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Oklahoma!

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Based on the play "Green Grow the Lilacs" by Lynn Riggs

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Cast of Characters

AUNT ELLER
CURLY
LAUREY
IKE SKIDMORE
FRED
SLIM
WILL PARKER
JUD FRY
ADO ANNIE CARNES
ALI HAKIM
GERTIE CUMMINGS
ANDREW CARNES
ELLEN
KATE

VIVIAN
VIRGINIA
GIRL PAGE 19 (EMMA)
CORD ELAM
FARMER PAGE 39
FARMER PAGE 40
GIRL PAGE 41
MIKE
JOE
TOM
2ND GIRL PAGE 58
A BOY PAGE 9

Synopsis of Scenes

Act 1

Scene 1: The Front of Laurey's Farmhouse

Scene 2: The Smoke House

Scene 3: A Grove on Laurey's Farm

Act 2

Scene 1: The Skidmore Ranch

Scene 2: Skidmore's Kitchen Porch

Scene 3: On the Road Between the Skidmore Ranch and Laurey's Farmhouse (optional)

Scene 4: The Back of Laurey's Farmhouse

Time: Summer 1906

Place: Indian Territory (became Oklahoma in late 1906)

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Sound Effects

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1b	turkey gobbles
22a	gun cocks
28a	knock on smokehouse door
28b	second knock
33a	gunshot from a Colt 45
33b	another gunshot
40a	gunshot

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John Sauter (John_Sauter@systemeyescomputerstore.com)

April 6, 2012

Act 1

Music 0: OVERTURE

Scene 1

(SCENE: The front of LAUREY'S farmhouse. "It is a radiant summer morning several years ago, the kind of morning which, enveloping the shapes of earth men, cattle in a meadow, blades of the young corn, streams—makes them seem to exist now for the first time, their images giving off a golden emanation that is partly true and partly a trick of the imagination, focusing to keep alive a loveliness that may pass away.")

Music 1: OPENING ACT 1—OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'

(AUNT ELLER MURPHY, a buxom hearty woman about fifty, is sitting behind a wooden, brass-banded churn, looking out over the meadow—which is the audience—a contented look on her face, churning to the rhythm of a gentle melody. Somewhere a dog barks twice and stops quickly, reassured. A turkey gobbler makes his startled, swallowing noise. And, like the voice of the morning, a song comes from somewhere, growing louder as the young singer comes nearer.)

CURLY (*Off*):

There's a bright, golden haze on the meadow,
There's a bright, golden haze on the meadow.
The corn is as high as a elephant's eye.

(He enters from UP LEFT)

An' it looks like it's climbin' clear up to the sky.

(He stands tentatively outside the gate to the front yard)

Oh, what a beautiful mornin',

Oh, what a beautiful day.

I got a beautiful feelin'

Ev'rything's goin' my way.

(CURLY opens the gate and walks over to the porch, obviously singing for the benefit of someone inside the house. AUNT ELLER looks straight ahead, elaborately ignoring CURLY)

All the cattle are standin' like statues,

All the cattle are standin' like statues.

They don't turn their heads as they see me ride by,

But a little brown mav'rick is winkin' her eye.

(Crossing down to UP RIGHT of AUNT ELLER)

Oh, what a beautiful mornin',

Oh, what a beautiful day.

I got a beautiful feelin'

Ev'rythin's goin' my way.

(He comes up behind AUNT ELLER and shouts in her ear)

CURLY: Hi, Aunt Eller!

AUNT ELLER *(Spoken)*: Skeer me to death! Whut're you doin' around here?

CURLY *(Spoken)*: Come a-singin' to you. *(Crosses above to DOWN LEFT CENTER and sings)*

All the sounds of the earth are like music—

All the sounds of the earth are like music.

The breeze is so busy it don't miss a tree,

And an ol' weepin' willer is laughin' at me!

(Crosses DOWN LEFT)

Oh, what a beautiful mornin',

Oh, what a beautiful day.

I got a beautiful feelin'

Ev'rythin's goin' my way

Oh, what a beautiful day!

(AUNT ELLER resumes churning. CURLY looks wistfully up at the windows of the house, then turns back to AUNT ELLER)

AUNT ELLER: If I wasn't a ole womern, and if you wasn't so young and smart alecky—why, I'd marry you and git you to set around at night and sing to me.

CURLY: No, you wouldn't neither. Cuz I wouldn't marry you ner none of yer kinfolks, I could he'p it. *(Crosses up to porch)*

AUNT ELLER *(Wisely)*: Oh, none of my kinfolks, huh?

CURLY *(Raising his voice so that LAUREY will hear if she is inside the house)*: And you c'n tell 'em that, all of 'm, includin' that niece of your' n, Miss Laurey Williams! *(AUNT ELLER continues to churn. CURLY comes down to her RIGHT and speaks deliberately)* Aunt

Eller, if you was to tell me whur Laurey was at—whur would you tell me she was at?

AUNT ELLER: I wouldn't tell you a-tall. Fer as fer as I c'n make out, Laurey ain't payin' you no heed.

CURLY: So, she don't take to me much, huh? *(Crosses LEFT up behind her)* Whur'd you git sich a uppity niece 'at wouldn't pay no heed to me? Who's the best bronc buster in this yere territory?

AUNT ELLER: You, I bet.

CURLY (*Crossing to her*): And the best bull-dogger in seventeen counties? Me, that's who!
And looky here, I'm handsome, ain't I?

AUNT ELLER: Purty as a pitcher.

CURLY: Curly-headed, ain't I? And bow-legged from the saddle fer God knows how long,
ain't I?

AUNT ELLER: Couldn't stop a pig in the road.

CURLY: Well, whut else does she want then, the damn she-mule?

(Crosses DOWN LEFT)

AUNT ELLER: I don't know. But I'm shore sartin it ain't you. Who you takin' to the Box
Social tonight?

CURLY: Ain't thought much about it.

AUNT ELLER: Bet you come over to ast Laurey.

CURLY: Whut 'f I did?

AUNT ELLER: You astin' me too? I'll wear my fascinator.

CURLY: Yeow, you too. *(Laughing)*

Music 2: LAUREY'S ENTRANCE

LAUREY (*Singing off RIGHT*):

Oh, what a beautiful mornin' . . .

(CURLY crosses up to up end of steps, leans against upstage porch post. LAUREY enters, carrying table cloth, singing, ignoring CURLY)

Oh, what a beautiful day—

(Shakes cloth and speaks as she gives CURLY a brief glance. Speaks)

LAUREY: Oh, I thought you was somebody. *(Hangs cloth on lines, crosses UP LEFT and sings)*

I got a beautiful feelin'

Ev'rythin's goin' my way.

(She crosses down to LEFT of AUNT ELLER and speaks to her)

LAUREY: Is this all that's come a-callin' and it a'ready ten o'clock of a Sattiddy mornin'?

CURLY: *(Crossing down to RIGHT of AUNT ELLER, suddenly)*: You knowed it was me 'fore
you opened the door.

LAUREY: No sich of a thing.

CURLY: You did, too! You heard my voice and knowed it was me.

(Crosses DOWN RIGHT)

LAUREY: I heard a voice a-talkin' rumbly along with Aunt Eller. And heard someone
a-singin' like a bull-frog in a pond.

CURLY: You knowed it was me, so you set in there a-thinkin' up sump'n mean to say. I'm a
good mind not to ast you to the Box Social.

(AUNT ELLER rises, crosses to clothes line, takes down quilt, folds it, puts it on porch)

LAUREY: If you did ast me, I wouldn't go with you. Besides, how'd you take me? *(Crossing to CURLY, RIGHT)* You ain't bought a new buggy with red wheels onto it, have you?

CURLY: No, I ain't.

LAUREY: And a spankin' team with their bridles all jinglin'?

CURLY: No. *(AUNT ELLER crosses above to sit rocker DOWN RIGHT)*

LAUREY *(Crosses to CENTER, sits on churn)*: 'Spect me to ride on behind ole Dun, I guess.

You better ast that ole Cummin's girl you've tuck sich a shine to, over acrost the river.

CURLY: If I was to ast you, they'd be a way to take you, Miss Laurey Smarty.

LAUREY: Oh, they would? *(CURLY now proceeds to stagger LAUREY with an idea. But she doesn't let on at first how she is "tuck up" with it, AUNT ELLER is the one who falls like a ton of bricks immediately and helps Curly try to sell it to LAUREY)*

Muislc 3: THE SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP

CURLY: When I take you out tonight with me,
(Crosses to CENTER to LAUREY)
 Honey, here's the way it's goin' to be;
(Puts hat on churn)
 You will set behind a team of snow white horses
 In the slickest gig you ever see!
(LAUREY crosses to DOWN LEFT. CURLY crosses to her RIGHT)

AUNT ELLER *(Spoken)*: Lands!
(LAUREY and CURLY cross to LEFT CENTER)

CURLY: Chicks and ducks and geese better scurry
 When I take you out in the surrey,
 When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top!
 Watch thet fringe and see how it flutters,
 When I drive them high-steppin' strutters!
 Nosey-pokes'll peek thru' their shutters, and their eyes will pop!
 The wheels are yellere, the upholstery's brown,
 The dashboard's genuine leather,
 With isinglass curtains y'c'n roll right down
 In case there's a change in the weather—
 Two bright side-lights, winkin' and blinkin',
 Ain't no finer rig, I'm a thinkin'!
 You c'n keep yer rig if you're thinkin' 'at I'd keer to swap
 Fer that shiny little surrey with the fringe on the top!
(LAUREY still pretends unconcern, but she is obviously slipping)

AUNT ELLER (*Spoken to music*): Would y'say the fringe was made of silk?

CURLY (*Sings crossing above churn to RIGHT CENTER*):

Wouldn't have no other kind but silk.

LAUREY (*Follows to RIGHT of churn and sings—she's only human*):

Has it really got a team of snow-white horses?

CURLY (*Sings*):

One's like snow—the other's more like milk.

AUNT ELLER (*Spoken*): So y'can tell 'em apart!

(*Both cross LEFT back to churn CENTER. LAUREY sits on it. CURLY puts foot on stool*)

CURLY (*Sings*):

All the world'll fly in a flurry
When I take you out in the surrey,
When I take you out in the surrey with the fringe on top!
When we hit that road, hell fer leather—

(*Sits on stool*)

Cats and dogs'll dance in the heather,
Birds and frogs'll sing all together and the toads will hop!
The wind'll whistle as we rattle along,
The cows'll moo in the clover,
The river will ripple out a whispered song,
And whisper it over and over:

(*In a loud whisper*)

Don't you wisht y'd go on ferever?

Don't you wisht y'd go on ferever?

(*AUNT ELLER'S and LAUREY'S lips move involuntarily, shaping the same words*)

Don't you wisht y'd go on ferever and ud never stop

In that shiny little surrey with the fringe on the top

(*Music continues under dialogue*)

AUNT ELLER (*Spoken*): Y'd shore feel like a queen settin' up in that carriage!

CURLY (*Over-confident*): On'y she talked so mean to me a while back, Aunt Eller, I'm a good mind not to take her.

LAUREY (*Rises—breaks LEFT*): Ain't said I was goin'! (*Crosses up CENTER*)

CURLY (*The fool*): Ain't ast you!

LAUREY: Whur'd you git sich a rig at! (*Crosses above CURLY to above AUNT ELLER. With explosive laughter, seeing a chance for revenge*) Anh! I bet he's went and h'ard a rig over to Claremore! Thinkin' I'd go with him!

CURLY: 'S all you know about it.

LAUREY: Spent all his money h'arin' a rig, and now ain't got nobody to ride in it!

CURLY (*Rises—crosses to her*): Have, too! . . . Did not h'ar it. Made the whole thing up outa my head.

LAUREY: What? Made it up?

CURLY: Dashboard and all.

LAUREY (*Flying at him*): Oh! Git offa the place, you! Aunt Eller, make him git hisse'f outa here! (*Picks up carpet beater, chases him to gate UP CENTER*) Tellin' me lies!

CURLY (*Dodging her*): Makin' up a few—look out now! (*Jumps over fence LEFT of gate and runs off, but returns immediately through gate CENTER*) Makin' up a few purties ain't agin' no law 'at I know of. (*LAUREY turns her back to him, comes DOWN CENTER, sits on churn. He comes up behind her. The music, which had become more turbulent to match the scene, now softens*) Don't you wish they was sich a rig, though? (*Winking at AUNT ELLER*) Nen y'could go to the play party and do a hoe-down till mornin' if you was a mind to . . . Nen when you was all wore out, I'd lift you on to the surrey and jump up alongside of you—and we'd jist point the horses home . . . I can jist pitcher the whole thing . . . (*CURLY gradually works his way down to churn CENTER, and sits down beside LAUREY on a stool. AUNT ELLER beams on them as CURLY sings very softly*)

I can see the stars gittin' blurry

When we ride back home in the surrey,

Ridin' slowly home in the surrey with the fringe on top.

I can feel the day gittin' older,

Feel a sleepy head near my shoulder,

Noddin', droopin', close to my shoulder till it falls, kerplop!

(Her head gently drops on his shoulder, and he puts his arm around her)

The sun is swimmin' on the rim of a hill,

The moon is takin' a header,

And jist as I'm thinkin' all the earth is still,

A lark'll wake up in the medder

Hush! You bird, my baby's a sleepin'—

Maybe got a dream worth a-keepin'

(Soothing and slower)

Whoa! You team, and jist keep a-creepin' at a slow clip-clop.

Don't you hurry with the surrey with the fringe on the top.

(There is silence and contentment, but only for a brief moment. LAUREY starts slowly to emerge from the enchantment of his description)

Laurey: On'y . . . (*Crossing to RIGHT*) on'y there ain't no sich rig. You just said you made the whole thing up.

CURLY: Well—(*Follows her*)

LAUREY: Why'd you come around here with yer stories and lies, gittin' me all worked up that a-way? Talkin' 'bout the sun swimmin' on the hill, and all—like it was so. Who'd want to ride 'longside of you anyway? (*Turns her back to him. IKE SKIDMORE and SLIM enter and stand outside the gate, looking on*)

AUNT ELLER: Whyn't you jist grab her and kiss her when she acts that-a-way, Curly? She's jist achin' fer you to, I bet.

LAUREY: Oh, I won't even speak to him, let alone 'low him to kiss me, the braggin', bow-legged, wish't-he-had-a sweetheart bum! (*She flounces into the house, slams the door porch RIGHT*)

AUNT ELLER: She likes you—quite a lot.

CURLY: Whew! If she liked me any more she'd sic the dogs onto me. (*Enter IKE and SLIM UP CENTER through gate. SLIM goes immediately to pick up churn and stool and places them on porch*)

IKE (*To CURLY*): Y'git the wagon hitched up?

AUNT ELLER: Whut wagon?

CURLY: They's a crowd of folks comin' down from Bushyhead for the Box Social.

SLIM: Curly said mebbe you'd loan us yer big wagon to bring 'em up from the station.
(*Noises ad lib of before BOYS enter*)

AUNT ELLER: Course I would, if he'd ast me.

CURLY (*Embarrassed*): Got to talkin' 'bout lot of other things. I'll go hitchup the horses now 'f you say it's all right.

(*Exits through gate and goes off LEFT. As he exits, a group of BOYS run on, leaping the fence shouting boisterously and pushing WILL PARKER in front of them. WILL is apparently a favorite with AUNT ELLER*)

SLIM: See whut we brung you, Aunt Eller!

AUNT ELLER: Hi, Will!

WILL: Hi, Aunt Eller!

AUNT ELLER: What happened at the fair? You do any good in the steer ropin'?

WILL: I did purty good. I won it.

IKE: Good boy!

SLIM: Always knowed y'would.

AUNT ELLER: Ain't nobody c'n sling a rope like our territory boys.

WILL: Cain't stay but a minnit, Aunt Eller. Got to git over to Ado Annie. Don't you remember, her paw said 'f I ever was worth fifty dollars I could have her.

AUNT ELLER: Fifty dollars! That whut they give you fer prize money?

WILL: That's whut!

AUNT ELLER: Lands, if Annie's paw keeps his promise we'll be dancin' at yer weddin'. (ALL laugh)

WILL: If he don't keep his promise I'll take her right from under his nose, and I won't give him the present I brung fer him. (He takes "The Little Wonder" from his pocket and moves down LEFT. This is a small cylindrical toy, with a peep-hole at one end) Look, fellers, whut I got fer Ado Annie's paw! (The BOYS crowd round) 'Scuse us, Aunt Eller. (Illustrating to the BOYS, lowering his voice) You hold it up to yer eyes, like this. Then when you git a good look, you turn it around at th' top and the pitcher changes.

