOWE.)* Oh, my job is clear here, mister! I had better get started right away. I plan to clean up Dodge City!

LOWE

(Long pause.) Okaaayyy.

CANDY

Now, lead the way to Widder Scott's. I've built up an appetite. Does she also have legumes?

JACOBS

Ma'am, it ain't proper to talk about a lady's legumes.

JONES

Hereabouts we call them limbs.

RANDALL

But we never talk about them in mixed company.

CANDY

Legumes, gentlemen, are beans—a very important part of dietary fiber.

JACOBS

Di . . . diet harry . . . what?

JONES

Beans? For breakfast? Why, we're not even on the trail! Why would you ever eat beans . . . for breakfast . . . in town?

CANDY

Beans are nature's perfect food! Protein with no fat! And all the fiber that your body needs to clean out all of the poisons in your system. Beans – they're not just for the trail anymore.

LOWE

(Pauses.) Oh. *(Looks at the other MEN, then to CANDY.)* Well, we'd best be getting you to the Widder Scott's boarding house. This way Miss, uh, Miss . . . I never caught your name.

CANDY

My name is Candace.

LOWE

Miss Candace. That's a mighty pretty name. Do your friends call you Candy?

CANDY

(With an outraged stare.) They most certainly do not!

LOWE

I reckon not.

RANDALL

This way, Miss Candace. (*CANDY & RANDALL exit SL. LOWE struggles to pick up his suitcase then drags it, struggling, off-stage. JONES begins to exit but pauses; JACOBS waits for him.*)

JACOBS

That Miss Candace talks about beans with the fire of a revival preacher. She sure has some mighty unusual ideas about what is fit to eat.

JONES

Well, that's a mighty unusual lady. I think I'd better wire Doc and tell him there might be some trouble brewin' in town.

(*JONES & JACOBS exit. LIGHTS DOWN / SCENE CHANGE MUSIC.*)

SCENE II

(*AT RISE: Dodge City. Various TOWNSFOLK are standing around or going about their business. RANDALL, JONES, JACOBS, LOWE & CANDY enter.*)

RANDALL

(*Very weary.*) Mind if we take a breather?

JONES

Yeah. I need to rest for just a moment.

CANDY

(*Slaps LOWE on the back. HE staggers.*) Why, I don't believe you fellows are getting enough complex carbohydrates in your diet.

LOWE

(*Looks confused.*) Maybe you are right, ma'am. (*The others shrug.*) Take a rest, boys. It will give Miss Candy—

CANDY

That's Candace.

LOWE

Uh, Miss Candace a chance to look around. (*MEN unload their luggage.*)

(*EDWARDS enters carrying baked goods from bakery.*)

JACOBS

Well, afternoon, Edwards. (*Smelling the air.*) And what might you be carrying in that bag?

EDWARDS

I just got my fresh-baked tarts from the bakery. I get some every afternoon when I take my break. Been waiting over an hour for these to finish baking.

RANDALL

Did you get the raspberry tarts?

JONES

Or the strawberry?

LOWE

I like the blackberry tarts the best.

EDWARDS

It just so happens, boys that I got four of each.

JACOBS

Did you get any prune tarts? Them's my favorite. (*ALL stare at him.*) The bakery makes them special for me. (*THEY continue to stare at him.*) I buy them for the taste. (*THEY continue to stare. Then all the MEN gather around the bag and inhale deeply.*)

LOWE

Just out of the oven.

JONES

Heavenly.

RANDALL

You know, the baker even strains his pig lard. That's why there's no cracklins.

JACOBS

I like the cracklins. (*ALL stare at him.*) It adds texture. (*THEY continue to stare.*) Cracklins make the prunes crunchy. (*ALL stare at him.*) That is, if you like crunchy prune tarts.

RANDALL

(*Looks in bag.*) What are those stripes on the tarts?

EDWARDS

That's icing. Something new the baker added to make them sweeter.

(*MEN look in the bag, inhale deeply, and sigh. Then THEY look hopefully at EDWARDS.*)

EDWARDS

(Looks at their faces and then laughs.) All right, boys. Dig in. I can buy some more. *(MEN give a cheer and dig greedily into the bag. They all have a tart, and it is halfway to their mouths when they are interrupted.)*

CANDY

STOP! *(MEN freeze with the tarts nearly to their mouths. THEY all turn slowly, with mouths open, to CANDY.)*

EDWARDS

What's wrong?

CANDY

Do you have any idea what that will do to your cholesterol?

EDWARDS

What? Who are you, ma'am? And who is this cold Lester all anyway?

LOWE

My apologies, Edwards, this is Miss Candace.

EDWARDS

(To CANDY.) The name's Edwards. I work over at the lumber mill. Pleased to meet you, Miss Candy.

CANDY

(A bit irritated.) My name is Candace.

LOWE

Miss Candace is our new trititionist.

EDWARDS

New what?

LOWE

New trititionist.

EDWARDS

Why, I didn't know we had an old trititionist.

LOWE

Me neither. But you don't want to ask Miss Candace about that because—

EDWARDS

So, what's a trititionist?

CANDY

The term is nutritionist. N-U-T-R-I-T-I-O-N-I-S-T: a scientist concerned with the process of taking in and assimilating nutrients. The name comes from the Latin “nutrire,” which means to nourish. Our job– no, our vocation– no, our passion is to revolutionize personal wellness by managing the fundamental building blocks of our physiology at the cellular level.

EDWARDS

(Long pause.) Oh.

LOWE

She does go on about it.

EDWARDS

I still don’t understand why we can’t eat these tarts.

CANDY

I told you. They are full of cholesterol.

EDWARDS

So?

CANDY

Cholesterol can clog your arteries and lead to high blood pressure and even heart disease.

(ALL stare at CANDY and then look at their tarts. THEY all nod their heads and say, “Ah,” in a knowing way. Then THEY bring the tarts back up to their mouths.)

CANDY

Stop!

EDWARDS

What is it now?

CANDY

These tarts are full of disaccharides.

RANDALL

(Panicky.) What? What’s that?

JONES

Oh, no!

JACOBS

What’s a die sack ride?

CANDY

Sugar. These tarts are full of sugar. (*ALL visibly relax.*)

EDWARDS

(*Laughs at her naiveté.*) That's kinda the point.

CANDY

Sugar gives you a quick high.

JACOBS

I just love that.

CANDY

(*Stares him down.*) But it is quickly followed by a low blood sugar depression, an addictive cycle of highs and lows that is very destructive.

