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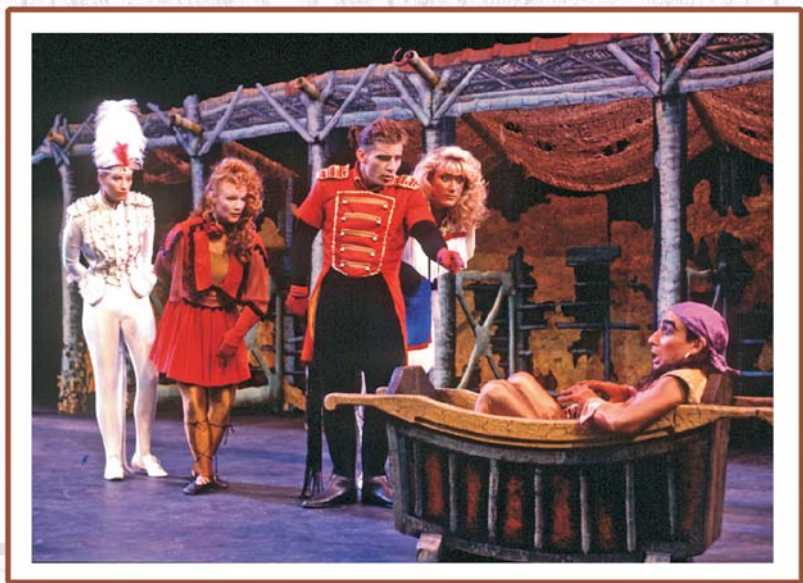
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*Dramatic Publishing*

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# Rodeo Mongolia



**Musical by Charles Pascoe**

# Rodeo Mongolia

**Musical. By Charles Pascoe.**

*Cast: 6m, 4w.* This wonderfully different and engaging story tackles themes of arrogance, treachery, self-sacrifice, forgiveness and hope. Przewalski, a wild horse and one of the original breed, roams the fringes of Outer Mongolia. Human encroachment has forced him ever farther into rocky terrain, where he is having trouble keeping his footing. Fearful of tripping and breaking his legs, Przewalski goes looking for a way to make him more sure-footed and is drawn to a stable with six domesticated horses, each of a different breed, that are part of a once-thriving rodeo show. Alas, Rodeo Mongolia has fallen on hard times. Conditions are cramped, resources scarce, several of the horses are haughty, and Przewalski is rudely sent away. Through internal treachery, and as a result of desperation for more living space, the horses in the stable are exposed to equine encephalitis and find themselves in a life-threatening situation. Salvation lies only in transfusions from an uncontaminated horse with a strong immune system—Przewalski—whom they have shunned. *Area staging. Approximate running time: 1 hour.*

Front cover photo: Texas State University, San Marcos, Texas, featuring (l-r) Shan Bryant, Christi Spain, LeRoy Tibbets, Kim Lukachik and Richard Hinojosa. *Photo: Don Anders.*

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# Rodeo Mongolia

(formerly *Wild Horse*)

A Musical  
by  
CHARLES PASCOE



**Dramatic Publishing**

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CHARLES PASCOE

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(WILD HORSE –  
later RODEO MONGOLIA)

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# **RODEO MONGOLIA**

A Full-length Play  
For 10 Actors

## **CHARACTERS**

PRZEWALSKI, the wild horse  
SANGSUE, the mosquito  
LIPIZZANER  
SHAN  
CLYDESDALE  
APPALOOSA  
FALABELLA  
ORLOV TROTTER  
ULAAN GOOM  
DOO'RAHK, the swamp mosquito

TIME: Spring 1992.

PLACE: Northern Mongolia.

*Wild Horse* was originally produced at Southwest Texas State University, San Marcos, Texas, in 1992.

*Directed by* . . . CHARLES PASCOE  
*Assistant Director* . . . JONATHAN PASCOE  
*Stage Manager* . . . BECKY LOUDON  
*Preliminary Set Design* . . . LARRY SEYMOUR  
and J. LYNN COBB  
*Set Painted by* . . . DAN HANNON  
*Costume Designer* . . . MERRIE MCCOY  
*Lighting Designer* . . . KIM COOK  
  
*Technical Director* . . . W.R. PEELER

## CAST

PRZEWALSKI . . . . . J. Spencer Jenkins  
SANGSUE . . . . . Sandra Dohner  
LIPIZZANER . . . . . Shan Bryant  
SHAN . . . . . Richard Hinojosa  
CLYDESDALE . . . . . Robert Kendall  
APPALOOSA . . . . . Kim Lukachik  
FALABELLA . . . . . Christi Spain  
ORLOV TROTTER . . . . . LeRoy Tibbets  
ULAAN GOOM . . . . . Pete Carroll  
DOO'RAHK . . . . . Charles Pascoe (off-stage voice)