IKE (Looking into it): Well, I'll be side-gaited! (The BOYS line up and take turns, making appropriate exclamations)

WILL: They call it "The Little Wonder"!

AUNT ELLER: Silly goats! (But her curiosity gets the better of her. She yanks a little man out of the line, takes his place, gets hold of "The Little Wonder" and takes a look) The hussy! . . . Ought to be ashamed of herself. (Glaring at WILL) You, too! . . . How do you turn the thing to see the other pitcher? (Looking again, and turning) Wait, I'm gettin' it . . . (When she gets it, she takes it away from her eye quickly and, handing it to WILL, walks away in shocked silence. Then she suddenly "busts out laughin' ") I'm a good mind to tell Annie on yer.

WILL: Please don't, Aunt Eller. She wouldn't understand.

AUNT ELLER: No tellin' what you been up to. Bet you carried on plenty in Kansas City.

WILL: I wouldn't exactly call it carryin' on. But I shore did see some things I never see before. (He sings)

Music 4: KANSAS CITY

WILL: I got to Kansas City on a Frid'y.
By Sattidy I l'arned a thing or two.
For up to then I didn't have an idy
Of whut the modern world was comin' to!
I counted twenty gas buggies goin' by theirsels
Almost ev'ry time I tuck a walk.
Nen I put my ear to a Bell Telephone
And a strange womern started in to talk!

AUNT ELLER (Spoken): Whut next!

BOYS (Spoken): Yeah, whut!

WILL (Spoken): Whut next? (He sings)
Ev'rythin's up to date in Kansas City.
They've gone about as fur as they c'n go!

They went and built a skyscraper seven stories high—
About as high as a buildin' orta grow.

Ev'rythin's like a dream in Kansas City.
It's better than a magic-lantern show!
Y'c'n turn the radiator on whenever you want some heat.
With ev'ry kind o' comfort ev'ry house is all complete.
You c'n walk to privies in the rain an' never wet yer feet!
They've gone about as fur as they c'n go!

ALL (*Spoken*): Yes, sir! (*They sing*)

They've gone about as fur as they c'n go!
(BOYS *group round* AUNT ELLER, *who is seated in rocking chair*)

WILL: Ev'rythin's up to date in Kansas City.
They've gone about as fur as they c'n go!
They got a big theayter they call a burleeque.
Fer fifty cents you c'n see a dandy show.
(BOYS *whistle*)

A BOY: Girls?

One of the gals was fat and pink and pretty,
As round above as she was round below.
I could swear that she was padded from her shoulder to her heel,
But later in the second act when she began to peel
She proved that ev'rythin' she had was absolutely real!

AUNT ELLER (*Sings*):

She went about as fur as she could go!

ALL (*Spoken*): Yes, sir! (*They sing*)

She went about as fur as she could go!
(WILL *starts two—stepping*)

IKE: Whut you doin'?

WILL: This is the two-step. That's all they're dancin' nowadays. The waltz is through.
Ketch on to it? A one and a two—a one and a two. Course they don't do it alone.
C'mon, Aunt Eller. (WILL *dances* AUNT ELLER *around*. *At the end of the refrain she is all tuckered out*)

AUNT ELLER (*Sings*):

And that's about as fur as I c'n go!

ALL (*Spoken*): Yes, sir! (*They sing*)

And that's about as fur as she c'n go!
(WILL *starts to dance alone*)

FRED: Whut you doin' now, Will?

WILL: That's rag-time. Seen a couple a fellers doin' it on the street. *(And WILL does his stuff, accompanied by four of the dancing BOYS. At the end of number CURLY enters from UP LEFT)*

CURLY: Team's all hitched.

WILL: 'Lo, Curly. Cain't stop to talk. Goin' over to Ado Annie's. I got fifty dollars.

IKE: Time we got goin', boys. Thanks fer the loan of the wagon, Aunt Eller. Come on, Curly. *(They ALL start to leave. General ad lib)*

CURLY: I'll ketch up with you. *(He makes sure IKE is well on his way, then turns to AUNT ELLER, who is folding the quilt which is set on clothes line)* Aunt Eller, I got to know sumpin'. Listen, who's the low, filthy sneak 'at Laurey's got her cap set for?

AUNT ELLER: You.

CURLY: Never mind 'at. They must be plenty of men a-tryin' to spark her. And she shorely leans to one of 'em. Now don't she?

AUNT ELLER: Well, they is that fine farmer, Jace Hutchins, jist this side of Lone Ellum—Nen thet ole widder man at Claremore, makes out he's a doctor or a vet'nary—*(Jud, a burly, scowling man enters UP LEFT carrying firewood, crossing to house RIGHT)*

CURLY: That's whut I thought. Hello, Jud.

JUD: Hello, yourself. *(Exits into house)*

AUNT ELLER *(Significantly, looking in JUD's direction)*: Nen of course there's someone nearer home that's got her on his mind most of the time, till he don't know a plow from a thrashin' machine.

CURLY *(jerking his head up towards house)*: Him? *(Crosses to UP CENTER)*

AUNT ELLER: Yeah, Jud Fry.

CURLY: That bullet-colored, growly man?

AUNT ELLER: Now don't say nuthin' agin him! *(Crosses to CURLY)* He's the best hired hand I ever had. Jist about runs the farm by hisself. Well, two women couldn't do it, you orta know that.

CURLY: Laurey'd take up 'th a man like that!

AUNT ELLER: I ain't said she's tuck up with him.

CURLY: Well, he's around all the time, ain't he? Lives here.

AUNT ELLER: Out in the smokehouse. *(JUD and LAUREY enter from the house. JUD crosses and speaks to AUNT ELLER)*

JUD: Changed my mind about cleanin' the henhouse today. Leavin' it till tomorrow. Got to quit early cuz I'm driving Laurey over to the party tonight. *(A bombshell!)*

CURLY: You're drivin' Laurey?

JUD: Ast her. *(Pointing to LAUREY, who doesn't deny it. JUD exits. CURLY is completely deflated)*

CURLY: Well, wouldn't that just make you bawl! . . . Well, don't fergit, Aunt Eller. You and me's got a date together. And if you make up a nice box of lunch, mebbe I'll bid fer it.

AUNT ELLER: How we goin', Curly? In that rig you made up? I'll ride a-straddle of them lights a-winkin' like lightnin' bugs!

CURLY: That there ain't no made-up rig, you hear me? I h'ard it over to Claremore. *(This stuns LAUREY)*

AUNT ELLER: Lands, you did?

Music 5: THE SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ON TOP (Reprise)

(Music starts under dialogue)

CURLY: Shore did. Purty one, too. When I come callin' for you right after supper, see that you got yer beauty spots fastened onto you proper, so you won't lose 'em off, you hear? At's a right smart turnout. *(His voice. a little husky, picks up the refrain)*

The wheels are yeller, the upholstery's brown,
The dashboard's genuine leather,
With isinglass curtains y'c'n roll right down,
In case there's a change in the wea'THER—*(Growls the word)*
(He breaks off in the song)

(Spoken) See you before tonight anyways, on the way back from the station—*(Turning through gate DOWN CENTER and singing to himself as he saunters off)*

Ain't no finer rig,
I'm a thinkin' . . . 'at I'd keer to swap
Fer that shiny little surrey with the fringe on the top—
(Exits on last note)

AUNT ELLER: *(Crosses up to gate, calling off-stage to him)*: Hey, Curly, tell all the girls in Bushyhead to stop by here and freshen up. It's a long way to Skidmore's. *(Maybe LAUREY would like to "bust out" into tears, but she bites her lip and doesn't. AUNT ELLER studies her for a moment after CURLY has gone)* That means we'll have a lot of company. *(Crosses down to porch)* Better pack yer lunch hamper.

LAUREY *(She comes DOWN CENTER from porch and speaks with a strange, sudden panic in her voice)*: Aunt Eller, don't go to Skidmore's with Curly tonight. If you do, I'll have to ride with Jud all alone.

AUNT ELLER: 'That's the way you wanted it, ain't it?

LAUREY: No. I did it because Curly was so fresh. But I'm afraid to tell Jud I won't go, Aunt Eller. He'd do sumpin' turrible. He makes me shivver ever' time he gits clost to me . . . Ever go down to that ole smoke house where he's at?

AUNT ELLER: Plen'y times. Why?

LAUREY: Did you see them pitchers he's got tacked onto the walls?

AUNT ELLER: Yeah, I seed them. But don't you pay them no mind.

LAUREY: Sumpin' wrong inside him, Aunt Eller. I hook my door at night and fasten my winders agin it. Agin *it*—and the sound of feet a-walkin' up and down out there under that tree outside my room.

AUNT ELLER: Laurey! (*Takes LAUREY in her arms*)

LAUREY: Mornin's he comes to his breakfast and looks at me out from under his eyebrows like sumpin' back in the bresh som'eres. I know whut I'm talkin' about.

AUNT ELLER: You crazy young 'un! Stop actin' like a chicken with its head cut off!

(The voices of ALI HAKIM and ADO ANNIE are heard offstage LEFT)

AUNT ELLER: Now who'd you reckon that is drove up? Why, it's that ole peddler! (*Crosses up to gate and opens it*) The one that sold me that eggbeater!

LAUREY (*looking off*): He's got Ado Annie with him! Will Parker's Ado Annie!

AUNT ELLER: Ole peddler! You know whut he tol' me? Tol' me that eggbeater ud beat up eggs, and wring out dishrags, and turn the ice-cream freezer, and I don't know whut all!

LAUREY (*Calling offstage*): Yoohoo! Ado Annie!

AUNT ELLER (*Shouting*): Hold yer horses, Peddler-man! I want to talk to you! (*She starts off UP LEFT as ADO ANNIE enters with lunch hamper through gate, comes DOWN CENTER*)

ADO ANNIE: Hi, Aunt Eller.

AUNT ELLER: Hi, yourself (*AUNT ELLER exits UP LEFT*)

ADO ANNIE: Hello, Laurey. (*Puts hamper down CENTER*)

LAUREY: Hello. Will Parker's back from Kansas City. He's lookin' fer yer. (*ADO ANNIE's brows knit to meet a sudden problem*)

ADO ANNIE: Will Parker! I didn't count on him bein' back so soon!

LAUREY: I can see that! Been ridin' a piece?

ADO ANNIE: The peddler-man's gonna drive me to the Box Social. I got up sort of a tasty lunch.

LAUREY: Ado Annie! Have you tuck up with that peddler-man!

ADO ANNIE: N-not yit.

LAUREY: But yer promised to Will Parker, ain't yer?

ADO ANNIE: Not what you might say promised. I jist told him mebbe.

LAUREY: Don't y' like him no more?

ADO ANNIE: 'Course I do. They won't never be nobody like Will.

LAUREY: Then whut about this peddler-man!

ADO ANNIE (*Looking off wistfully*): They won't never be nobody like him, neither.

LAUREY: Well, which one d'you like the best?

ADO ANNIE: Whutever one I'm with.

LAUREY (*Laughing*): Well you air a silly! (*Break LEFT*)

ADO ANNIE (*Puts parasol beside hamper*): Now, Laurey, you know they didn't nobody pay me no mind up to this year, count of I was scrawney and flat as a beanpole. 'Nen I kind of rounded up a little and now the boys act diffrent to me. (*Crosses LEFT to LAUREY*)

LAUREY (*Following her*): Well, whut's wrong with that?

ADO ANNIE: Nuthin' wrong. I like it. I like it so much when a feller talks purty to me I get all shaky from horn to hoof! Don't you? (*Pause*)

LAUREY: Cain't think whut yer talkin' about. (*Walks away from her, scowling.*)

ADO ANNIE: Don't you feel kind of sorry fer a feller when he looks like he wants to kiss you?

LAUREY: Well, you just cain't go around kissin' every man that asts you! Didn't anybody ever tell you that?

ADO ANNIE: Yeow, they *told* me (*She sings*)

Music 6: I CAIN'T SAY NO!

ADO ANNIE:

It ain't so much a question of not knowin' whut to do,
I knowed whut's right and wrong since I been ten.
I heard a lot of stories—and I reckon they are true
About how girls 're put upon by men.
I know I mustn't fall into the pit,
But when I'm with a feller—I fergit!

I'm jist a girl who cain't say no,
I'm in a turrible fix.
I always say, come on, le's go—
Jist when I orta say nix!
When a person tries to kiss a girl
I know she orta give his face a smack.
But as soon as someone kisses me
I somehow sorta wanta kiss him back!
I'm jist a fool when lights are low.
I cain't be prissy and quaint—
I ain't the type thet c'n faint—
How c'n I be whut I ain't?
I cain't say no!

Whut you goin' to do when a feller gits flirty
And starts to talk purty?
Whut you goin' to do?
S'posin' 'at he says 'at yer lips're like cherries,
Er roses, er berries?
Whut you goin' to do?
S'posin' 'at he says 'at you're sweeter 'n cream?

And he's gotta have cream er die?
 Whut you goin' to do when he talks thet way?
 Spit in his eye?

I'm jist a girl who cain't say no,
 Cain't seem to say it at all.
 I hate to disserpoint a beau
 When he is payin' a call.
 Fer a while I ack refined and cool,
 A-settin' on the velveteen settee—
 Nen I think of thet ol' golden rule,
 And do fer him whut he would do fer me!

I cain't resist a Romeo
 In a sombrero and chaps.
 Soon as I sit on their laps
 Somethin' inside of me snaps
 I cain't say no!

(Crosses to hamper, sits on hamper, and looks discouraged)

Music 7: I CAINT SAY NO! (Encore)

I'm jist a girl who cain't say no.
 Kissin's my favorite food.
 With er without the mistletoe
 I'm in a holiday mood!
 Other girls are coy and hard to catch
 But other girls ain't havin' any fun!
 Ev'ry time I lose a wrestlin' match
 I have a funny feelin' thet I won!

(LAUREY laughs)

Though I c'n feel the undertow,
 I never make a complaint
 Till it's too late fer restraint,
 Then when I want to I cain't.
 I cain't say no!

(Resuming dialogue, after applause.)

ADO ANNIE: It's like I tole you, I git sorry fer them!

LAUREY: I wouldn't feel sorry fer any man, no matter whut! *(ALI and AUNT ELLER are heard off-stage LEFT. ADO ANNIE runs up to gate CENTER. LAUREY crosses to RIGHT CENTER)*

ADO ANNIE: I'm shore sorry fer pore Ali Hakim now. Look how Aunt Eller' s cussin' him out. *(Crosses to LAUREY RIGHT)*

LAUREY: Ali Hakim! That his name?

ADO ANNIE: Yeah, it's Persian.

LAUREY: You shore fer sartin' you love him better'n you love Will?

ADO ANNIE: I was shore. And now that ol' Will has to come home and first thing you know he'll start talkin' purty to me and changin' my mind back!

LAUREY: But Will wants to marry you.

ADO ANNIE: So does Ali Hakim.

LAUREY: Did he ast yer?

ADO ANNIE: Not direckly. But how I know is he said this mornin' when we was ridin' in his buggy that he wanted fer me to drive like that with him to the end of the world. Well, 'f we only drove as fur as Catoosie that'd take to sundown, wouldn't it? Nen we'd have to go som'eres and be all night together, and bein' together all night means he wants a weddin'—don't it?

LAUREY: Not to a peddler it don't!

(Enter ALI HAKIM and AUNT ELLER from UP LEFT. ADO ANNIE crosses to LEFT)

ALI: All right! All right! If the eggbeater don't work I give you something just as good!

AUNT ELLER: Jist as good! It's got to be a thousand million times better!

(ALI puts down his bulging suitcase, CENTER, his little beady eyes sparkling professionally. He rushes over and, to LAUREY'S alarm, kisses her hand)

ALI: My, oh my! Miss Laurey! Jippity crickets, how high you have growed up! Last time I come through here, you was tiny like a shrimp, with freckles. Now look at you—a great big beautiful lady!

LAUREY: Quit it a-bitin' me! If you ain't had no breakfast go and eat yerself a green apple.

ALI: Now, Aunt Eller, just lissen—

AUNT ELLER *(Shouting)*: I ain't yer Aunt Eller! Don't you call me Aunt Eller, you little wart. I'm mad at you.

ALI: Don't you go and be mad at me. Ain't I said I'd give you a present? *(Getting his suitcase)* Something to wear.

AUNT ELLER: Foot! Got things fer to wear. Wouldn't have it. Whut is it?

ALI *(Holding up garter)*: Real silk. Made in Persia!

AUNT ELLER: Whut'd I want with a ole Persian garter?

ADO ANNIE: Oh! They look awful purty, Aunt Eller, with bows onto 'em and all.

AUNT ELLER: I'll try 'em on.

ALI: Hold out your foot. *(AUNT ELLER obeys mechanically. But when he gets the garter over her ankle, she kicks him down)*

AUNT ELLER: Did you have any idy I was goin' ter let you slide that garter up my limb?