(*ALL stare at CANDY and then look at their tarts. THEY all nod their heads and say, "Ah," in a knowing way. Then THEY bring the tarts back up to their mouths.*)

CANDY

Stop!

EDWARDS

(*Visibly frustrated.*) This is really getting annoying.

LOWE

I told you; she does go on.

CANDY

Your mouths are just swarming with bacteria. Bacteria are little critters that just love to eat up sugar and then ooze out acid. This acid is strong enough to eat through the enamel in your teeth. These little critters then squat in these holes in your teeth until they've got a whole city just eating sugar and oozing acid.

(*ALL look at their tarts, and then uneasily and distastefully run their tongues over their teeth.*)

RANDALL

You certainly know how to kill a person's appetite.

CANDY

I'm just letting you know how unhealthy these tarts are.

EDWARDS

I didn't know anything about those squatting critters in my mouth.

CANDY

Well, actually, there is plenty that you don't know. (*EDWARDS looks confused.*) That is, about nutrition. That's why I have come to town. But, do not worry. I will help you. You must recognize, first, that you have a problem with sugar. That is the first step to recovery. You can start by handing those over.

EDWARDS

(*A bit nervous.*) My tarts?

CANDY

Yes, your tarts.

RANDALL

But, they're my favorites.

JONES

And they're still warm.

LOWE

And they smell divine.

JACOBS

And they're calling my name.

(*ALL bring their tarts towards their mouths.*)

CANDY

Stop!

EDWARDS

What!?

CANDY

Now, don't make me get rough with you.

EDWARDS

(*Shocked.*) What? But, I . . . (*CANDY removes the tarts from their hands, puts them in the bakery bag, and walks off-stage. ALL are in shock.*) Hey! What is she doing with my tarts?

LOWE

(*Looking side-stage.*) She's . . .

RANDALL

(*Looking side-stage.*) She's . . .

JONES

(Looking side-stage.) It can't be.

JACOBS

(Looking side-stage.) She's . . .

ALL

Feeding them to the pigs! *(There is a wailing and gnashing of teeth.)*

CANDY

(CANDY re-enters, wiping her hands.) Well, that takes care of that. You will thank me later.

EDWARDS

I will?

CANDY

In fact, I will make you something much better than those tarts to make it up to you.

EDWARDS

Better than the tarts? *(Brightens up.)* Well, then I look forward to it. You bringin' it to the lunch-box social tomorrow?

CANDY

There's a lunch-box social? How wonderful! Mr. Edwards, I will bring you an entire basket of goodies that will make you wonder why you ever got hooked on tarts!

EDWARDS

Why, thank you kindly, ma'am. I'll be looking for it! *(Smiles and exits.)*

RANDALL

(Looking at his empty hands.) What about us?

CANDY

You will have more energy now, since you won't be going through a low sugar depression.

JONES

(Looking side-stage.) I don't know. I feel pretty depressed now.

CANDY

Nonsense. What you feel is freedom! Freedom from sugar addiction.

ALL MEN

(In a depressed and flat way.) Yippee.

CANDY

Well, gentlemen? Shall we move on to the boarding house?

LOWE

Yes, ma'am. It's right this way, Miss Candy. (*MEN exit, struggling with the luggage.*)

CANDY

(*Sighs.*) How many times do I have to say it? (*Calling after the MEN.*) My name is Candace!

(*CANDY Exits. LIGHTS DOWN.*)

SCENE III

(*AT RISE: A Lunch Box Social in progress. EDWARDS is up on a small platform welcoming the TOWNSFOLK.*)

EDWARDS

Gather 'round, you men! We've still got several baskets to bid on. All of them have been prepared by the lovely ladies of this town! Now, remember that all proceeds go toward the new steeple for the church, so let's keep bidding. And if you win the basket, you win the good lady's company during lunch. Now, don't be shy. All right, then. (*Picks up basket.*) Here is another fine-looking basket prepared by Miss Sarah Wallace. It looks as though we've got some fried chicken, fried potatoes, and some biscuits with gravy. Oh, and a custard pie, to boot! Who'll start the bidding on this delicious banquet?

LOWE

Two bits, Mr. Edwards!

EDWARDS

Why that's an insult! You can do better than that!

RANDALL

Four bits, Mr. Edwards!

EDWARDS

Now, you're talking.

RANEY

Well, I bid a whole silver dollar!

EDWARDS

Well, it's certainly worth it! Goin' once, goin' twice . . . sold!

(RANEY and SARAH exit happily.)

EDWARDS

All right, then! *(Picks up another basket.)* This basket is from Miss Kari Wilson. Mmmm! I smell fried ham. Let's see, we have some powdered biscuits . . . with fresh butter and strawberry jam! And is that blackberry cobbler I see? Who will start the bidding?

RANDALL

I'll give four bits for it, Edwards!

EDWARDS

Four bits! Do I hear six?

JACOBS

Six bits!

EDWARDS

Now, you're talkin'!

LOWE

One dollar, Mr. Edwards! A full dollar!

OLD MINER

I bid one ounce of gold dust.

(Gasp from the CROWD.)

LOWE

Oh, yeah? I bid two whole silver dollars and my new saddle I bought just last week. The one with the tassels.

(Gasp from the CROWD.)

OLD MINER

I bid a full pound of gold dust and a pair of clean socks.

(Gasp from the CROWD.)

LOWE

A pound of gold dust? Are you crazy?

OLD MINER

It's the blackberry cobbler I'm crazy about.

LOWE

But a pound of gold dust?

OLD MINER

Actually, it's the clean socks I'll be missing most. (*MEN nod heads in agreement.*)

EDWARDS

I have a pound of gold dust and one pair of clean socks. Anyone higher? Goin' once, goin' twice . . . sold!

(*OLD MINER and KARI exit happily.*)

EDWARDS

What generous bids! Why, we'll be able to build that steeple tomorrow at this rate. (*Picks up another basket and smiles.*) But we still have two baskets: one from Miss Cookie . . .

CROWD

Ooohh!

EDWARDS

And, folks, we have one from a newcomer to town! I think we'll bid on hers. Her name is Miss Candy!

CANDY

That's Candace!

EDWARDS

I just can't seem to remember.

LOWE

Maybe it's 'cause you're already sweet on her! (*CROWD laughs.*)

EDWARDS

(*A bit embarrassed.*) Well, in any case, I bid a whole silver dollar before I even look in the basket!

CROWD

Ooohhh!

LOWE

Well, what's in it that makes it so special, Edwards?