Stage Crew . . . . BECKY LOUDON, JASON BRAWNER

The Band . . . . . Piano: CHARLES PASCOE  
Drums: DAVID NICOSIA

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# RODEO MONGOLIA

SCENE: *Early morning in the foothills of the Tannu-Ola Mountains on the Northern Mongolian frontier. It is rocky, cold, and barren. The wind is howling.*

AT RISE: *PRZEWALSKI enters and stumbles on the rocks. SANGSUE enters in a gust of wind which blows her downstage. She is exhausted.*

PRZEWALSKI. If you try to sting me, Mosquito, I'll whip you into powder.

SANGSUE. Take it easy, friend. I have no intention of putting the bite on you.

PRZEWALSKI. See that it stays that way!

SANGSUE. Now wait a minute. Maybe that's not such a bad idea. Listen, my friend, I have not had a sip of blood for over two days. I got caught in a rising wind and it blew me miles off my course. I'm starving. Exhausted. How about a little sting? C'mon, what do you say? One free sting. I've got to get my energy back.

PRZEWALSKI. Me, let you sting me? You have lost your wits!

SANGSUE. Don't make such a fuss. Let me have a quick sip of your blood and I'll...do something for you someday.

PRZEWALSKI. You want to sip my blood, you do something for me first.

SANGSUE. Fine, that's fine. So, what have you got? What can I help you with? What's your problem? Come to think of it, who are you? Never saw a horse like you before. You are a horse, aren't you?

PRZEWALSKI. You city dweller. Have you got a name?

SANGSUE. I certainly do. My name is Sangsue, and I'm not really a city dweller. I prefer carnivals and circuses. I like the variety of bloods available. This is my first time in these Mongolian foothills. Not much blood around here.

PRZEWALSKI. Well, I live in these Mongolian foothills. I am wild. (*Song cue.*) A wild horse.

**(SONG #1: "PRZEWALSKI HORSE")**

PRZEWALSKI (*singing*).

**A PRZEWALSKI HORSE.**

**A PRZEWALSKI HORSE.**

**UNREFINED, UNCIVILIZED AND COARSE  
BUT WHEN THE FIRST HORSE WAS BORN ON  
EARTH,  
PRZEWALSKI WAS PRESENT AT THE BIRTH.**

**I SHARE THE FRINGES OF THE DESERT  
AND THE LOWER MOUNTAIN SLOPE  
WITH SNAKES AND DESERT HAMSTERS  
SAND RATS, WOLVES AND ANTELOPE.  
WITH HAWKS AND SPARROWS,  
LARKS AND EAGLES,  
CREATURES FIERCE AND MILD.  
BUT ALL ALIKE IN NATURE'S WAY  
OUR NATURE'S TO BE WILD  
WILD, WILD, ANIMALS UNTAMED  
ALL OF US BORN WILD AND FREE**

**AND SO I HAVE REMAINED  
A PRZEWALSKI HORSE.  
A PRZEWALSKI HORSE  
NEVER BROKEN, WON'T SUBMIT TO FORCE,  
WON'T CARRY RIDERS, WON'T PULL A CART.  
PRZEWALSKI, WILD HORSE FROM THE START.**

**YET, THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE WIND,  
THERE IS SOMETHING IN THE AIR,  
SOMETHING'S PULLING AT MY INNER SOUL,  
IT'S SOMEWHERE OVER THERE.  
SOMETHING'S DRAWING ME TOWARDS IT  
WHAT IT IS I CANNOT SAY.  
IT COULD BE MY DESTINY  
OH, SHOULD I TURN AWAY?  
I MUST NOT GO ASTRAY.**

**A PRZEWALSKI HORSE.  
A PRZEWALSKI HORSE.  
NEVER FOLLOWS ANYBODY'S COURSE  
BUT SOMETHING BECKONS, WHAT SHOULD I DO**

OFFSTAGE VOICES (*whispering*).

**PRZEWALSKI, CAN YOU FEEL IT TOO?**

PRZEWALSKI.

**SOMETHING'S DRAWING ME TOWARDS IT  
WHAT IT IS I CANNOT SAY.  
I KNOW IT IS MY DESTINY  
I CANNOT TURN AWAY.  
I CANNOT TURN AWAY.  
AH EE AH YA!**

SANGSUE (*spoken*). No. No, don't turn away. Sounds like more of an adventure than a problem. You might be on the right track. Don't turn back. Go after it!

