

**SASHA AND NEVILLE**

*OLDER COUPLE / HAVE STOLEN JEWELS/THEIR FIRST CRIME EVER*

SASHA: I know, Neville darling, but really, to commit a ... a ... felony!

NEVILLE: Sasha! Ssh! (Under his breath.) You must be careful!  
We are now jewel thieves and you can't go around announcing to everyone on track number nine that we've committed a crime! (Beat.) Nine and crime! They rhyme! Oh, and so does rhyme! How terribly clever of me!

SASHA: I hope you're right about this, Neville darling. I truly hope you are, but if it doesn't work ....

NEVILLE: It will work! Now, let's go find our stateroom and get this very special case settled in its proper place.

SASHA: Don't you think we should find a safer place to keep our ...our ... loot, I believe we're supposed to call it.

NEVILLE: The fancier the case, the more it will attract attention. No, this case is perfect. They're a dime a dozen. Look around, everyone has one. Even if the authorities should start nosing around, no one will remember a very average couple with a very average case.

SASHA: I must say, Neville, it sounds as if you know what you're doing. Are you sure you weren't a thief before we were married?

NEVILLE: No, darling, but remember, I did go to the theatre a great deal.

## **PRUDENCE AND OPAL**

*OPAL IS A STRANGE ECCENTRIC OLDER LADY / PRUDENCE IS HER SECRETARY WHO TAKES CARE OF HER*

OPAL: But, Prudence ....

PRUDENCE: It's all taken care of, Mrs. Lord. (Checks her notebook.) The reservations for your stateroom have been confirmed. The steward has been notified of your presence and I personally watched all the luggage go on the train.

OPAL: And my kiwifruit?

PRUDENCE: Right here, safe and fresh.

OPAL: Did you know that most Americans just call it kiwi? PRUDENCE: You have mentioned that before, Mrs. Lord.

OPAL: When my late husband, Roger, the poor dear, and I lived in New Zealand, I actually saw a kiwi, and believe you me, it was not a fruit.

PRUDENCE: Of course not, Mrs. Lord.

OPAL: No! It's a strange little bird with no wings and a huge beak that it uses to suck up worms and bugs and things. Yech! PRUDENCE: I've seen pictures, Mrs. Lord.

OPAL: You'd think everyone would know that a kiwi is a bird and that the little brown fruits are kiwifruits, but not these Americans. No.

They just keep going to the grocer's and asking for kiwi. I can't wait until someone brings out a bird instead.

PRUDENCE: Not likely, Mrs. Lord.

OPAL: I mean, would you call a grapefruit a grape?

PRUDENCE: You can't change the world, Mrs. Lord. Now, perhaps we should begin boarding the train. We still need to find your stateroom, and you have several manuscripts to peruse.

OPAL: Oh, Prudence. Is this trip really necessary? I mean, cowboys and bugalo and saloons and Indians ... it all seems so ... so ...Yech!

PRUDENCE: We need to pay a visit to the new distribution firm in San Francisco, Mrs. Lord. Besides, it will give you the reading time you need.

**MILLICENT AND MILLARD**

*MARRIED COUPLE WHO DO NOT LIKE EACH OTHER*

MILLICENT: The passenger car!

MILLARD: It's necessary, Millicent.

MILLICENT: Considering your business, you'd think I'd at least get a stateroom!

MILLARD: You're the one who insisted on this trip, Millicent. The only way I can do it is to make it a working vacation.

MILLICENT: Work! Work! Work! Just once I'd like you to spend as much time on our marriage as you do on "the business"!

MILLARD: The business pays for all your luxuries, I would remind you ....

MILLICENT: Oh, you do remind me. Everyday you remind me! MILLARD: And yet you keep on spending!

MILLICENT: I have to do something to keep from going mad from the boredom of being the wife of a man who spends all his time on work!

MILLARD: I have to spend all my time at work to make enough money to cover all your spending!

MILLICENT: (Storming on to the train.) If I survive this trip with you it will be a miracle!

MILLARD: (To himself before he turns to follow her.) If you survive this trip with me, it will be a tragedy!

**SETON AND MAGGIE**

*YOUNGER AND ARE IN LOVE AGAINST THE WISHES OF MAGGIE'S PARENTS.  
SETON IS AN ARTIST.*

SETON: Maggie!

MAGGIE: (Rushing to him.) Seton!

SETON: I promised you I'd be here.

MAGGIE: I was so afraid that I'd never see you again!

terrible these last two weeks without you.

SETON: I've missed you too, sweetheart.

MAGGIE: Mummy and Daddy fired Gertrude and hired a new governess. I'm sure she'll never be as sympathetic as Gertrude was.

SETON: Poor Gertrude. She only wanted to help our young love.

MAGGIE: And now, look. Daddy's moving us to San Francisco so I'll never be able to see you again. Oh, Seton, what are we going to do? I barely survived a fortnight without you. How am I going to survive the rest of my miserable, rotten life?