EDWARDS

It's special because it was made by Miss Candy, er, Candace, our new tritisionist.

COOKIE

New tritisionist? I didn't even know we had an old tritisionist.

LOWE

Me neither. But you don't want to ask Miss Candace about that because—

COOKIE

So, what's a tritisionist?

CANDY

The term is nutritionist. N-U-T-R-I-T-I-O-N-I-S-T: a scientist concerned with the process of taking in and assimilating nutrients. The name comes from the Latin "nutrire," which means to nourish. Our job— no, our vocation— no, our passion is to revolutionize personal wellness by managing the fundamental building blocks of our physiology at the cellular level.

COOKIE

(Pauses.) Oh.

LOWE

She does go on about it.

EDWARDS

Miss Candace told me she made something extra special.

LOWE

Extra special? Well, in that case I bid two dollars.

EDWARDS

Well, you see, she made up this basket special for me, on account of feeding my tarts to the pigs.

COOKIE

What she'd do that for?

EDWARDS

That's beside the point. You see, she said that she'd make me something better than those tarts . . .

COOKIE

Better than tarts from my bakery?

EDWARDS

Well, yeah, but the point is she made this here basket for me, on account of those tarts.

LOWE

I bid three dollars.

EDWARDS

Hey, you can't do that. No one else has bid yet.

LOWE

But if they are better than the tarts from Cookie's bakery . . .

EDWARDS

You still don't get it. This basket is for me!

LOWE

Then what's it doing in the auction then?

EDWARDS

Well, uh, it's a symbolic gesture on her part.

LOWE

I bid four dollars.

EDWARDS

(Getting angry.) Now you stop that! I just told you no one else has bid yet.

LOWE

Five dollars!

EDWARDS

(Throws his hat down.) Six dollars!

LOWE

Seven!

EDWARDS

Eight!

LOWE

Nine!

EDWARDS

Twenty dollars! *(HE stares at LOWE, gasping.)* Twenty dollars!

LOWE

Twenty? (*Checking his pockets.*) I don't know if I have that much on me . . .

EDWARDS

(*As quickly as possible*) Going once, going twice, sold!

(*ALL except LOWE cheer.*)

LOWE

Open up the basket, Edwards! Let's see what you paid twenty dollars for.

EDWARDS

(*Opens it up.*) Well, let's see here. I see some pinto beans. Some kidney beans. Some . . . navy beans and . . . lima beans? (*Pulls out a jar.*) Uh, what are these?

CANDY

Garbanzo beans.

EDWARDS

(*Pause.*) Oh. And what's that I smell? (*Quietly, to himself.*) Ew, what's that I smell?

CANDY

Tofu.

EDWARDS

Tofu? What's tofu?

CANDY

You've never had tofu? Oh, you'll love it! It's a bean curd. And very good for you.

EDWARDS

Bean . . . curd? It sounds . . . appetizing. Uh, isn't there anything for dessert?

CANDY

Oh, that's the best thing of all, Mr. Edwards! I made you some applesauce—no sugar added—the way nature intended it to be!

EDWARDS

(*Crestfallen.*) Oh. Well, then. (*HE looks at LOWE.*) You know, Fred, it wasn't very sportin' the way I closed out the bidding. If you want to bid again . . .

LOWE

(*Shaking his head and chuckling.*) No thank you, Edwards.

EDWARDS

Fred, your last bid was nine dollars. If that's all you wanted to spend I could . . .

LOWE

Nope.

EDWARDS

Is there anyone else who would like to bid on this basket? Anyone?

MRS. WILDER

You've already bid twenty dollars, Mr. Edwards!

EDWARDS

That's right. I did. I did. So, who else out there has that adventurous spirit? *(No response.)* It's a chance to welcome this new lady to town! *(No response.)* Don't be shy, now! *(No response.)* I find it hard to believe I'm the only one bidding on such a . . . such a banquet! No more bids? Someone? . . . Anyone?

JACOBS

I believe it's yours, Edwards! *(Crowd laughs.)*

(CANDY runs up on the platform and locks elbows with EDWARDS. SHE smiles at him. HE grins in a fake manner. JONES gets up on the platform and shoos EDWARDS to the side.)

JONES

Guess we'll continue with the bidding! *(Picks up another basket.)* And, finally, friends, I have Miss Cookie's basket!

CROWD

Ooohh!

JONES

I smell her fresh-baked tarts!

JACOBS

Are they prune tarts? *(Crowd stares at him.)* With cracklins? *(Crowd stares at him; HE adds self-consciously.)* The cracklins add texture.

JONES

(Lifts up the lid.) They are blackberry tarts – with NO cracklins. Oh, and she threw in some apple turnovers, too! *(EDWARDS' mouth falls open as CANDY escorts him off the platform.)*

LOWE

That alone is worth a silver dollar!

RANDALL

I'll bid two!

EDWARDS

I bid three!

LOWE

You can't bid, Edwards. You've got your basket of goodies already! (*MEN laugh. LOWE turns to EDWARDS.*) Now, let's see, a basket with Cookie's tarts and turnovers. I bid three and my newborn colt!

JONES

Well, Randall, can't you come any higher?

RANDALL

(*Sighs.*) I ain't got anything left to bid.

JONES

Going once, twice, and sold! You're a lucky man, Lowe!

(*LOWE & COOKIE take the basket.*)

LOWE

Hey, Edwards. I guess it all worked out after all! Mmmm. Smell those tarts I just won!
(*Exits with COOKIE, laughing.*)

JACOBS

Hey, Edwards. If you can't eat everything, I would appreciate it if you saved me some of the tofu.

EDWARDS

(*Looks at him as if he's crazy.*) Oh, I'll save you some, Jacobs. Don't worry about that.

CANDY

Let's go, Mr. Edwards. You have a culinary feast just waiting for you. And as an added bonus, I will give an educational lecture on beans and why they're not just for the trail anymore.

(*CANDY ushers EDWARDS off-stage. LIGHTS DOWN.*)

SCENE IV

(AT RISE: Outside the Confectioner's Shoppe. TOWNSFOLK are going about their business. CANDY enters with fliers. SHE positions herself in front of the Confectioner's Shoppe. MRS. WALLACE and SARAH walk toward the Shoppe.)

CANDY

(Steps in front of MRS. WALLACE, blocking her path.) Good morning. It's Mrs. Wallace, right?

MRS. WALLACE

Why, yes. Good day to you.

SARAH

Good morning, Miss Candy! *(Takes a flier.)* What's this?