PRZEWALSKI (*stumbles on rocks again*). I'll tell you my most serious problem, these clumsy feet of mine! I keep stumbling over these rocks. I am not sure-footed. Over the years humans have taken more and more of my habitat. I've been forced to leave the grasslands. Many like me are shot on sight. So I have two choices, live in the desert or live in the foothills. Not enough food in desert. No shelter. Only a few medicinal plants. Here it is good, except for the rocks. I am always stumbling. It is just a matter of time before I slip and break my leg. A broken leg for a horse means death. Help me with this problem and I'll let you sting me...once.

SANGSUE. Well, let's face it, me helping you get your habitat back is out of the question, but getting you to be more sure-footed is a whole other thing. This I can do.

PRZEWALSKI. How?

SANGSUE. How about that shot of blood? I'm fading fast.

PRZEWALSKI. First tell me, then drink.

SANGSUE. You're a hard fellow, Przewalski.

PRZEWALSKI. It is my nature to be hard. Talk!

SANGSUE. You've got to train your feet to be more nimble. You've got to learn to walk differently, to know when to put pressure and when to go light. You need some dance lessons.

PRZEWALSKI. Dance lessons? Can you teach me to dance?

SANGSUE. Oh no, if I taught you how to dance you'd end up dancing like a mosquito, but I'll help you find another horse that will give you dance lessons. Przewalski, if I don't get that blood now I may not need it. I'm serious.

PRZEWALSKI. All right. Help yourself. (*SANGSUE stings PRZEWALSKI on the back of the neck. PRZEWALSKI does not enjoy this. SANGSUE is rejuvenated.*)

SANGSUE (*energetically*). Wow! You sure have great blood! Really zippy!

PRZEWALSKI. Dance lessons. Help me find a teacher.

SANGSUE. There are some dancing horses at the same place I was heading. How about letting me ride on your back?

PRZEWALSKI. All right, ride on my back, but no more stings.

SANGSUE (*gets on PRZEWALSKI's back*). No, I'm good for a long time. That way, let's go that way.

PRZEWALSKI. That's the same direction that beckons me!

SANGSUE. Yeah, well, what we're looking for is a stable. A stable that has six horses, each from a different part of the world.

PRZEWALSKI. Horses that dance?

SANGSUE. Some dance, some are for riding, some pull boulders, all kinds of horses doing all kinds of things. It's a horse show.

PRZEWALSKI. A horse show? Never heard of such a thing.

SANGSUE. Yeah, there aren't too many like it. It's probably the only one of its kind in Mongolia, maybe the world. (*PRZEWALSKI senses something in the wind.*) What? Do you sense something?

PRZEWALSKI. I'm not sure. It's from this direction.

SANGSUE. That's the way we're headed. Let's go. (*PRZEWALSKI and SANGSUE exit.*)

## SCENE TWO

SCENE: *Late afternoon at the stable.*

AT RISE: PRZEWALSKI and SANGSUE approach the vacant stable. PRZEWALSKI is hesitant and remains in the background. SANGSUE flits about the stage.

SANGSUE. This is the stable we've been looking for. Wow! Is it ever run down! Last time I was here it was all cleaned up, real classy. Now it looks like—

*(SANGSUE is interrupted by the entrance of LIPIZZANER.)*

SANGSUE. Blood! *(Song cue.)* Here come the horses.  
*(LIPIZZANER crosses to her stall.)*

**(SONG #2: "BLOOD")**

SANGSUE *(singing)*.

**BLOOD, BLOOD, BLOOD  
LOVELY LIPIZZANER, LIPIZZANER, LIPIZZANER.  
LOVELY LIPIZZANER, HER HAUGHTY HIDE IS  
THICK.  
HER BLOOD IS RATHER BITTER, HER BLOOD IS  
RATHER BITTER.  
I REMEMBER ONCE I BIT HER AND IT MADE  
ME SICK.**

*(SHAN enters and crosses to his stall.)*

**MEAN AND VICIOUS SHAN, TOO DANGEROUS  
TO BITE.**

**HIS BLOOD'S A LOT LIKE HOT SPICE TEA, BUT  
NOT FOR ME TONIGHT.**

*(CLYDESDALE enters and crosses to his stall.)*

**GENTLE GIANT CLYDESDALE IS THE LARGER  
BY A HAND.  
HIS BLOOD IS QUICK TO THICKEN, BUT IT  
TASTES A TRIFLE BLAND.**

*(APPALOOSA enters and crosses to her stall.)*

**APPALOOSA, I COULD USE A SIP OF THAT  
SWEET FILLY,  
BUT IF I STICK HER SHE WOULD FLICK HER  
TAIL AND SWAT ME SILLY.**

*(FALABELLA enters and crosses to her stall. SHAN  
leans out of his stall listening intently to what SANGSUE  
is singing.)*