(She stoops over and starts to pull the garter up) Grab onto my petticoats, Laurey.

(Noticing ALI looking at her, she turns her back on him pointedly and goes on with the operation. ALI turns to ADO ANNIE) .

ALI: Funny woman. Would be much worse if I tried to take your garters off. *(Crosses back to suitcase CENTER)*

ADO ANNIE: Yeh, cuz that 'ud make her stockin's fall down, wouldn't it? *(Backs away to LEFT)*

AUNT ELLER: Now give me the other one.

ALI: Which one? *(Picking it out of his case)* Oh, you want to buy this one to match? *(Crosses to AUNT ELLER)*

AUNT ELLER: Whut do you mean do I want to buy it?

ALI: I can let you have it for fifty cents—four bits.

AUNT ELLER: Do you want me to get that eggbeater and ram it down your windpipe! *(She snatches the second one away)*

ALI: All right—all right. Don't anybody want to buy something? How about you, Miss Laurey? Must be wanting something—a pretty young girl like you.

LAUREY: Me? Course I want sump'n. *(Working up to a kind of abstracted ecstasy)* Want a buckle made outa shiny silver to fasten onto my shoes! Want a dress with lace. Want perfume, wanta be purty, wanta smell like a honeysuckle vine!

AUNT ELLER: Give her a cake of soap.

LAUREY: Want things I've heard of and never had before—a rubber-t'ard buggy, a cut-glass sugar bowl. Want things I can't tell you about—not only things to look at and hold in yer hands. Things to happen to you. Things so nice, if they ever did happen to you, yer heart ud quit beatin'. You'd fall down dead!

ALI: I've got just the thing for you! *(Crosses to suitcase, fishes in it and pulls out a bottle)* The Elixir of Egypt! *(He holds the bottle high)*

LAUREY: What's 'at?

ALI: It's a secret formula, belonged to Pharaoh's daughter!

AUNT ELLER: *(Leaning over and pulling her nose to it)* Smellin' salts!

ALI *(Snatching it away)*: But a special kind of smelling salts. Read what it says on the label: "Take a deep breath and you see everything clear." That's what Pharaoh's daughter used to do. When she had a hard problem to decide, like what prince she ought to marry, or what dress to wear to a party, or whether she ought to cut off somebody's head—she'd take a whiff of this.

AUNT ELLER: Fiddlesticks.

LAUREY *(Excited)*: I'll take a bottle of that, Mr. Peddler.

ALI: Precious stuff.

LAUREY: How much?

ALI: Two bits. *(She pays him and takes the bottle)*

AUNT ELLER: Throwin' away yer money!

LAUREY (*Holding the bottle close to her, thinking aloud*): Helps you to decide what to do!

ALI (*Crosses to meet AUNT ELLER, up CENTER. To AUNT ELLER*): Now don't you want me to show you some pretty dewdads? You know, with lace around the bottom, and ribbons running in and out?

AUNT ELLER: You mean fancy drawers?

ALI (*Taking a pair out of suitcase*): All made in Paris.

(ADO ANNIE crosses to AUNT ELLER and ALI CENTER)

AUNT ELLER: Well, I never wear that kind myself, but I shore do like to look at 'em.

(ALI takes out a pair of red flannel drawers)

ADO ANNIE (*Dubiously*): Yeah, they's all right—if you ain't goin' no place. (*Crosses back to LAUREY, LEFT*)

AUNT ELLER: Bring yer trappin's inside; mebbe I c'n find you sump'n to eat and drink.

(AUNT ELLER exits RIGHT into house. ALI starts to repack. The two girls whisper for a moment)

LAUREY: Well, ast him, why don't you? (*She giggles and exits into house. Before next entrance LAUREY removes blue apron*)

ADO ANNIE: Ali, me and Laurey've been havin' a argument. (*Crosses to CENTER*)

ALI: About what, Baby?

ADO ANNIE: About what you meant when you said that about drivin' with me to the end of the world.

ALI (*Cagily*): Well, I didn't mean really to the end of the world.

ADO ANNIE: Then how far did you want to go?

ALI: Oh, about as far as—say—Claremore—to the hotel.

ADO ANNIE: Whut's at the hotel?

ALI (*Ready for the kill*): In front of the hotel is a veranda—inside is a lobby—upstairs—upstairs might be Paradise.

ADO ANNIE: I thought they was jist bedrooms.

ALI: For you and me, Baby—Paradise.

ADO ANNIE: Y'see! I knew I was right and Laurey was wrong! You do want to marry me, don't you?

ALI (*Embracing her impulsively*): Ah, Ado Annie! (*Pulling away*) What did you say?

ADO ANNIE: I said you do want to marry me, don't you. What did you say?

ALI: I didn't say nothing!

WILL (*Offstage*): Whoa, Suzanna! Yoohoo, Ado Annie, I'm back!

ADO ANNIE: Oh foot! jist when—'Lo, Will! That's Will Parker. Promise me you won't fight him.

ALI: Why fight? I never saw the man before. I only fight with my friends. (*WILL enters*)

WILL: Ado Annie! *(He embraces her, lifting her of her feet)* How's my honey-bunch? How's the sweetest little hundred-and-ten pounds of sugar in the territory?

ADO ANNIE *(Confused)*: Er-Will, this is Ali Hakim.

WILL: How are yuh, Hak? Don't mind the way I talk. 'S all right. I'm goin' to marry her.

ALI *(Delighted)*: Marry her? On purpose?

WILL: Well, sure. *(Sets her down)*

ADO ANNIE: No sich of a thing!

ALI: It's a wonderful thing to be married. *(He starts off.)*

ADO ANNIE: Ali!

ALI: I got a brother in Persia, got six wives.

ADO ANNIE: Six wives? All at once?

WILL: Shore. 'At's a way they do in them countries.

ALI: Not always. I got another brother in Persia only got one wife. He's a bachelor. *(Exit into house RIGHT)*

ADO ANNIE: Look, Will—*(Crosses DOWN STAGE LEFT)*

WILL: Look, Will, nuthin'. Know whut I got fer first prize at the fair? Fifty dollars!

ADO ANNIE: Well, that was good . . . *(The significance suddenly dawning on her)* Fifty dollars?

WILL: Ketch on? Yer Paw promised I cud marry you. 'f I cud git fifty dollars.

ADO ANNIE: 'At's right, he did.

WILL: Know what I done with it? Spent it all on presents fer you!

ADO ANNIE: But if you spent it you ain't got the cash.

WILL: Whut I got is worth more'n the cash. Feller who sold me the stuff told me!

ADO ANNIE: But, Will . . .

WILL: Stop sayin' "But, Will"—When do I get a little kiss? Oh, Ado Annie, honey, y'aint been off my mind since I left. All the time at the fair-grounds even, when I was chasin' steers. I'd rope one under the hoofs and pull him up sharp, and he'd land on his little rump . . . Nen I'd think of you.

ADO ANNIE: Don't start talkin' purty, Will.

WILL: See a lot of beautiful gals in Kansas City. Didn't give one a look.

ADO ANNIE: How could you see 'em if you didn't give 'em a look?

WILL: I mean I didn't look lovin' at 'em—*(Breaks slowly Left)* like I look at you. *(He turns her around and looks adoring and pathetic)*

ADO ANNIE *(Backs LEFT)*: Oh, Will, please don't look like that! I cain't bear it.

WILL: Won't stop lookin' like this till you give me a little ole kiss.

ADO ANNIE: Oh, whut's a little ole kiss?

Will: Well, nothin'—less'n it comes from you. *(Both stop)*

ADO ANNIE (*Sighing*): You do talk purty! (*WILL steps up for his kiss. She nearly gives in, but with a sudden and unaccounted-for strength of character she breaks away to his RIGHT*)
No, no, I won't!

Music 8: ENTRANCE OF ENSEMBLE

WILL (*Singing softly, seductively, "gettin" her*):
S'posin' 'at I say 'at yer lips're like cherries,
Er roses er berries?
Whut you gonna do?
(Putting her hand on his heart)
Cain't you feel my heart palpatatin' an' bumpin',
A-waitin' fer sumpin,
Sumpin nice from you?
I gotta git a kiss an' it's gotta be quick
Er I'll jump in a crick an' die!

ADO ANNIE (*Overcome*):

Whut's a girl to say when you talk that-a-way?
(And he gets his kiss. The BOYS and GIRLS, and CURLY and GERTIE enter with lunch hampers—from UP LEFT and DOWN LEFT, shouting and laughing. WILL and ADO ANNIE run off LEFT. AUNT ELLER and LAURIE come out of the house. GERTIE laughs musically. LAUREY, unmindful of the group of girls she has been speaking to, looks across at CURLEY and GERTIE and boils over. All the couples and CURLY and GERTIE waltz easily, while they sing)

ALL: Oh, what a beautiful mornin',
CURLY: Oh, what a beautiful day.
ALL: I got a beautiful feelin'
CURLY: Ev' rythin's goin' my way

AUNT ELLER (*To the rescue*): Hey, Curly! Better take the wagon down to the troft and give the team some water.

CURLY: Right away, Aunt Eller. (*He turns*)

GERTIE: C'n I come, too? list love to watch the way you handle horses.

CURLY (*Looking across at LAUREY*): 'At's about all I can handle, I guess.

GERTIE: Oh, I cain't believe that, Curly—not from whut I heard about you! (*She takes his arm and pulls him off, turning on more musical laughter. A GIRL imitates her laugh.*

CROWD laughs. LAUREY takes an involuntary step forward, then stops, frustrated, furious)

GIRL: Looks like Curly's tuck up with that Cummin's girl.

LAUREY: Whut'd I keer about that? (*The GIRLS and LAUREY chatter and argue, ad lib*)

AUNT ELLER: Come on boys, better git these hampers out under the trees where it's cool.
(Exit AUNT ELLER and BOYS. To show how "little she keers," LAUREY sings the following song)

Music 9: MANY A NEW DAY

LAUREY: Why should a womern who is healthy and strong
Blubber like a baby if her man goes away?
A-weepin' and a-wailin' how he's done her wrong—
That's one thing you'll never hear me say!
Never gonna think that the man I lose
Is the only man among men.
I'll snap my fingers to show I don't care.
I'll buy me a brand-new dress to wear.
I'll scrub my neck and I'll bresh my hair,
And start all over again.

Many a new face will please my eye,
Many a new love will find me.
Never've I once looked back to sigh
Over the romance behind me.
Many a new day will dawn before I do!
Many a light lad may kiss and fly,
A kiss gone by is bygone,
Never've I asked an August sky,
"Where has last July gone?"
Never've I wandered through the rye,
Wonder-in' where has some guy gone—
Many a new day will dawn before I do!

GIRLS: Many a new face will please my eye,
Many a new love will find me.
Never've I once looked back to sigh
Over the romance behind me.
Many a new day will dawn before I do!

LAUREY: Never've I chased the honey-bee
Who carelessly cajoled me.
Somebody else just as sweet as he
Cheered me and consoled me.
Never've I wept into my tea
Over the deal someone doled me.

GIRLS: Many a new day will dawn,

LAUREY: Many a red sun will set,
Many a blue moon will shine, before I do!

(GIRLS dance to reprise)

Music 10: MANY A NEW DAY (Dance)

(83 measures of dance)

GIRLS: Many a new face will please my eye,
Many a new love will find me.
Never've I once looked back to sigh
Over the romance behind me.
Many a new day will dawn before I do.

Never've I chased the honey-bee
Who carelessly cajoled me.
Somebody else just as sweet as he
Cheered me and consoled me.
Never've I wept into my tea
Over the deal someone doled me.
Many a new day will dawn,

LAUREY: Many a red sun will set,

GIRLS: Many a blue moon will shine, before I do.

(LAUREY and GIRLS exit. After number ALI HAKIM enters from house, ADO ANNIE from DOWN LEFT. As ALI sees ADO ANNIE he turns back quickly)

ADO ANNIE: Ali Hakim—

ALI (Turning back to face ADO ANNIE): Hello, kiddo.

ADO ANNIE: I'm shore sorry to see you so happy, cuz whut I got to say will make you mis'able . . . I got to marry Will.

ALI: That's sad news for me. Well, he is a fine fellow.

ADO ANNIE: Don't hide your feelin's, Ali. I cain't stand it. I'd ruther have you come right out and say yer heart is busted in two.

ALI: Are you positive you got to marry Will?

ADO ANNIE: Shore's shootin'!

ALI: And there is no chance for you to change your mind?

ADO ANNIE: No chance.

ALI (As if granting a small favor): All right, then, my heart is busted in two.

ADO ANNIE: Oh, Ali, you do make up purty things to say!

CARNES (Offstage up LEFT): That you, Annie?

ADO ANNIE: Hello, Paw. (CARNES enters, down to CENTER. He is a scrappy little man, carrying a shotgun) Whut you been shoot-in'?

CARNES: Rabbits. (ADO ANNIE crosses to CARNES CENTER) That true whut I hear about Will Parker gittin' fifty dollars?

ADO ANNIE: That's right Paw. And he wants to hold you to yer promise.

CARNES: Too bad. Still and all I' can't go back on my word.

ADO ANNIE: See, Ali Hakim!

CARNES: I advise you to git that money off'n him before he loses it all. Put it in yer stockin' er inside yer corset where he cain't git at it . . . or can he?

ADO ANNIE: But, Paw—he ain't exackly kep' it. He spent it all on presents—(ALI HAKIM is in a panic)

CARNES: See! Whut'd I tell you! Now he cain't have you. I said it had to be fifty dollars cash.

ALI: But, Mr. Carnes, is that fair! (Crosses to CENTER)

CARNES: Who the hell are you?

ADO ANNIE: This is Ali Hakim.

CARNES: Well, shet yer face, er I'll fill yer behind so full of buckshot, you'll be walking around like a duck the rest of yer life.

ADO ANNIE: Ali, if I don't have to marry Will, mebbe your heart don't have to be busted in two like you said.

ALI: I did not say that.

ADO ANNIE: Oh, yes, you did.

ALI: No, I did not.

CARNES (*Brandishing his gun*): Are you tryin' to make out my daughter to be a liar?

ALI: No, I'm just making it clear what a liar I am if she's telling the truth.

CARNES: Whut else you been sayin' to my daughter?

ADO ANNIE (*Before ALI can open his mouth*): Oh, a awful lot.

CARNES (*To ALI*): When?

ADO ANNIE: Las' night, in the moonlight.

CARNES (*To ALI*): Where?

ADO ANNIE: 'Longside a haystack.

ALI: Listen, Mr. Carnes—

CARNES: I'm lissening. Whut else did you say?

ADO ANNIE: He called me his Persian kitten.

CARNES: Why'd you call her that?

ALI: I don't remember.

ADO ANNIE: I do. He said I was like a Persian kitten cuz they was the cats with the soft round tails.

(CARNES cocks his gun. ALI and ADO ANNIE back RIGHT CENTER)

CARNES: That's enough. In this part of the country that better be a proposal of marriage.

ADO ANNIE: That's whut I thought.

CARNES (*To ALI*): Is that what you think?

ALI: Look, Mr. Carnes—

CARNES (*Taking aim*): I'm lookin'.

ALI: I'm no good. I'm a peddler. A peddler travels up and down and all around and you'd hardly ever see your daughter no more. *(He pulls ADO ANNIE in front of him as a shield from her father's gun)*

CARNES *(Patting him on back)*: That'd be all right. Take keer of her, son. Take keer of my little rosebud.

ADO ANNIE: Oh, Paw, that' s purty. *(CARNES starts to exit into house)* You shore fer sartin you can bear to let me go, Paw? *(CARNES turns)*

ALI: Are you sure, Mr. Carnes?

CARNES: Jist try to change my mind and see whut happens to you. *(He takes a firmer grip on his gun and exits into the house)*

ADO ANNIE: Oh, Ali Hakim, ain't it wonderful, Paw makin' up our mind fer us? He won't change, neither. Onct he gives his word that you c'n have me, why, you got me.

ALI. I know I got you.

ADO ANNIE *(Starry-eyed)*: Mrs. Ali Hakim . . . the Peddler's bride! . . . Wait till I tell the girls. *(She exits)*

Music 11: IT'S A SCANDAL! IT'S A OUTRAGE!

(ALI leans against the porch post as the music starts. Then he starts to pace up and down, thinking hard, his head bowed, his hands behind his back. The orchestra starts a "vamp," that continues under the melody. Some MEN enter and watch him, curiously, but he is unmindful of them until they start to sing. Throughout this entire number, ALI must be burning, and he transmits his indignation to the MEN, who sing in a spirit of angry protest, by the time the refrain is reached)

ALI *(Spoken. Circling the stage)*:

Trapped! . . .