CANDY

Sarah, my name is Candace. And I am passing out this information so that people are truly aware of the dangers of frequenting a store such as this one.

SARAH

Dangers?

CANDY

Oh, yes, Mrs. Wallace. You have no idea what damage white sugar can do to your body. *(Looks to SARAH.)* And what do you think is in just one piece of toffee?

SARAH

Oh, I love toffee!

CANDY

You'll think the better of it once I educate you on its destructive properties. Why it is nothing but sugar, my dear.

SARAH

Oh, I love sugar!

CANDY

Sarah, it is one of the worst things for you! Just look at your pretty white teeth! *(Looks more closely. SARAH has one or two of her teeth blacked out.)* And it appears that you still have most of them. *(Looks to MRS. WALLACE.)* And she'll be old enough to court some fine young man very soon. Do you want to ruin her chances by damaging this pretty smile? *(MRS. WALLACE looks blank.)* Well, do you? *(MRS. WALLACE shakes her head no.)* Why,

CANDY, *Continued*

no you do not! I suggest you go home and read the facts I have listed here on this flier. I believe your time would be better spent elsewhere! (*Shoos MRS. WALLACE & SARAH away.*) Go on, now! (*Looks around.*) You will thank me later. (*MRS. WALLACE & SARAH watch as CANDY gives a flier to other TOWNSFOLK. EDWARDS enters, eating a tart. HE sees CANDY and makes a quick turn to exit just as SHE looks up.*)

CANDY

Why, Mr. Edwards!

EDWARDS

(*Quickly stuffs a tart in his mouth. HE holds the other.*)

CANDY

Dear, Mr. Edwards! How are you?

(*EDWARDS turns slowly and guiltily. HE speaks with mouth full.*)

EDWARDS

Oh, hello. Fine day out, eh?

CANDY

(*Shocked by what SHE sees.*) Why, Mr. Edwards! Have I taught you nothing? Spit that out this instance! (*SHE slaps him hard on the back. HE loses the half-eaten tart in his kerchief.*) Now, hand that other one over.

EDWARDS

But, I just paid for those!

CANDY

You will really pay later if you eat them.

(*CANDY takes the tart and exits.*)

EDWARDS

(*Looks side-stage.*) What is she doing?

SARAH

(*Comes up next to him & looks side-stage.*) I believe she's tossing those tarts to the pigs.

EDWARDS

(*Throws up his arms.*) What have I done to deserve such treatment, Miss Candy?

CANDY

(Off-stage.) My name is Candace! And I am treating you like anyone I care about! *(Re-enters.)* Now, I made you extra applesauce so that you could have something to help you wean yourself off of this sugar addiction! Have you eaten it already?

EDWARDS

I had it for breakfast, ma'am. It's pretty good with some brown sugar and molasses. *(Clasps his mouth, wishing HE could take back those words.)*

CANDY

Brown sugar! Molasses? You call that breakfast? Have you ever heard of protein? That is nothing but sugar! Fast energy; fast crash! I am amazed that you make it past ten o'clock in the morning! *(Hands EDWARDS & WILDER a flier.)* Here are the facts in black and white. Read it for yourself. I will bet that you won't step foot in the Confectioner's Shoppe or the bakery again. *(Shaking her head.)* I've got one big job ahead of me!

EDWARDS

(Sick at heart.) Yes, ma'am.

(CANDY makes her way to other TOWNSFOLK to pass out fliers as LIGHTS FADE OUT.)

SCENE V

(AT RISE: Outside the Confectioner's Shoppe. Enter MRS. WILDER from SR as MRS. WALLACE & SARAH exit the Confectioner's Shoppe with a bag of goodies.)

WILDER

Why, Mrs. Wallace! I'm surprised at you! *(Looks around.)* Making a purchase like that! And in broad daylight?

WALLACE

But—

WILDER

And with your daughter?

SARAH

But—

WILDER

What if Miss Candy sees you?

WALLACE

Oh, it isn't what you think, Mrs. Wilder. Why, I just—

WILDER

I've read about what they put in truffles and in fudge! No one with any nutritious conviction should be caught dead supporting this store. And what about your daughter here? Have you no consideration for her well-being?

WALLACE

But, Mrs. Wilder, if you would let me explain.

(Enter MISS CODY.)

CODY

(Gasps.) Mrs. Wallace! What in heaven's name are you doing? *(Looks around.)* And in broad daylight?

WALLACE

But—

CODY

Have you no sense of propriety? *(Grabs her arm.)* We must get you off the street quickly, before someone sees you!

WALLACE

I am not taking a step until you two let me explain! I am NOT buying truffles or fudge!

CODY

(Gasps and holds her heart.) It's worse than we thought. She's buying *(Pause for dramatic effect.)* twinkies!

WILDER

No! Anything but that!

WALLACE

I am not buying twinkies.

WILDER

Ho-ho's?

WALLACE

No.

CODY

Snicker-doodles?

WALLACE

No. Besides, you can only get those at the bakery.

CODY

That's true.

WILDER

(Heaves a sigh of relief.) Well, what were you doing in there?

WALLACE

Let's just say that the Confectioner's Shoppe is trying out a new line of tasty treats.

CODY

But, what about Miss Candy?

WALLACE

These have been approved by Miss Candy. She's convinced the proprietor to introduce treats sweetened with honey and applesauce.

SARAH

Miss Candy says that fruit already has sugar in it. Did you know that?

WILDER

Do tell!

(Enter EDWARDS & RANDALL.)

WALLACE

In fact, I see a couple of gentlemen who might like to try these out. Mr. Edwards? Mr. Randall!

RANDALL

Well, good day, ladies. *(Tips his hat.)* Mmm. Been on a visit to the Confectioner's Shoppe, I see. *(Looks around.)* Is the coast clear?

WILDER

Why, yes. In fact, Mrs. Wallace was just about to share some of the treats she just bought.

EDWARDS

Right here?

Out on the street and everything?
RANDALL

Yes.
WILDER

But where's Miss, uh, you know.
RANDALL

Miss Candace?
WILDER

EDWARDS
(Shushing her up.) Don't say her name out loud like that.

Why not?
WILDER

EDWARDS
She always seems to pop up when you do that. It's weird.

Uncanny.
RANDALL

EDWARDS
She seems to be everywhere at once. *(Looks toward the bag.)* So . . . what've ya got in the bag?

RANDALL
(Eyes light up.) Got some fudge today?