**SWEET FALABELLA, PETITE FALABELLA,  
HER BLOOD IS AS THIN AS WATER  
TOO LOOSE TO DRINK.**

*(ORLOV enters and crosses to his stall.)*

**TONIGHT, I THINK I'LL PUNCTURE ORLOV  
TROTTER  
YES, I OUGHT TO PUNCTURE ORLOV TROTTER  
HIS BLOOD TASTES LIKE POTATO JUICE, BUT  
EVER SO MUCH HOTTER.**



*(SANGSUE exits. SHAN has an idea and turns back into his stall. GOOM enters and sees PRZEWALSKI.)*

GOOM *(spoken)*. Hoohah! What do we have here? I bet you've never seen a horse like that before. It's a Przewalski stallion! Very rare. Very wild. Must be real thirsty to come in this close. *(To PRZEWALSKI.)* You want a drink, Przewalski? *(HORSES grumble because they have to wait to drink. PRZEWALSKI does not move to trough. During the following dialogue GOOM takes each horse to the trough in this order: FALABELLA, SHAN, CLYDESDALE, LIPIZZANER, ORLOV and APPALOOSA.)* So you're not thirsty? Falabella's thirsty, aren't you, my pretty one? Falabella always drinks first because she is the littlest and if the trough is only half-full she can't reach the water. What is it you want? Can I help you? I am Ulaan Goom, stable boy for this horse show. You came to see the horse show? Rodeo Mongolia? You've heard about us, yes?... No? Tell me, why are you here? Do not be afraid.

PRZEWALSKI. I came to dance. *(HORSES laugh.)*

GOOM. No, no, you're too late to see the horses dance. We put on one show yesterday. There won't be another for maybe a week. Isn't that terrible. I can't stand to hear myself say it. No show for maybe a week. We used to do three shows a day, every day. The rodeo idea was really catching on. *(Studies PRZEWALSKI.)* Yes, I can see that you are interested in knowing how a rodeo came to be in Mongolia.

LIPIZZANER. Ulaan Goom, please don't put us through another telling of zat dream story.

ORLOV. So many times this story I hear. Last month twice.

GOOM. He wants to know. He's just too shy to ask.

SHAN. He doesn't give a hoot about your dream and neither do I.

GOOM. You are all so ungrateful! (*To PRZEWALSKI.*) Do you want to hear about my dream, yes or no? Hurry up, I've got work to do.

PRZEWALSKI. Your dream?

GOOM. See, he wants to hear.

CLYDESDALE. Go ahead and tell it, Ulaan. It's a good story and it ends with hope.

SHAN. Hope? You dope! It ends in despair.

CLYDESDALE. Hope.

SHAN. Despair!

GOOM. Hope? Despair? I'll tell the story. Judge for yourself. (*Song cue #3. Sings.*)

#### **YEARS AGO IN TEXAS**

(*Spoken.*)

Ah, Texas, you're asking. What was a Mongolian doing in Texas? Many, many years ago when I was a teen-ager all the country to the north of me, the Soviet Union, was being invaded by a terrible enemy. Big war. World War. I joined the army. Second day in the field I got shot. And worse than that I was captured by the enemy. Prison camp. Me. P.O.W. Prisoner of War. In the building where they put me were three fliers from Texas. A flight crew that got shot down. Not too long we became friends and—

GOOM and HORSES. —to make a long story short, when the war was over and we were liberated we decided to stick together—

GOOM. —so I went back home with them to Texas. Lived there many years. I really liked ranching. (*Re-cue song.*) Loved the rodeos!

**(SONG #3: "RODEO MONGOLIA")**

GOOM (*singing*).

**YEARS AGO IN TEXAS  
ONE NIGHT I HAD THE DREAM.  
HORSES FROM AROUND THE WORLD**

GOOM and HORSES.

**AN INTERNATIONAL TEAM.  
A NEAR FAR-EASTERN HORSE SHOW  
WITH A WAY OUT WESTERN THEME  
RODEO MONGOLIA.**

**RODEO MONGOLIA, RODEO MONGOLIA.**

*(Descant done simultaneously in falsetto by a cast member.)*

**YO DEL O-WHO WHO  
OO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO.**

**LIKE A DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.  
RODEO MONGOLIA  
RODEO MONGOLIA, RODEO MONGOLIA.**

*(Descant.)*

**YO DEL O-WHO WHO  
OO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO.**

**SEE THE HORSES DO THEIR STUFF  
AT RODEO MONGOLIA.**

**LOOK AT LIPIZZANER STRUT HER FANCY  
PRANCE.  
CHEER AS FALABELLA TIP-TOES THROUGH A  
BALLET DANCE.**