Tricked!

Hoodbllinked! . . .

Hambushed! . . . *(Crosses to LEFT CENTER)*

MEN *(Sing)*:

Friend,

Whut's on yer mind?

(ALI circles UP and RIGHT to DOWN and LEFT twice)

Why do you walk

Around and around,

With yer hands

Folded behind

And yer chin

Scrapin' the ground?

(Three MEN sit porch RIGHT. MEN UP CENTER lean on fence. ALI walks away, then comes back to them and starts to pour out his heart)

ALI *(Spoken freely. Stop CENTER)*:

Twenty minutes ago I am free like a breeze,
Free like a bird in the woodland wild,
Free like a gypsy, free like a child,
I'm unattached!

(MEN up CENTER jump over fence. Two bars of pacing. ALI circles)

Twenty minutes ago, I can do what I please,
Flick my cigar ashes on a rug,
Dunk with a doughnut, drink from a jug—
I'm a happy man! . . . *(Crescendo)*

(Two MEN cross to sit LEFT. Another MAN crosses to sit stool UP LEFT. ALI circles)

I'm minding my own business like I oughter,
Ain't meaning any harm to anyone.
I'm talking to a certain farmer's daughter—
Then I'm looking in the muzzle of a gun!

MEN *(Sing)*:

It's gittin' so you cain't have any fun!
Ev'ry daughter has a father with a gun!
(Refrain)

It's a scandal, it's a outrage,
How a gal gits a husband today!

(MEN cross down to form semi-circle above ALI)

ALI: If you make one mistake when the moon is bright,
Then they tie you to a contract, so you'll make it ev'ry night!

MEN: It's a scandal, it's a outrage!
When her fambly surround you and say:
"You gotta take an' make a honest womern outa Nell!"

ALI: To make you make her honest, she will lie like hell!

MEN: It's a scandal, it's a outrage
On our manhood, it's a blot!
Where is the leader who will save us?
And be the first man to be shot?

ALI *(Spoken)*: Me?

MEN *(Spoken)*: Yes, you!

(Sung)

It's a scandal, it's a outrage!
Jist a wink and a kiss and you're through!
ALI: You're a mess, and in less than a year, by heck!

There's a baby on your shoulder making bubbles on your neck!

(ADO ANNIE and the GIRLS enter RIGHT)

MEN: It's a scandal, it's a outrage!
Any farmer will tell you it's true!

ALI: A rooster in a chicken coop is better off'n men.
He ain't the special property of just one hen!

MEN: It's a scandal, it's a outrage!
It's a problem we must solve!
We gotta start a revolution!

GIRLS: All right, boys! Revolve!

(The MEN swing round, see the GIRLS and are immediately cowed. The GIRLS pick them off the line and walk off with them, to the music. All exit, except one girl, who stalks around looking for a man. Suddenly one appears from DOWN LEFT, sees the girl, exits fast DOWN LEFT. She pursues him like mad. After number, GERTIE enters through gate UP CENTER with CURLY. GERTIE crosses to the porch where LAUREY who has entered is packing her lunch hamper)

GERTIE: Hello, Laurey. Jist packin' yer hamper now?

LAUREY: I been busy.

(GERTIE looks in LAUREY's hamper. AUNT ELLER enters)

GERTIE: You got gooseberry tarts, too. Wonder if they is as light as mine. Mine'd like to float away if you blew on 'em.

LAUREY: I did blow on to one of mine, and it broke up into a million pieces. *(GERTIE laughs—that laugh again)*

GERTIE: Ain't she funny!

(The GIRLS step toward each other menacingly)

AUNT ELLER: Gertie! Better come inside, and cool off.

GERTIE: You comin' inside 'th me, Curly?

CURLY: Not jist yet.

GERTIE: . . . Well don't be too long. *(Crosses to porch)* And don't fergit when the auction starts tonight—mine's the biggest hamper! *(The laugh again, and she exits)*

LAUREY *(Going on with her packing)*: So that's the Cummin's girl I heard so much talk of.

CURLY: You seen her before, ain't you?

LAUREY: Yeow. But not since she got so old. Never did see anybody get so peeked-lookin' in sich a short time.

AUNT ELLER *(Amused at LAUREY)*: Yeah, and she says she's only eighteen. I betcha she's nineteen! *(AUNT ELLER exits)*

CURLY: What yer got in yer hamper?

LAUREY: 'At's jist some ole meat pies and apple jelly. *(Crosses above rocker, sits on its right arm)* Nothin' like whut Gertie Cummins has in her basket.

CURLY: You really goin' to drive to the Box Social tonight with that Jud feller?

(Pause)

LAUREY: Reckon so. Why?

CURLY *(Sitting on the other arm of the rocker)*: Nothin' . . . It's jist that ev'rybody seems to expec' me to take you.

LAUREY: Then mebbe it's jist as well you ain't. We don't want people takin' 'bout us, do we?

CURLY: You think people do talk about us?

LAUREY Oh, you know how they air—like a swarm of mudwasps. Alw'ys gotta be buzzin' 'bout sump'n.

CURLY *(Rocking the chair gaily)*: Well, whut're they sayin'? That you're stuck on me?

LAUREY: Uh-uh. Most of the talk is that you're stuck on me.

(Orchestra starts intro. to No. 12)

CURLY: . . . Cain't imagine how these ugly rumors start.

LAUREY: Me neither.

Music 12: PEOPLE WILL SAY WERE IN LOVE

LAUREY: Why do they think up stories that link my name with yours?

CURLY: Why do the neighbors gossip all day behind their doors?

LAUREY *(Rise, break DOWN)*:

I have a way to prove what they say is quite untrue;

(CURLY rises, break DOWN)

Here is the gist, a practical list of "don'ts" for you:

Don't throw bouquets at me—

Don't please my folks too much,

Don't laugh at my jokes too much—

People will say we're in love!

CURLY *(Spoken. Cross to CENTER)*: Who laughs at yer jokes?

LAUREY *(Follows him)*:

Don't sigh and gaze at me,

Your sighs are so like mine,

(CURLY turns to embrace her, she stops him)

Your eyes mustn't glow like mine—

People will say we're in love!

Don't start collecting things—

CURLY (*Spoken*): Like whut?

LAUREY: Give me my rose and my glove.
(He looks away guiltily)
 Sweetheart, they're suspecting things—
 People will say we're in love!
(Crosses to DOWN LEFT)

CURLY (*Follows her*):
 Some people claim that you are to blame as much as I—
(She is about to deny this)
 Why do you take the trouble to bake my fav'rit pie?
(Now she looks guilty)
 Grantin' your wish, I carved our initials on that tree . . .
(Points off at the tree)
 Jist keep a slice of all the advice you give, so free!

Don't praise my charm too much,
 Don't look so vain with me,
 Don't stand in the rain with me,
 People will say we're in love!
 Don't take my arm too much,
 Don't keep your hand in mine,
 You hand looks so grand in mine,
 People will say we're in love!
 Don't dance all night with me,
 Till the stars fade from above.
 They'll see it's all right with me,
 People will say we're in love!

(During the applause which follows this number, JUD with a bucket on his left arm, crosses stage behind fence—LEFT to RIGHT. Music continues—another refrain played with great tenderness until curtain)

CURLY: Don't you reckon y' could tell that Jud you'd ruther go with me tonight?

LAUREY (*Crosses RIGHT*): Curly! I—no, I couldn't.

CURLY: Oh, you couldn't? (*Frowning*) Think I'll go down here to the smokehouse, where Jud's at. See whut's so elegant about him, makes girls wanta go to parties 'th him.
(He starts off, angrily)

LAUREY: Curly!

CURLY (*Turning*): What?

LAUREY: Nothin'. (*She watches him as he exits UP LEFT, then sits on rocker crying softly, and starts to sing*)

Don't sigh and gaze at me,
 Your sighs are so like mine,

Your eyes mustn't glow like mine—

(Music continues. She chokes up, can't go on. AUNT ELLER has come out and looks with great understanding)

AUNT ELLER: Got yer hamper packed?

LAUREY *(Snapping out of it)*: Oh, Aunt Eller . . . yes, nearly.

AUNT ELLER. Like a hanky?

LAUREY: Whut'd I want with a ole hanky?

AUNT ELLER *(Handing her hers)*: Y'got a smudge on yer cheek—jist under yer eye.

(LAUREY dries her eyes, starts toward the house, thinks about the bottle of "Lixir of Egypt," picks it up, looks at AUNT ELLER and runs out through the gate and off UP RIGHT. AUNT ELLER sits in the rocker and hums the refrain, happy and contented, as lights dim and traveller closes in)

Music 13: CHANGE OF SCENE

Scene 2

(SCENE: The Smoke House. Immediately after Scene 1. It is a dark, dirty building where the meat was once kept. The rafters are smoky, covered with dust and cobwebs. On a low loft many things are stored—horse collars, plowshares, a binder twine, a keg of nails. Under it, the bed is grimy and never made. On the walls, tobacco advertisements, and pink covers off Police Gazettes. In a corner there are hoes, rakes and an axe. Two chairs, a table and a spittoon comprise the furniture. There is a mirror for shaving, several farm lanterns and a rope. A small window lets in a little light, but not much)

(JUD enters AT RISE of curtain and crosses to table. There is a knock on the door. He rises quickly and tiptoes to the window to peek outside. Then he glides swiftly back to the table. Takes out a pistol and starts to polish it. There is a second knock)

JUD *(Calling out sullenly)*: Well, open it, cain't you?

CURLY *(Opening the door and strolling in)*: Howdy.

JUD: Whut'd you want?

CURLY: I done got th'ough my business up here at the house. Jist thought I'd pay a call.

(Pause) You got a gun, I see. *(Cross to CENTER)*

JUD: Good un. Colt forty-five.

CURLY: What do you do with it?

JUD: Shoot things.

CURLY: Oh. *(He moseys around the room casually)* That there pink picture—now that's a naked womern, ain't it?

JUD: Yer eyes don't lie to you.

CURLY: Plumb stark naked as a jaybird. No. No, she ain't. Not quite. Got a couple of thingumbobs tied onto her.

JUD: Shucks. That ain't a thing to whut I got here. *(He shoves a pack of postcards across the table towards CURLY)* Lookit that top one.

CURLY *(Covering his eyes)*: I'll go blind! . . . *(Throwing it back on the table)* That ud give me idys, that would.

JUD *(Picking it up and looking at it)*: That's a dinger, that is.

CURLY *(Gravely)*: Yeah, that shore is a dinger. . . . *(Crosses LEFT to door and takes down a rope)* That's a good-lookin' rope you got there. *(He begins to spin it.)* Spins nice. You know Will Parker? He can shore spin a rope. *(He tosses one end of the rope over a hook on the rafter and pulls down on both ends tentatively)* 'S a strong hook you got there. You could hang yerself on that, Jud.

JUD: I could whut?

CURLY *(Cheerfully)*: Hang yerself. It ud be as easy as fallin' off a log! Fact is, you could stand on a log—er a cheer if you'd rather—right about here—see? And put this here around yer neck. Tie that good up there first, of course. Then all you'd have to do would be to fall off the log—er the cheer, whichever you'd ruther fall off of. In five minutes, or less, with good luck, you'd be daid as a doornail.

JUD: Whut'd you mean by that?

CURLY: Nen folks ud come to yer funril and sing sad songs.

JUD *(Disdainfully)*: Yamnh!

CURLY: They would. You never know how many people like you till you're daid. Y'd prob'ly be laid out in the parlor—y'd be all diked out in yer best suit with yer hair combed down slick, and a high starched collar.

JUD *(Beginning to get interested)*: Would they be any flowers, d'you think?

CURLY: Shore would, and palms, too—all around yer cawfin. Nen folks ud stand around you and the men ud bare their heads and the womern ud' sniffle softly. Some'd prob'ly faint—ones that had tuck a shine to you when you wuz alive.

JUD: What womern have tuck a shine to me?

CURLY: Lots of womern. On'y they don't never come right out and show you how they feel less'n you die first.

JUD *(Thoughtfully)*: I guess that's so.

CURLY: They sho would sing loud though when the singin' started—sing like their hearts ud break! *(He starts to sing very earnestly and solemnly, improvising the sort of thing he thinks might be sung)*

Music 14: PORE JUD IS DAID

CURLY: Pore Jud is daid,
 Pore Jud Fry is daid!
 All gether 'round his cawfin now and cry.
 He had a heart of gold
 And he wasn't very old—
 Oh, why did sich a feller have to die?
 Pore Jud is daid,
 Pore Jud Fry is daid!
 He's lookin', oh, so peaceful and serene.

JUD (*Touched and suddenly carried away, he sings a soft response*):
 And serene!
 (*Takes off hat*)

CURLY: He's all laid out to rest
 With his hands acrost his chest.
 His finger nails have never b'en so clean!
 (*JUD turns slowly to question the good taste of this last reference, but CURLY plunges straight into another item of the imagined wake*)

(*Spoken*) Nen the preacher'd git up and he'd say (*Breaks to CENTER and chants on one note*): "Folks! We are gethered here to moan and groan over our brother Jud Fry who hung hisse'f up by a rope in the smoke house." (*Spoken*) Nen there'd be weepin' and wailin'—(*significantly*) from some of those womern. (*JUD nods his head understandingly*) Nen he'd say, (*Chant*) "Jud was the most misunderstood man in the territory. People useter think he was a mean, ugly feller. (*JUD looks up*) And they called him a dirty skunk and a ornery pig-stealer. (*Switches quickly and sings.*)

But—the folks 'at really knowed him,
 (*Chants*)
 knowed 'at beneath them two dirty shirts he alw'ys wore
 (*Sings*)
 there beat a heart as big as all out-doors.

JUD (*Repeating reverently, like someone at a revivalist meeting*):
 As big as all outdoors.

CURLY: Jud Fry loved his fellow man.

JUD: He loved his fellow man.

CURLY (*Spoken. CURLY is warming up and speaks with the impassioned inflections of an evangelist*): He loved the birds of the forest and the beasts of the field. He loved the mice and the vermin in the barn, and he treated the rats like equals—which was right. And—he loved little children. He loved ev'body and ev'thin' in the world! . . . Only he never let on, so nobody ever knowed it! (*Returning to vigorous song*)

Pore Jud is daid,
 Pore Jud Fry is daid!
 His friends'll weep and wail fer miles around.

JUD (*Now right into it*):

Miles around.

CURLY: The daisies in the dell
 Will give out a diff'runt smell
 Becuz pore Jud is underneath the ground.

(JUD is too emotionally exalted by the spirit of CURLY'S singing to be analytical. He now takes up a refrain of his own)

JUD: Pore Jud is daid,
 A candle lights his haid,
 He's layin' in a cawfin made of wood.

CURLY: Wood.

JUD: And folks are feelin' sad
 Cuz they useter treat him bad,
 And now they know their friend has gone fer good.

CURLY (*Softly*): Good.

JUD and CURLY:

Pore Jud is daid,
 A candle lights his haid!

CURLY: He's lookin', oh, so purty and so nice.
 He looks like he's asleep.
 It's a shame that he won't keep,
 But it's summer and we're runnin' out of ice . . .
 Pore Jud! . . . Pore Jud!

(JUD breaks down, weeps, and sits at the table, burying his head in his arms)

CURLY: Yes, sir. That's the way it ud be. Shore be a interestin' funril. Wouldn't like to miss it.

JUD (*His eyes narrowing*): Wouldn't like to miss it, eh? Well, mebbe you will. (*He resumes polishing the gun*) Mebbe you'll go first.

CURLY (*Sitting down*): Mebbe . . . Le's see now, whur did you work at before you come here? Up by Quapaw, wasn't it?

JUD: Yes and before that over by Tulsa. Lousy they was to me. Both of 'em. Always makin' out they was better. Treatin' me like dirt.

CURLY: And what'd you do—git even?

JUD: Who said anythin' about gittin' even?

CURLY: No one, that I recollect. It jist come into my head.

JUD: If it ever come to gittin' even with anybody, I'd know how to do it.

CURLY: That? (*Looking down at gun and pointing*)

JUD: Nanh! They's safer ways than that, if you use yer brains. . . . Member that far on the Bartlett farm over by Sweetwater?

CURLY: Shore do. 'Bout five years ago. Turrible accident. Burnt up the father and mother and daughter.

JED: That warn't no accident. A feller told me—the h'ard hand was stuck on the Bartlett girl, and he found her in the hayloft with another feller.

CURLY: And it was him that burned the place?

JUD (*Nodding*): It tuck him weeks to git all the kerosene—buying it at different times—feller who told me made out like it happened in Missouri, but I knowed all the time it was the Barlett farm—what a liar he was!