SETON: There's a chance, Maggie ... I ....

MAGGIE: Oh, let's face it, Seton, if there were an answer we would have thought of it days ago! No. It's over. You'll go on and become the famous painter you were destined to be, and I'll be a withered old spinster whose only claim to fame was that I was once your lover!

SETON: Please, Maggie, it doesn't have to be like that.

**CALBERT AND RACHEL**

*OLDER COUPLE, VERY STRICT. MAGGIE'S PARENTS. THEY ARE VERY UPPERCLASS AND VERY UNLIKEABLE AND CONTROLLING.*

CALBERT: Mary Margaret! Get away from that scoundrel this instant!

RACHEL: You know better than to associate with ... with ....

(CALBERT pulls MAGGIE from SETON and hands her over to RACHEL.)

CALBERT: Lazy, good-for-nothing bum would be more appropriate!

CALBERT: Look, Mr. Oberholtzer, it's my duty to insure that my daughter is taken care of. You can't do that. Your artwork costs you more than you make with it, and you have no intention of getting a steady job.

RACHEL: Calbert! Mr. Oberholtzer! There is no point to this. We've had this same discussion over and over, and obviously no one involved is going to change their mind! Enough! I refuse to let my family make a spectacle of themselves in front of the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe!

CALBERT: Of course, you are right, Rachel. I will take Maggie to our stateroom. You find Lily and the governess.

CALBERT: Good-bye, Mr. Oberholtzer! And since you have nothing, and never will have anything, I know you will never be able to follow us!

## **JUSTIN AND EDWARD**

*EDWARD IS A SECRET AGENT / JUSTIN IS A SECRET AGENT IN TRAINING AND VERY EAGER*

JUSTIN: You have no idea how excited I am to be working with you, Mr. Smith. I mean this has been a lifelong dream of mine. To be a secret agent for the United States government, to travel the world exposing spies, recovering state secrets, catching notorious criminals. Wow! What a life!

EDWARD: It will be a very short life if you don't keep your mouth shut, boy. Rule #1 is never let anyone know you're a secret agent, so I'd advise you to quit ... oooooooooo!

JUSTIN: Your stomach still bothering you?

EDWARD: I must have eaten something foul at the saloon last night, that's all. I'll be fine soon, and then we'll get down to work.

JUSTIN: Shouldn't we be working already?

EDWARD: That would be fine, Mr. Morgan, but I'm not quite up to it. Let's find our stateroom. Perhaps if I lie down for a moment or two....

JUSTIN: Of course, right this way. But while you lie down, perhaps I could get started on something. I'm rather anxious to get going, you know.

EDWARD: Of course you are, Mr. Morgan. Once I'm ... ooooo! (Bends over in misery, moaning and groaning.)

EDWARD: I think it's getting worse. I'd better get to the room and lie down.

JUSTIN: But what am I supposed to be doing?

EDWARD: Oh, yes. You find the head steward and get the passenger list from him.

JUSTIN: Do I commandeer it for the state government? Tell him that I'm an agent and ....

EDWARD: Rule #1?

JUSTIN: Oh yeah. Never tell anyone that I'm a secret agent. (Beat.) So how do I get it?

EDWARD: Ask for it. There's nothing confidential about the passenger list of the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe. If he hesitates, then tell him you're looking for an old friend.

JUSTIN: Brilliant! Brilliant! I'm so lucky to be working with an agent....

**JACKSON / EVE/ GABBY /DELILAH**

*JACKSON - TALENT AGENT FOR THE LE FEMMES*

*BIANCA - MAN HUNGRY MEMBER OF LE FEMMES*

*GABBY - RAMBLING TALKING MEMBER OF LE-FEMMES*

*EVE - TOUGH STREET WISE MEMBER OF LE – FEMMES*

*DELILAH - SOUTHERN BELLE OF LE FEMMES*

JACKSON: Hurry, ladies, hurry!

EVE: Are you sure about this, Jackson?

JACKSON: It's a job, isn't it?

GABBY: Well, of course there is that, I mean, a job, I mean they are going to pay us which is more than anyone back East was doing and you can't work for applause always, we do have bills and costumes and well, I mean, food and things, but still to go all the way to San Francisco just because some guy wants a few more girls for his theatre, I mean ....

DELILAH: She means, Jackson, honey, that we are a mite nervous about leaving civilization for the wild, wild West!

JACKSON: Look, girls, I know it's tough, but it's the only job I could get and we do need the money.

BIANCA: Come on, girls, let's give it a shot. Besides, there will be all those cowboys and miners and gamblers and desperados, and very few women. The West is the land of opportunity.

EVE: Yeah, well, none of those kind of opportunities, Bianca. We're entertainers and not ... "entertainers."

JACKSON: The point is we only have one job and it's out west.

EVE: Then wagons ho!

BIANCA: It's not wagons ho, Eve. We're going on a train. It's ALL ABOARD!