WALLACE
Something better. Here. Try one. *(EDWARDS and RANDALL look around the area suspiciously, then each takes one.)*

EDWARDS
I'm sure if we just act natural . . .

RANDALL
It's not like we're breaking any laws.

EDWARDS

Hmm. Haven't seen a truffle like this before. (*RANDALL & EDWARDS each take a bite. Then THEY stop in mid-chew, with a disgusted look on their faces.*) Hey, this isn't candy. It's missin' somethin'. It's missin' . . .

RANDALL

Sugar! There's no sugar!

SARAH

Oh, it has sugar.

EDWARDS

No it doesn't! It tastes like an apple that been out in the sun too long. A rotten apple rolled in sawdust.

WALLACE

That's dried apple and rice cakes. Why, did you know that fruit already has sugar in it? All these years, and I never knew that!

EDWARDS

Dried fruit is NOT sugar!

SARAH

Yes, it is.

WILDER

If you would read one of Miss Candace's leaflets—

EDWARDS

It is not sugar! Sugar is a wonderful white or a beautiful brown. (*Builds up like a patriotic speech.*) Everything that is good and true in our lives comes from sugar. It is a teaspoon of sugar that makes the medicine go down. It is sugar and spice that gives us wonderful little girls. It is sugar, my friends, that makes apple pie the cornerstone of American civilization.

RANDALL

(*Wipes a tear.*) That was beautiful, that was.

WALLACE

Mr. Edwards! It is sugar that is ruining this town!

WILDER

You are not one of those . . . junk food junkies, are you, Mr. Edwards?

EDWARDS

(*To RANDALL.*) Oh, no! Randall, Miss Candy is convertin' the women!

WILDER

What's that, Mr. Edwards?

EDWARDS

Uh, she's forgettin' the cinnamon. Yeah. That's what I think is missing. (*Signals to RANDALL.*) No, Mrs. Wilder, you need not fear. I am not one of those junkies. I am beginning to see the light. Maybe sugar isn't all it's cracked up to be. Well, thank you for sharing these, these . . . (*Looks at the treat in his hand and is at a loss for words.*) fruity . . . healthy . . . things . . . with us, Mrs. Wallace. We'd best be on our way. (*EDWARDS ushers RANDALL quickly to SL. The WOMEN continue chattering silently and eating their treats.*)

RANDALL

What was that all about? That speech of yours about sugar was beautiful. Now you're saying sugar isn't all it's cracked up to be? What's going on?

EDWARDS

That, that trititionist . . .

RANDALL

Miss Cand . . .

EDWARDS

Shush! That kill-joy has turned the womenfolk against us. We won't have proper desserts any more. We'll have stuff like, like, (*Looks in his hand.*) We'll have stuff like this. (*HE grabs RANDALL's "treat" and walks off side-stage.*)

RANDALL

What are you doing?

EDWARDS

I'm feeding this to the pigs. (*HE comes back on stage brushing his hands together. RANDALL continues to look off stage.*) What are you looking at?

RANDALL

I'm watching the pigs.

EDWARDS

Why, what are they doing? (*Looks side-stage.*)

RANDALL

They appear to be burying those healthy treats.

EDWARDS

Well, that proves that pigs are smart.

RANDALL

We've got to stop her, Edwards! If she keeps on, we won't have a Confectioner's Shoppe left!

EDWARDS

Well, we still have the bakery. Cookie will keep me supplied, if you get my meaning. Hurry. It's almost time for the drop-off. You keep a look-out.

(EDWARDS & RANDALL go to the corner of SL. There is a large tree or corner of a store to hide them. RANDALL keeps watch. KARI appears, looking around and carrying a small box.)

KARI

(In a contrived voice.) The gecko on the wall is blue . . .

EDWARDS

His sweetie pie has left him. *(In lower voice.)* You got the goods?

KARI

You got the money?

EDWARDS

(Slips out some money and hands it to her.) Tell Cookie she's saving my life!

KARI

(Hands EDWARDS the box.) I will. You'd better skedaddle. Miss Candy just went into the lumber mill. *(Points SL.)*

EDWARDS

Much obliged! Randall, let's get going! *(KARI exits SL.)*

(EDWARDS & RANDALL look around as THEY make their way across to SR. Just as THEY get to the Confectioner's Shoppe, CANDY comes out the door. EDWARDS quickly hands the box to RANDALL, who puts it behind his back.)

EDWARDS

Miss Candy? I thought you were down at the lumber mill.

CANDY

Mr. Edwards. How many times must I tell you that my name is Candace? And I was just at the lumber mill. I had to make a stop here as well.

(EDWARDS & RANDALL look at each other then toward SL and back.)

EDWARDS

(Laughs weakly.) It's like you're two places at once.

CANDY

Well, it goes to show you how much you can get done when you've got all this energy from eating good food. *(SHE stretches and then does a little shadow boxing.)* This is what I have been trying to tell you.

RANDALL

Fascinating, I'm sure, but Edwards and I have some business down the street. Must get going! Nice to see you again.

(THEY begin to make their exit crossing close to the WOMEN who have continued to eat and chatter nearby.)

SARAH

(Innocently.) Mr. Randall, what is that you are carrying in your hand?

RANDALL

(Hesitates.) I'm not carrying anything special in this box. This is what you call an ordinary, everyday box.

WALLACE

What's in that ordinary, everyday box?

RANDALL

Nothing special, really. Ordinary, really. Just a common, run-of-the mill . . . thing.

SARAH

Well, if it's nothing special, why not show us?

WALLACE

What's in the box?

RANDALL

It's, uh, it's a blue gecko.

SARAH

A blue gecko?

RANDALL

His sweetie pie left him.

WALLACE

Mr. Randall, you are making no sense.

SARAH

Why do you have a blue gecko?

RANDALL

It's for my wife. It's our sixth wedding anniversary.

WALLACE

A blue gecko?

RANDALL

Why sure. First anniversary is paper, second is wood . . .

WALLACE

And sixth is blue gecko?

RANDALL

(Shrugs.) Maybe I read it wrong.

WILDER

Mr. Randall! I am ashamed of you! Telling lies like that! Your anniversary was last month.

RANDALL

It was? Boy, am I in trouble. I'd better get this present to her right away. *(Tries to exit.)*

WALLACE

(Grabs RANDALL's shoulder.) Mr. Randall, you are acting awfully suspicious.