CURLY: And a kind of a—a kind of a murderer, too. Wasn't he? (*Rises, goes over to the door and opens it*) Git a little air in here.

JUD: You ain't told me yet whut business you had here. We got no cattle to sell ner no cow ponies. The oat crop is done spoke fer.

CURLY: You shore relieved my mind consid'able.

JUD (*Tensely*): They's on'y one other thing on this farm you could want—and it better not be that!

CURLY (*Closing the door deliberately and turning slowly, to face JUD*): But that's jist whut it is.

JUD: Better not be! You keep away from her, you hear?

CURLY (*Coolly*): You know somebody orta tell Laurey whut kind of a man you air. And fer that matter, somebody orta tell you onct about yerself.

JUD: You better git outa here, Curly.

CURLY: A fella wouldn't feel very safe in here with you . . . 'f he didn't know you. (*Acidly*) But I know you, Jud. (*Looks him straight in the eye*) In this country, they's two things you c'n do if you're a man. Live out of doors is one. Live in a hole is the other. I've set by my horse in the bresh som'eres and heard a rattlesnake many a time. Rattle, rattle, rattle!—he'd go, skeered to death. Somebody comin' close to his hole! Somebody gonna step on him! Git his old fangs ready, full of pizen! Curl up and wait!—Long's you live in a hole, you're skeered, you got to have pertection. You c'n have muscles, oh, like arn—and still be as weak as a empty bladder—less'n you got things to barb yer hide with. (*Suddenly, harshly, directly to JUD*) How'd you git to be the way you air, anyway—settin' here in this filthy hole—and thinkin' the way you're thinkin'? Why don't you do sumpin healthy onct in a while, 'stid of stayin' shet up here—a-crawlin' and festerin'!

JUD: Anh! *(He seizes a gun in a kind of reflex, a kind of desperate frenzy, and pulls the trigger. Luckily the gun is pointed towards the ceiling)*

CURLY *(Actually in a state of high excitement, but outwardly cool and calm, he draws his own gun)*: You orta feel better now. Hard on the roof, though. I wisht you'd let me show you sumpin.

(JUD doesn't move, but stands staring into CURLY's eyes)

CURLY: They's a knot-hole over there about as big as a dime. See it a-winkin'. I jist want to see if I c'n hit it. *(Unhurriedly, with cat-like tension, he turns and fires at the wall high up)* Bullet right through the knot-hole, 'thout tetchin', slick as a whistle, didn't I? I knowed I could do it. You saw it, too, didn't you!

(Ad lib off stage)

Curly: Somebody's a cornin', I'spect. *(He listens. JUD looks at the floor. AUNT ELLER, ALI and several others come running in)*

AUNT ELLER: Who f'ard off a gun? Was that you, Curly? Don't set there, you lummy, answer when you're spoke to.

CURLY: Well, I shot onct.

AUNT ELLER: What was you shootin' at?

CURLY *(Rises)*: See that knot-hole over there?

AUNT ELLER: I see lots of knot-holes.

CURLY: Well, it was one of them.

AUNT ELLER *(Exasperated)*: Well ain't you a pair of purty nuthin's, a-pickin' away at knot-holes and skeerin' everybody to death! Orta give you a good Dutch rub and arn some of the craziness out of you! *(Calling off to people in doorway)* 'S all right! Nobody hurt. jist a pair of fools swappin' noises. *(She exits)*

ALI: Mind if I visit with you, gents? It's good to get away from the women for a while.

Now then, we're all by ourselves. I got a few purties, private knickknacks for to show you. Special for the menfolks. *(Starts to get them out)*

CURLY: See you gentlemen later. I gotta git a surrey I h'ard for tonight. *(He starts to go)*

ALI *(Shoving cards under JUD's nose)*: Art postcards.

JUD *(To CURLY)*: Who you think yer takin' in that surrey?

CURLY: Aunt Eller—and Laurey, if she'll come with me.

JUD: She won't.

CURLY: Mebbe she will. *(Exits)*

JUD *(Raising his voice after CURLY)*: She promised to go with me, and she better not change her mind. She better not!

ALI: Now, I want ye to look at these straight from Paris.

JUD: I don't want none o' them things now. Got any frog-stickers?

ALI: You mean one of them long knives? What would you want with a thing like that?

JUD: I dunno. Kill a hog—er a skunk. It's all the same ain't it? I tell you whut I'd like better' n a frog-sticker, if you got one. Ever hear of one of them things you call "The Little Wonder"? It's a thing you hold up to your eyes to see pitchers, only that ain't all they is to it . . . not quite. Y'see it's got a little jigger onto it, and you tetch it and out springs a sharp blade.

ALI: On a spring, eh?

JUD: Y'say to a feller, "Look through this." Nen when he's lookin' you snap out the blade. It's jist above his chest and, bang! Down you come. (*Slaps ALI on the chest, knocking the wind from him*)

ALI (*After recovering from blow*): A good joke to play on a friend . . . I—er—don't handle things like that. Too dangerous. What I'd like to show you is my new stock of postcards.

JUD: Don't want none. Sick of them things. (*Sits at center of table*) I'm going to get me a real womern.

ALI: What would you want with a woman? Why I'm having trouble right now, all on account of a woman. They always make trouble. And you say you want one. Why? Look at you! You're a man what is free to come and go as you please. You got a nice cosy little place. (*Looking place over*) Private. Nobody to bother you. Artistic pictures. They don't talk back to you. . . .

JUD: I'm t'ard of all these pitchers of women!

ALI: All right. You're tired of them. So throw 'em away and buy some new ones. (*Showing him cards again*) You get tired of a woman and what can you do? Nothing! Just keep gettin' tireder and tireder!

JUD: I made up my mind.

ALI (*Packing his bag and starting off*): So you want a real woman. . . . Say, do you happen to know a girl named Ado Annie?

JUD: I don't want her.

ALI: I don't want her either. But I got her! (*Exit*)

JUD: Don't want nuthin' from no peddler. Want real things! Whut am I doin' shet up here—like that feller says—a-crawlin' and a-festerin'? Whut am I doin' in this lousy smokehouse? (*Sits and looks about the room, scowling. Then he starts to sing, half talking at first, then singing in full voice*)

Muslc 15: LONELY ROOM

JED: The floor creaks,
 The door squeaks,
 There's a fieldmouse a-nibblin' on a broom,
 And I set by myself
 Like a cobweb on a shelf,
 By myself in a lonely room.

But when there's a moon in my winder
 And it slants down a beam 'crost my bed,
 Then the shadder of a tree starts a-dancin' on the wall
 And a dream starts a-dancin' in my head.

(Rises)

And all the things that I wish fer
 Turn out like I want them to be,
 And I'm better'n that Smart Aleck cowhand
 Who thinks he is better'n me!
 And the girl that I want
 Ain't afraid of my arms,
 And her own soft arms keep me warm.
 And her long yeller hair
 Falls acrost my face
 Jist like the rain in a storm!

(Sits)

The floor creaks,
 The door squeaks,
 And the mouse starts a-nibblin' on the broom.
 And the sun flicks my eyes—
 It was all a pack o' lies!
 I'm awake in a lonely room. . . .

(Rises)

I ain't gonna dream 'bout her arms no more!
 I ain't gonna leave her alone!
 Goin' outside,
 Git myself a bride,
 Git me a womern to call my own.

(Travellers close in)

Muslc 16: CHANGE OF SCENE

Scene 3

(SCENE: A Grove on I.aurey's Farm. AT RISE: GIRLS and GERTIE seated under tree DOWN LEFT. A girl, VIVIAN, is telling GERTIE'S fortune.)

Muslc 17 (a): MELOS

VIVIAN: And to yer house a dark clubman!

(Laughter from GIRLS. LAUREY enters RIGHT)

LAUREY: Girls could you—could you go som'eres else and tell fortunes? I gotta be here by myself.

GERTIE (*Pointing to bottle*): Look! She bought 'at ole smellin' salts the peddler tried to sell us!

LAUREY: It ain't smellin' salts. It's goin' to make up my mind fer me. Lookit me take a good whiff now! (*She chokes on it*)

GERTIE: That's the camphor.

LAUREY: Please, girls, go away. (*GERTIE laughs and exits. LAUREY closes her eyes tight*)

ELLEN: Hey, Laurey, is it true you're lettin' Jud take you tonight 'stid of Curly?

LAUREY: Tell you better when I think ever'thin' out clear. Beginnin' to see things clear a'ready.

KATE: I c'n tell you whut you want—(*Singing*)

Music 17 (b): OUT OF MY DREAMS

KATE: Out of your dreams and into his arms you long to fly.

ELLEN: You don't need Egyptian smellin' salts to tell you why!

KATE: Out of your dreams and into the hush of falling shadows.

VIRGINIA: When the mist is low, and stars are breaking through,

VIVIAN: Then out of your dreams you'll go.

ALL GIRLS:

Into a dream come true.

Make up your mind, make up your mind, Laurey, Laurey dear.

Make up your own, make up your own story, Laurey dear.

Ol' Pharaoh's daughter won't tell you what to do.

Ask your heart—whatever it tells you will be true.

(They drift off as LAUREY sings)

LAUREY: Out of my dreams and into your arms I long to fly.

I will come as evening comes to woo a waiting sky.

Out of my dreams and into the hush of falling shadows,

When the mist is low, and stars are breaking through,

Then out of my dreams I'll go,

Into a dream with you.

Music 17 (c): INTERLUDE TO BALLET

(The ballet is of the things LAUREY sees in her dream that help her "make up her mind." During the above refrain the lights dim to a spot on LAUREY. CURLY enters in another spot, walking slowly and standing perfectly still RIGHT CENTER. Then his ballet counterpart enters and stands behind him. LAUREY'S ballet counterpart enters and stands behind her. These are figures fading into her dream. The real CURLY and the real LAUREY back off slowly, and leave the stage to their counterparts who move towards the center and into an embrace)

Music 17 (d): DREAM BALLET

(These dream figures of LAUREY and CURLY dance ecstatically. A young girl enters, sees them and bounds off to break the news and soon others dance on and off gaily. Two of CURLY'S cowboy friends stroll by and wave their greeting. "Curly" kisses "Laurey" again and walks away, happy and smug.

A little girl runs on, presents "Laurey" with a nosegay and then bursts into tears. More girl friends dance on and embrace her. A bridal veil floats down from the skies and they place it on her head. "Curly" and the boys enter, in the manner of cowboys astride their horses. Following a gay dance, the music slows to wedding-march tempo. "Curly," a serious expression on his face, awaits his bride who walks down an aisle formed by the girls.

Now the ballet counterpart of JUD walks slowly forward and takes off "Laurey's" veil. Expecting to see her lover, CURLY, she looks up and finds "Jud." Horrified, she backs away. Her friends, with stony faces, look straight ahead of them. "Curly" too, is stern and austere and when she appeals to him, he backs away from her. All of them leave her. She is alone with "Jud."

"Jud" starts to dance with her but he is soon diverted by the entrance of three dance-hall girls who look very much like the Police Gazette pictures Laurey has seen tacked on his walls in the smoke house. Some of the cowboys follow the girls on, and whistle at them. But that is as far as they go. The cowboys are timid and inexpert in handling these sophisticated women. The women do an amusing, satirically bawdy dance. Then "Jud" and the boys dance with them.

After the girls dance off, "Laurey" and "Jud" are again alone. "Curly" enters, and the long-awaited conflict with "Jud" is now unavoidable. "Curly," his hand holding an imaginary pistol, fires at "Jud" again and again, but "Jud" keeps slowly advancing on him, immune to bullets. He lifts "Curly" in the air and throws him to the ground. A fierce fight ensues. The friends of LAUREY and CURLY run helplessly from one side to the other. Just when the tables seem to have turned in "Curly's" favor, "Jud" gets a death grip on his throat. He is killing "Curly." "Laurey" runs up to him and begs him to release her lover. It is clear by her pantomime that she will give herself to Jud to save Curly. "Jud" drops "Curly's" limp body, picks up "Laurey" and carries her away. Over "Jud's" shoulder she blows a feeble, heartbroken kiss to "Curly's" prostrate form on the ground. The crowd surrounds him and carries him off in the dark RIGHT as a spot comes up LEFT revealing the real LAUREY being shaken out of her dream by the real JUD)

JUD: Wake up, Laurey. It's time to start for the party.

(As she awakens and starts mechanically to go with JUD, the real CURLY enters expectantly. She hesitates. JUD holds out his arm and scowls. Remembering the disaster of her recent dream, she avoids its reality by taking JUD's arm and going with him, looking wistfully back at Curly with the same sad eyes that her ballet counterpart had on her exit. CURLY stands alone, puzzled, dejected and defeated, as the curtain falls)

Act 2

Music 18: EN'TR'ACTE

Scene 1

(SCENE: Behind SKIDMORE'S Ranch House. AT RISE: SKIDMORE'S guests dancing a "set." Soon after the curtain rises, the melody settles into a "vamp" and CARNES holds up his hand as a signal that he wants to sing. The dancing couples retire and listen to him.)

Music 19: THE FARMER AND THE COWMAN

CARNES: The farmer and the cowman should be friends,
 Oh, the farmer and the cowman should be friends.
 One man likes to push a plow,
 The other likes to chase a cow,
 But that's no reason why they cain't be friends.
 Territory folks should stick together,
 Territory folks should all be pals.
 Cowboys, dance with the farmers' daughters!
 Farmers, dance with the ranchers' gals!

(The chorus repeats this last quatrain. They dance with gusto, then the vamp is resumed and CARNES starts to sing again)

CARNES: I'd like to say a word fer the farmer.

AUNT ELLER *(Spoken)*: Well, say it.

CARNES: He come out west and made a lot of changes.

WILL: *(Scornfully)*:

He come out west and built a lot of fences!

CURLY: And built 'em right acrost our cattle ranges!

CORD ELAM *(Spoken)*: Whyn't those dirt-scratchers stay in Missouri where they belong?

FARMER *(Spoken)*: We got as much right here—

CARNES *(Shouting)*: Gentlemen—shut up! *(Quiet restored, he resumes singing)*

The farmer is a good and thrifty citizen.

FRED (*Spoken*): He's thrifty all right.

CARNES (*Glaring at FRED he continues with song*):

No matter whut the cowman says or thinks,
You seldom see him drinkin' in a barroom—

CURLY: Unless somebody else is buyin' drinks!

CARNES: (*Barging in quickly to save the party's respectability*):

The farmer and the cowman should be friends,
Oh, the farmer and the cowman should be friends.

The cowman ropes a cow with ease,
The farmer steals her butter and cheese,
But that's no reason why they cain't be friends!

ALL: Territory folks should stick together,
Territory folks should all be pals.
Cowboys, dance with the farmers' daughters!
Farmers, dance with the ranchers' gals!

(Dance as before. Then back to vamp)

AUNT ELLER (*Singing*):

I'd like to say a word fer the cowboy . . .

FARMER (*Anxious to get back at the cowmen. Spoken*): Oh, you would!

AUNT ELLER:

The roads he treads is difficult and stony.
He rides fer days on end
With jist a pony fer a friend. . . .

ADO ANNIE:

I shore am feelin' sorry fer the pony.

AUNT ELLER:

The farmer should be sociable with the cowboy,
If he rides by and asks fer food and water.
Don't treat him like a louse,
Make him welcome in yer house.

CARNES: But be shore that you lock up yer wife and daughter!

(Laughs, jibes, protests ad libbed to CARNES disgust. Vamp continues under dialogue)

CORD ELAM (*Spoken*): Who wants a ole farm womern anyway?

ADO ANNIE (*Spoken*): Notice you married one, so's you c'd git a square meal!

SLIM (*Spoken. To CORD ELAM*): You cain't talk that-a-way 'bout our womern folks!

WILL (*Spoken*): He can say whut he wants. *(WILL hauls off on him and a free-for-all fight ensues, all the (MEN mixing with one another, the WOMEN striving vainly to keep peace by singing "The farmer and the cowman should be friends!" AUNT ELLER grabs a gun from some man's holster and fires it. This freezes the picture. A still, startled crowd stops and looks to see who's been shot. AUNT ELLER strides forward, separating the fighters, pulling them away from each other, and none too gently)*

AUNT ELLER (*Spoken*): They ain't nobody goin' to slug out anythin'. This here's a party!

(*Pointing the gun at CARNES*): Sing it, Andrew! Dum tiddy um tum tum—

CARNES (*Frightened, sings*):

The farmer and the cowman should be friends . . .

(AUNT ELLER *points her gun at the group RIGHT and conducts them. They join in quickly*)

RIGHT GROUP:

Oh, the farmer and the cowman should be friends.

(*She turns her gun on the left group and now they all sing*)

ALL: One man likes to push a plow,
The other likes to chase a cow,
But that's no reason why they cain't be friends!

(IKE *comes down CENTER and joins AUNT ELLER and CARNES*)

IKE: And when this territory is a state,
And jines the union jist like all the others,
The farmer and the cowman and the merchant
Must all behave theirsels and act like brothers.

AUNT ELLER:

I'd like to teach you all a little sayin'—
And learn these words by heart the way you should:
"I don't say I'm no better than anybody else,
But I'll be damned if I ain't jist as good!"

(*They cheer the sentiment, and repeat lustily*)

ALL: I don't say I'm no better than anybody else,
But I'll be damned if I ain't just as good!
Territory folks should stick together,
Territory folks should all be pals.
Cowboys dance with the farmers' daughters!
Farmers, dance with the ranchers' gals!
(*Now, they go into a gay, unrestrained dance*)

Music 20: FARMER DANCE

(*108 measures of dancing*)

ALL: Territory folks should stick together,
Territory folks should all be pals.
Cowboys dance with the farmers' daughters!
Farmers, dance with the ranchers' gals!

IKE (*After number is over*): C'mon everybody! Time to start the Box Social.

CORD ELAM: I'm so hungry I c'd eat a gatepost.

GIRL: Who's goin' to be the auctioneer?

ALL: Aunt Eller! (*Shouts of approval from the entire crowd*)

AUNT ELLER (*Playing coy*): Let one of the men be the auctioneer.

CROWD: "No, Aunt Eller, yore the best." "Ain't any ole men auctioneers as good as you."

AUNT ELLER: All right then. Now you know the rules, gentlemen. Y'got to bid blind. Y'ain't s'posed to know whut girl goes with whut hamper. Of course if yer sweetheart has told you that hers'll be done up in a certain kind of way with a certain color ribbon, that ain't my fault. Now we'll auction all the hampers on t'other side of the house and work around back here. Follow me. *(AUNT ELLER starts off, followed by the crowd. As they exit ALI HAKIM strolls on, meeting WILL ambling along with his bag)*

ALI: Hello, young fellow.

WILL: Oh, it's you!

ALI: I was just hoping to meet up with you. It seems like you and me ought to have a little talk.

WILL: We only got one thing to talk about. Well, Mr. Hakim, I hear you got yerself engaged to Ado Annie.

ALI: Well . . .

WILL: Well, nothin'. I don't know what to call you. You ain't purty enough fer a skunk. You ain't skinny enough fer a snake. You're too little to be a man, and too big to be a mouse. I reckon you're a rat.

ALI: That's logical.

WILL: Answer me one question, Do you really love her?

ALI: Well . . .

WILL: 'Cuz if I thought you didn't I'd tie you up in this bag and drop you in the river. Are you serious about her?

ALI: Yes, I'm serious.

WILL: And do you worship the ground she walks on, like I do? You better say yes!

ALI: Yes—yes—yes.

WILL: The hell you do!

ALI: Yes.

WILL: Would you spend every cent you had for her? That's whut I did. See that bag? Full of presents. Cost fifty bucks. All I had in the world.

ALI: If you had that fifty dollars cash . . .

WILL: I'd have Ado Annie, and you'd lose her.

ALI *(Thoughtfully)*: Yes. I'd lose her. Let's see what you got in here. Might want to buy something.

WILL: What would you want with them?

ALI: I'm a peddler, ain't I? I buy and sell. Maybe pay you real money . . . *(Significantly)* Maybe as much as—well, a lot. *(WILL becomes thoughtful. ALI fishes in bag and pulls out an item)* Ah, what a beautiful hot-water bag. It looks French . . . Must have cost plenty. I'll give you eight dollars for it.

WILL: Eight dollars? That wouldn't be honest. I only paid three-fifty.

ALI: All right. I said I'd give you eight and I will. . . . *(ALI pulls a nightgown out of the bag. It is made of white lawn and is notable for a profusion of ribbons and bows on the neckline)* Say! That's a cracker-jake!

WILL: Take your hands off that! (*Grabbing it and holding it in front of him*) That wuz fer our weddin' night!

ALI: It don't fit you so good. I'll pay you twenty-two dollars.

WILL: But that's—

ALI: All right then—twenty-two-fifty! (*Stuffing it into his coat with the hot-water bag*) Not a cent more. (*WILL smiles craftily and starts to count on his fingers. ALI now pulls out a pair of corsets*) What a beautiful ankle brace!

WILL: Them—those—that was fer her to wear.

ALI: I didn't hardly think they was for you. (*Looking at them*) Mighty dainty. (*Putting them aside*) Fifteen dollars. Le's see, eight and twenty-two makes thirty and fifteen is forty-five and fifty cents is forty-five fifty. (*He looks craftily at WILL out of the corner of his eye and watches the idea percolate through WILL's thick head*)

WILL: Forty-five-fifty? Say that's almos'—that's . . . (*Turning anxiously*) Want to buy some more?

WILL: (*Taking "The Little Wonder" out of his pocket*): D'you ever see one of these?

ALI (*Frightened*): Whut made you buy this? Got it in fer somebody?

WILL: How d'you mean? It's jist funny pitchers.

ALI (*Examining it carefully*): That all you think it is? Well, it's more'n that! It's . . . (*He breaks off as LAUREY runs on, a frightened look on her face*)

LAUREY: Whur is ev'ybody? Whur's Aunt Eller?

WILL: On t'other side of the house, Laurey.

JUD (*Off*): Laurey! Whur' d you run to? (*She runs off, around the end of the house, putting hamper on porch*)

WILL: How much'll you give me fer this thing?

ALI: I don't like to handle things like this. I guess you don't know what it really is.

WILL: Shore do. It's jist a girl in pink tights.

(*JUD enters*)

JUD: Either of you two see Laurey?

WILL: Jist went to th' other side of the house. Auction's goin' on there.

(*JUD grunts and starts upstage*)

ALI (*Calling to him*): Hey, Jud! Here's one of them things you was looking for. "The Little Wonder."

JUD (*To WILL.*): How much?

(*JUD comes back to examine it*)

WILL (*Closing his eyes to struggle with a mathematical problem*): . . . Three dollars and fifty cents.

JUD (*With his back to them both so they can't see, JUD finds the hidden button and a blade springs out. Then he snaps the blade back and digs into his pocket*): Lotta money but I got an idy it might be worth it. (*JUD exits*)

WILL: Let's see, three-fifty from him and forty-five-fifty from you—'At makes fifty dollars don't it?

ALI: No. One dollar short. (*Gives the bag a sly kick so that it falls in front of WILL*)

WILL.: Darn it. I musta figgered wrong. (*Impulsively*) How much for all the resta the stuff in this bag?

ALI (*Having the cash all ready*): . . . One dollar!

WILL: Done! (*ALI hands him a dollar bill*) Now I got fifty dollars, ain't I? Know whut that means? Means I'm goin' to take Ado Annie back from you!

ALI: You wouldn't do a thing like that to me!

WILL: Oh, wouldn't I? And when I tell her Paw who I got mosta the money offa, mebbe he'll change his mind 'bout who's smart and who's dumb!

ALI: Say, young feller, you certainly bunkoed me!

(WILL crosses to UP LEFT. Off RIGHT, there is a hum of voices and the crowd starts to drift on. AUNT ELLER enters, followed by the balance of the party. CURLY, DOWN RIGHT, stands apart and pays little attention to anybody or anything)

AUNT ELLER: Now, here's the last two hampers. Whose they air I ain't got no idy!

ADO ANNIE (*In a loud voice*): The little un's mine! And the one next to it is Laurey's!
(General laughter)

AUNT ELLER: Well, that's the end of *that* secret. Now whut am I bid then fer Ado Annie's hamper?

SLIM: Two bits.

CORD ELAM: Four.

AUNT ELLER: Who says six? You, Slim? (*SLIM shakes his head*) Ain't nobody hungry no more?—Wutt about you, Peddler-man? Six bits? (*Pause*)

ALI: Naw!

CARNES: Come on. (*CARNES takes a gun from his pocket and prods ALI in the back. Like a mechanical doll ALI immediately talks*)

ALI: Six bits!

AUNT ELLER: Six bits ain't enough fer a lunch like Ado Annie c'n make. Le's hear a dollar. How about you, Mike? You won her last year.

MIKE: Yeah. That's right. Hey, Ado Annie, y' got that same sweet pertater pie like last year?

ADO ANNIE: You bet.

AUNT ELLER: Same old sweet-pertater pie, Mike. Whut d'you say?

MIKE: I say it give me a three-day bellyache!

AUNT ELLER: Never mind about that. Who bids a dollar?

CARNES (*Whispering to ALI*): Bid!

ALI (*Whispering back*): Mine's the last bid. I got her fer six bits.

CARNES: Bid a dollar.

ALI (*Doubtful. CARNES prods him with his gun*): Ninety cents.

AUNT ELLER: Ninety cents, we're gittin' rich. 'Nother desk fer th' schoolhouse. Do I hear more?

WILL (*Dramatically, his chin thrust forward*): You hear fifty dollars!

ALI (*Immediately alarmed*): Hey!

AUNT ELLER: Fifty dollars! Nobody ever bid fifty dollars for a lunch! Nobody ever bid ten.

CARNES: He ain't got fifty dollars.

WILL: Oh, yes, I have. (*Producing the money*) And 'f yer a man of honor y' gotta say Ado Annie b'longs to me, like y'said she would!

CARNES: But where's yer money?

WILL (*Shoving out his hand*): Right here in my hand.

CARNES: 'At ain't yours! Y'jist bid it, didn't you? Jist give it to th' schoolhouse. (*To ALI chuckling. Back to WILL*) Got to say the Peddler still gits my daughter's hand.

WILL: Now wait a minute. That ain't fair!

AUNT ELLER: Goin' fer fifty dollars! Goin' . . .

ALI (*Gulping*): Fifty-one dollars!

(*A sensation, all turn to ALI*)

CARNES: You crazy?

WILL (*Mechanically*): Fif— (*Prompted by frantic signs from ALI, he stops and suddenly realizes the significance of ALI's bid*) Wait a minute. Wait! 'F I don't bid any more I c'n keep my money, cain't I?

AUNT ELLER (*Grinning*): Shore can.

WILL: 'Nen I still got fifty dollars. (*Waving it in front of CARNES*) This is mine!

CARNES (*To ALI*): You feeble-minded shike-poke!

AUNT ELLER: Goin, goin', gone fer fifty-one dollars and 'at means Ado Annie'll git the prize I guess.

WILL: And I git Ado Annie!

CARNES (*To ALI*): And whut're you gittin' fer yer fifty-one dollars? (*ADO ANNIE hands ALI the hamper*)

ALI (*Shrugging*): A three-day bellyache!

(*JUD enters up RIGHT and stands at back of crowd*)

AUNT ELLER: Now here's my niece's hamper. (*General murmur of excitement runs through the crowd*) I took a peek inside a while ago and I must say it looks mighty tasty.

Whut do I hear, gents?

SLIM: Two bits!

FRED: Four bits!

AUNT ELLER: Whut d'you say, Slim? Six?

(*SLIM shakes his head*)

CARNES: I bid one dollar.

AUNT ELLER: More like it! Do I hear two?

JUD (*Coming down RIGHT*): A dollar and a quarter.

(*LAUREY gets a start from his voice*)

CORD ELAM: Two dollars.

JOE: Two-fifty.

CARNES: Three dollars!

JUD: And two bits.

CORD ELAM: Three dollars and four bits!

JOE: Four dollars.

JUD (*Doggedly*): And two bits.

(*LAUREY looks straight ahead of her, grimly. AUNT ELLER catches this look and a deep worry comes into her eyes*)

AUNT ELLER: Four and a quarter. (*Looking at CURLY, an appeal in her voice.*) Ain't I goin' to hear any more? (*CURLY walks off LEFT, cool and deliberate. LAUREY bites her lip.*

AUNT ELLER's voice has panic in it)

AUNT ELLER: I got a bid of four and a quarter—from Jud Fry. You goin' to let him have it?

CARNES: Four and a half.

AUNT ELLER (*Shouting, as if she were cheering*): Four and a half! Goin' fer four and a half! Goin'—

JUD: Four seventy-five.

AUNT ELLER (*Defeated*): Four seventy-five. Come on, gentlemen. Schoolhouse ain't built yet. Got to git a nice chimbley.

CORD ELAM: Five dollars.

AUNT ELLER: Goin' fer five dollars! Goin'—

JUD: And two bits.

CORD ELAM: Too rich for my blood! Cain't afford no more.

AUNT ELLER (*Worried*): Five and a quarter! Ain't got nearly enough yet. (*Looking at*

CARNES) Not fer cold duck with stuffin' and that lemon meringue pie.

CARNES: Six dollars.

AUNT ELLER: Six dollars! Goin'—

JUD: And two bits.

AUNT ELLER: My, you're stubborn, Jud. Mr. Carnes is a richer man'n you. (*Looking at CARNES*) And I know he likes custard with raspberry syrup. Anybody goin' to bid any more?

JUD: No. They all dropped out. Cain't you see?

FRED: You got enough, Aunt Eller.

CORD ELAM: Let's git on.

JUD: Here's the money.

AUNT ELLER: (Looking off) Hold on, you! I ain't said, "Goin', goin', gone" yet!

JUD: Well, say it!

AUNT ELLER: (Speaking slowly) Goin' to Jud Fry fer six dollars and two bits! Goin' . . .

(CURLY enters, a saddle over his arm)

CURLY: Who'd you say was gittin' Laurey?

AUNT ELLER: Jud Fry.

CURLY: And fer how much?

AUNT ELLER: Six and a quarter.

CURLY: I don't figger 'at's quite enough, do you?

JUD: It's more'n you got.

CURLY: Got a saddle here cost me thirty dollars.

JUD: Yo' cain't bid saddles. Got to be cash.

CURLY (Looking around): Thirty dollar saddle must be worth sump'n to somebody.

TOM: I'll give you ten.

SKIDMORE (To CURLY): Don't be a fool, boy. Y'cain't earn a livin' 'th'out a saddle.

CURLY (To TOM): Got cash?

TOM: Right in my pocket. (CURLY gives him the saddle)

CURLY (Turning to JUD): Don't let's waste time. How high you goin'?

JUD: Higher'n you—no matter whut!

CURLY (To AUNT ELLER): Aunt Eller I'm biddin' all of this ten dollars Joe jist give me.

AUNT ELLER: Ten dollars—goin' . . . (Pause. General murmur of excited comments. Laurey's eyes are shining now and her shoulders are straighter)

JUD (Determinedly): Ten dollars and two bits.

AUNT ELLER: Curly . . . (Pause. CURLY turns to a group of men)

CURLY: Most of you boys know my horse, Dun. She's a—(He swallows hard)—a kinda nice horse—gentle and well broke.

LAUREY: Don't sell Dun, Curly, it ain't worth it.

CORD ELAM: I'll give you twenty-five fer her!

CURLY (To CORD ELAM): I'll sell Dun to you. That makes the bid thirty-five Aunt Eller.

AUNT ELLER (*Tickled to death*): Curly, yer crazy! But it's all fer the schoolhouse, ain't it? All fer educatin' and larnin'. Goin' fer thirty-tive. Goin'—

JUD: Hold on! I ain't finished biddin'! (*He grins fiercely at CURLY*) You jist put up everythin' y' got in the world, didn't yer? Cain't bid the clothes off yer back cuz they ain't worth nuthin'. Cain't bid yer gun cuz you need that. (*Slowly*) Yes, sir. You need that bad. (*Looking at AUNT ELLER*) So Aunt Eller, I'm jist as reckless as Curly McLain, I guess. Jist as good at gittin' whut I waht. Goin' to bid all I got in the world—all I saved fer two years, doin' farm work. All fer Laurey. Here it is! Forty-two dollars and thirty-one cents. (*He pours the money out of his pocket on to LAUREY'S hamper. CURLY takes out his gun. The crowd gasps. JUD backs away*)

CURLY: Anybody want to buy a gun? You, Joe? Bought it brand new last Thanksgivin'. Worth a lot.

LAUREY: Curly, please don't sell your gun. (*Curly looks at Joe*)

JOE: Give you eighteen dollars fer it.