RANDALL

All right! It's not mine! It's Edwards' goods! *(HE shoves the box at EDWARDS.)*

EDWARDS

(Looks irritated at RANDALL.) All right, I admit it. It's mine! And I'm proud of it. What I do in the privacy of my home is my business. So, if you'll excuse us. *(THEY try to exit.)*

CODY

Wait just a minute. I've seen those boxes before.

SARAH

Really? Where?

CODY

Oh, I remember! Cookie's been packing up her tarts in special boxes these days. Not sure why.

CANDY

Tarts? (*Looks at EDWARDS.*)

EDWARDS

Now, Miss Candy—Candace, don't you go looking at me that way

CANDY

(*Goes toward him.*) Now, Mr. Edwards, we can do this the easy way or the hard way. (*To the WOMEN.*) Ladies?

(*WALLACE & WILDER confiscate the box and hand it to CANDY. CANDY exits side-stage.*)

CODY

(*Looks side-stage.*) What's she doing?

SARAH

She is tossing those tarts to the pigs again. Those sure are lucky pigs.

EDWARDS

I'm beggin' you, Miss Candy!

CANDY

(*Re-enters.*) Now, I'm trying not to get angry, Mr. Edwards, but what do I keep telling you?

EDWARDS

Sugar is bad. Tarts are bad. Carrots are good.

CANDY

Well, yes, that is all true. But, Mr. Edwards?

EDWARDS

Yes?

CANDY

My name is Candace. (*LIGHT DOWN with SCENE CHANGE MUSIC.*)

SCENE VI

(*AT RISE: A Camp outside of Town. LOWE, JACOBS, RANEY, MINER, and JONES are gathered around a fire, warming themselves.*) From Off-stage, RANDALL makes a bird call. LOWE returns the bird call. With the “coast clear”, RANDALL enters with DOC.)

JONES

Doc! Are we ever glad to see you!

DOC

I came as soon as I got your wire. Thought it best if I sneak into town

(*From Off-stage, EDWARDS makes a bird call. LOWE returns the call.*)

EDWARDS

(*Enters.*) Doc, is that you? Thank goodness. You don't know how desperate things are in town without you.

LOWE

That woman is the ruination of our town.

RANEY

And I've never met a person who can be in so many places!

EDWARDS

Everywhere you turn, she's there!

JONES

It's like she's two places at once! We finally had to meet in the woods here—

JACOBS

Six miles out of town—

JONES

So that she wouldn't find us!

EDWARDS

(*To DOC.*) You've got to do somethin'! She's taking over the town!

DOC

Now, just hold on a cotton-pickin' minute. Why don't you all start at the beginning. What's the trouble brewin'? And who is this woman, exactly?

RANEY

She's the new tritionist.

DOC

New tritionist? But—

JACOBS

That's right! We never knew there was an old one! Yet, here she is! What's up with that?

LOWE

And don't even think of asking her what "tritionist" means. She can go on something fierce about it.

JONES

Suffice it to say that she's causin' trouble. She's trying to clean up Dodge!

EDWARDS

She's getting rid of sugar altogether! I can't live this way!

DOC

Getting rid of sugar?

EDWARDS

Can you believe it? She's making my life a constant misery, she is!

DOC

No sugar? Do you know what this means gentlemen?

JONES

No truffles.

EDWARDS

No tarts.

JACOBS

No spoon-sized frosted sugar bombs. (*ALL stare at him.*) It's a healthy part of a balanced breakfast.

DOC

Not only that, gentlemen; it also means fewer cavities.

EDWARDS

Yeah, Miss Candy already explained the connection between sugar and cavities. Something about little critters squatting and oozing acid. She didn't paint a pretty picture.

DOC

Well, as the town dentist, I'm all for those squatting critters. Without cavities, I'm out of business. This, gentlemen, is a problem. Has she made many allies in town yet?

JONES

She's turned some of the women folk. Seems like she gets more recruits every day. And the Confectioner's Shoppe just introduced a line of treats sweetened with nothing but honey and applesauce!

JACOBS

It tastes just like a pot of school paste. *(ALL stare at him.)* Well, I only tried paste once . . . or twice. Way back in the third grade.

JONES

You are still in the third grade.

JACOBS

Well, . . . yeah.

DOC

What about Cookie?

RANEY

She's one of us, Doc. She's been keepin' us supplied with sugarables when she can.

EDWARDS

Whenever we can get past Miss Candy, that is. I tell you she can smell a tart from a mile away! It's uncanny!

(From Off-stage, COOKIE makes a bird call. LOWE returns the call. Enter COOKIE & KARI, carrying several baskets of goodies.)

JONES

Cookie! Are we ever glad to see you gals! What did ya bring us?

COOKIE

Well, we have some fudge and toffee. I brought truffles since I knew Doc was back in town. *(To DOC.)* Nice to have you back, Doc.

(EDWARDS clears his throat in attempt to gain their attention.)

KARI

(*To EDWARDS.*) And we brought your tarts, Mr. Edwards. Made you extra!

LOWE

All this complaining is making me hungry. You say you've got toffee?

(*THEY start to settle in.*)

DOC

I think we need to ride that woman out of town on a rail. That would solve things fast. What do you say? (*ALL are quiet.*) Well, what's the matter with all of you?

JACOBS

Oh, I don't know, Doc. This isn't your ordinary woman. She's so . . .

COOKIE

Aw, you know. You just have to meet her. She's so . . .

DOC

Well, spit it out.

EDWARDS

(*Runs his hands through his hair.*) Well, dadgummit, she's so . . .

ALL (*Except DOC*)

Nice.

KARI

I don't think she has a mean bone in her body.

LOWE

(*Agitated.*) I don't know how to say it. She's turning the town up-side-down, but she's so doggoned sincere about it.

COOKIE

She's ruining my business, but she seems so concerned for all of us.

JACOBS

She made me a concoction that helped me with my allergies.

EDWARDS

And she makes some pretty mean tofu. (*ALL stare at him.*) Hey, at least I don't eat school paste.

JACOBS

Give me school paste any time.

DOC

Are you saying that she is taking away your sweets, and you still like her? This is going to be tougher than I thought. Tarnation. Let's think on this for a spell. Pass out the sweets, Cookie. I need some brain food.

(COOKIE and KARI hand around the bags. EACH takes a goodie and a moment to savor it.)

EDWARDS

(Takes a deep breath.) Oh, how I have missed the taste of these tarts.

(EDWARDS starts to take a bite just as a bird call is heard coming from Off-stage.)

RANEY

Edwards! We're not expecting anyone else are we?

EDWARDS

Not a soul.