CURLY: Sold. (*They settle the deal. CURLY turns to AUNT ELLER*) That makes my bid fifty-three dollars, Aunt Eller. Anybody going any higher? (*JUD starts to move toward CURLY*)

AUNT ELLER (*Very quickly*): Goin'—goin'—gone! Whut's the matter with you folks? Ain't nobody gonna cheer er nuthin'? (*Uncertainly they start to sing "The Farmer and the Cowman." CURLY and LAUREY carry their basket DOWN STAGE. JUD moves slowly toward CURLY. CURLY sets the basket down and faces him. The singing stops*)

SKIDMORE (*In his deep, booming voice*): That's the idy! The cowman and the farmer shud be friends. (*His hand on JUD'S shoulder*) You lost the bid, but the biddin' wuz fair. (*To CURLY*) C'mon, cowman—shake the farmer's hand! (*CURLY doesn't move a muscle*)

JUD: Shore, I'll shake hands. No hard feelin's, Curly. (*He goes to CURLY his hand outstretched. After a pause, CURLY takes his hand, but never lets his eyes leave JUD'S*)

SKIDMORE: That's better. (*ALI HAKIM has come DOWN STAGE and is watching JUD narrowly*)

JUD (*With a badly assumed manner of camaraderie*): Say, Curly, I want to show you sumpin. (*He grins*) 'Scuse us, Laurey. (*Taking CURLY'S arm, he leads him aside*) Ever see one of these things? (*He takes out "The Little Wonder." ALI HAKIM is in a panic*)

Curly: Jist whut is that? (*ALI rushes to AUNT ELLER and starts to whisper in her ear*)

JUD: Something special—You jist put this up to yer eye like this, see? (*CURLY is about to look when AUNT ELLER'S voice rings out, sharp and shrill*)

AUNT ELLER: Curly!—Curly, what you doin'? (*CURLY turns quickly. So does JUD, giving an involuntary grunt of disappointment*)

CURLY: Doin'? Nuthin' much. What you want to squeal at a man like 'at fer? Skeer the liver and lights out of a feller.

AUNT ELLER: Well then stop lookin' at those ole French pitchers and ast me fer a dance. You brung me to the party, didn't you?

CURLY: All right then, you silly ole woman, I'll dance 'th you. Dance you all over the meadow, you want!

AUNT ELLER: Pick 'at banjo to pieces, Sam!

Music 21: CHANGE OF SCENE

(And the dance is on. Everyone is dancing now. WILL takes ADO ANNIE by the waist and swings her around. JUD finally realizing the chance to use it is gone, angrily slips "The Little Wonder" back into his pocket, then goes up to LAUREY, who has started to dance with ALI. He pushes ALI away and dances LAUREY off. WILL and ADO ANNIE dance off DOWN LEFT, and as the traveller closes they dance on to center stage. He stops dancing. The following scene and song is played "in one" in front of the traveller. They're alone in a secluded spot, and he wants to "settle things")

WILL: Well, Ado Annie. I got the fifty dollars cash, now you name the day.

ADO ANNIE: August fifteenth.

WILL: Why August Fifteenth?

ADO ANNIE (*Tenderly*): That was the first day I was kissed.

WILL (*His face lighting up*): Was it? I didn't remember that.

ADO ANNIE: You wasn't there.

WILL: Now looka here, we gotta have a serious talk. Now that you're engaged to me, you gotta stop havin' fun! . . . I mean with other fellers.

Music 22: ALL ER NUTHIN'

WILL: You'll have to be a little more stand-offish
When fellers offer you a buggy ride.

ADO ANNIE:
I'll give a imitation of a crawfish.
And dig myself a hole where I c'n hide.

WILL: I heared how you was kickin' up some capers
When I was off in Kansas City, Mo;

WILL: (*More sternly*)

I heared some things you couldn't print in papers
From fellers who been talkin' like they know!

ADO ANNIE (*Spoken*): Foot!

(*Sings*)

I only did the kind of things I orta—sorta
To you I was as faithful as c'n be—fer me.
Them stories 'bout the way I lost my bloomers—Rumors!
A lot o' tempest in a pot o' tea!

WILL (*Dubiously*):

The whole thing don't sound very good to me—

ADO ANNIE (*Spoken*): Well, y'see—

WILL (*Breaking in and spurting out his pent-up resentment at a great injustice*):

I go and sow my last wild oat!
I cut out all shenanigans!
I save my money—don't gamble er drink
In the back room down at Flannigans!
I give up lotsa other things
A gentleman never mentions—
But before I give up any more,
I wanta know your intentions!

(*Refrain*)

With me it's all er nuthin'!
Is it all er nuthin' with you?
It cain't be "in between"
It cain't be "now and then"
No half-and-half romance will do!
I'm a one-woman man,
Home-lovin' type,
All complete with slippers and pipe.
Take me like I am or leave me be!
If you cain't give me all, give me nuthin'—
And nuthin's whut you'll git from me!

(*He struts away from her*)

ADO ANNIE:

Not even sump'n?

WILL: Nuthin's whut you'll git from me!

(*Second refrain. He starts to walk away, nonchalantly. She follows him*)

ADO ANNIE:

It cain't be "in between"?

WILL: Uh—uh.

ADO ANNIE:

It cain't be "now and then"?

WILL: No half-and-half romance will do!

ADO ANNIE:

Would you build me a house,
All painted white,
Cute and clean and purty and bright?

WILL: Big enough fer two but not fer three!

ADO ANNIE:

Supposin' 'at we should have a third one?

WILL (*Barking at her*):

He better look a lot like me!

ADO ANNIE (*Skeered*):

The spit an' image!

WILL: He better look a lot like me!

(Two girls come on RIGHT and do a dance with WILL in which they lure him away from ADO ANNIE. ADO ANNIE, trying to get him back, does an oriental dance. WILL, accusing her says: "That's Persian!" and returns to the girls. But ADO ANNIE yanks him back. The girls dance off)

ADO ANNIE (*Sings*):

With you it's all er nuthin'—
All fer you and nuthin' fer me!
But if a wife is wise
She's gotta realize
That men like you are wild and free.

(WILL looks pleased)

So I ain't gonna fuss,
Ain't gonna frown,
Have your fun, go out on the town,
Stay up late and don't come home, till three,
And go right off to sleep, if you're sleepy—
There's no use waitin' up fer me!

WILL: Oh, Ado Annie!

ADO ANNIE:

No use waitin' up fer me!

WILL: Come back and kiss me!

(Ado Annie comes dancing back to Will. They kiss and dance off DOWN LEFT. Black out, travellers open)

Music 23: CHANGE OF SCENE

Scene 2

(SCENE: The kitchen porch of SKIDMORE'S Ranch House. There are a few benches on the porch and a large coal stove. AT RISE: The music for the dance can still be heard offstage. Immediately after the curtain rises, JUD dances on with LAUREY then stops and holds her. She pulls away from him)

LAUREY: Why we stoppin'? Thought you wanted to dance.

JUD: Want to talk to you. What made you slap that whip onto Old Eighty, and nearly make her run away? Whut was yer hurry?

LAUREY: 'Fraid we'd be late fer the party.

JUD: You didn't want to be with me by yerself—not a minnit more'n you had to.

LAUREY: Why, I don't know whut you're talking about! I'm with you by myself now, ain't I?

JUD: You wouldn'ta been, if you coulda got out of it. Mornin's you stay hid in yer room all the time. Nights you set in the front room, and won't git outa Aunt Eller's sight. . . . Last time I see you alone it was winter 'th the snow six inches deep in drifts when I was sick. You brung me that hot soup out to the smoke house and give it to me, and me in bed. I hadn't shaved in two days. You ast me 'f I had any fever and you put your hand on my head to see.

LAUREY (*Puzzled and frightened*): I remember . . .

JUD: Do you? Bet you don't remember as much as me. I remember eve'ything you ever done . . . every word you ever said. Cain't think of nuthin' else. . . . See? . . . See how it is? (*He attempts to hold her. She pushes him away*) I ain't good enough, am I? I'm a h'ard hand, got dirt on my hands, pigslop. Ain't fitten to tetch you. You're better, so much better. Yeah, we'll see who's better—Miss Laurey. Nen you'll wisht you wasn't so free 'th yer airs, you're sich a fine lady. . . .

LAUREY (*Suddenly angry and losing her fear*): Air you making threats to me? Air you standing there tryin' to tell me 'f I don't 'low you to slobber over me like a hog, why, you're gonna do sumpin 'bout it? Why you're nuthin' but a mangy dog and somebody orta shoot you. You think so much about being a h'ard hand. Well, I'll just tell you sumpin that'll rest yer brain, Mr. Jud. You ain't a h'ard hand fer me no more. You c'n jist pack up yer duds and scoot. Oh, and I even got better idys'n that. You ain't to come on the place again, you hear me? I'll send yer stuff any place you say, but don't you's much's set foot inside the pasture gate or I'll sic the dogs onto you!

JUD (*Standing quite still, absorbed, dark, his voice low*): Said yer say! Brought it on yerself. (*In a voice harsh with an inner frenzy.*) Cain't he'p it. Cain't never rest. Told you the way it was. You wouldn't listen— (*He goes out, passes the corner of the house and disappears. LAUREY stands a moment, held by his strangeness, then she starts toward the house, changes her mind and sinks onto a bench, a frightened little girl again. There is a noise offstage. LAUREY turns, startled*)

LAUREY: Who's 'at?

WILL (*Entering*): It's me, Laurey. Hey, have you seen Ado Annie? She's gone agin.

(LAUREY *shakes her head*)

LAUREY (*Calling to him as he is on his way out*) Will! . . . Will, could you do sumpin fer me? Go and find Curly and tell him I'm here.

(CURLY *enters*)

LAUREY: I wanta see Curly awful bad. Got to see him.

CURLY: Then whyn't you turn around and look, you crazy womern?

LAUREY (*With great relief*) Curly!

WILL: Well, you found yours. I gotta go hunt fer mine. (*He exits*)

CURLY: Now whut on earth is ailin' the belle of Claremore? By gum, if you ain't cryin'!

LAUREY (*Leaning against him*): Curley—I'm afraid, 'fraid of my life!

CURLY (*In a flurry of surprise and delight*) Jumpin' toadstools! (*He puts his arms around*

LAUREY, *muttering under his breath*) Great Lord!

LAUREY: Don't you leave me—

CURLY: Great Godamighty!

LAUREY: Don't mind me a-cryin', I cain't he'p it. . . .

CURLY: Cry yer eyes out!

LAUREY: Oh, I don't know whut to do!

CURLY: Here. I'll show you. (*He lifts her face and kisses her. She puts her arms about his neck*) My goodness! (*He shakes his head as if coming out of a daze, gives a low whistle, and backs away*) Whew! 'Bout all a man c' n stand in public! Go 'way from me, you!

LAUREY: Oh, you don't like me, Curly—

CURLY: Like you? My God! Git away from me, I tell you, plumb away from me! (*He backs away and sits on the stove*)

LAUREY: Curly! You're setting' on the stove!

CURLY (*Leaping up*): Godamighty! (*He turns around, puts his hand down gingerly on the lid*) Aw! 'S cold's a hunk of ice!

LAUREY: Wish't ud burnt a hole in yer pants.

CURLY (*Grinning at her, understandingly*): You do, do you?

LAUREY (*Turning away to hide her smile*): You heard me.

CURLY: Laurey, now looky here, you stand over there right whur you air, and I'll set over here—and you tell me whut you wanted with me.

LAUREY (*Grave again*): Well—Jud was here. (*She shudders*) He skeered me . . . he's crazy. I never saw nobody like him. He talked wild and he threatened me. So I—I f'ard him! I wish't I hadn'ta! They ain't no tellin' whut he'll do now!

CURLY: You fard him! Well then! That's all they is to it! Tomorrow, I'll get you a new h'ard hand. I'll stay on the place myself tonight, 'f you're nervous about that hound-dog. Now quit yer worryin' about it, er I'll spank you. *(His manner changes. He becomes shy. He turns away unable to meet her eyes as he asks the question)* Hey, while I think of it—how—how 'bout marryin' me? *(LAUREY, confused, turns too. They are back to back)*

LAUREY: Gracious, whut'd I wanta marry you fer?

CURLY: Well, couldn't you meybbe think of some reason why you might?

LAUREY *(Cross LEFT)*: I can't think of none right now, hardly.

CURLY *(Following her)*: Laurey, please, ma'am—marry me. I—don't know whut I'm gonna do if you—if you don't.

LAUREY *(Touched)*: Curly—why, I'll marry you—'f you want me to. . . . *(They kiss)*

CURLY: I'll be the happiest man alive soon as we're married. Oh, I got to learn to be a farmer, I see that! Quit a-thinkin' about th'owin' the rope, and start in to git my hands blistered a new way! Oh, things is changin' right and left! Buy up mowin' machines, cut down the prairies! Shoe yer horses, drag them plows under the sod! They gonna make a state outa this territory, they gonna put it in the Union! Country a-changin', got to change with it! Bring up a pair of boys, new stock, to keep up 'th the way things is goin' in this here crazy country! Now I got you to he'p me—I'll 'mount to sumpin yit! Oh, I 'member the first time I ever seen you. It was at the fair. You was a-ridin' that gray filly of Blue Starr's, and I says to someone—"Who's that skinny little thing with a bang hanging down on her forehead?"

LAUREY: Yeow, I 'member. You was riding broncs that day.

CURLY: That's right.

LAUREY: And one of 'em th'owed you.

CURLY: That's— Did not th'ow me!

LAUREY: Guess you jumped off, then.

CURLY: Shore I jumped off.

LAUREY: Yeow, you shore did.

(He kisses her)

Music 24. PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE (Reprise)

CURLY *(Speaking over music)*: Hey! 'F there's anybody out around this yard 'at c'n hear my voice, I'd like fer you to know that Laurey Williams is my girl.

LAUREY: Curly!

CURLY: And she's went and got me to ast her to marry me!

LAUREY: They'll hear you all the way to Catoosie!

CURLY: Let 'em! *(Singing)* Let people say we're in love! *(Making a gesture with his arm. Spoken)* Who keers whut happens now!

LAUREY (*Reaching out, grabbing his hand and pulling it back in hers. Sings*):

Jist keep your hand in mine.
Your hand feels so grand in mine—

BOTH: Let people say we're in love!
Starlight looks well on us,
Let the stars beam from above,
Who cares if they tell on us?
Let people say we're in love!
(The curtains close)

Music 25: CHANGE OF SCENE (Optional)

Scene 3 (Optional)

ALI (*In front of the curtain, Ali Hakim enters LEFT with Ado Annie*): I'll say good-bye here, Baby.

ADO ANNIE: Cain't y'even stay to drink to Curly and Laurey?

ALI (*Shaking his head*): Time for the lonely gypsy to go back to the open road.

ADO ANNIE: Wisht I was goin'—nen you wouldn't be so lonely.

ALI: Look, Ado Annie, there is a man I know who loves you like nothing ever loved nobody.

ADO ANNIE: Yes, Ali Hakim.

ALI: A man who will stick to you all your life. And that's the man for you—Will Parker.

ADO ANNIE (*Recovering from surprise*): Oh . . . yeh . . . well, I like Will a lot.

ALI: He is a fine fellow. Strong like an ox. Young and handsome.

ADO ANNIE: I love him, all right, I guess.

ALI: Of course you do! And you love those clear blue eyes of his, and the way his mouth wrinkles up when he smiles—

ADO ANNIE: Do you love him too?

ALI: I love him because he will make my Ado Annie happy. (*He kisses her hand*) Good-bye, my baby. (*He starts to leave, then turns*) I will show you how we say good-bye in Persia. (*He takes her hand, twirls her around into an embrace and plants a long kiss on her lips*)

ADO ANNIE (*Wistfully as he releases her*): That was good-bye?

ALI: We have an old song in Persia. It says (*he sings*): "One goodbye . . ." (*Speaks*) ". . . is never enough." (*He twirls her and kisses her again. WILL enters and stands still and stunned. He slowly awakes to action and starts moving towards them, but then ALI starts to talk and WILL stops again, surprised even more by what he hears than by what he saw*) I am glad you will marry such a wonderful man as this Will Parker. You deserve a fine man and you got one. (*WILL is about to grab the PEDDLER by the scruff of the neck*)

ADO ANNIE (*Seeing WILL for the first time*): Hello, Will. Ali Hakim is sayin' good-bye.

ALI: Ah, Will! I want to say good-bye to you, too. *(Starting to embrace him)*

WILL: No, you don't. I just saw the last one.

ALI *(Patting WILL on the cheek)*: Ah, you were made for each other! *(He pulls ADO ANNIE close to him with one arm and puts the other hand affectionately on WILL's shoulder)* Be good to her, Will. *(Giving ADO ANNIE a squeeze)* And you be good to him! *(Smiling disarmingly at WILL)* You don't mind? I am a friend of the family now'? *(He gives ADO ANNIE a little kiss)*

WILL: Did you say you was goin'?

ALI: Yes. I must. Back to the open road. A poor gypsy. Good-bye, my baby—*(Smiling back at WILL before he kisses ADO ANNIE, pointing to himself)* Friend of the family. I show you how we say good-bye in my country. *(ADO ANNIE gets set for that old Persian goodbye again. ALI finally releases her and turns back to WILL)* Persian good-bye. Lucky fellow! I wish it was me she was marrying instead of you.

WILL: It don't seem to make no difference hardly.

ALI: Well, back to the open road, the lonely gypsy. *(He sings a snatch of the Persian song as he exits)*

WILL: You ain't goin' to think of that ole peddler any more, air you?

ADO ANNIE: 'Course not. Never think of no one less'n he's with me.

WILL: Then I'm never goin' to leave yer side.

ADO ANNIE: Even if you don't, even if you never go away on a trip er nuthin', cain't you—onc't in a while—give me one of them Persian good-byes?

WILL: Persian good-bye? Why, that ain't nuthin' compared to a Oklahoma hello! *(He wraps her up in his arms and gives her a long kiss. When he lets her go, she looks up, supreme contentment in her voice)*

ADO ANNIE: Hello, Will!
(Blackout)

Music 26: CHANGE OF SCENE

Scene 4

(SCENE: The back of LAURIE'S Farmhouse. Shouts, cheers and laughter are heard behind the curtain, continuing as it rises. AT RISE: CARNES and IKE walking DOWN CENTER from up RIGHT. CARNES carries a lantern)

IKE: Well, Andrew, why ain't you back of the barn gettin' drunk with us? Never see you stay so sober at a weddin' party.

CARNES: Been skeered all night. Skeered 'at Jud Fry ud come up and start for Curly.

IKE: Why, Jud Fry's been out of the territory for three weeks.

CARNES: He's back. See him at Claremore last night, drunk as a lord! (*Crowd starts to pour in. IKE and CARNES move DOWN LEFT continuing their conversation but are drowned out by the shouts and laughter of the crowd as they fill the stage. LAUREY wears her mother's wedding dress.*)

SLIM: Let's have three cheers for the happy couple. Hip—hip—

CROWD: Hooray.

SLIM: Hip—hip—

CROWD: Hooray.

SLIM: Hip—hip—

CROWD: Hooray.

(*LAUREY throws her bouquet to the girls and one of them catches it.*)

IKE: Say Curly, wuz you skeered when the preacher said that about do you take this 'ere womem?

CURLY: I wuz skeered he wouldn't say it.

LAUREY: I wuz afraid Curly'd back out on me.

Music 27: OKLAHOMA

AUNT ELLER:

They couldn't pick a better time to start in life!

IKE: It ain't too early and it ain't too late.

LAUREY: Startin' as a farmer with a brand new wife—

CURLY: Soon be livin' in a brand new state!

All: Brand new state

Gonna treat you great!

FRED: Gonna give you barley,
Carrots and pertaters—

Cord Elam:

Pasture for the cattle—

CARNES: Spinach and termayters!

AUNT ELLER:

Flowers on the prairie where the June bugs zoom—

IKE: Plen'y of air and plen'y of room—

FRED: Plen'y of room to swing a rope!

Aunt Eller:

Plen'y of heart and plen'y of hope . . .

Curly: Oklahoma,

Where the wind comes sweepin' down the plain,

And the wavin' wheat

can sure smell sweet

When the wind comes right behind the rain—

Oklahoma,

Every night my honey lamb and I
 Sit alone and talk
 And watch a hawk
 Makin' lazy circles in the sky.
 We know we belong to the land,
 And the land we belong to is grand!
 And when we say:

ALL: Ee-ee-ow! A-yip-i-o-ee-ay!

CURLY: We're only sayin',
 "You're doin' fine, Oklahoma!
 Oklahoma, O.K.!"

(The full company now join in a refrain immediately following this one, singing with infectious enthusiasm. A special and stirring vocal arrangement)

CURLY *(After number)*: Hey! Y'better hurry into that other dress! Gotta git goin' in a minnit! *(LAUREY exits into house)*

AUNT ELLER: You hurry and pack yer own duds! They're layin' all over my room.
(AUNT ELLER follows LAUREY into house)

CURLY: Hey, Will! Would you hitch the team to the surrey fer me?

WILL: Shore will! Have it up in a jiffy! *(WILL runs off. CURLY exits into house. CORD ELAM runs over to door. The manner of the group of men that surrounds the door becomes mysterious. Their voices are low and their talk is punctuated with winks and nudges)*

IKE *(To Cord)*: He's gone upstairs.

CORD ELAM: Yeah. *(CORD ELAM and the MEN join IKE by the door and then all get into a huddle. The GIRLS cross to MEN, but are shooed away. The MEN whisper and slip quietly off except for CARNES. The GIRLS break toward CARNES as ADO ANNIE crosses to him)*

ADO ANNIE: What you goin' to do, Paw? Give Laurey and Curly a shivoree? I wisht you wouldn't.

CARNES: Aw, it's a good old custom. Never hurt anybody. You women jist keep outa the way. Vamoose!

ADO ANNIE: It ain't goin' to be rough, is it? *(The GIRLS all talk at once)*

CARNES: Sh! Stop gabbin' about it! *(CARNES exits UP RIGHT leaving only women on the stage)*

ADO ANNIE: Seems like they's times when men ain't got no need for womern.

2ND GIRL: Well, they's times when womern ain't got no need for men.

ADO ANNIE: Yeow, but who wants to be dead? *(GERTIE's well-known laugh is heard, off RIGHT).*

ELLEN: Gertie!

(She enters)

ADO ANNIE: Thought you was in Bushyhead.

GERTIE (*Obviously having swallowed a canary*): Jist come from there.

ELLEN: Too bad you missed Laurey's wedding.

GERTIE: Been havin' one of my own.

ELLEN: Lands! Who'd you marry? Where is he?

ADO ANNIE (*Looking off*): Is that him?

GERTIE (*Triumphantly*): That's him! (*All look off RIGHT. ALI HAKIM enters, dejected, sheepish, dispirited, a ghost of the man he was*)

ADO ANNIE: Ali Hakim!

ALI (*In a weak voice*): Hello. Hello, Ado Annie.

GERTIE: Did you see my ring, girls? (*The GIRLS surround GERTIE to admire and exclaim. ALI and ADO ANNIE are left apart from the group*)

ADO ANNIE: How long you been married?

ALI: Four days. (*GERTIE'S laugh is heard from group. He winces*) Four days with that laugh should count like a golden wedding.

ADO ANNIE: But if you married her, you musta wanted to.

ALI: Sure I wanted to. I wanted to marry her when I saw the moonlight shining on the barrel of her father's shotgun! I thought it would be better to be alive. Now I ain't so sure.

GERTIE (*Coming out of group*): Ali ain't goin' to travel around the country no more. I decided he orta settle down in Bushyhead and run Papa's store. (*WILL enters RIGHT*)

ADO ANNIE: Hey! Will! D'you hear the news? Gertie married the peddler.

WILL (*To ALI*): Mighty glad to hear that, peddler man. (*Turning to GERTIE and getting an idea*) I think I orta kiss the bride. (*He goes towards GERTIE then looks back at ALI*) Friend of the fambly . . . remember? (*He gives GERTIE a big kiss, not realizing that it is Ado Annie and not the peddler he is burning*) Hey, Gertie, have you ever had an Oklahoma hello? (*He starts to give her an "Oklahoma Hello". ADO ANNIE rushes in and pushes WILL across to the side, she then turns back and takes a sock at GERTIE who ducks under her arm. GERTIE grabs her round the waist but ADO ANNIE gets hold of GERTIE'S hair and swings her round. GERTIE pulls ADO ANNIE'S skirt up over her head. ADO ANNIE chases GERTIE off left followed by all the GIRLS who are screaming. WILL is about to follow when he is called back by ALI*)

ALI: Hey! Where you goin'?

WILL: I'm goin' to stop Ado Annie from killin' yer wife.

ALI (*Grabbing WILL'S arm*): Mind yer own business! (*He leads WILL off. The stage is empty and quiet. A MAN sneaks on, then another, then more. Cautiously they advance on the house. One of the more agile climbs up a trellis and looks in the window of the second floor. He suppresses a laugh, leans down and reports to the others. There are suppressed giggles and snorts. He takes another peek, then comes down and whispers to them. The joke is passed from one to the other; they*)

are doubled up with laughter. Then at a signal from one, they all start to pound on tin pans with spoons and set up a terrific din)

AUNT ELLER (*Coming to the window with a lamp in her hand*): Whut you doin' down there, makin' all thet racket, you bunch o' pig-stealers?

FRED (*Shouting up*): Come on down peaceable, Laurey, sugar!

IKE: And you too, you curly-headed cowboy.

CORD ELAM: With the dimple on yer chin!

IKE: Come on, fellers, let's git 'em down! (*Three of the MEN run into the house. Those outside toss up straw dolls*)

MEN: Hey, Laurey! Here's a girl baby fer you! And here's a baby boy! Here's twins! (*CURLY is pulled from the house and hoisted on the shoulders of his friends.*

LAUREY and AUNT ELLER come out of the house. All are in high spirits. It is a good-natured hazing. Now JUD enters UP LEFT. Everyone becomes quiet and still, sensing trouble)

JUD: Weddin' party still goin' on? Glad I ain't too late. Got a present fer the groom. But first I want to kiss the bride. (*He starts for LAUREY. CURLY pulls him back*) An' here's my present fer you! (*He socks CURLY. The fight starts, with the crowd moving around the two men. JUD pulls a knife and goes for CURLY. CURLY grabs his arm and succeeds in throwing him. JUD falls on his knife, groans and lies still. The crowd surges towards his motionless body*)

CURLY: Look—Look at him! Fell on his own knife (*He bucks away, shaken, limp. Some of the men bend over the prostrate form*)

SLIM: Roll him over somebody.

MEN: Don't tetch him. What's the matter? Don't you tetch it! Turn him over—he's breathin', ain't he? Feel his heart. How'd it happen?

FRED: Whut'll we do? Ain't he all right?

SLIM: 'S he just stunned?

CORD ELAM: Git away, some of you. Let me look at him. (*He bends down, the men crowding around. The women, huddled together, look on, struck with horror.*

CURLY has slumped back away from the crowd like a sick man. LAUREY looks at CURLY, dazed, a question in her eyes)

LAUREY: Curly—is he—?

CURLY: Don't say anythin'.

LAUREY: It cain't be that—a-way.

CURLY: I didn't go to.

LAUREY: Cain't be! Like that—to happen to us.

CORD ELAM: (*Getting up*): Cain't do a thing now. Try to get him to a doctor, but I don't know—

SLIM: Here, some of you, carry him over to my rig. I'll drive him over to Doctor Tyler's.

CORD ELAM: Quick! I'm afraid it's too late. *(The MEN lift JUD up and carry him off UP RIGHT)*

MEN: Handle him easy! Don't shake him! Hold on to him careful there!

CURLY *(To LAUREY and AUNT ELLER)*: I got to go see if there's anythin' c'n be done fer him. *(He kisses LAUREY)* Take keer of her, Aunt Eller. *(He exits)*

AUNT ELLER: Mebbe it's better fer you and Curly not to go 'way tonight. *(She breaks off, realizing how feeble this must sound)*

LAUREY: *(As if she hadn't heard AUNT ELLER)* I don't see why this had to happen, when everythin' was so fine.

AUNT ELLER: Don't let yer mind run on it.

LAUREY: Cain't fergit, I tell you. Never will!

AUNT ELLER: 'At's all right, Laurey baby. If you cain't fergit, jist don't try to, honey. Oh, lots of things happen to folks. Sickness, er bein' pore and hungry even—bein' old and afeared to die. That's the way it is—cradle to grave. And you can stand it. They's one way. You gotta be hearty, you got to be. You cain't deserve the sweet and tender in life less'n you're tough.

LAUREY: I—I wisht I was the way you are.

AUNT ELLER: Fiddlesticks! Scrawny and old? You couldn't h'ar me to be the way I am! *(LAUREY laughs through her tears)*

LAUREY: Oh, whut ud I do 'thout you, you're sich a crazy!

AUNT ELLER *(Hugging Laurey)*: Shore's you're borned! *(She breaks off as CURLY enters with CORD ELAM, CARNES and a few others. Their manner is sober. Some of the WOMEN come out of the house to hear what the men have to say)*

CORD ELAM: They're takin' Jud over to Dave Tyler's till the mornin'.

AUNT ELLER: Is he—alive? *(CORD ELAM shakes his head to indicate "No")*

CURLY: Laurey honey, Cord Elam here, he's a Fed'ral Marshal, y'know. And he thinks I orta give myself up—Tonight, he thinks.

LAUREY: Tonight!

AUNT ELLER: Why yer train leaves Claremore in twenty minutes.

CORD ELAM: Best thing is fer Curly to go of his own accord and tell the Judge.

AUNT ELLER *(To CARNES)*: Why, you're the Judge, ain't you, Andrew?

CARNES: Yes, but—

LAUREY *(Urging CURLY forward)*: Well, tell him now and git it over with.

CORD ELAM: 'T wouldn't be proper. You have to do it in court.

AUNT ELLER: Oh, fiddlesticks. Le's do it here and say we did it in court.

CORD ELAM: We can't do that. That's breaking the law.

AUNT ELLER: Well, le's not break the law. Le's just bend it a little. C'mon, Andrew, and start the trial. We ain't got but a few minnits.

CORD ELAM: Andrew—I got to protest.

CARNES: Oh, shet yer trap. We can give the boy a fair trial without lockin' him up on his weddin' night! Here's the long and short of it. First I got to ask you: Whut's your plea? (Curly doesn't answer. Carnes prompt him) 'At means why did you do it?

CURLY: Why'd I do it? Cuz he'd been pesterin' Laurey and I always said some day I'd—

CARNES: Jist a minnit! Jist a minnit! Don't let yer tongue wobble around in yer mouth like 'at . . . Listen to my question. Whut happened tonight 'at made you kill him.

CURLY: Why he come at me with a knife and—and—

CARNES: And you had to defend yerself, didn't you?

CURLY: Why, yes—and furthermore . . .

CARNES: Never mind the furthermores—the plea is self-defense— (*The WOMEN start to chatter*) Quiet! Now is there a witness who saw this happen?

MEN (*All at once*): I seen it. Shore did. Self-defense all right. Tried to stab him 'th a frog sticker.

CORD ELAM: (*Shaking his hand*): Feel funny about it. Feel funny.

AUNT ELLER: You'll feel funny when I tell yer wife you're carryin' on 'th another womern, won't you?

CORD ELAM: I ain't carryin' on 'th no one.

AUNT ELLER: Mebbe not, but you'll shore feel funny when I tell yer wife you air. (*Boisterous laughter*)

CORD ELAM: Laugh, all you like, but as a Fed'ral Marshal—

SKIDMORE: Oh, shet up about being a marshal! We ain't goin' to let you send the boy to jail on his weddin' night. We just ain't goin' to let you. So shet up! (*This firm and conclusive statement is cheered and applauded*)

SLIM: C'mon fellers! Let's pull them to their train in Curly's surrey! And we'll be the horses.

CARNES: Hey, wait! I ain't even told the verdick yet! (*Everything stops still at this unpleasant reminder*)

CURLY: Well—the verdick's not guilty, ain't it?

CARNES: 'Course, but . . .

LAUREY: Well, then say it! (*CARNES starts, but the crowd drowns him out*)

ALL: Not guilty! (*CURLY and LAUREY run into the house. The rest run out towards the stable. CARNES is left downstage without a court*)

CARNES: Court's adjourned! (*AUNT ELLER laughs, crosses to bench LEFT. CARNES joins AUNT ELLER who has sat down to rest, after all this excitement. ADO ANNIE and WILL enter, holding hands soulfully. ADO ANNIE'S hair is mussed, and a contented look graces her face*)

AUNT ELLER: Why, Ado Annie, where on earth have you been?

ADO ANNIE: Will and me had a misunderstandin'. But he explained it fine. (ADO ANNIE and WILL go upstage and now tell-tale wisps of straw are seen clinging to ADO ANNIE'S back. Amid shouts and laughter, the surrey is pulled on)

Music 29: FINALE ULTIMO

IKE: Hey, there, bride and groom y'ready?

CURLY (*Running out of the house with LAUREY*): Here we come! (*The crowd start to sing lustily. "Oh, What A Beautiful Mornin'."* LAUREY runs over and kisses AUNT ELLER. Then she is lifted up alongside CURLY.. AUNT ELLER and three GIRLS start to cry, down LEFT. Everyone else sings gaily and loudly)

ALL: Oh, what a beautiful mornin',
Oh, what a beautiful day!
I got a beautiful feelin
Ev'rythin's goin' my way . . .
Oh, what a beautiful day.

(*The MEN start to pull off the surrey. Everybody waves and shouts. CURLY and LAUREY wave back. For the second curtain, an old-fashioned group or tableau all singing "People Will Say We're in Love."*)

CURTAIN