(EDWARDS looks side-stage. The bird call shifts to that of a turkey.)

JONES

Should we answer?

JACOBS

No!

(JACOBS anxiously looks side-stage. The bird call shifts to that of a pterodactyl—Okay, so strictly speaking, we don't precisely know what a pterodactyl sounds like.)

LOWE

(Toward side-stage.) Don't take another step or I'll shoot. *(Looks around for his gun.)*

(There is rustling off-stage. CANDY enters. ALL are startled and try to hide the goodies.)

CANDY

Well, good evening, gentlemen! Oh, Mr. Lowe! You're such a kidder! You'd really shoot me? You're supposed to answer my bird call, silly!

LOWE

What kind of bird was that?

CANDY

It was a pterodactyl.

LOWE

What's a . . .

CANDY

Pterodactyl? It's a dinosaur. It is extinct. Too much sugar in its diet, I'd imagine.

RANDALL

Miss Candy?! What are you doin' out here?

CANDY

Mr. Randall, how many times do I have to say it? My name is Candace. It is a beautiful night, so I decided to take an evening stroll. I just couldn't sleep. Had too much pent-up energy in my system. (*Shadow-boxes nearest actor.*) I saw the fire and thought, "What a nice night for a bonfire." And, here, I come across you good people! Isn't it serendipitous?

LOWE

Well, actually it's just Cookie and Kari. Sarah ain't with us. Not to mention Dippy Russ.

CANDY

(*Laughing.*) Oh, Mr. Lowe. I just love your puns!

LOWE

(*Nodding his head.*) Well, I always did have good puns. (*Under his breath to RANDALL.*) What's a pun?

RANDALL

I'm pretty sure it's short for "punish."

COOKIE

You really saw our bonfire? But town is nearly six miles away. How did you see our bonfire?

CANDY

Carrots – very good for the eyes.

COOKIE

(*Looks confused.*) Oh.

CANDY

So, what have you got cooking over the fire? Baked beans? I could use re-fueling before I start back.

JONES

Oh, we ain't cooking anything.

RANDALL

Not at all. Don't know what would give you that idea.

LOWE

Yeah. Just talking—

JONES

And enjoying the night sky—

RANEY

And not eating anything of the sugary persuasion.

CANDY

Now, you can't fool me, Mr. Lowe. I saw you hiding something from me. Come on. Let's see what you've got.

LOWE

Aw, Miss Candy! I mean, Candace! It's nothing.

COOKIE

It's just some jerky.

CANDY

Well, I'm glad to see you make something healthy, Cookie. Jerky is a good source of protein— as long as it is natural and has no artificial preservatives.

KARI

(Shaking her head.) No preservatives, ma'am. *(To COOKIE.)* What's a preservative?

CANDY

(To EDWARDS.) Would you share some with me, dear Mr. Edwards?

EDWARDS

Uh, well, the truth is . . .

CANDY

Mr. Edwards, are you trying to tell me something?

EDWARDS

(Heaves a large sigh.) Oh, might as well give it up, boys! *(Hands his tarts roughly to CANDY.)* Just take it! But make it quick. I don't want to suffer. I'll go home and have some carrots or somethin'.

CANDY

(Realizes what THEY are eating.) And you would all be best to follow Mr. Edwards' example. *(To EDWARDS.)* I am glad to see that I am getting through to you. *(SHE goes around collecting the goods.)* I will just take this temptation out of your way. You will thank me in the morning when you have the energy to get out of bed. *(Exits to side-stage.)*

KARI

(Looks side-stage.) What's she doing?

COOKIE

I believe she's feeding those tarts and toffees to the raccoons.

EDWARDS

(To DOC.) See what we mean?

CANDY

(Re-enters, dusting off her hands.) I swear those raccoons will eat anything! I feel a little bad about contributing to their physical decline in that way, but my first duty is to the men folk of this town. Well, as Mr. Edwards has so sensibly suggested, you all should probably get home and get a healthy snack before bed. You might try green peppers. They have more vitamin C than you can shake a stick at! *(Notices DOC.)* I don't believe I've met you.

DOC

(Removes his hat.) My name's Doc Holiday. I'm the dentist in Dodge. I've been, uh, out of town.

CANDY

Well, I am pleased to meet you! I'm sure we will have a lot to talk about now that you are back.

DOC

I look forward to it. *(EDWARDS looks aghast.)* Seems we have a lot to discuss.

CANDY

Indeed we do. I will have to pay you a visit when you get unpacked from your holiday, Doc. *(To LOWE.)* Oh, Mr. Lowe, I'm starting to pun like you now! Get it? Doc is back from his holiday? *(LOWE laughs uncertainly. CANDY turns to ALL.)* Well, it's been wonderful running into you like this, but I think I'll be heading back. I still have some pent-up energy to walk off. *(Slaps LOWE on the back; HE stumbles.)* Enjoy your evening. *(Exits.)*

EDWARDS

(*To DOC.*) Do ya see?

DOC

(*Pauses.*) Well, now, ain't she a fine-looking woman.

JONES

But she's ruining our lives!

EDWARDS

We've been living like this ever since you took your holiday! It wouldn't have gotten this far if you'd a been here, Doc!

DOC

Well, I'm back now, and I plan on getting things back to normal. One thing is clear. There's not room enough in town for the both of us. I think there's gonna be a show-down. Real soon.

RANEY

I knew you wouldn't let us down, Doc!

COOKIE

Just . . . when you have your show down, go easy on her.

LOWE

Yeah, don't use your guns . . .

KARI

Or your dental drills . . .

COOKIE

'Cause we don't want her hurt.

KARI

Just scare her out of town.

DOC

Have you all gone yellow? Oh, don't worry. I won't hurt her – too bad. I won't use my tooth scraper on her. I'll just use my floss. (*OTHERS gasp.*) In fact, I'll use my . . . unwaxed . . . floss. (*Bigger gasp.*) Until then, let's just lay low. I'll have to study things for a few days.

LOWE

(*Pauses.*) You know, for being so bothersome, she sure is . . .

ALL (*Except DOC*)

Nice.

KARI

(*To RANDALL.*) Same time for the drop-off tomorrow?

RANDALL

Yeah. (*Looks around.*) Edwards will meet you down behind the stables.

EDWARDS

Remember, we switched the signal. I say: "The husband is in the doghouse."

RANDALL

The reply will be: "He gave his wife a blue gecko."

EDWARDS

I just hope I can hang on until then.

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes

Continue to Next Page for Production Notes

PRODUCTION NOTES

SET PIECES:

Scene I

Backdrop for train depot
Bench

Scenes II – V, VII, IX

Flats or Signs to indicate various store fronts:
Cookie's Bakery SR
The Confectioner's Shop
Wells Fargo Bank
Walton's General Store

Stables SL.
A small tree on DSL

Scene VI

Several rocks or stumps (for seating)
Campfire
Trees to indicate the woods

Scene VIII

Jail cell with bars, small cot, & stool
Flat with window for women to peer through
Desk & stool for Doc

PROPERTIES NEXT PAGE

PROPERTIES

Scene I

Sound effects for train station

10-14 suitcases, satchels, and/or trunks

Scene II

10-14 suitcases, satchels, and/or trunks

Bag of tarts for Edwards with a tart for each man in the scene

Scene III

4 picnic baskets

small platform

Scene IV

2 tarts for Edwards

Fliers for Candy

Scene V

Bag of goodies for Mrs. Wallace (has two healthy treats for Edwards & Randall)

Special box with tarts (delivered by Kari)

Money for the drop-off

Scene VI

Gun for Lowe

Several baskets with treats for the men

Scene VII

Sign that says "Practice Temperance"

Sign that says "Sugar is a Drug"

Sign that says "Prohibit Sugar"

Sign that says "End the Addiction"

Small platform

Timepiece for Wilder

Tofu for Kari (optional)

Scene VII

Tin cup for Candy

Coffee pot

Coffee cup for Doc

Lumps of sugar in a bowl

Cream

Plate of donuts

Pebbles

Pot of chili

Large jail cell key

Hot pads for the pot

Scene IX

Samples of hummus on rye toast

Samples of cranberry juice

Samples of hot & spicy bean curd

Bag of chocolate with truffles, chocolates, & kisses

Cup of coffee

Coffee pot

Donuts

(2) Toy guns

Pot of Beans (Alternate Ending)

Rope for tug of war (Alternate Ending)

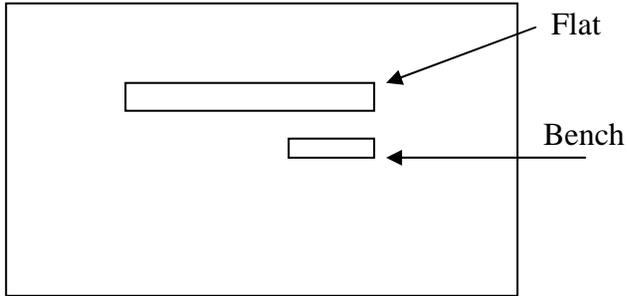
Candy kiss for Miss Candy

Ham sandwich for Randall

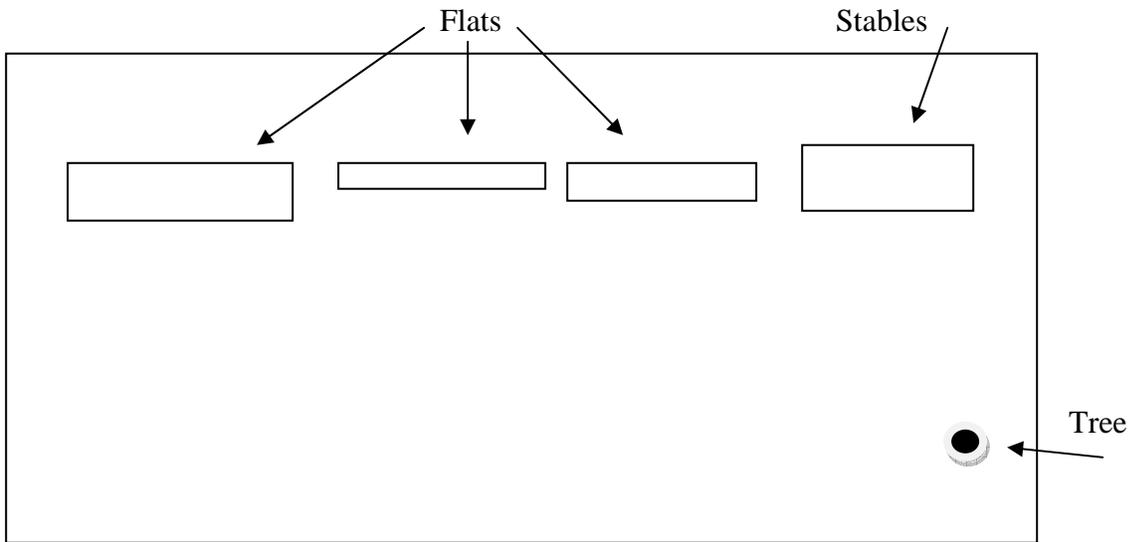
SUGGESTIONS FOR SET DESIGN
NEXT PAGE

SET DESIGN

Scene I: Train Depot

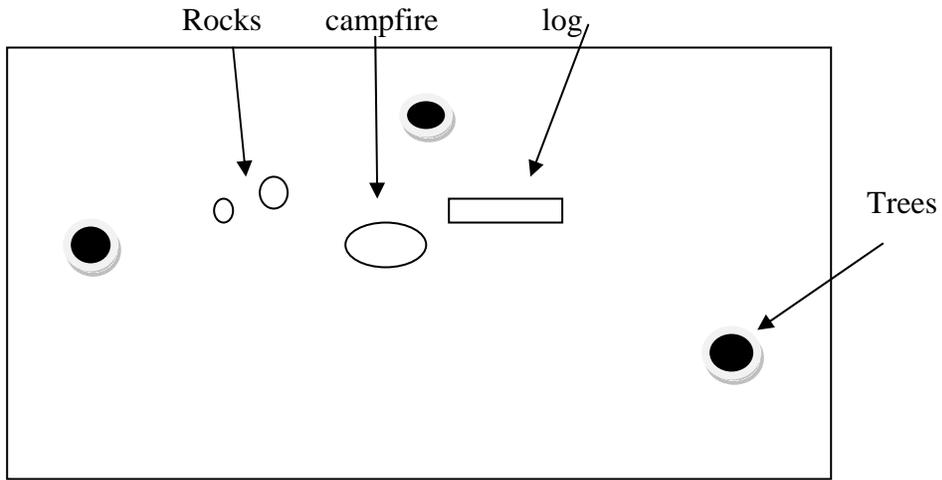


Scene II-V, VII, IX: Dodge City



CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

Scene VI: A camp outside of town



Scene VIII: Dodge City jail

